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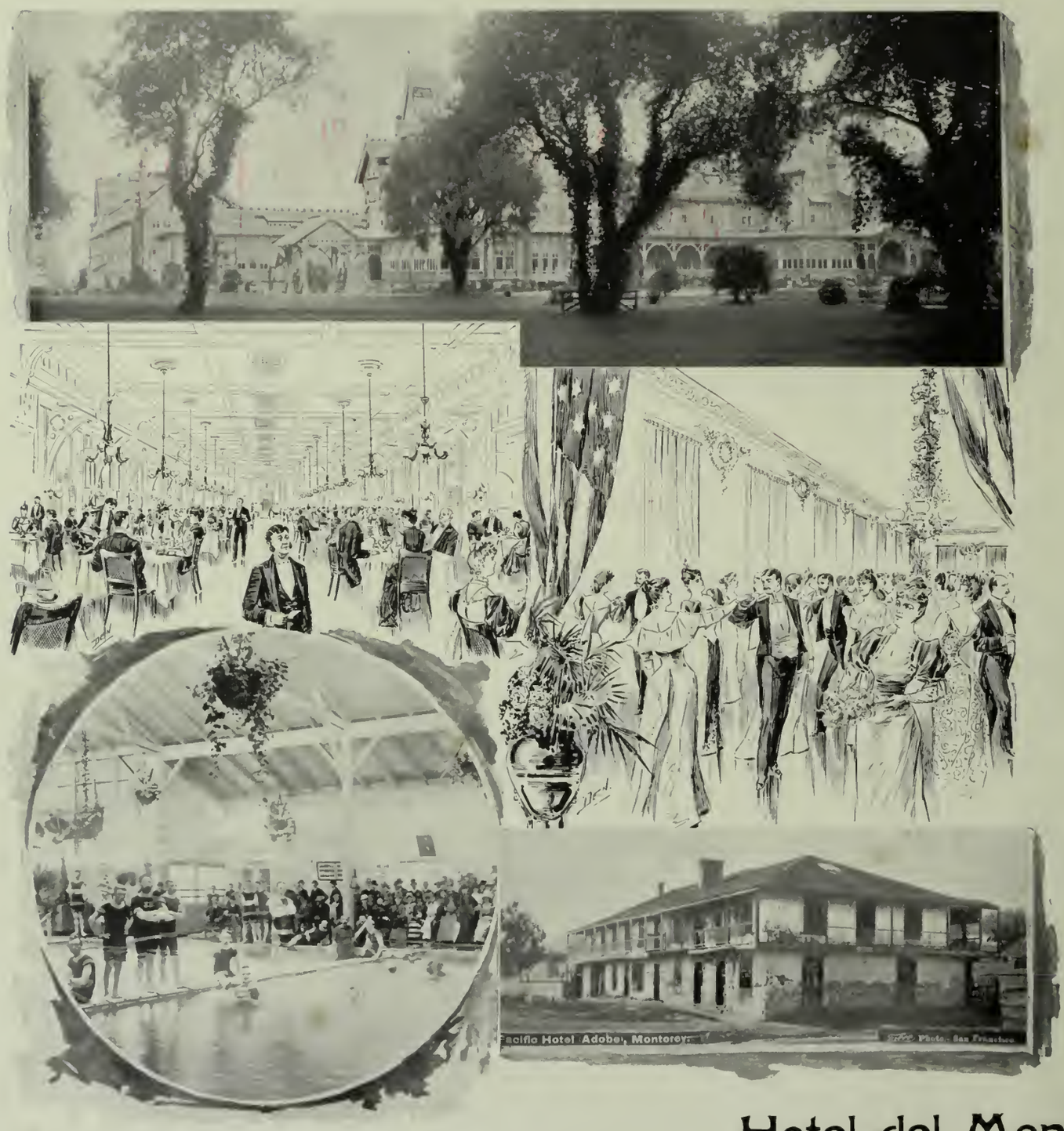
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JANUARY, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ON THE COLUMBIA.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1895. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

AT THE recent session of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, held at Los Angeles, W. E. Hadley of the Horton House, San Diego, made some exceedingly pertinent remarks upon the question of advertising, and, after scoring fake publications in a scathing fashion, said: "There are a few publications, however, which richly deserve the hearty support of all hotel men with whom they come in contact. Among these THE TRAVELER and *The Land of Sunshine* stand at the top of the heap. Such advertising mediums as these should be encouraged at every opportunity. They have established a justly earned reputation."

We appreciate this very kind compliment, particularly because Mr. Hadley is a very candid man and is not in the habit of saying what he does not mean, and, anyway, what he says is true.

IS THERE a more indulgent people on the face of the globe than we are, as regards tramps, beggars and vagrants? I trow not. We have statutes, laws and ordinances enough, dear knows, if they were enforced, to take care of our mendicants. We have blind asylums where the unfortunates of this class are cared for at the expense of the State, and yet there are scores of blind beggars on our streets.

The poor, pitiable creatures on our fashionable thoroughfares,—some with one leg, some with a leg and a half, and some with none,—who are ostensibly making a living by the sale of lead-pencils, shoe-laces, etc., excite our sympathy and wring from us nickels or dimes that often should stay where charity begins, namely, at home.

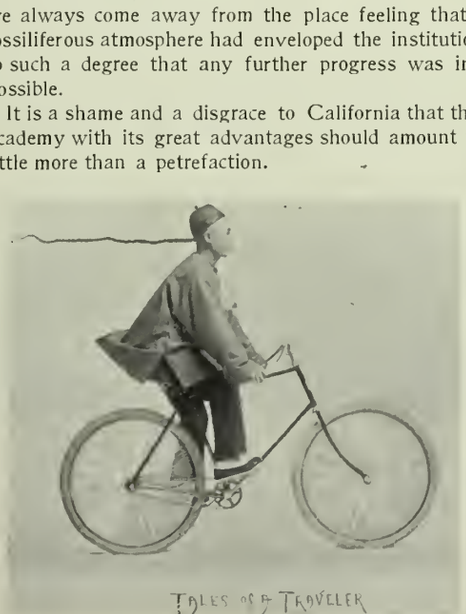
If there are not institutions in the State to take care of these unfortunates, there should be. No beggar, maimed, halt or blind, should be allowed to practice his profession on our streets. There are public institutions supported by the people, where they are cared for.

And then where, in any of the great cities of the United States, are there to be seen so many fakirs, hucksters and curio-mongers on the street corners and sidewalks as we have in San Francisco? Boys with monkeys on strings, and all manner of creeping things, the man with a patent glass-cutter and toothache drops on the side, the man with air balloons and tumbling toys that trip up the passers-by, the inevitable and ubiquitous organ-grinder and scores of lesser nuisances, that should be wiped out of existence.

OUR Academy of Sciences, which was so richly endowed by the late James Lick, should be an institution which we could point out to travelers with some measure of pride: but it is not. The building is a magnificent one, but the fossils, in which category may be included some of the officials, are the same subjects that graced the old house on California Street, and the only noticeable change in the exhibits is their surroundings.

Of course we have a profound respect for the colossal skeletons of the mammoth, the dinotherium and the giant sloth; we gaze with a wonder not unmixed with pity on the wretchedly stuffed coyote and the mountain lion, whose ghosts seemed doomed to haunt the upper corridors almost alone; we always love to pause a moment in front of our great ancestor, the orang-outang, and admire his hirsute adornment that saved him the necessity of paying tailors' bills; we call our boys' attention to the albatross, the gnu and the Australian emu, and a score of other attractions: but we always come away from the place feeling that a fossiliferous atmosphere had enveloped the institution to such a degree that any further progress was impossible.

It is a shame and a disgrace to California that this academy with its great advantages should amount to little more than a petrefaction.



Chas. V. Lamb photo.

"ON THE COLUMBIA" illustrates a picturesque bend in the great river of the North near Cape Horn, between Vancouver and The Dalles. The traveler may see much of interest by rail along this mighty stream, but the most satisfactory mode of doing it is from Portland to The Dalles and return by steamer.

HALCYON DAYS.

"December!" says the year; but rose and bee,
And meadow-lark with trills of sweetest tune,
Say "No, 'tis June!"
Stern, black and white the calendar's decree;
Yet we who read, bewildered, turn to see
Wide intervals of tenderest green, and thrill
To fire of southern sun caressing still
December's noon.

The late dawn 's flush with mingled gold and rose,
And slowly brightens till the perfect day
Smiles hours away
Under a cloudless turquoise arch. Then shows
The pearly bubble of the moon, that grows
To luminous whiteness as the low sun wanes;
While, as the planets burn, December feigns
June's mellow ray.

Unchanged the spires of cypress, and the sweep
Of crowding hosts of gum-trees up the hill,
Where summer still,
With gold of vagrant poppies, flecks the steep;
Yet winter violets bloom with fragrance deep.
Perplexed, entranced, we are but sure this seems
The "land of afternoon" and lotus-dreams:
Our senses thrill.

—*Ella M. Sexton.*

THIS being the good-resolution-turn-over-a-new-leaf season it might be well for our readers to "pause and consider as we stand upon the threshold of another year," as the high school graduate would say. You will notice that this advice is given to our readers. One reason of this is that, knowing it would be a busy season for us around the holidays, we used the Fourth of July this year for resolving, and another reason is that it is the proper caper this fall to give advice rather than to take it. You individually, dear reader, know just what line of resolutions would fit your particular case, but we would suggest the following bit of philosophy, which may or may not be pertinent in your instance.

Terry—An' phwat med yez quit dhrinkin', Planxty?

Planxty—It wor this way, Terrence: Me woife sez to me, sez she, "Planxty, yez can't give oop the licker," sez she. I t'ought I could, but whin I thried an' found I couldn't, begorra, I knew it wor toime for me to shtop, an' so I did.

WE ARE two years old the first of this month, and, while young, have had an experience with teeth in it, which, of course, we expected. We did not lie down to dream when we took up the work of THE TRAVELER, and did not expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. Things don't seem to come that way now-a-days, the old story of there being royal roads in the direction of anything worth attaining to having been exploded sometime prior to two years ago.

We therefore beg to say that we have been able to fulfill our obligations and promises to our friends and creditors, and that we start the new year with a clean leaf that we turned over on the last day of the year, leaving in the closed volume behind us all vain regrets and several charges to profit and loss; and so, looking into the future with a clear hope and every encouragement from our friends, we expect to not only keep up the high standard we aimed at in the beginning but to keep continually on the road of improvement.

Almost every schoolboy has read or heard of the sacred mountain of Japan, Fujisan, commonly but erroneously termed Fusiyama. It rises nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and is in shape like a cone. During about eight months of the year its summit is covered with snow, it being at that time practically inaccessible. But in early summer it becomes the mecca of thousands of pilgrims who tramp to the summit to make their devoirs. They will come from hundreds of miles for this purpose, carrying huge burdens upon their backs; for, so sacred is this mountain held, that every Japanese who hopes to be saved must make this trip at least once in his life-time.

These pilgrims remain on top one night, and worship the sun as it rises the next morning. As that luminary appears a feeling of suppressed longing seems to overcome the devotees. They fall upon their knees, and offer up to their heathen deities the most devout and reverent benedictions and prayers.

While in Japan I had become intensely interested in this curious shrine, and the magnificent spectacle from its summit was said to be a sight well worth the arduous task to behold.

At six o'clock one cool, delightful morning I left Subashiri, perched upon one of those diminutive Japanese pack-horses, and raised by means of a sort of sawbuck saddle about two feet above his back, while a native attendant walked ahead and led the animal.

I could not repress a sense of insecurity at the elevation, especially as I had neither reins nor pommel to hold on. Behind me came two more Japs whom I had engaged to carry my provisions and act as guides. Thus started the imposing cavalcade. Up we climbed through the dense forests of dwarf firs and pines which surround the base of the mountain, the pathway consisting mostly of cinders and broken lava.

After a tedious ride of about five miles we reached a small hut called Uma-gayeshi (horse-turn-back). Beyond this point animals cannot travel, but it was with little regret that I parted from my conveyance to pursue the remainder of the journey on foot.

Far above us loomed the rugged cone of Fuji, yet ten thousand feet, and I became impressed with the stupendous task I had undertaken. After a liberal indulgence in cold tea we began the ascent proper, the guides bringing up the rear. I had secured a stout staff as of some assistance and comfort, and thus equipped I plodded laboriously through the thick brake and fir trees, gradually rising at each step. Occasionally we came across old deserted wooden huts used by reverential Japanese during the summer season.

At these places we took brief rests. On we toiled for hours, passing through acres of wild strawberry bushes and sacred medicinal plants, reaching the timber line about 11:00 A. M. As I emerged from the shrubbery my view was of course unobstructed and gave me a striking foretaste of what was to follow. From this point to the summit each resting-place revealed some new features of the surrounding landscape, affording a succession of charming panoramic scenes.

Still we toiled, puffed and dragged ourselves along, and before we had completed half the distance the severe exertion began to have its effect, for the incline was unusually precipitous, averaging an angle of from 65 to 70 degrees. There were no beaten paths, and the only manner of finding the right way was by following the hundreds of cast-off sandals of former pilgrims which lay scattered about in all directions. Even then we could make our way only by skillfully arranged zigzags among the rough lava dikes and the slaggy volcanic scoria.

It was a fearful climb, and often did I pause for breath, the exhaustion being augmented by the increasing rarety of the atmosphere. Often would I stretch out on my back for five or ten minutes, and the hot sun which blazed upon me did not tend to lessen the discomfort. I can afford to smile now when I think of how one of my guides assisted me by "pushing" from behind. Several times when he observed my excessive fatigue he would place his hands upon my hips and push like a modern snow-plow, and it was indeed a delightful relief. Occasionally a lady attempts the ascent of Fujisan, in which case two extra men are employed to assist them. One goes ahead and "pulls" on a rope around her waist, and the other "pushes" as already described. Amusing to think of but most agreeable to realize! Well, after one of the severest climbs I ever experienced we arrived at Chojo (the summit) at 3:30 P. M., having been nine hours and a half making the ascent.

FUJISAN.

My attention was first called to twelve small huts built of lava blocks, all being closed but one. Three days after my arrival this was closed also. I at once repaired to this lone habitation and indulged in some hot tea. The next in order was to don heavier apparel, for it was bitter cold. Thus equipped I wandered about the ragged cone to feast upon the surrounding magnificence. I perched upon the topmost pinnacle, and the spectacle unrolled before me was one I can never forget. I was fortunately blessed with a clear day,—something extremely rare in the fall months. The sky was perfectly clear except here and there a small detachment of white vapor moving languidly athwart the heavens. The atmosphere was free from haze, and there was nothing to mar the sublimity of the scene. Fujisan, or Peerless Mountain, is completely surrounded by mountain ranges, but rises from a broad plain, and with one majestic sweep towers eight thousand feet above its neighbors.

To the southward the broad and sluggish Fuji Kawa River coursed lazily along its bed through mellow rice fields, now crossing the Tokaido (imperial highway), and finally becoming lost in the placid waters of the Pacific.

The vast ocean looks as blue as the heavens above, and seemingly as smooth, glossy and tranquil as the lovely little Hakone Lake which now appears to the eastward. It is a beautiful sheet of water, deep azure, calm and quiet as the mountain pearls of Switzerland, and lies serenely landlocked in the fostering arms of the Hakone Mountains. Near by are two sister lakelets, almost if not equally as charming. To the northeast the narrow headland of Canon-saki juts far out into the ocean and forms the bay of Yeddo. We cannot see Yokohama, for it is hidden behind a point; but if we look farther to the east we see Asamayama, the active volcano, with a small column of black smoke curling slowly out of its crater. To the south is the sacred mountain, Tsukuba, the Kwanto plain, and the burning mountain, Mihara. There is indeed but one scene I have ever beheld that I believe fully equals that from the summit of Fuji;—it is from the summit of South Dome, the highest point in Yosemite Valley.

That afternoon I witnessed a very singular phenomenon. Just as the sun rested his chin upon the western horizon, and the heavens above were ablaze with his golden splendor, I glanced toward the east, and there arose the monstrous silhouette of Fuji upon the film of haze and vapor which heralded the approach of night. It was almost weird and startling in its effect, and so strikingly realistic that I was loth to acknowledge it an optical illusion. It remained less than two minutes, and then mysteriously vanished. In the Japanese language it is called Kage Fuji (shadow of Fuji).

You would naturally think that after my severe exertion of the day that I would have slept soundly in my little lava hut, but if I should tell you that with six thick blankets, an overcoat and my day clothing over me, I shivered all night, that the hut was full of cracks and crevices, that my face and neck burned from exposure to the sun, and that in spite of the cold the Japanese flea visited us in droves, you would not marvel that I never closed my eyes. But all things have an end.

When I arose the next morning I slipped without, and as far as I could see was one vast aerial ocean of white clouds, enveloping everything but the summit of the great mountain. There, five thousand feet below us, spread out that illimitable sea, rolling and tumbling like the smoke from the mouth of a cannon, and forming quaint and varied convolutions; while around and above stretched the blue vault of space in striking contrast with the snowy ocean beneath. To complete the picture Apollo rises from his feathery couch, gorgeously resplendent in his golden chariot, blazing with diamonds, sapphires and amethysts; and, as he slowly and gracefully ascends in majesty and state, the monarch of a million worlds, he casts upon the scene a halo of undying glory, a charm of indescribable magnificence.

The crater at the top of Fuji is about six hundred feet deep, over three thousand feet at its greatest diameter, and two miles around its outer edge. The volcano is now extinct, no eruption having taken place since 1707, when the whole summit burst into flames, the rocks were shattered and rent by the heat, and the ashes fell as far away as Tokio, about sixty miles distant in an air line, which is some indication of the tremendous force of the expulsion. The descent into the crater may be made, but not without difficulty and danger, so that rarely the daring tourist cares to undertake the experiment involving so great a risk.

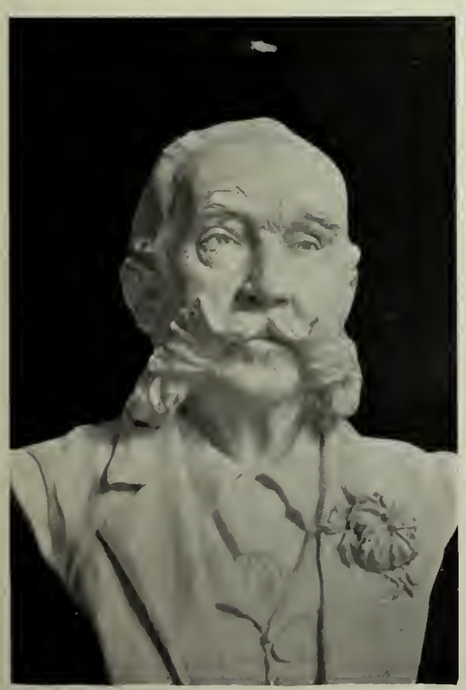
About 7:00 A. M. I began the descent. We took a somewhat different direction than the ascending route, our course leading us through loose lava or glissade. We progressed rapidly and soon were *among the clouds*, where we found it raining heavily. Subashiri was reached in three hours, and one of the hardest and grandest trips I ever experienced was at an end.

A STUDY.

The subject below is by a young sculptress of this city who will some day make a name for herself provided her health is spared and her present devotion to her art is not allowed to lag.

Miss Carrie Terry, who is a native daughter of Mr. Joseph T. Terry, now a trifle over eighteen years of age, comes naturally by her acquirements in this direction. She has them from her mother, who passed on into the other country before her talents in this direction were fully developed.

It is not that I knew the subject of this sketch at her mother's knee, nor altogether because of my great respect and admiration for that mother, that I write, but partly to encourage others to follow the example of



this young sculptress. She has had as yet scarcely any schooling in the craft, and, while the subject presented is not by any means faultless, it gives evidences of marked ability.

What a blessed thing it would be if more of our young ladies would take up studies of this character and try to be something else than mere figureheads in this world. Young ladies, it is not that you lack ability, not that you cannot do something worth while, but that you do not try.

BATTLE OF A MONKEY AND A CRAB.

A monkey and a crab once met when going round a mountain. The monkey had picked up a persimmon-seed, and the crab had a piece of toasted rice-cake. The monkey seeing this, and wishing to get something

Frank Deardorf, 27 Post St., S. F.

that could be turned to good account at once, said, "Pray exchange that rice-cake for this persimmon-seed."

The crab, without a word, gave up his cake, and took the persimmon-seed and planted it. At once it sprang up, and soon became a tree so high one had to look up at it. The tree was full of persimmons, but the crab had no means of climbing the tree. So he asked the monkey to climb up and get the persimmons for him. The monkey got up on a limb of the tree and began to eat the persimmons. The unripe persimmons he threw at the crab, but all the ripe and good ones he put in his pouch. The crab under the tree thus got his shell badly bruised, and only by good luck escaped into his hole, where he lay distressed with pain and not able to get up.

Now when the relatives and household of the crab heard how matters stood they were surprised and angry and declared war and attacked the monkey, who, leading forth a numerous following, bid defiance to the other party. The crabs, finding themselves unable to meet and cope with this force, became still more exasperated and enraged, and retreated into their hole and held a council of war.

Then came a rice-mortar, a pounder, a bee and an egg, and together they devised a deep-laid plot to be avenged. First, they requested that peace be made with the crabs; and thus they induced the king of the monkeys to enter their hole unattended, and seated him on the hearth. The monkey, not suspecting any plot, took the *hibashi*, or poker, to stir up the slumbering fire, when bang! went the egg which was lying hidden in the ashes, and burned the monkey's arm. Surprised and alarmed he plunged his arm into the pickle-tub in the kitchen to relieve the pain of the burn. Then the bee which was hidden near the tub stung him sharply in his face, already wet with tears. Without waiting to brush off the bee, and howling bitterly, he rushed for the back door; but just then some sea-weed entangled his legs and made him slip. Then down came the pounder tumbling on him from a shelf, and the mortar, too, came rolling down on him from the roof of the porch and broke his back and so weakened him that he was unable to rise up. Then out came the crabs in a crowd, and brandishing on high their pincers they pinched the monkey to pieces.

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL STUDY OF T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MARY O. STANTON.

In the face of this celebrated divine, lecturer and editor there is much to interest the student of human nature. In it one sees the evidences of descent from a talented and long-lived race. In the chin are observed the signs for conscientiousness, firmness, patriotism and love of home. The slight dimple in the chin is one sign of esthetic tastes which are so often shown in his verbal descriptions and writings. In the lower lip benevolence is well represented. In the upper lip love of children and pets are both very noticeable, while the sign for amativeness in the same feature shows not only that he highly appreciates the opposite sex, but it also indicates *creative ability* mentally; for the capacity for mental creation or originality is based primarily on the reproductive system. The faculty of modesty is indicated by the depth of the groove in the center of the upper lip. The size and shape of the mouth resemble this feature in other orators, being wide and straight. The signs for digestion, hospitality and friendship are highly developed in the cheeks, thus evidencing a large social nature. For signs of intellectual power we must examine the nose, eyes and forehead. In the nose about the tip are the signs for hope, analysis, imitation, ideality, sublimity and construction,—all large. The *executive* powers of his mind are well defined in the *upper* portion of the nose. Here are placed the signs for veneration, executiveness, acquisitiveness and strong self-will.

Mr. Talmage's herculean efforts in raising the money to build three grand church edifices attest his great capacity for financial and material management. Observation is one of the strong traits of this character, while the eyes indicate the possession of language most fluent and eloquent. Order indicated by the squareness of the forehead is very marked, as are also form, size, locality and other practical faculties. Agreeability and persuasiveness are large and are shown by the downward droop of the outline of the upper eyelids; while the bushy brows and plentiful hair and beard announce constitutional vigor. The color-sense is normally developed, and, in conjunction with size and form, gives exceedingly fine appreciation

of esthetics generally. The breadth between the eyes and general breadth of the head and forehead denote a broad and comprehensive mind. The *quality* or texture of skin and hair is very *fine*, and this is the hall-mark of a *high grade* of both mental and physiological power. The peculiar conformation of the upper part of the forehead announces a memory most capacious,—one well filled with facts and theories. This intellect is both a storehouse and a manufactory to which reason, observation and intuition add their high powers. One faculty which Mr. Talmage possesses in a high degree is that of prevision, foreknowing. He is able to foresee and to foretell many events before they occur, and to this faculty is he indebted for much of his success; for by its prescient warnings he is able to avoid many dangers, both spiritual and material.

Taken altogether his is a highly devoted nature unique in many respects.

A GROUP OF CHESTNUTS.

A Colchester paper avers that a hotel in that town has a cook so good looking that she mashes the potatoes by looking at them.

As we sat by the camp-fire of tragacanth bushes, Ali, a Turk, told of witches, and how they jumped through fire unharmed; and in the weird light he told stories which sound much funnier in Turkish than in English.

A donkey brayed and reminded him of a story of Narred-din-Hodja, who is the celebrated Turkish wit.

A man came to borrow Narred-din-Hodja's donkey, and was told that the donkey was away from home. Just then the donkey brayed.

"But you said he was away, and I hear him bray," said the man.

"My dear sir," said the Hodja, "do not demean yourself so low as to believe a donkey rather than myself, who am a fellow-man and a venerable Hodja with a gray beard" —*The Outlook.*

"You will have to give me another room," said a visitor to the hotel manager.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of der same key. You vas go from Bb to G, und it schpoils der moosic!'" —*Harlem Life.*

It takes very little wit to draw an uncharitable inference.

Mrs. Gadd—That new family next door to you must be purty well off: they've got a pianner.

Mrs. Gabb—Huh! They don't own it; it's rented.

Mrs. Gadd—How d'ye know?

Mrs. Gabb—By the way they bang on it. Why, I've seen two of them playing on it at once! —*New York Herald.*

Although it is a familiar saying than an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse: this is dueling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to us.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a mile-stone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon,—one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered, "I tould ye thot ye might lean agin the mile-post, and now I would like the privilege of leaning' agin the nixt one."

The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

Nervous Passenger (to mother of howling imp in Colonial Express—Madam, is there anything any of us can do to—to pacify your little boy?

Fond Mother (of spoiled child)—Oh, thank you, yes: you are very kind. You see, the dear little pet wants to throw his lunch at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Just stand where you are, please. Now stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants you to play with him.

"Give me one year of Augusts," a White Mountain hotel proprietor was once heard to say, "and I should be ready to retire."

Like this was the feeling of a boy mentioned by an exchange. He was selling bits of smoked glass during the late solar eclipse.

"How much apiece?" inquired a passer-by.

"Five cents," said the boy.

The man bought one, but thought the price a little high.

"You ought to make money at that rate," he said.

"Yes," answered the thrifty youngster; "it would be a pretty good business if the dull season wasn't so long."

"Say! Mother, will you speak to that Sammy!"
"What's he doin' now?"
"Well, every time I hit him on de he'd wid dis hammer, he hollers."

Two words sometimes make a long sentence,—for instance, when the judge remarks to the prisoner, "Twenty years."

A story of Henry Ward Beecher is told as follows: He once received a letter from Robert Bowney on the first day of April which, upon being opened, he found contained simply these words, "April Fool." To which Beecher replied in these, "I have often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the first time I have heard of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

Children who live in the country will not need to be told what this cut represents. They have watched the little pigs playing tag around the barnyard while the mother was out on her everlasting hunt for grub.

W. H. Lowden photo.

Perhaps city children may ask why the mother pig is eating all the dinner and not giving anything to the little ones. Well, it is because she is a pig, and maybe after all she is thinking of her children. Suppose a dog should come suddenly around the corner and chase one of the little ones, you would see something that would make you believe that she had the little pigs in mind all the time. I have never seen the dog, no matter how savage, that had the courage to face a mother sow under such circumstances. So the pig is not altogether selfish after all and possibly has been abused by human pigs.

PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES OF HAWAII.

Beside sugar and rice, the staple products, coffee, bananas, oranges and other fruits are largely grown. Food products are abundant, especially of the kind suitable to a hot climate.

The native food consists largely of the taro plant, of which the best varieties are grown in shallow ponds of fresh water. It is stated that about forty square feet of taro will yield enough to supply one man for a year, this being his principal food. From this plant is made the *poi*, which is the ordinary food of the Kanaka.

The sweet potato grows even amongst the rocks and flourishes abundantly in good soil, while the common potato sometimes grows well, though is often injured by worms.

Wheat and corn are grown; the former was once cultivated for export.

The quality of the coffee raised is equal to the choicest.

The climate is also very favorable to the growth of the long staple sea-island cotton; but as this variety must be picked by hand the high price of labor in the islands renders its culture unprofitable.

Tropical fruits of nearly all kinds grow in the greatest abundance, the orange, lemon, lime, mango, pine-apple, chirimoya or custard apple, the alligator pear, pomegranate and guava, all of which are exotic.

The banana is indigenous, and is the most abundant of all fruits; beside it there are the ohia apple—a fruit peculiar to the Pacific Islands, soft, juicy and mildly acid—many varieties of palms, the choicest trees of India, the caoutchouc, the papaya, the traveler's tree of Madagascar, and other foreign plants. —*Paradise of the Pacific.*

The principal redwood forests of California are in the counties of Humboldt and Mendocino, on the northwest coast. It is difficult, even with the aid of illustrations, to convey to one who has not seen them the idea of the immensity of these forests, their density or their beauty. No other part of the world of equal area contains so compact a body of valuable timber. In Humboldt county alone, where about 50,000 acres have been cut and manufactured into lumber, it is estimated that there are yet 498,000 acres of virgin redwood forest. It is further estimated by competent experts that the redwood yet standing in that county is capable of producing 100,000 feet of marketable lumber, or its equivalent in other forest products, to each acre, or an untouched reserve of 49,750,000,000 feet of lumber (board measure). At the present rate of manufacture of 200,000,000 feet per annum, the redwood forests of this single county would not be exhausted within two hundred years.

In addition to the counties named there are still left belts of this valuable timber in Santa Cruz, Sonoma and Del Norte counties.

In passing through the larger forests in the regions referred to the immensity of the individual trees is not so much a matter of astonishment as their number, uniformity and vigor, and the continuity of the timber. Few of these trees are over fifteen feet in diameter or over 200 feet high; yet great numbers may be found on every acre which are five or six feet in diameter. The wood itself resists combustion, and forest fires are not so frequent as in forests of other timber.

Immense mills have been constructed at convenient points both for timber and shipping, and the product is sent by vessel to different parts of the world. The logging in the woods and the work at the mills is necessarily carried on in a somewhat different manner from similar operations in other States, owing to the great size of the logs.

Even within the past few years great improvements have been made in the mechanical appliances for handling the cut timber, steam taking the place of animal power in different departments.

Nothing could be more picturesque than to see a long string of teams of oxen or horses hauling a lot of saw-logs over the skid-road to the railroad, river or mill. The logs are chained end to end, with a short space between them, and the heaviest ones in front. The skid-road is composed of logs laid in the ground, with a central groove, which is kept greased or wet, so that the heavy saw-logs will readily slide along on their way. A good deal of shouting, noise and dust accompany this operation, and the teams occasionally get stalled with their loads. The system has been largely done away with in the larger modern logging camps, and a cable-logging engine is used to haul the logs, instead of oxen or horses. The steam logging is much more expeditious than the other system, and less expensive.

The felling of the trees is not done in the same manner as where small pines, etc., are chopped down with an ax. A platform is built six or seven feet from the ground, on which two men stand to do the chopping. Then an undercut is made and the saw is used, this being operated by two men, as shown in the illustration. After the tree is felled it is sawed up into logs, and these are hauled over the skid-roads to the railroad or river. In some places the logs are hauled to a stream, and the freshets transport them down to the mill. In other places hauling from the forest to the mill is done by logging-train. One of the views given herewith shows a train of this kind where there are twenty-five cars being hauled by a locomotive. On each car is a single log; some of them are eight or ten feet in thickness, as will be seen by comparison with the figures of the men. Occasionally the logs are so large that they have to be split lengthwise in two parts before shipment to the mill. This is done by means of dynamite. The logs on their arrival at the mill are sawed into lumber.

At most of the mills there is a pond in which the logs are stored for use and taken out one by one as occasion demands. Where the railroad comes in on the ridge above the pond the logs are sent down a chute into the water. As each car arrives at the head of the chute the log is released from its chains, and by its own gravity swings onto the chute and goes plunging downward. When it strikes the water in the pond the spray is thrown hundreds of feet into the air in all sorts of fantastic shapes and with rainbow hues. As the log starts on its way it first moves slowly and sedately, but, gathering momentum, it slides, bumps and bounds, raising clouds of smoke and dust, until nearing the end of its journey it gives one wild leap and plunges into the water.

The chute down which the logs are slid is made of heavy logs laid lengthwise in the ground, and with the edges slightly raised so as to form a sort of trough. On striking the water the logs sometimes go clear across the pond. One may watch this operation for a whole day without loss of interest, for each log seems to assume an individuality and make the passage in its own way, so there is a constant variety in the scene. Language is inadequate to express the emotion experienced when witnessing it the first time.

The views accompanying this article were all made in Humboldt County, California, where the largest belts of timber are still standing. The view at Bluff Creek shows the timber country where a stream passes down the canyon.

There is no part of the State more interesting to visit than the timber regions of the upper Coast. The scenery is picturesque, climate pleasant, and fish and game abundant. Nowhere else are there better supplied trout streams. Most of this timber region is far from the line of railroads, and one must go by team or water. For this reason few tourists are to be met, nor are there any "swell" hotels. At all the mills and shipping points, however, are small hotels where reasonably good accommodations may be had at reasonable prices. To those who have not witnessed them the details of the logging, milling and shipping operations will be found to be full of interest, and fully worth the little "roughing it" necessary to make the trip.

The streams of Humboldt and Mendocino counties, especially in the redwood districts, are perennial in their run, which is to be accounted for by the fact that the great Sequoia forests are not only conservers of moisture, but they gather in their lofty boughs much of the dampness that drifts in from the ocean, and, as a consequence, the undergrowth of these forests, especially of the fern family, possesses tropical luxuriance of growth.

Along these streams Nature has robed their banks and margins with a prodigal display of wild-flowers and gaudy shrubs; in fact, the foliage is so dense in summer that many of the smaller streams are positively choked with the superabundance of foliage. The purity of the water of these streams and springs is a genuine treat to the metropolitan.

The expression, "in the heart of the redwoods," brings up in the mind of the angler, the artist and tourist, visions of glorious days and restful, quiet nights; rambles in the solemn redwood aisles, and along the fern-fringed streams, up over ridges where the manzanita-apple flower, sweet-scented ceanothus, and the rank-pendant buckeye blossoms, scent the summer air. There is a wealth of ozone in these forests which gives renewed vigor to the tired brain.

THE TERRACES OF NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN NORTH ISLAND is located the Hot Lake District of New Zealand, which may be approached from Auckland, Napier, or Tauranga. Most tourists enter it from the Auckland side. In 1887, the year of my departure from the colony, the railroad went as far as the town of Oxford, distant 133 miles from Auckland. On the day after reaching this remote namesake of the great English University, the coach was taken to Ohinemutu on Lake Rotorua,—a drive of thirty-six miles through the New Zealand "bush." Tall kauri-pines with straight, smooth stems, totaras, cypresses and many other forest-trees abound; but it is the superb tree-fern, with a tuft of great fronds springing from its crest, that delights us most. At Ohinemutu a settlement of Maoris lived a simple, primitive, careless life, floating about for hours at a time in the luxurious hot waters which bubble up all over the place. The Government of the Colony has now established a township here called Rotorua, with baths and ample accommodations for invalids and visitors to the various springs. Eleven miles from the old Maori settlement Ohinemutu and the modern township Rotorua was Wairoa, situated upon the shore of Lake Tarawera, and the headquarters for visitors to the Pink and White terraces, the crowning beauties of the Wonderland. Two native women, Kate and Sophia, acted as guides, and piloted the visitor among the marvels of the region.

From McCrae's Hotel at Wairoa a steep path took one down to the green waters of Lake Tarawera. Visitors hired a boat, and were rowed along the southern shores of the lake, which is about ten miles long by two wide, and surrounded by high, bold mountains. On the southeast side of the lake is Mount Tarawera, about 3,600 feet high. After rowing for about eight miles they reached the Kaiwaka Creek, a narrow stream of warm water flowing down from Rotomahana—the hot lake. At this point tourists got out of the boat and walked over a tract covered with fern and ti-tree scrub to Rotomahana. From its shores they stepped into a native dug-out canoe, and were paddled across its waters to Te Tarata,—the White Terrace. At its base they stood gazing up in wonder and admiration at the marvelous series of pearl-white terraced platforms, of which there were twenty, each exactly horizontal, and six or seven feet above the one below it, and from twenty to fifty feet wide. From the top of the terrace, which was vertically eighty feet high, but three hundred feet back from the base, clouds of steam issued forth, and strange sounds of bubbling, roaring and rumbling struck the ear.

These sights and sounds came from the geyser, the boiling waters of which continually flowed down from platform to platform, and, being heavily charged with silicates, created constant deposits. As the waters dripped down, they crystallized on exposure to the air, forming wonderful lace-like fret-work and tracery of the most delicate design, and of exquisite whiteness and purity. The whole neighborhood of the terrace showed violent volcanic activity: everywhere the ground was honey-combed with geysers, and hot springs spouted up; steam continually rushed forth from subterranean caverns and fissures; and in many places a stick thrust into the ground was pulled out charred. The guides, who were thoroughly familiar with the ground, kept the visitors from falling into boiling springs, or walking on spots where the crust was too thin to sustain their weight.

At the foot of the White Terrace the tourist stepped into the canoe again, and was ferried over to Otukapuarangi,—the Pink Terrace. This was formed in precisely the same manner as the White Terrace, but some ingredient in the waters of the geyser gave it a pink hue, as of coral. The geyser at the top of the Pink Terrace was not so hot as that which created the White Terrace, but the waters were still more highly charged with silicates, and ran down more slowly, thus causing a more rapid formation of coral-like basins. The deep basins of the upper platforms were filled with water of an agreeable temperature for bathing, and of a most remarkable blue color, which has been called azure, sky, turquoise, sapphire, and ultramarine, but was not precisely any one of these. The delicate, pearly interior surface of the basins, which were called "Coffee-cups," gave to the bather a peculiar feeling of indolence and luxury almost indescribable. Getting into the canoe again, the visitor quickly descended the swift stream of the Kaiwaka to the lake, and a two hours' row brought him back to his starting-point, Wairoa, with ineffaceable recollections of an almost unearthly beauty stamped upon his mind.

But why, the reader may ask, is the greater part of this narrative written in the past tense? Alas! the place of the terraces knows them no more. They were shattered, splintered, and utterly destroyed by the violent eruption of Mount Tarawera on the 10th of June, 1886. At about 10:00 A. M. on that day slight earthquake shocks were felt by the inhabitants of Wairoa, eight miles west of the mountain, and by those of the township of Rotorua. In little more than an hour the noise had very much increased, and columns of fire and smoke were seen to shoot up from the top of the volcano. Red-hot blocks of scoria rolled down the sides of Tarawera into Wairoa, setting some of the houses on fire; and showers of volcanic dust and mud began to settle upon the entire district.

A mighty cloud of fine ashes was shot up into the air, and, carried by the wind, fell upon the decks of ships at sea. The actual eruption of the mountain continued with appalling violence for about six hours, though the whole district showed unusual volcanic energy for some days. Rotomahana (Hot Lake) was transformed from a sheet of water into a crater surrounded by steep walls 200 or 300 feet high, and one and a-half miles across. In the center of the hollow there is water still, but its surface is 515 feet *lower* than the former level of the lake.

The Pink and White terraces were so utterly destroyed that it is possible only to guess at their sites. It seems, however, probable to those who were very familiar with the district, and have been over it since the catastrophe, that the Pink Terrace is submerged beneath a mighty mass of mud, stones and scoria, and that the White Terrace was partly blown to atoms, and partly sank out of sight.

The eruption destroyed two native townships, Te Moura and Te Ariki, only one inhabitant escaping from them. At Wairoa the atmosphere was filled with hot sulphurous gases, and the roofs of houses and huts were crushed by the weight of the stones, mud and lava piled upon them. The schoolmaster at Wairoa was killed, and his wife rescued with a dead child in her arms. A young English tourist who was staying at McCrae's Hotel also lost his life. The remnant of the Tuhourangis, a Maori tribe which exacted tribute from visitors to the Hot Lake District, perished entirely, 105 Maoris and six white persons losing their lives.

Though the most charming features of the Wonderland were ruined, many marvels remain, and new ones were brought into being by the violent upheaval. Hot springs, fumaroles and mud geysers abound, and the "Pink Cauldron" is forming a silicious deposit which is gradually building up a tier of exquisite steps similar to those of the terraces. The same agencies, under favoring conditions, will probably, in course of time, reconstruct a series of natural wonders not inferior in strange beauty to those now unhappily lost.

The two illustrations on the right-hand side, and the bottom one on the left, are from photographs, and show the terraces in their original beauty before the eruption of June 10, 1886. The top picture on the left shows the little church at Wairoa crushed and almost buried beneath a mass of mud and volcanic scoria.

CHARACTER READ FROM HANDWRITING.

BY A GRAPHOLOGICAL EXPERT.

MENTAL states expresses themselves by the movements of the hand in pen-writing," says Desbarralles. Every man betrays his characteristics by his unfeigned handwriting. From a few lines written in ink on unruled paper, a graphologist can draw inferences, form conclusions and state facts about the writer's habits of thought and action, his disposition and individual characteristics; for the handwriting bears an analogy to the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic. An autograph has this advantage over a portrait: it must be faithful, which a portrait rarely is. Realizing that graphology, while it is no new fad of the present day, is enjoying the distinction of being a fashionable subject, THE TRAVELER has placed before a local expert several specimens written by people well known in San Francisco society, knowing that the results will be appreciated by its readers.

Sincerely yours,
Jennie C. Dunphy

This young lady is very tender-hearted, loving, affectionate, clinging, kindly, sympathetic. She is a natural lover of ease, averse to excitement, or rapidity of motion, or over-exertion. Hers is a languorous, sensuous nature, reveling in music, art, and loving perfumes, romance and sentiment. She is affable, courteous, reserved with strangers, and gifted with a mild obstinacy of her own. She is vivacious, with a keen sense of humor, and is absolutely without pretense. She is also secretive, and can keep her own counsels well. Refinement and spirituality are among her characteristics.

Faithfully Yours
R. C. Foute

The popular rector of Grace Church gives evidence in his handwriting of being an impressionable, ardent, impulsive, affectionate, tender-hearted, sympathetic man. He has sociability, adaptability, fluency of speech, argumentativeness, some combativeness which is modified by his tact. He is gracious of manner, yet hasty, impetuous, careless in regard to appearances, ambitious and generally hopeful and cheerful, dwelling upon the beauties of his creed rather than upon its terrors. He would persuade rather than drive or terrorize. He is somewhat self-opinionated, and not without originality.

Yours very respectfully
Geo. I. Sabin

By his handwriting Mr. Sabin is shown to be a man of good business sense and executive ability. He can speak directly and very much to the point. He has tact, caution, secretiveness, powers of observation, some originality, and is not without grace of manner and a desire to stand well in the estimation of his associates. He is more impressed by the whole than he is by the minute details. He shows affection, sympathy, loyalty to a friend, and tenacity of purpose. Economy rather than extravagance is indicated.

Sincerely yours
Kathryn Jarboe

Eccentricity is a prevailing trait in this character, coupled with a certain defiance of conventionality. She is a law unto herself. She is critical, observing, but not always logical in her conclusions. She is consistent in being inconsistent. She often changes her mind, and does exactly as she likes, enjoys whatever is novel, weird or strange, shows signs of coquetry, egotism, self-consciousness, pride. haughtiness of spirit, high temper, and a despotic way of disposing of all questions. The lady is ardent, impulsive, passionate, easily elated, easily discouraged. She shows affection, and where her affections are concerned much generosity. She lacks persistence and continued application. Her nature is material rather than spiritual.

Yours Very Truly
Ethel Cooke

The traits in this handwriting are self-consciousness, accumulativeness, very little sympathy for others, secretiveness very marked, diplomacy, a capacity for planning and executing, undeterred by difficulties. This lady will never abandon a single one of her rights, or abate one jot of what she considers her due. She is proud, imperious, averse to being opposed or thwarted, has great social ambition, determination, strong will, tenacity of opionion and of purpose, is very quick tempered, excitable, fluent of speech, is an aristocrat in feeling, somewhat overbearing toward her inferiors, exacts admiration and deference as her due, shows refinement and a love for music and the arts.

Simply
Nellie

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is a young lady of dash, determination, a despotic will, tenacity of will and fluency of speech. She has a very quick temper of the explosive sort, and can do considerable execution with it when she gets started. Although the full signature has not been written, there is enough to show Miss Nellie's independence of thought and decisive action. She has a warm, affectionate nature, will be loyal, loving, demonstrative to her friends and merciless to her enemies. She is apt to be overhasty at times, but she is good-hearted, impulsive, emotional, ambitious, and, like all temperaments, capable of much exaltation of spirits, but is apt to spend a day now and then in the valley of humiliation or the slough of despond.

Very Cordially Yours
Kate de Young

This writing shows more or less *finesse*, tact or diplomacy, self-consciousness, self-confidence, executive ability. Mrs. de Young is ambitious, courageous, with indomitable will. She shows equanimity, composure, and yet possesses a naturally quick temper and vivacity. She is candid, remarkably charitable, and is friendly without much self-sacrifice. She enjoys holding the center of the stage, and has the ability to do so. She has a clear head, an active mind, the ability to plan and to accomplish, and seems above any petty jealousies or vengeful feelings. Her will is very strong, yielding only to the inevitable.

Eva Mathrow

This handwriting of one of our women artists shows self-consciousness, force, push, originality, aggressiveness, self-love, an affectation of the bizarre and the peculiar. The lady is clear-headed, with natural cleverness, capacity for talking well, the ability to make the most of an opportunity. Commercial instincts are well developed. Lacks generosity, broad sympathy and self-denying traits. Not enough ideality to excel as a creator. Shows love of art, of music. The self-assertive angularity of the writing as shown in the capital E, together with the despotic dash at its lower end, preclude her possessing the idea of perfect harmony so necessary to a true artist. There is a certain hardness in her lines which time may soften.

Cordially Yours
Bronte Greenhalgh

This character shows extreme self-consciousness, independence, strong will verging on despotism and obstinacy, originality tending toward eccentricity. She is affectionate but exacting, naturally ambitious, but suffers from depression of spirits. She is lively, vivacious, often extravagant, evinces a strong imagination, sequence of ideas, ardour, enthusiasm, impulsiveness; not particularly broadminded, but conscientious.

John W. Tingay
Bohemian Club
City.

This man shows a well-stored mind, a trained intelligence, and the power of expression, with some originality of a dogmatic sort. He is cranky and moody at times. He is eccentric, argumentative, inclined to be despotic, affectionate yet selfishly so, with much self-love. As a club man he is a *bon vivant*, fond of a good dinner. He shows closeness in financial matters, is not freehanded or lavishly generous. He is without affectation, is courteous, considerate, slightly egotistic and easily deceived.

Respectfully yours
Mrs. W. H. Mills

In this signature are indicated motherly kindliness, gentleness, refinement, warm-heartedness. A clear head is shown. She is a calm thinker, with intuitive reasoning powers; the critical faculty is well developed. Mrs. Mills is apt to weigh, to consider, and never acts hastily. She has just enough temper and spirit to make her character interesting. She never sinks to a dull level. She is not without some imagination, but is not carried away by impulse or enthusiasm. She is careful and economical, and is a cheerful optimist, believing and hoping the best of everybody and everything. She has too much tact and kindly feeling ever to wound another.

Very truly,
Sophie Harvey

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who signs her Christian name to her letters, is a lady of determination and ambition. She is quick, impulsive,—nothing of a laggard about her. She is affectionate, demonstrative, and yet can be very secretive and reserved at times. She is very tenacious of her opinion, and self-willed, too. There is considerable of the quality best expressed by the phrase, "I-am-ity." She is quick tempered, inclined to be critical, and possibly a little captious when things do not go as she would like. She has taste, and enjoys nice things. She does not show lavish generosity. She has some tact.

Sincerely Yours
William Buckbee

This handwriting shows the born aristocrat, the ruler of men, the critic, the fluent speaker, but the man without warmth of oratory, or the irresistible magnetism of a persuasive preacher. He shows clear, cold logic, intellectual ability, and is a dialectician rather than a popular preacher. He shows some affection, but little demonstrativeness. The writing would indicate him to be rather secretive and possibly strategic. He shows originality and mental ability of a high order. He also shows energy and a tireless capacity for work. He never spares himself.

San Francisco Bay is one of the leading show spots of the many show spots in California. This is no cause for wonder, for no maritime city on the globe—Sydney, perhaps, excepted—boasts a more noble harbor. Its tide flows through the only salt-water gap in the great chains of mountains inclosing the valley of California, and through this gap, the Golden Gate, the blue Pacific receives tribute in the drainage of 62,000 square miles, about one-third of the State's area. The gate is three and one-half miles long by one mile in width, and to carry the tides and fresh-water emptyings of the bay's area, which amounts to 465 square miles, requires a depth in the narrow channel of from 350 to 450 feet.

With California's cosmopolitan population and widely diversified interests it is not surprising that the waters of the bay should bear strange burdens. Nearly all classes of foreign-born residents employ the boats of their native climes, and there is much to be gained in nautical lore by a mere stroll along the four miles of docks and wharves on the improved line of San Francisco's frontage. The peninsula on which the city is located is bounded by the bay on the east, the ocean on the west, and the Golden Gate on the north, and the city has nine miles of deep-water bay frontage.

BOUND FOR THE HEADS.

The almost land-locked waters are only dangerous when a southeaster prevails. Then the wind has an unbroken sweep of over forty miles, and the bay on the San Francisco side is an expensive resting-place for ships that have not run double mooring lines or made fenders of hay bales. But fortunately southeasters of sufficient force to be destructive are not prevalent in this latitude, and the merest cockleshell of a pleasure craft is safe under canvas, oars or steam 360 days out of every 365. Under these conditions it is a matter of comment on the part of Eastern visitors that sailing as a pastime is not more extensively patronized here. Yachting is not an all-absorbing sport about the bay, it is true; but woe betide the amateur tar from abroad or the East who fancies he may take a turn at the wheel and show San Francisco yachtmen the way on a midsummer afternoon. In a summer's cruising some eight years ago six schooners of the old Pacific Club fleet averaged two and four-tenths knots per hour better than the best six boats in the fleet of the famous Seawanhaka Club of New York; and the six on this side did not include any such racing machines as the narrow single-stickers that have been built at intervals to defend the *America's* cup. That sort of craft, if sent down midchannel here when the summer trades are blowing, with the enormous balloons and spinnakers they sport off Sandy Hook, would be blown out of the water. Three New York yachts have been imported here, all with some pretensions to speed, and two of them proved most miserable failures when entered against the tight little sloops and schooners that prevail as pleasure craft in the West. One of them, the schooner *Ariel*, was re-sparred and re-canvased and re-rigged nearly a score of times, and yet remained notoriously the slowest craft on the bay. She was finally sold as a seal-hunter, and was not fast enough for that, although rated as a cup-winner in New York. The exception of the trio is the *Annie*, the sloop in which Boss Tweed made his flight to Cuba. She was not built as a yacht, however, but as a butcher's boat for outside work; and it is doubtful if the builders could identify a single line of

ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

her hull or a figure in rig and sail area, so completely has she been made over to fit the changed conditions of these waters.

Of steam yachts we have one fully fledged, the *El Primero* of Mr. Hopkins, but there are launches by the hundred driven by every sort of motor, and some of them are large enough to be called yachts. Mr. Hearst, the newspaper man, imported a Herreschoff craft a few years ago, and skipped about the bay at the rate of twenty-one knots an hour. Then he was possessed with a desire to own the fastest yacht in the world, and sold his "slow" boat. The famous *Vamoose* was the result, but he could not get her out here, and she is, perforce, a New York boat.

Perhaps one reason why yachting is not more affected here is to be found in the handsome appointments of the ferry-boats. No city's suburban residents travel with anything like the comfort that is bestowed on San Franciscans who have their bedrooms in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvedere or other of the bay towns. The boats are fast, handsomely furnished, clean and commodious, and present a most palatial appearance when compared with the dingy little craft that cross the Hudson and East rivers. Here a bay trip is a pleasure as much as a means of "getting somewhere," and probably half an hour twice a day is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of most people for cruising. Then, too, people possessed of a wild desire for steam yachting can gratify their penchant by chartering a tug.

In the towing fleets of San Francisco there are four or five boats that have no equals for looks and comfort and cleanliness anywhere. A tug on the Atlantic, either abroad or at home, is a dirty, oily, ill-smelling craft with sticks of cord-wood trailing over the side for fenders, and no arrangements for anything but towing. A holiday party patronizing one of them could safely calculate on ruined costumes and discomfort throughout.

One favorite boat here, the *Fearless*, registers four hundred tons, is 145 feet long and cost over one thousand dollars a foot to build. Her cabins are equal to those of the most luxuriously appointed yacht in the country, and her snowy decks, glistening sides and polished hard-wood finishings are much more sug-

CHINESE JUNK.

gestive of a yacht than a towboat. With such craft as this, always procurable at small expense, it is small wonder that towboat parties are popular to the excluclusion of steam yachts.

One section of the water-front of San Francisco Bay looks like a bit out of the Mediterranean; it is the short section of seawall at the foot of Telegraph Hill, that is devoted to the Latin fisherfolk and the appurtenances of their trade. Picturesque would be a mild term if one's olfactory sense did not put in perpetual protest. The great fleet of Italian fishing boats, the net-festooned wharves, the swarthy, earringed men clad in silk-sash-supported trousers, big seaboots, sou'westers and bright-hued shirts, all belong to a different country from this. Their language is foreign, and the odors of cheese, maccaroni, garlic and wine that issue from the holds of their boats are foreign even in this land of cosmopolitan diet. The fishing people from the shadow of Vesuvius are more to themselves in San Francisco than the Chinese.

It is forty-two years since the foundation of the fishing fleet, which is one of the shows of the bay shore, was laid. Then a score or two of American sailors, who had tired of unsuccessful ventures in shore diggings and returned to the sea, were rapidly acquiring wealth by fishing for the market. They had three or four stanch little sloops, and dropped their trawls and cast their hand-lines is promising spots up and down the coast outside the heads. They took mackerel, bonita and barracuda as far south as Monterey Bay, and went to the Farallones and Drake's Bay for flounders and rock cod, and still farther north and west for halibut. Hand-line fishing was slow work, but days of gold prices ruled, and five hundred or six hundred pounds of fish meant $250 or $300.

Their bonanza was seen and appropriated by a couple of olive-skinned wanderers who were wafted in through the Golden Gate with the floatsam and jetsam of the time. In a few weeks they had built themselves a broad-beamed, tight-decked craft, with rounded sides,

pointed ends and the general characteristics of a duck in rough weather. In this, a third of the boat's length from the bow, they planted a short mast at an angle of forty-five degrees, and to this mast was bent a long yard supporting an immense spread of light canvas ending in a ringtail or point at the sheet. The boat looked as though it would require very careful trimming, especially when running free, and only such sailors as had visited the Mediterranean refrained from predicting that it would turn turtle the first time it was hauled on the wind. But appearances were deceptive, and the strange craft skimmed the water like a seabird, which it greatly resembled in the perspective of the Golden Gate.

HAY SCHOONER.

Then the boatbuilders knitted themselves yards and yards of net out of dark-brown twine, and the bonanza of the American fishermen was at an end. With their net they took more fish in one haul than came in on the hand-lines and trawls in a day, and they operated lines also for such fish as their net did not reach. They worked the mouth of the river for salmon, and soon had a monopoly of the fishing. They sent for their friends, trained their children as fishermen, and now the lateen-rigged fleet numbers nearly half a thousand. Cruising far outside in the wildest weather it is not remarkable that the Italian fishermen furnish a large proportion of the wildest tales of sea peril that the local marine newsgatherers have to write.

The Chinese do a little fishing, but only cut a figure in the local market with the shrimp—not the big musty prawns of other waters, but a diminutive crustacean with a flavor all its own, and a protective armor the knack of removing which is only acquired by long residence in California. The Chinese adhere strictly to the unwieldy junks of their native rivers,—coffin-shaped, cumbersome craft, with square bows, enormous rudders and square sails ribbed with slats of bamboo. The small boats are built on the same model and would drown white sailors faster than they could get into them. Perhaps the Chinese are better sailors than their *confrères* of Europe and America, or perhaps their junks are better craft than they look; but anyway Chinese and junks are out in the worst of weather, which is on the shallows of their fishing grounds, and they do not average the loss of a man or a boat in a year.

YACHT RACING.

Shrimp yards are located at a dozen different points in the bay, and they would be as picturesque as the Italian fleet but for the odor.

Another freak in bay craft are the scow-schooners that run up the sloughs and upper bays. Seen across a marsh or at a distance over smooth water, one of these box-like craft bears more resemblance to an enormous load of hay under sail than any kind of a boat. There is little hold-room in these carriers, and their burdens are piled into the air until a third of the distance up the mast is achieved; and the man at the wheel is perched on a platform twelve or fifteen feet high, with his steering gear mounted on stilts beside him. The scow-schooner is picturesque only when loaded to its fullest capacity and drifting lazily in the haze of a smoky twilight. More artists have essayed the peculiar effects of such a calm evening, with a scow for the center or foreground, than any other subject on San Francisco Bay, and usually with more success, especially in wash pictures that will not bear close inspection and dissection.

Sharing in the up-river freighting of the scow-schooner is the stern-wheel steamer, a flat-bottomed boat that is popularly supposed to be navigable wherever a heavy dew has fallen over night. These ripple kickers are not to be compared to the magnificent side-wheelers that controlled the traffic in the flush days before the railroads came and the rivers were shoaled with slickens from the mines and debris from the disturbed hills through which they course; but they are handy in turning corners and carry tremendous freights. Some of them are ambitious affairs, with cabins, staterooms and dining accommodations for hundreds of passengers. They are especially well patronized between San Francisco and Stockton, a ninety-mile trip, for which, in opposition times, the fare is only twenty-five cents. On the Sacramento River the stern-wheelers have a monopoly of the fruit carrying, and no prettier trip can be devised than a drift down stream through that wonderful Pomoma land in the late summer months.

The whalers are another interesting feature along San Francisco's docks, but they will not be for long. In October and November the south side where they rendezvous looks and smells like a slice out of old New Bedford. In the fleet there are round-bowed, square-sterned craft that have been in the chase for the leviathans of the sea for over half a century, and are yet as sound as the day they were framed of oak on the Massachusetts coast.

IN THE CHANNEL. *W. H. Lowden photo.*

WILD ANIMALS OF CALIFORNIA

Miss B. F. Herrick

The monarch of our forests is the Sierra grizzly, which with its unwieldy bulk and powerful paws, its fierce, cunning eyes, cruel fangs, knife-like claws and stealthy tread, well deserves its notoriety as the most formidable of all the North American carnivora.

It is a typical California product, weighing sometimes as much as eighteen hundred pounds; and, such is its strength and daring, that it has been known to carry off a young horse in its arms, and to gnaw in two the trunk of a half-grown tree in which a hunter had taken refuge. Though very common in early days these creatures are rapidly diminishing in numbers, owing not only to the deadly bullet and the poisoned haunch of venison, but to the locomotive and the woodman's axe, which disturb the silence of their native wilds. Many were the thrilling tales told around miners' camp-fires of encounters with this ferocious animal. From one specimen, shot in 1849 in El Dorado, were obtained no less than eleven hundred pounds of meat, which, being retailed at $1.25 a pound, brought to the lucky marksman the neat little sum of $1,375.

The head was once considered an especial delicacy, and was baked in rough earthen ovens, filled with heated stones.

Having a particular fondness for tender calves and lambs, grizzlies were formerly the pet abhorrence of the Spanish stock-ranchers; and it was a favorite amusement with the young vaqueros to ride out on moonlight nights with strong lassoes and surprise the thieves at their evening feast. When the party was a large one sometimes as many as thirty or forty bears would be captured in a single night. This exciting sport was usually followed by a bear and bull fight in the arena, after which bruin was often reliberated if he came off victorious in the fray.

About fifteen or sixteen years is the average term of life; and, if taken when very young, they can be tamed and trained like a dog. Hittell, the historian, relates the adventures of a mountaineer who raised a captive cub to hunt with him, and which, when it was fully grown, packed the slaughtered game upon its back.

They sleep in caves or in roomy dens of their own manufacture, and their food consists not only of flesh, but of wild fruits and honey, young roots and various kinds of berries, especially those of the manzanita. Among the Indians, necklaces of their claws were greatly prized as trophies of adventurous hunts, and are handed down as heirlooms.

The black, brown and cinnamon bears are also found in certain portions of the State, and, though much smaller and less fierce than their far-famed cousin, the Sierra grizzly, are also capable of giving an intruder a generous "bear's hug," and are equally omnivorous.

Next in size and importance to the grizzly is the panther, or California lion,—a cowardly beast, lurking in such densely timbered regions in the fastnesses of the mountains that pursuit is often next to impossible. It usually flies from the sight of man, though fighting savagely when wounded or cornered. One of these giant cats, caught in the Santa Ynez Range, back of the town of Santa Barbara, measured eleven feet from head to tail-tip, and weighed about three hundred pounds.

They leave their lairs, in search of food, toward early evening, making the long night hideous with a series of unearthly shrieks and screams. Recognizing no game laws or "open seasons," they are said to have destroyed more deer than all California hunters. Crouched in ambush on some lofty rock or tree, they spring suddenly upon their unsuspecting prey nibbling complacently in the chaparral, and lap their life-blood with the keenest relish. They also fly at the throats of horses, and have even been known to engage in a fight with a grizzly. In order to escape from its clutches, a buck has jumped over a fifty-foot waterfall, landing unhurt upon the wooded canyon wall.

Deer are still plentiful in isolated forests, but the elk and the antelope, once very abundant, are now exceedingly rare. Occasionally an elk is found in Humboldt County, and a few wandering bands of antelope are sometimes discovered on the lower slopes of the Sierra Madre Range, or on the edge of the Mojave Desert. The mule deer is the largest species, though the black-tailed variety is most common.

Hiding in the shadiest thickets, and being very keen-scented and fleet of foot, these shy denizens of the woods are not easily discovered, unless by a pack of hounds; but, taking advantage of their natural curiosity, the ambitious sportsman often resorts to strategy,—waving a flag or handkerchief from behind the shrubbery, and so bringing them within easy range of the rifle. When hard pressed they sometimes take to the water and swim a considerable distance.

The antlers are shed annually, each successive growth being larger and more branching. Sometimes during a fight the horns become so interlocked that the contestants are unable to extricate themselves and perish miserably from starvation. Indians tan the skins by rubbing them with a solution of the animal's brains, and subsequently smoking them.

It is not generally known that the deer is a great exterminator of rattlesnakes, which it kills by jumping upon the coiled reptile with its four sharp hoofs placed close together, and cutting it to pieces.

1. MOUNTAIN SHEEP. 2. COYOTE. 3. WILD CATS.
4. HEAD OF MULE DEER. 5. COON AND CAT SKINS. 6. RED FOX. 7. MOUNTAIN LION. 8. GRIZZLY BEAR.

The magnificent bighorns or mountain sheep of Mount Shasta and Southern California are almost if not quite identical with those of the Rocky Mountains, having the same short, thick necks, shaggy coats and circular horns. They make their home on the most arid and inaccessible of heights, flying up the precipices in leaps at the first signal of alarm, and, like other large game of the West, are now but sparingly represented.

Wild cats are common in the Coast Range and the Sierra, and the lynx is also found at certain altitudes. The former animals are very destructive to sheep-ranches, killing young lambs by the dozen during the unguarded hours of the night. Such is their cruelty and bloodthirstiness, that, unless driven by the stress of hunger, they never eat that which they themselves have not deprived of life. They possess many of the traits of the domestic cat, especially when treed by dogs, which they lead a lively chase over hills and fields.

Another old resident is the greedy, inquisitive raccoon, which is easily tamed and makes an interesting though often tiresome pet. Its most characteristic habit is that of washing its food in the creek or river before devouring it; and, when near the sea-coast, it consumes large quantities of crabs and oysters, opening the shells of the latter in some deft and mysterious manner with its paws.

Midwinter in the southern counties is really the beginning of spring; and several large and delightful cross-country clubs have been formed, meeting at stated intervals to pursue the sneaking coyote, the wily fox and the sportive jack-rabbit over the bright-green fields and the carpets of wild-flowers. What

more exhilarating exercise than this, with the snow on the distant hill-tops and the blossoming orange-groves in the foreground! while the tally-ho of the hunting-horn and the deep baying of the pack of hounds spur the riders to continued energy! The fox's brush or the rabbit's ears are presented to the first lady of the party who arrives on the scene of capture, and are worn by her in her riding-hat as a trophy of the chase.

The coyote is an insufferable pest to the farmer, depleting the chicken-roost of its choicest specimens and attacking other barn-yard fowls, as well as young animals, with equal impartiality. To such an extent have their depredations been carried, that the State offers a bounty on their scalps of five dollars apiece, the slayer being required to swear before a legal official as to the place and date of killing, and to present within a period of three months not only the scalp but the nose and ears, which are burned to prevent possible resurrection. Sometimes the skins can be sold to furriers, and bring fifty or seventy-five cents each. But poisoned meat and the shotgun are effectually thinning their ranks, and the importation of scalps from other countries has so disgusted the authorities that the bounty is threatened to be rescinded.

Like other members of the wolf family, coyotes usually go in bands of from four or five to a dozen, and generally sleep by day in their holes in the rocks and hollow trees, prowling around at night-time and keeping up an incessant chorus of dismal howls, which once heard are not soon forgotten.

Space forbids more than a passing mention of the smaller and less conspicuous dwellers of the woods and meadows,—such as the tree-squirrel with its fox-like tail and chattering note, the saucy chipmunk bounding along the fallen logs, its pouches distended with acorns, the queer little cotton-tail scurrying out of sight in the dusty sagebrush, and the curious prairie-dog inhabiting its subterranean nest with the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake,—though their habits are of no little interest to the keen observer.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the water below is dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

Chas. V. Lamb photo.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone.
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I looked where the whirls their white spray shed,
'Ere the blossoms waved or the green moss grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

IN KEITH'S STUDIO.

SPENCER C. BROWNE.

Heretofore Keith's portraits have not equaled his landscapes in technique or feeling, but during the last year he has produced several which prove that had he made portraits a specialty he could have earned a reputation in that line as great as that he now enjoys as a landscape painter.

One of two portraits of Irving M. Scott, painted last month, is, I think, a great picture and on a plane of equality with Keith's best efforts in landscape. Although done entirely from a photograph and without a sitting, his intimate acquaintance with the man has enabled him to express in this portrait the best there is in Scott of character, feeling and intellect. Any man might be proud to show such a portrait as that of an ancestor and glad to possess it as a work of art.

But it is in landscape that Keith's genius is at its best. After a week or two at portrait painting he returns to landscape with relief and enthusiasm, feeling that he can there best express himself, whether in his bright and happy moods, or in the occasional periods of deep gloom to which the artistic temperament and his highly sensitive nervous organization make him subject. It is in these somber moods that he produces his most characteristic, poetic and mysterious effects.

WM. KEITH, ARTIST.

His forest, sunset, twilight and moonlight scenes contain the most beautiful color and feeling.

Keith is a marvel in one respect. His genius is ever fresh, and his capacity for learning and improvement apparently greater as he grows older. What an extraordinary development there has been in his work during the last three or four years. Prior to 1890 he had accomplished enough to place him easily at the head of his profession on this Coast and in the front rank of American artists. Then began a period of rapid change. Friends were alarmed at the vigorous, yet, as compared with his previous work, crude efforts in a new direction.

"I have discovered the methods used by the old masters in portrait painting," said he, "and am applying them to my landscapes as well as portraits. Only give me twenty years more of life and I will accomplish something."

After many years of close study of Nature, until her secrets had become as an open book to him, his paintings during that period having shown more imitative power than imagination, another great development has occurred. The imagination has been given free play, and the feeling, refinement and poetry inherent in the man now appear in greater degree in his productions. In most of them is a delightful mystery, suggesting many possible and beautiful things and working powerfully upon the imagination of the beholder.

MISS M. E. SPERRY: "TO MEET THE TRAVELER."

During the brief career of THE TRAVELER we have been the recipients of many favors from our camera friends, and from want of space have many times been compelled to decline some excellent subjects which would have otherwise appeared in our columns.

Not long since we received a batch of good things from Salem, Oregon, the address being of a partially anonymous character. We wrote, asking the privilege of reproducing the hand and seal and received the following crisp reply:

SALEM, OR., Nov. 26, '94.

Eds. TRAVELER.

SIRS: Yours rec'd, with request for my hand. You ask to whom you shall ascribe it. Allow me to introduce to you Miss Sperry, sole proprietor and manager of the photo studio known as that of "Sperry the Artist." I, the aforesaid Miss Sperry, do hereby swear that I am the designer of "Witness my hand and seal," the executor of the work and the possessor of the hand.

Truly yours, M. E. SPERRY.

WITNESS MY HAND AND SEAL.

SUNSET SEED & PLANT CO.
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IF INTERESTED, SEND FOR OUR HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.

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427, 429 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

ITEMS.

Considerable surprise is manifested by many that the expenses of the candidates, as shown by the statements they have filed, were so small. The statement filed by the San Francisco Business College, stating that the expense of a full course at that school is only $75, while undoubtedly true, is fully as surprising as that filed by any candidate. As their course includes all the branches necessary to a complete education, it would be cheap at twice the money. Call at 1236 Market St., and see about it.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon, No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286. Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics. At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

Ladies visiting the city should not fail to call on La Verite Hairdressing and Manicure Bazaar at No. 1170 Market Street. It is strictly first-class. Artistic hairdressing, bleaching, dyeing and shampooing, and the only place where you can have the *egg* shampoo. Bangs, switches and wigs of natural curl at reasonable rates. Scalp treatment, face steaming and ironing. Further particulars gladly furnished on application.

Did you ever pass a well-dressed, stylish, rosy-cheeked woman on the street and envy her some of the good things of life? I did the other day. From her appearance I judged her to be a stranger, and yet almost every day about one o'clock I met her near the corner of Sutter and Kearny, and could not but remark not only her wholesome and attractive looks but her apparent cheerful and self-satisfied mien. I knew that good living and prosperity were largely accountable for her robust health and tasty attire, but I never knew just what caused her noticeable good humor and cheerfulness until one day I happened to pass by 218 Sutter Street and saw her just coming out of Swain's Restaurant, and then the mystery was solved. Who wouldn't be happy after indulging in one of their peerless luncheons or dinners; for we all know that Swain's is one of the most pleasant and best-catered cafés on the Coast.

V. W. Gaskill & Co. are the accredited general agents of the United States Fire Insurance Co., which was incorporated in 1824 and is to-day a leading underwriter on the Coast. Beside representing the above, this firm represents locally the Alliance of London, the Franklin of Philadelphia, the Hamburg-Bremen of Germany, the Niagara of New York, and does a general brokerage business with other leading companies on the street. Their office is situated at No. 323 California Street in this city, and its appointments in every particular denote a growing business.

DR. BYRON W. HAINES,

DENTIST,

14 Grant Avenue,
Over "City of Paris." Rooms 16-17.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

ETC., ETC.

All men are subject to more or less criticism. Just now the dude comes in for a considerable portion. The principal difference between a dude and the average man is that the latter is always appropriately dressed and of correct deportment. They all get their furnishing goods at Carmany's, 25 Kearny St.

DR. RUDDOCK'S Family Medicine Case and Book (750 pages) should be in every home. Safe, simple and sure. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Outfit will be sent prepaid on receipt of $13.00 to Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal.

It is now an acknowledged fact that C. Herrmann & Co., the hatters, have done more for the heads of the male population of this State than any other house on the Coast. By introducing the finest goods and always keeping up with the latest fashions, they have made our headwear occupy the same excellent position the remaining outfit of a California gentleman occupies in the world of fashion. By having a factory connected with their store (occupying a building of four floors at 128 Kearny St.), they are enabled to make any kind of headwear to order at the shortest notice. Their illustrated catalogues and pamplets are works of art and will be mailed free upon application to any address.

The Pittsburg Coal Mining Co. are now taking Clarke Vein Coal from their new 700-foot shaft. Consumers of twenty years ago will remember this coal as a first-class steam coal. It is to be hoped that the enterprise of this company in reopening this mine at this depth will be amply rewarded, as it is a matter of great importance to all consumers and particularly to those of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Charles R. Allen, 144 Steuart Street, San Francisco, has been appointed agent for the sale of this coal.

Honolulu is famous as a winter and summer resort. Travelers are learning that this place has more to attract and fascinate than any island resort whatsoever. The climate is perfection. Surf-bathing is indulged in at Waikiki, three miles from Honolulu, the entire year. Travelers prefer it to the Indies and come from remote parts to enjoy the hospitality of that ideal "Island Paradise." The splendid steamers of the Oceanic and Union S. S. companies sail twice a month. Supplanting the *Monowai*, heretofore run on this service, will be the S. S. *Arawa*, a fine 5,000-ton steamer, luxuriantly appointed. A trip to the Islands on this line is pleasure-sailing the day long. These steamers, in addition to performing Honolulu service, run to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia.

Connoisseurs in art in this day are not so rare as formerly, a fact which is demonstrated by the popularity which the Iridium Photographs have gained among our critics. The perfection to which Mr. I. W. Taber has brought the art of photography is a surprise to even our European visitors, who unanimously declare that his productions excel in fineness, elegance and beauty. His work has received the seal of approval from the highest authority ever created by the Pacific Coast States, and every lover of true art rejoices that such a high honor has been so worthily bestowed. Mr. Taber's beautiful apartments are located at 121 Post Street, San Francisco, and all are invited to inspect them.

We would call the attention of our readers to the famous Santa Clara Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth, and the home of the prune, apricot, etc.; a most delightful climate, beautiful homes, fine schools and colleges, magnificent drives with no dust, good society and everything to make you happy and prosperous. Money invested in property in this section pays a handsome interest on the investment. Write W. G. Hawley & Co., 17 South First Street, San Jose, Cal., for catalogue and full particulars. They have extensive experience in fruit lands and fruit culture.

The First National Bank of San Francisco offers to the traveling public Safe Deposit Vaults, where valuables can be left with perfect certainty that they will be forthcoming on demand, and circular letters of credit through which funds deposited in this city can be drawn in any part of the world. Founded in 1870—the oldest National Bank on the Coast—its record has been one of steady and solid growth.

The popularity of the Judson Weekly Excursions to Chicago and Boston has been acquired by years of honest service. Each week their through cars leave California for the East, and also leave Boston Tuesdays for California. They have special cars, and each excursion is personally conducted by a manager through to destination. Their motto has been, "Lowest rate, best accommodation, redemption of every promise." They have Pacific Coast offices at 19 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and 212 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

NEW GOLD.

KISSING AT SUNSET.

The sun is kissing the fleecy clouds
With a rosy-tinted kiss,
And I am kissing my sweetheart
With as full a measure of bliss!
The clouds are kissing the mountain tops,
The stars are kissing the sky,
The daylight is kissing the pulsing earth
With a smile and a happy sigh!
Sombody's kissing the pensive moon,
For she's hiding half of her face!
And the twittering birds, in noisy glee,
Are kissing in every place!
Over all Nature there comes a kiss,
From the God of peace and rest!
But the kisses I steal from my darling's lips
To me are the sweetest and best!

—*P. Maurice McMahon, Los Angeles.*

UNCLE EPH—EPICURE.

You kin talk erbout yo' 'lasses an' yo' steamin' buckwheat cakes,
'Bout yo' eisters fried in crackers, an' yo' juicy hot clambakes;
'Bout yo' beefsteak fried wid inguns, an' yo' ros'n yeahs ob co'n,
But ol' 'possum wid sweet taters beats dem all, des sho's yo' bo'n.
Tek erway yo' Floyda elange, tek erway yo' fig an' date,
An' bring erlong my 'possum on dat bigges' ol' tinplate.
Turnip greens all biled wid bacon an' er co'n pone smokin' hot,
I gwi' nebber scratch *dat* ticket caze it retch a tender spot.
An' hot biscuits wid hot coffee mek a mighty han'some pa'r,
W'ile ol' hen biled wid dumplin's, O yes, dat's parsin' fa'r.
But tek erway yo' greens an' bacon, tek erway yo' chicken biled,
An' bring 'possum an' sweet taters—hesh yo mouf, dey sets me wild!

. . . . . .

Sta't him out'n pawpaw thicket, chase him up er 'simmon tree,
W'ile de music of dat houn' pack sets de woods er-ring wid glee.
Roun' de hill an' troo de bottom, up de holler by de spring,
Ow! ow! ow! ow! des a whoopin'! how dat ol' lead-houn' do sing!
An' yo' hurry troo de briahs an' yo' tumble ober logs,
Nebber knowin', nebber cyarin' es yo' cheeh dem blessed dogs.
An' w'en dey all sees yo' comin', how dem dogs sing wid new grace,
Frum de young houn's sweet, cla'r tenor to de ol' houn's mighty bass.
An' dar on a lim', er-grinnin' wid his tail quoiled mighty tight,
Hangs my fren', ol' Mistah 'Possum—how dem dogs howl wid delight.
An' yo' crawl out furder, furder, twel yo' hyuh dot ol' lim' crack,
An' yo' shake erloose his tail holt, an' yo' put him in yo' sack.
Den you tote him home an' feed him twel he fat des es yo' please,
Den yo' kill him an' yo' hang him out er frosty night ter freeze.
Den yo' stuff him wid sweet taters an' put butter all er roun',
Den yo' put him in de oven an' yo' bake him twell he's brown.
Oom! all swimmin' in his graby an' a drippin' in his fat—
Talk erbout yo' milk an' honey, wut's de hebbenly food ter dat?
Let dot show-ban' play its loudes,' let dot 'cession des march on,
I would'n' stop my eatin' ef ol' Gab'ul blowed his horn!

—*James Edwin Campbell, in Kate Field's Washington.*

When fair Matilda first came out,
A timid "ingenue,"
Her shoes, they say, at ball or rout,
Were snowy white in hue.

Ah! cruel one! whence gained they then
That sanguinary shade?
From dancing o'er the hearts of men
That at thy feet were laid!

—*Yale Record.*

SUSPENSE.

A silver thread of the heart that's drawn
So tight that it almost breaks,
When every sound from dawn to dawn
An expectation wakes,
And a trembling like the trembling that
A wind in the tree-top makes.

—*Southern Collegian.*

MAGAZINE MUSINGS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. $2.50 a year.

Albert Shaw edits the New York edition of W. T. Stead's well-known London periodical. The leading events of the past month are commented on in "The Progress of the World." The December issue contains contributions on the "New Czar," "Forest Reserves," and reviews of thirty-six important articles selected from the chief periodicals in the English language. To San Franciscans the most interesting item is an illustrated sketch of Adolph Sutro's career, by E. W. Townsend, entitled, "San Francisco's Mayor-Elect."

The Atlantic Monthly. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. December, 1894.

The fact that *The Atlantic*, in these days of profuse illustration of periodicals, is in its 74th volume, shows plainly that really high-class literature does not need the aid of pictures to find a market in this country. *The Atlantic* depends wholly on the merit of its contributions, and maintains a very high level. The issue before us contains another of Sir Edward Strachey's "Talks at an English Country House," a charming essay on "Ghosts" by Miss Agnes Repplier, "A Letter of Advice to an English Friend," and "An Appreciation of Dr. Holmes" by the editor, also full criticisms and short comments on new books. In his "Reminiscences of Walter Pater" Mr. Sharp earnestly refutes the general notion that Pater was a mere stylist, and insists that he was, on the contrary, a deep thinker first, and that his beautiful, polished style was really an outcome of his pure, high and exact thinking. The description of Pater's personal appearance and of his artistic room at Brasenose College—in which I have frequently sat—is minute and accurate.

The Ladies' Home Journal. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Man Who Most Influenced Me" is one of the autobiographical studies now so much in vogue. Lillian Nordica writes of "Girls and Operatic Careers;" Caroline Atwater Mason and Frank R. Stockton contribute stories, and W. D. Howells continues his "Literary Passions." Probably the "Paradise Club," by J. K. Bangs, is the most amusing item. Besides all this, there are dinner menus, recipes for soups and candies, hints on dress, and countless other matters of interest to the fair sex.

The Forum. Forum Publishing Co., New York. December, 1894.

The Forum, now reduced to twenty-five cents a copy, is the most generally readable of the picturesque periodicals. Social, political, religious, educational and scientific topics all find a place in its pages. An interesting comparison by Price Collier of the "Reading Habits of Englishmen and Americans" shows the writer's fairness and insight; and an autobiographical sketch by the late P. G. Hamerton, entitled, "The Chief Influences on My Career," is very pleasant reading. There are also contributions on "Charity," "Christian Missions," "The Death of the Czar," and the inevitable wail from voteless woman.

Life. New York.

Of all the comic papers of the United States *Life* does the best work and maintains the highest tone. Its jesting is bright and keen and is not of the kind "that is not convenient." It is never tired of ridiculing social pretense, humbug and ostentation of every sort; and it jumps with wild delight on the vulgarity of the newly arrived.

Current Literature. The Current Literature Publishing Co., New York.

To extracts from the most valuable articles in newspapers and magazines are now added striking passages from the newest books. These are classified under such headings as Art, Biography, Education, History, Criticism, Religion, Science, Sport and Travel. Thus one can see at a glance the best that is to be found in the publications of the past month on any desired topic. An article on "Extra Illustration" tells how a favorite book may be enlarged by adding pictures illustrative of the text.

The Outlook. The Outlook Co., Astor Place, New York.

The new series of the *Christian Union* is known by this name. The paper is a weekly one, and comprises editorials on the topics of the day, articles on religious, biblical and domestic subjects, also a sermon and an essay by Lyman Abbott. Book notices, notes on authors and literary matters, with a summary of events in the religious world, make up a good family paper. The issue of December 8th contains an interesting article, with illustrations, on "American Book-plates," written by E. H. Bierstadt.

Public Opinion. Public Opinion Co., Washington and New York. Five cents a copy; $2.50 per annum.

This weekly is intended to put the reader *au courant* with the condition of public opinion on all important cotemporary affairs. To this end it reprints, in a complete or a condensed form, the most striking passages from articles in the leading newspapers of all shades of politics. *Public Opinion* has no opinions of its own, but aims merely to reflect, as in a mirror, the views of public events taken by those who profess to mold the popular mind.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The National Council of Women will hold a triennial meeting in February next at Washington, D. C.; Mrs. May Wright Sewell, President. The triennial will be conducted like the World's Congress of Representative Women at the World's Fair, and the leading women of the United States, with fraternal delegates from other countries, will participate.

There will be twelve day sessions, and one of these has been set aside for teaching patriotism in the schools, under the auspices of the Standing Committee of the National Council, as follows: Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Ohio; Isabella Charles Davis, New York; Frances E. Willard, Illinois; Eliza D. Keith, California; Caroline E. Merrick, Louisiana; Mary Desha, Washington, D. C.

In addition to this a special evening programme will be prepared and presented by the Woman's Relief Corps, in which patriotic teaching will have a part.

In Sacramento, on Thanksgiving Day, the new and handsome liberty pole on the Plaza was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The beautiful large flag was unfurled from the staff by children representing every school in the city of Sacramento. The liberty pole was the gift of the Grand Army of the Republic to the city.

In San Francisco, on Thanksgiving Day, the Lick Statuary was unveiled with due solemnity and impressiveness, while the children of our public schools united in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Who will say that our children will not grow up impressed with the dignity of being American citizens when they are being permitted to take part as children in the celebration of the great days of the nation?

At these exercises Willard B. Farwell, President of the Society of California Pioneers, delivered a magnificent oration defending the men of '49 from the aspersions and direct charges that had been made against them by certain ministers of San Francisco. In his masterly manner, epitomizing his controversion of their absurd, illogical and unfounded statements, Mr. Farwell said:

"Out of a total membership of 3,023 pioneers who arrived in California in 1849, that is, members of the Society of California Pioneers, not one was ever convicted of a crime, not one was ever imprisoned, nor, so far as can be ascertained, was one ever charged with criminal wrongdoing. Out of 423 junior members, the sons or male descendants of pioneers, but one has ever been publicly charged with or convicted of a crime against the laws of the State or country."

Concerning these facts and figures the San Francisco *Chronicle* well says:

"In the face of such a vigorous and conclusive defense we do not see that anything can be said by the ministers referred to, whoever they may be, but to acknowledge their error and retract language which is certainly slanderous."

But up to date these ministers who, led away by a desire to say something startling, made these slanderous remarks, have since been suspiciously silent. As has been said on another occasion, Bret Harte is largely responsible for the loose ideas that prevail concerning California. He has painted his characters in a light that was never on sea or land: he idealized whatever he touched. Those whose knowledge of California was drawn chiefly from Bret Harte's writings and his host of imitators confound the men of '49 with the desperate and disreputable characters who were the scum of the new commonwealth. But these were not the men who settled down to build a new State. They came to take advantage of a new and unsettled condition of affairs which crystallized into a civilization that had no place for them, and which, as the Vigilance Committee of 1856, started them upon a new cycle of wanderings. In reading the history of those early days of California we must agree with the writer who says:

"The Pioneers were not all saints, nor are their descendants, but they have done a great and noble work and deserve praise, not censure."

"Christmas comes but once a year;
When it comes it brings good cheer."

So runs the old rhyme. Is there any one in whom memory yet lives whose heart does not beat a little faster as he remembers the Christmas days of his childhood? Whether he were the child of poverty or of wealth, whether he were made ill with longing, or surfeited with satiety, yet, to every one born in a Christian country, Christmas will ever be a present excitement or a happy memory.

When I was a child Christmas always loaded me with books to my great delight. But, child as I was, it always seemed so strange to me that all the Christmas stories in my books were about snowstorms and blazing open fires. I used to wonder if San Francisco were different from all the rest of the world.

The contrast between the book and the fact could not but impress a child who had spent Christmas morning out in the clear sunshine, walking on old Meigg's Wharf, or looking at the bears, or feeding the popular monkeys with peanuts, or peeping into the now historic "cobweb saloon," or conversing with the loquacious parrots, or enjoying the rage of the irascible and screaming cockatoos which sat with horrent dignity upon their perches before the door of the cobweb saloon. With such an appreciation of the constrast, any child who then sat down to read of the ice and snow of an Eastern winter must have been impressed, even at an early age, with the great superiority of our glorious climate.

The old attractions of Meiggs' Wharf and North Beach as I knew them are no more. Still I often wander over there for the sake of old memories, and I like to stand upon the wharf and watch the boys haul up their crab-nets. It's a study in human nature to observe how differently the various youthful fishermen take their luck or their lack of it. Or it is pleasant to sit upon a pile of sweet-smelling lumber, and watch the gulls circling overhead, or the huge porpoises tumbling over and over in the waters of the bay, or to look off and out through the Golden Gate, and to thank God that one is in California on Christmas Day.

While the United States singly and collectively have been having a hard time of it during the past year, Alaska has had a season of prosperity. Missionaries, fishermen and miners have all had good results from their labors. Even the Government can congratulate itself upon the returns, for its effort to introduce Siberian reindeer into the country promises to be successful. Now, if we could only settle the seal question to our satisfaction and to the protection of the seals, all would be well.

Tree-planters are warned against buying trees from Eastern nurseries. "Home-grown trees," says the San Jose *Mercury*," are in nearly every case the best and the cheapest." We Californians should develop our own resources. For instance, we send hides to the East, and import boots and shoes by the carload. Why do we not make our own shoes, and our own furniture, and our own jams and marmalades? Why do we not take hold with our hands and help ourselves to capture the whole world for a market?

Different sections of California are waking up to the necessity of properly presenting their attractions and advantages to intending or even possible purchasers of land. The example of Southern California is to be emulated by other portions of the State. For years one could hardly go into a hotel, a railroad depot or a barber shop without being confronted with a placard setting forth the glories of that region. Hundreds of newspapers were seemingly never weary of booming that section. With what result? Take Los Angeles, for instance. It is growing very fast,—rapidly filling up with the very best people from the Eastern States. It is a city of homes. Now, why should not San Jose, the cities of Northern and Central California, for example, become another such town? There is no reason, unless it be lack of push, and that is a charge that cannot be made to hold against the people of Santa Clara Valley. The coming year will see a great increase of effort in the right direction, in widespread, well-managed and well-placed advertising of all sections of California.

It should be a source of unceasing satisfaction to all American women, and to Kate Field as well, that she has been decorated by France,—has been made by the French Government an officer of public instruction. This is the highest distinction the Department of Public Instruction can bestow for service rendered to literature and art. Kate Field has made her *Washington* a power to be felt, feared and feted. And yet Kate Field cannot vote. She is only a woman.

The *Argonaut* gave the chronic suffrage shriekers a hard hit when it said that when equal rights were granted to women, as they would be at no distant date, it would not be because of the warhorses but in spite of them. "With rare exceptions, the members of the sex who come to the front on the woman question are obtrusive, tactless, and consumed with a morbid fondness for the sound of their own voices. It will be when the soft-mannered, sweet-voiced, well-bred, daintily gowned women ask for suffrage, when it is taken up by society leaders, that equal rights will be bestowed upon women." Does it not seem rather hard that those who have been the pathfinders in this wilderness of injustice should be brushed aside after they have borne the burden and the heat of the day in the brunt of the battle? Does it not savor of poetic injustice that just as the goal is within sight they should be told: "You do not embody all the wit and wisdom of your sex. You have done so much for the good cause that you ought to be allowed a rest on the benches where the listeners sit." It may be hard, it may be unjust, but the eleventh hour is the way of the world.

Some enterprising journalist has been interviewing French actresses on the subject of the corset. Jane Hading says, "The corset is either the iron hand or the velvet glove." Another actress advises women to wear the corset as rarely as possible, and to supply its place with bands and ribbons. Another declares the corset to be "frightful, unhealthy and ungraceful." While a third in more words declares the corset to be the fat woman's friend. Dress reformers may inveigh against the corset, and the apostles of the new garments may appear on the platform with their skirts a la Josephine, depending from their breast bones and from between their shoulder blades, yet plain, ordinary woman will cling to her corset, and the tighter, the closer, her corset will cling to her, the better she will like it. The corset has evidently come to stay.

"Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings," is a sign that once was familiar to all dwellers along the lines of local railroads. Now it must vacate the premises for the best example of that brevity which is the soul of wit, "Railroad crossing,—Stop, look and listen!" $4,780 were paid to Paxton, who formulated that curt, incisive command.

It will be a source of unending pride to San Franciscans when Park Commissioner Stow's dream of groves of wild oaks in Golden Gate Park is realized. The first grove will stand on the site of the Northern California building at the Midwinter Fair. The trees are to be brought from W. H. Howard's estate in San Mateo County. It will take a year to uproot an oak tree twenty feet high with a trunk a foot thick and make it grow in the Park. When a tree suitable for transportation has been selected, trenches are dug around it, leaving a square ten feet across, about the roots. This square will be firmly boxed up; the trenches will be five or six feet deep. Roots extending beyond the boxed-up space are cut off. Within the box there remains enough earth to maintain the tree for a year. New roots form and the filaments interlace and spread until they hold the earth within the box quite solidly. When the year is up box and all will be lifted from the ground by means of a giant truck. Horse-power must haul the boxed-up trees to the Park, where pits will be prepared to receive them. There is just one thing lacking to make these oak groves a perfect success, and that is soil. Golden Gate Park is on "made ground," so far as the fertility of the soil is concerned, for the Park is built on sand dunes by a slow process of reclamation. There is no depth of earth in which to plant trees. Our Park Commissioners must be provided with a silver wand that will say, "Presto, change!"

While we are cutting down our redwood forests with a wanton hand, robbing the hillsides of their trees and our valleys of their moisture, Europe is sending to us for the cones of our pine trees, eager to raise forests of her own. The seeds of our coniferous trees bring two dollars a pound in Germany.

Many of our California hills are as bare as a bald head. It has always been my wonder, a subject on which many might ask for information, if it were not possible to make trees grow on the smooth surfaces of our foothills. Perhaps there is not soil enough to support a tree, but, if there be, why not plant trees broadcast, and let them grow into the forests that future generations may enjoy and prize. Nature has been so prodigal of her good gifts to man in this favored land that we have grown wasteful and destructive.

ELIZA D. KEITH (Di Vernon).

A KICK.

In a recent issue of THE TRAVELER, in speaking of "Western Transportation," you say, "if California to-day stands in the front rank as regards rare and ingenious forms of profanity, it may be attributed to the fact that mules entered largely into her early transportation questions."

Now, my dear sir, I rise to a question of privilege on account of my friend the mule, who, unlike Balaam's ass, is denied the power of speaking for himself.

I know it is customary to make unkind remarks about the mule; but is it right, is it just, is it human? We have been reared to respect and condone shortcomings for which the individual himself is not responsible. Must, then, all our feelings of pent-up aggrievement be vented on this poor animal with no ancestry to speak of and no hope in a posterity to live down the records of a sire? If history is not a bigger pack of lies than is usually admitted, it was not many generations ago when men were as obstinate, as contrary, as wilful, as great kickers against fancied wrong, as is my friend the mule.

If a more peaceful and patient spirit has come over the human race—which some fancy has—we may be proud of the moral evolution and condone the pranks of the ancestry in the progress of the progeny. But can my friend the mule ever look forward to such an evolution in his case? Will he ever become aught but what he is? A little larger, a little stronger to bear his burdens, a little more abstemious, so as to live on less; all these he may become; but can he ever expect to attain to the higher planes of evolution?

Among his traditions he may find the records of how the horse has progressed from the state of broncoisin into the petted and feted hero of the race-track. Even the jackass can point his nether heels with pride at a "record." But it is not so with my friend the mule; he has ever remained the same. Yesterday, to-day and next week he is but a mule.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me ask you in all sincerity how you would feel under the circumstances? Put yourself in the mule's place. Think with his brain, see with his eyes, endow yourself with his brief pride, feel his lack of hope, and then say whether you would not feel that life has but little of the sweet to coat the pills of bitterness. See whether you would not think it useless to assume virtues and practice forbearance. Answer whether you would not be tempted to act naturally, to be a mule pure and simple, letting man invent and use as great a variety of cuss words as he d—— pleases, and paying as little heed to them as does my friend the mule. Yours for the mule,

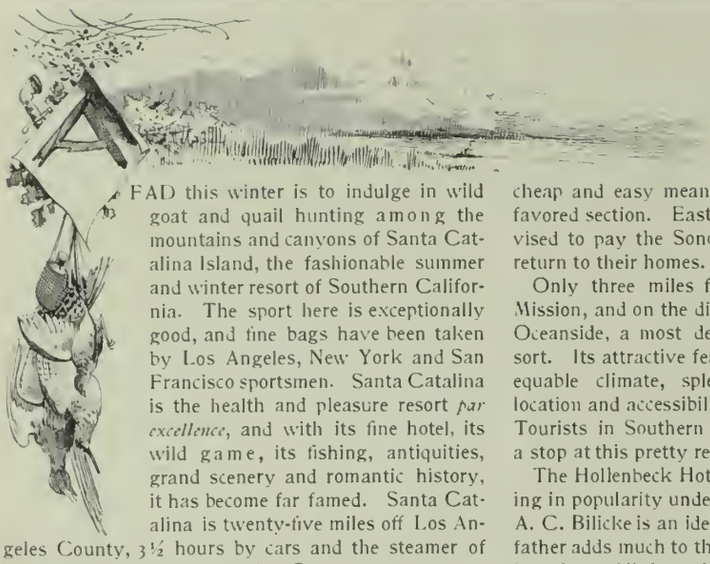
CHARLES B. TURRILL.

JUST A STEP FROM THE DEPOT,
when you get off the train at Los Angeles, you will find
The Arcade Depot Hotel.
It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan, $2.50 per day upward.
DARMODY & SCHAFFER, Props.

THE
Wonder
Hat, Flower and Feather Store,
1024, 1026, 1028
MARKET STREET.
All the late novelties in millinery. New hats. New feathers. Ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Large stock. Low prices.
Branch, 999 Market Street, Cor. Sixth.

ORR & ATKINS,
123-125 MONTGOMERY ST.,
Men's Furnishers
AND
Shirt Makers.
AGENCY
Dr. Jaeger's Underwear.

Our specialty is prescribing and making glasses to correct Complicated Cases of Defective Vision. Skilled Opticians with the latest appliances known to science for testing the eyes enable us to give our patrons superior service.
CALIFORNIA OPTICAL COMPANY,
317 and 319 Kearny Street.



A FAD this winter is to indulge in wild goat and quail hunting among the mountains and canyons of Santa Catalina Island, the fashionable summer and winter resort of Southern California. The sport here is exceptionally good, and fine bags have been taken by Los Angeles, New York and San Francisco sportsmen. Santa Catalina is the health and pleasure resort *par excellence*, and with its fine hotel, its wild game, its fishing, antiquities, grand scenery and romantic history, it has become far famed. Santa Catalina is twenty-five miles off Los Angeles County, 3½ hours by cars and the steamer of the Wilmington Transportation Company.

The Mount Hamilton Stage Company has its headquarters at the Hotel Vendome. From the Vendome to Mount Hamilton is twenty-seven miles, yet the five hours usually consumed in covering this distance is whiled away so pleasantly that one would not believe that either the time or the distance had been consumed in making the trip. The explanation lies in the beauty of the mountain scenery that constantly presents itself.

Occupying a commanding situation on the summit of the most picturesque and romantic spur of the majestic Sierra Madre, and reached by the great cable incline of the Mount Lowe Railway, the most wonderful mountain railway in the world, is Echo Mountain House, the most elegant, best quipped and most delightful mountain hotel in the world. To all cultured, refined and traveled people it is superlatively attractive, and it is equipped in a manner second to none in the world. No tourist can afford to miss a ride over the Mount Lowe Railway, and winter is the season for its perfect enjoyment, when everything is richly verdant and the atmosphere has been rendered clear and pellucid by the rains. As the temperature on the mountain is more equable than in the valley, it is warmer in the winter and cooler in summer at the hotel on the mountain than below in the valley. Nothing in the White Mountains or in Europe equals the view from the summit of Mount Lowe. The whole country, for one hundred and fifty miles in every direction, is open to view.

San Jose, California, is fast becoming the center of a number of attractions that have a world-wide fame. These attractions naturally draw visitors from all parts of the world, who, before coming here, naturally desire to know that, in making San Jose their temporary abiding place, they can be accommodated with desirable hotel conveniences. Hotel Vendome was erected to meet this growing necessity. It is a beautiful building, in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and is located most advantageously to accommodate tourists as well as those who delight to make it a winter or summer resort. It is owned by a corporation of wealthy and enterprising gentlemen, who selected, as its manager, Mr. Geo. P. Snell, an old hotel man, one without a peer on the Coast in his business. Hotel Vendome is unsurpassed in California in all the luxurious requisites that go to make a first-class caravansary.

The Sonoma Valley may be said to be a favored region. The hunter, the fisherman, the farmer and the health-seeker can each here find the realization of his desires. The nature of the country makes the streams prolific of trout of all sizes, from the delicate brook trout to the twenty-pound salmon. Along the sides of the valley in the adjoining foothills are more than a score of mineral springs, the waters of which possess great medicinal virtues and attract multitudes of health-seekers every year. The San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad, extending from San Francisco to Ukiah, affords a cheap and easy means of reaching any part of this favored section. Eastern visitors are particularly advised to pay the Sonoma Valley a visit before they return to their homes.

Only three miles from the famous San Luis Rey Mission, and on the direct line of the Santa Fe road, is Oceanside, a most delightful summer and winter resort. Its attractive features may be summed up as an equable climate, splendid surf-bathing, picturesque location and accessibility to points of historic interest. Tourists in Southern California will do well to make a stop at this pretty resort.

The Hollenbeck Hotel at Los Angeles is daily growing in popularity under its present management. Mr. A. C. Bilicke is an ideal host, and the geniality of his father adds much to the charm of a visit to his popular hostelry. All through the summer, in spite of extensive and annoying alterations, the house has been nearly full all the time, and already the winter's tourist travel has set in heavily. The improvements and renovations are such as to make a new hotel of the Hollenbeck. The dining-room and cafe have been entirely changed. A new grill-room and refreshment buffet have been put in at large expense, and for ornate and elaborate decorations nothing can surpass it even in San Francisco. A ladies' entrance has been built,—a great need to this otherwise complete hotel; and a new system of electric bells and wiring for electric lights has just been completed. Tourists may rest assured that the best of entertainment in every sense of the word will be afforded them at the Hollenbeck.

MRS. JOHN BRADBURY OF LOS ANGELES. *Copyrighted.*

The publishers of THE TRAVELER feel that the holiday number would not be complete without calling the attention of its readers to the Palace Hotel. The building that covers two and a quarter acres in the heart of the city, though severely simple in point of architecture, shows that solidity and strength reign in every part of the immense structure. The court, the beauties of which are known the world over, covers twelve thousand square feet and extends to the immense arched glass roof one hundred and fifty feet above. The eight hundred sleeping rooms, each of which has bath attached, are beautifully furnished. This applies to the medium-priced rooms as well as the more expensive ones, and entire floors can be thrown into a continuous *suite* if required. The restaurant, combining as it does a perfect cuisine and service of solid silver, Royal Worcester, Royal Vienna and Haviland wares, is to-day, as since the opening of the house, pre-eminently the best equipped and conducted dining apartment in America. The private dining, banquet and ball rooms, together with the maple room, marble room and tapestry room, form a series of connecting apartments that are admirably adapted to the use of wedding and dinner parties. Truly, great is the city of San Francisco, and great is her "city of luxury within itself,"—the Palace Hotel.

To those in search of health the oasis known as "Palm Springs" possesses peculiar attractions. The mineral hot springs are phenomenal. From profound depths is constantly welling up a clear stream of hot mineral water, accompanied by pure, fine sand, of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit and containing magnesium, sodium, chlorine, iron and sulphur, which is a specific for kidney, rheumatic, skin and blood diseases.

The Hotel Florence, situated on Florence Heights, San Diego, is a well and favorably known tourists' hotel on the American plan. The situation is superb, being 183 feet above sea-level. It overlooks the city and bay and yet is perfectly accessible to the business center. Every room is sunny, the attendants in all departments are polite and attentive, and the manager is always present to attend to the wants and complaints of his guests. It is an exceedingly comfortable, home-like, restful place, where your associations are the best people and where you feel that the management gives you a dollar's worth for a dollar.

Tourists intending to spend the winter in Southern California, whether for health or pleasure, would do well to stop at the Hotel Terracina. This beautiful place is situated in the residence portion of Redlands. Its elevation above sea-level affords pure air and a magnificent view of the entire San Bernardino Valley. The hotel is lighted with electricity and is well heated.

The Argyle Hotel at Los Angeles is a well-appointed family and tourist hotel. It is on high elevation, near the business center, churches and places of amusement.

Paraiso Springs (the Carlsbad of America), as a famous resort for health, rest or recreation, cannot be excelled. Its situation, one thousand feet above the Salinas Valley, forms a natural alcove in the Santa Lucia Mountains, looking down upon a view that is highly picturesque. The white sea of fog from the valley below does not reach this charming spot, where all the conditions for a dry, healthful atmosphere are met. Mr. Robertson, associate manager, and his efficient wife, are hosts in themselves as entertainers, and make it so pleasant for their patrons that the departure of their guests is always made with reluctance.

There is no hotel in San Francisco that has made more phenomenal strides than the Hotel St. Nicholas. Less than six months ago Messrs. Doolittle & Son undertook its management and have built it up to that point where they have recently been obliged to turn away trade. It is conducted on strictly first-class principles, and the commendable exclusiveness in regard to the character of its guests has won the approval and patronage of the best people. Captain Knowlton, the manager, is untiring in his efforts to continue the good work, and his large circle of friends and acquaintances counts much toward the popularity of the hotel.

Among the Los Angeles hostelries the Hotel Lincoln has gained an enviable reputation. Mr. Pascoe, the proprietor, has lately spent several thousand dollars in refitting it, and it will no doubt enjoy a large share of the tourist patronage this winter.

Highland Springs, Lake County, is fast becoming the popular summer and winter resort of this Coast. So great has been its patronage the past two years that the new management has been compelled to build a new hotel to accommodate its patrons. The new buildings are now nearing completion and are models of comfort and convenience. The rooms are all large, light and airy, and the dining-room is the largest and most attractive in Northern California. It will be newly furnished throughout, and we can assure our readers that health, pleasure and solid comfort can be had there to their heart's content.

Convenience, comfort and good service are one of the first requisites of the tourist or traveling man. It is therefore well to remember that when you go to Los Angeles you will find that the Arcade Depot Hotel combines all these features. It is neat, well-furnished and its rates are reasonable, and travelers arriving at the Arcade Depot will find this pretty little hostelry only a stone's throw from the train.

The Arlington, Santa Barbara, under the new management of Messrs. Gaty and Dunn, has already won "golden opinions" from the public. The excellent table, combined with an efficient corps of help, has placed this house second to none in the State.

We learn that the Rainier-Grand Hotel of Seattle, under the management of Mr. De L. Harbaugh, is doing an excellent business. A large amount of money has been spent in improvements, and, as Mr. Harbaugh is one of the most popular hotel managers on the Coast, his advent at the new hotel should insure its success.

The long-established and well-known Napa Hotel is doing a brisk business under the new management of Mr. John B. Hopkins. Situated in the center of the city, with spacious sample rooms on the first floor, the commercial men are glad to make it their headquarters. Travelers everywhere speak of the excellent *table d'hote*, which is not surpassed by even the metropolitan hotels.

The Rowell Hotel of Riverside, Southern California, stands among the best known and most popular hotels. It enjoys a central location and is well furnished and equipped.

The first and most natural exclamation of the foreigner upon his arrival at Coronado is, "How very unlike anything I have ever seen before." At this tropical spot in a semi-tropical country may be found the very extremes of comfort. For the invalid, desirous for quiet and rest, are cosy nooks and delightful lounging places where one may enjoy a most perfect season of "sweet idleness;" while for the pleasure-seeker are arranged pleasant little excursion parties to the several points of interest in the immediate vicinity; and the guests who remain at the hotel are frequently heard to remark that never before have they been kept so busy doing nothing but having a good time.

The Hotel Ramona is the only one in Los Angeles of a quiet and homelike character, most centrally located, which renders it especially attractive for families desiring to locate in the very heart of the city.

The Revere House, Eureka, Cal., ranks among the best hotels of our State. Under the able management of the Kramers it has attained a degree of excellence seldom found among hotels.

A trip south is certainly incomplete without a visit to the Horton House. It is a favorite resort for tourists and commercial travel as well, catering to a large permanent family business during the winter months, and enjoying an enviable reputation among all classes of the traveling public. Mr. Hadley prides himself upon the excellence of his table, believing this method of advertising to be indispensable; and, judging from the frequent praises we hear of the same, his labors have not been in vain. We wish that space permitted us to sing the praises of the Horton House as they should be sung, but this we can say: Go to San Diego, stop at the Horton, and, if every word of the above is not true, drawn on us at sight for the amount of your bill.

The increasing popularity of the Paso Robles Springs is becoming more noticeable every day. Now that passengers are not compelled to remain in San Luis Obispo on their way north (over night) many avail themselves of the opportunity of testing these famous waters. A number of Eastern tourists are expected here this winter from the South. As this is on the direct line to Del Monte, passengers can avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a few days at Paso Robles.

Within eighteen miles of Los Angeles, and directly facing the Pacific Ocean, is located the Hotel Redondo. Comparatively new, with every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of its guests, large, airy and well-ventilated rooms, perfect drainage, pure water, hot salt-water plunge baths, and healthful surroundings, make it a most desirable resort. Two railroads, the Santa Fe and the Redondo, make it their terminus. And, to add to the accommodation and pleasure of their guests, the hotel company has arranged for free transportation to and from Los Angeles, over the lines of the Redondo Railway Company, for those who sojourn by the week or month.

The Golden Eagle Hotel at Sacramento has recently undergone a change both in appearance and management. Forty thousand dollars have been expended on the building, and now, with elevator, hot and cold water service, rooms with baths, tiled floors, and elegantly decorated ceilings and walls, this hotel takes its proper place abreast of the other first-class hotels of the West.

The inaugural reception and ball to Governor-elect McIntire of Colorado, on the evening of January 8, 1895, promises to be the greatest social event of recent years. It will be held at the Brown Palace Hotel and Broadway Theater, Denver.

The following letter from a young lady stopping at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, and addressed to one of her Eastern friends, is of some interest:

"Here I am once more in dear old Pasadena, and I am delighted to be here again. We have the same lovely rooms at the Hotel Green that we had last winter, and in this we are fortunate, for the hotel is rapidly being packed from pit to dome. You remember last year how we enjoyed the music during dinner and the other social entertainments always provided by the hotel. The same features are still carried on, only to a greater extent, and Mr. Holmes, the manager, does all in his power to make his guests comfortable and happy. He is one of the pleasantest men I have met, and all the girls think that he is one of the most ideal hotel managers that they have ever seen."

The Windsor Hotel at Redlands is a very convenient hostelry for persons wishing to see the beautiful orange-growing country surrounding that prosperous town. The Windsor has accommodations for a hundred guests, and its management aims to care for them in a quiet and unpretentious yet comfortable and homelike way and at moderate charges.

The Painter Hotel at Pasadena is one of the few really homelike family hotels in Southern California. The service and appointments are second to none. A livery, with tally-ho excursion coach, is in connection, and street cars pass the door.

An extensive establishment in San Francisco is now manufacturing optical lenses which are superior to most and not excelled by any manufactured in the world. Skilled opticians devote their entire attention to the examination of the eyes, and prescribe lenses to correct errors of refraction. As the reader may have guessed, we have reference to the California Optical Company, 317 and 319 Kearny Street.

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3,500 Feet Above the Level of the Sea, at the Summit of the Great Cable Incline, on the Line of the Mount Lowe Railway.

The great World's Fair 350,000,000 candle-power search-light, the most powerful in the world, and the Lowe Observatory, containing the finest Alvan Clark telescope ever built, all for the entertainment of the patrons of the house.

In location it has no equal, being immediately overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, with the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles, mountains, foothills, ever verdant valleys, cities, towns, villages, old missions, sea beach, shipping, islands and ocean in full view.

The climate is delightful both winter and summer. It is never hot and never cold. On the verandas there are always cool breezes in summer, and in winter it is warmer than in the valley below.

The sunrises and sunsets witnessed from its porches and verandas equal in splendor the most gorgeous displays pictured by European visitors.

The Echo Mountain House is metropolitan in its appointments. Every comfort and luxury that the nineteenth century has devised for the enjoyment of hotel patrons has been provided. A large number of the rooms are *en suite*, with private bath and toilet rooms.

The TABLE is equal to that of any first-class metropolitan hotel.

There are also United States Post Office, Public Telegraph, Telephone and Express Offices, Office and Presses of the *Mount Lowe Echo*, Photographic Studio, and well filled Livery Stables.

For further information address

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Echo Mountain, California.

America's greatest health and pleasure resort. Open summer and winter. Fare to Springs, round trip, $8.00. Rates $1.50 to $2.50 per day; $10.00 to $16.00 per week. Baths free. Thirty different kinds of mineral water. Fine bathing, boating, hunting and fishing. Accommodations first class. Handsomely illustrated pamphlet sent free by addressing

J. CRAIG, MANAGER HIGHLAND SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

The Redondo Hotel,

Redondo Beach, Cal.

18 miles from Los Angeles, beautifully located. Sunny rooms; every modern convenience; hot and cold water in every room. Free transportation between Redondo and Los Angeles accorded to weekly and monthly guests. Hot salt-water swimming and plunge baths near the hotel. Illustrated and descriptive book and rate sheet sent on application to

REDONDO HOTEL, REDONDO BEACH, CAL.

The Painter Hotel,

PASADENA, CAL.,

is located one thousand feet above the sea-level and thirty miles from the ocean. The view of the San Gabriel Valley from the veranda is charming. The drives are a feature of the location, and the table is fully up to the standard.

ELEVATOR AND STEAM HEAT.

PARLORS CHEERFUL AND SUNNY.

RATES:

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M. D. PAINTER, Proprietor.

WHEN you are traveling your first thought on reaching a city is which is the best

HOTEL

at which to stop. Five elements will enter into your decision,—comfort, attention, convenience of location, a good table and reasonable rates. It may therefore interest you to know that the

WESTMINSTER

claims to combine all these essentials, and, in addition, is homelike, cheerful and refined. We should be pleased to have you come and see us when you arrive at

LOS ANGELES.

POTTER & JOHNSON, PROPS.

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Coronado Beach.

Largest and Most Elegantly Furnished Hotel in the World.

The famous "Coronado Water" is the only water used in this hotel. A large concrete tank for hot salt-water plunge bathing, and a new iron ocean pier, are fresh additions to the unequaled attractions of this, the pleasantest place on earth for the sick or well. Steam motor and ferry every twenty minutes between hotel and San Diego, commencing at 6:40 A. M. and stopping at 11:40 P. M. Open all the year round. Bathing every day in the year. The omnibus of the Hotel del Coronado meets all incoming trains and steamers.

E. S BABCOCK, MANAGER.

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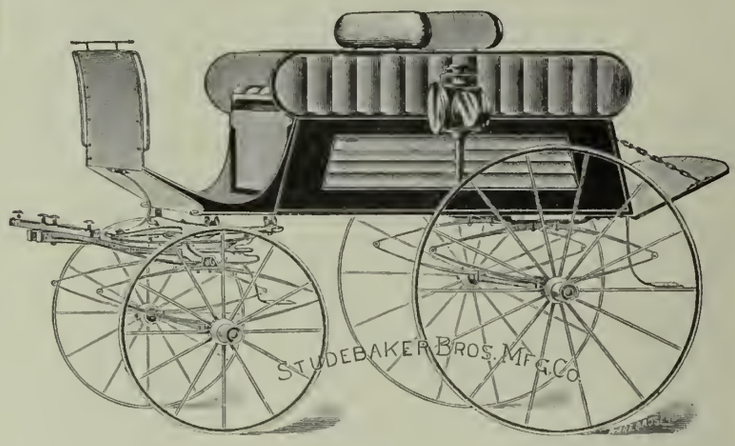

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Hot Sulphur and Steam Baths at all hours.

The waters are of value in the treatment of chronic rheumatism, gout, chronic arthritis, white swelling and joint troubles, and for chronic cutaneous diseases.

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Analysis of the Springs Showing Grains per Gallon.

Sodium Chloride	20.76
Sodium Carbonate	5.10
Sodium Iodide	.16
Sodium Sulphate	1.75
Potassium Iodide	Trace
Magnesia Sulphate	2.90
Calcium Chloride	5.57
Calcium Sulphate	.63
Alumina	.47
Silica	4.55
Organic Matter	Trace
Free Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	4.74 cu. in.

"PERSONAL."

THE lady who passed the corner of Market and Powell about eight o'clock last Saturday evening is respectfully informed that the new Derby she admired on the well-dressed gentleman near the drug store was from the establishment of

C. HERRMANN & CO.,

328 Kearny Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

When You Go South

your visit will not be complete unless you stop at SAN DIEGO, and at the same time it will not be thoroughly comfortable unless you sojourn at

The Hotel Florence,

that great three-hundred-room structure on Florence Heights, whose chief characteristics are COMFORT, COURTEOUS ATTENTION and FAULTLESS CUISINE.

The hotel occupies an eminence commanding a splendid view of the bay and city of San Diego. A handsomely illustrated souvenir will be mailed to any address, without charge, on application.

GEO. W. LYNCH, Manager.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. FEBRUARY, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robinson photo.

LUNCH FOR TWO.

Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1895. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
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FREDERIC MAYER, 6 AVENUE PERCIER, PARIS, FRANCE,
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

To Advertisers: THE TRAVELER claims to have a larger circulation than any other paper published on the Pacific Coast devoted to the interest of Hotels, Resorts or Travel, and will pay *fifty dollars gold coin* to any one disproving this claim.

Special Notice.—No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publishers invariably furnish letters over their own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WILL the proprietors of some of our magazines please rise up and explain why they don't cut the leaves of their monthlies before they leave the press-room. The advertising pages at the front and back are usually cut; why should not the others be?

We have seen many a man traveling by rail purchase a copy of an uncut periodical, and eyed him closely as he felt in all his pockets for the knife that his little boy borrowed from him the evening before, then take out of his vest pocket an old comb that had seen better days and proceed to haggle the leaves in a frightful manner. First he opens only the pages that have pictures inside; then he puts the comb away, and buttoning up his overcoat begins to read a story that looks as if it might be good; and so interested is he that when the bottom of the page is reached he forgets all about the uncut pages, and after moistening his thumb several times, and abstractedly prying up the bottom of the page, he comes to himself and gets mad. His lips move, but not in prayer. He takes his dexter finger and plows his way savagely through to the top of the page as a snow-plow would through a gap in the Sierra; and, when he is through with that magazine, what a sight it is! Profanity will never altogether go out of fashion while uncut magazine pages remain in vogue.

WHEN the publication of THE TRAVELER was first mooted it was agreed there were certain subjects which we would never discuss, two prominent ones being politics and religion. Nothing was said, however, about woman suffrage and other matter closely related thereto concerning the fair sex; but we have (we think wisely) fought shy of woman's sphere, her rights and privileges, etc., and even now what we are a going to growl about may seem an insignificant item, but we feel that we have "a call" to speak our little piece, and we must needs do it.

Well, then, lovely woman, pray give heed and listen that ye may hear. You may preach reform and a broader scope for your possible field of usefulness, but it will all be for naught until you cease sweeping our muddy streets and sidewalks with your skirts.

You may have a graceful way of curving your right elbow around and clutching your skirt as though there were a mouse in it whenever you come across a nasty mud puddle, but we horrid men cannot listen with patience to your peregrinations on dress reform while you continue so to do. Why do you persist in this bacteria-accumulating habit? Does it not make you sick at heart, as well as at the stomach, when you get home to examine your dirt-begrimed skirts? Are these street-sweeping garments neat, tasty or becoming?

It has been explained to us by a lady who has given the subject some thought that possibly these trailing garments are worn for the purposing of concealing uncomely feet or shabby footgear. *Apropos* of this explanation we give the following incident, which goes to prove that there may be something in it. Two ladies were perambulating one of our fashionable streets lately when one said to the other, "Why do you hold your skirts so high?" "O, mine are silk!" was the rejoinder.

Now, if this be the true cause of this iniquity, then in the name of all that is just simply *clean*, *re*form your feet, which you can speedily do by wearing sensible boots.

At any rate do by some means leave the sweeping of our streets and walks to the proper authorities.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

In a recent interview with your Paris correspondent, Emile Zola, the celebrated novelist, who has just returned home after a short stay in Italy, said that, although his generation of writers and countrymen in general were not travelers, the young men of the present day were fast following in the footsteps of both the Americans and the English, and were turning their attention toward foreign lands. Such a remark from the author of "Lourdes" has its importance, for there is scarcely a keener observer of things of the times than Zola. The fact is, French authors are experiencing more and more difficulty daily in finding matter and subject for their romances. When the great poet, Lamartine, said that "France needed air," he certainly did not have his fellow writers in mind: he was alluding to the colonial expansion of France. But he seems to have been taken quite *a la lettre*, and no sooner is Paul Bourget back from the United States than Zola flies to Rome, Alphonse Daudet tells us that he is going to visit London, and would like to see the great lakes of North America, whilst the ladies' writer *par excellence*, Pierre Loti, is sailing again in the waters of the Far East.

The Frenchman travels! There is no longer any possibility of denying the fact. And, what is far more important, the youth of the present day is tiring of fantastical voyages and adventures, and thirsts only after the real.

Recent issues of THE TRAVELER were shown by your correspondent to some prominent French gentlemen in Paris. They were most unanimous in their praise, and said that, if only such a splendid illustrated publication were regularly gotten out in France, it would create a much needed reformation in certain ideas of the general public: the Parisian would look for news beyond the boulevard; the Frenchman would cast his eyes beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps.

FREDERIC MAYER.

TRAVELING last summer in Yosemite with my friend Fuller we explored a wild and trailless region between Indian Canyon and Yosemite Falls. Upon one occasion, before we were aware of it, we were literally covered with the pestiferous, ill-smelling vermin known as the red ant, and it may go without saying that we anathematized them there and then and afterwards. For hours after the incident, as we plodded up the steep declivity, my companion would call a halt and gasp out, "Now then, (phew) when we catch our breath (phew) let us damn the red ants." This reminds me very much of a certain class of our citizens who, when they happen to have a leisure moment, sit down and improve their spare moments by damning the railroad. When in conversation with many of these octopus anathematizers it matters very little what subject you may introduce in the way of conversation,—it may be the Japan-China war, spots on the sun, the demnition wet weather, Home rule, the tariff question, or what not,—the conversation is almost sure to come around so that it will end up with, "Well, anyway, damn the railroad." This sort of thing has been going on for years. Newspapers have worked themselves up into fits of righteous indignation, and meetings have been called to "at once take measures to construct an independent transcontinental railroad from San Francisco clear through to New York." If buncombe and cheap talk could be made to serve the purposes of rails and ties the people of San Francisco could now have a good railroad to the moon.

Gentlemen, you know that far more than half of this talk about the railroad is buncombe,—simply that and nothing more, and there is no immediate prospect of its going beyond that.

WE CALL the attention of our readers this month, not only to our new tinted cover and finely coated paper specially imported from the East, but to our colored half-tone frontispiece, the first of its kind reproduced on the Pacific Coast. These improvements are all in the line of promises we have made to our patrons to keep not only *at* the top of the ladder but *on* the top in our particular line.

The public taste just now is trending strongly toward colored pictorials, and, as this is practically impossible by lithography, some more available process was imperative, and the colored half-tone process has very efficiently filled the bill; in fact the colored photograph printed in three colors is much more effective than a lithograph in three times the number of colors, and yet that number of tints is produced by the simple process named. Our frontispiece is printed in three colors from half-tone plates. The natural colors are obtained by lines crossing each other at right angles in place of dots. The colors are red, blue and yellow. A peculiarity of the process lies in the fact that a heavy red, light blue and yellow produce a light brown; blue and yellow produce a green, and blue and red, a purple; while the three colors combined result in a dark brown.

In this new attraction to our journal we cheerfully mention the excellent work done by Mr. A. L. Crane of the Union Photo-Engraving Company of this city, and also for the fine colored inks furnished by the firm of E. J. Shattuck & Co., proprietors of the Pioneer Printing Ink Manufactory, 630 Commercial Street, San Francisco.

CHARACTER READ FROM HANDWRITING.

BY A GRAPHOLOGICAL EXPERT.

SCIENTIFIC knowledge of graphology enables the student to discuss the mental, moral and physical development of the writer. Each down and up stroke and each minutest mannerism in the formation of a letter are "confirmation clear as Holy Writ," of the true, though often disguised, nature of the writer. No two people write alike.

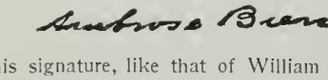
The children in our public schools all follow the Spencerian system of penmanship, at least they have done so until the recent introduction of vertical handwriting into the course of study. And yet, in a class of fifty pupils, no two writings will be exactly alike. They may be strikingly similar, but they will have unmistakable points of difference. The members of a family may present a chirography bearing as close a family resemblance as do their faces and traits, and yet be distinctly different.

A signature may generally be accepted as truly characteristic of its writer. It is often written more carefully, and always more fluently, than the remainder of the manuscript.

From these very circumstances, from the additional care, deliberateness, and frequency of its use, the signature acquires a settled form which better betrays its author's idiosyncrasies than could any quantity of his other writing.

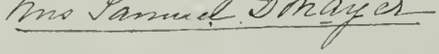
The delineations in this issue of THE TRAVELER have been made in nearly every case from the signatures alone. While it is true that the signature is the most characteristic part of the autograph writing, it is also true that the rest of the chirography lends additional information to the graphologist, whose best results are attained from the examination of about a page of foolscap writing in ink on unruled paper in an unfeigned hand.

Here is a signature of William Keith, the artist. The simplicity and integrity of the man is shown in the simple dignity of his writing. There is originality in his capitals; power of expression is indicated by the liasion of the small *m* with the capital *W*. He shows marked individuality, great tenacity of purpose, the critical faculty, rugged determination, strong will, imagination, ideality, clearness of mind, aristocratic feeling, energy, dash, inspiration, carefulness, economy, enthusiasm, some despotism, no extravagance, no love for show or vulgar ostentation, but an honest satisfaction in sincere appreciation. The man is subject to moods, at least he has his mental ups and downs, though generally he is more hopeful and ambitious than cast down or despondent.

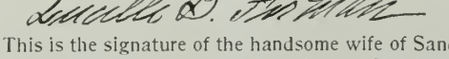


This signature, like that of William Keith, lacks looped letters either above or below the line; hence the graphologist would be at sea concerning a very important characteristic, namely, that of affection. In Mr. Bierce's signature there is no small *t*, which to the graphologist is a most important factor, since the small *t* and its crossings give evidence concerning every shade and variation of temper and imagination. Therefore recourse was had to more of this gentleman's handwriting in order to make this delineation more true to life.

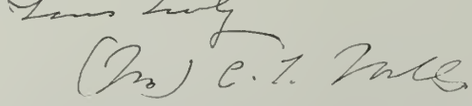
It may naturally be said that Ambrose Bierce is a character so well known through his published writings, that a graphological delineation of his traits could not be made in a manner free and unbiased by previous knowledge. To meet such objections at the outset, it may be stated that the delineation which follows is a copy of one of several test readings made from writings from which the signatures had been eliminated. The characteristics which are adduced are set down as they appear in the handwriting without much mutual dependence or order. He is clear-headed, logical, analytical, with the critical faculty well developed. He has marked powers of expression, clear-cut as a cameo, is original, epigrammatic, a law unto himself, and a despot in regard to other people. He shows a tendency toward irritability, frenzy or rage, in which he is capable of brutality, as well as great mental cruelty. He could brain one with a club or use a stilleto with a fine Italian hand. At the same time, and apparently quite paradoxically, his writing shows signs of sympathy, kindliness and tenderness. He is not, however, warmly affectionate, or, if so, long ago he put the brakes on. He shows bitterness and disappointment. He is very autocratic and "will have it so." He does not show hopefulness, although a certain sign of ambition is not lacking. Instead he shows impatience, disgust, cynicism, although his bark is often worse than his bite. His egotism is simply colossal: he never loses his "I-am-ity." His tastes are artistic. He has poetic feeling, marked originality, an affectation of eccentricity, great secretiveness, and is not without some diplomatic talent. He is brave, and yet shows a proper regard for his own safety. He has a keen appreciation of art.



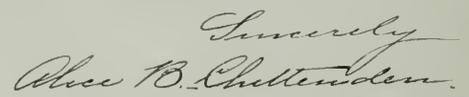
Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, the wife of the popular organist of the First Congregational Church of this city, is a lady of taste and refinement, and shows a love for what is rich, elegant or beautiful. She does not lack a legitimate amount of self-confidence, self-esteem, and is very agreeable socially. She is courteous, considerate of the feelings of others, and is not one bit affected or unreasonable. She is careful, economical, mildly affectionate, is never warmly demonstrative, and shows good business ability. She is very aristocratic in her feelings. She likes to make a good appearance, and thinks kindly of people. She has a quick temper which, however, is only a flash in the pan. She does not hold malice and would not be apt to nurse a grudge. She is active, but not over-fond of exertion simply for its own sake. Her will is not overstrong. She is easily influenced. She is vivacious, observing, critical, very secretive, and has some tact.



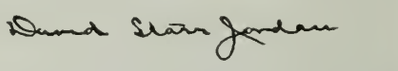
This is the signature of the handsome wife of Sands W. Forman, one of our ex-supervisors. She has a decided personality, strong personal magnetism, much executive ability, and is dignified among her acquaintances and demonstrative to her friends. Her affections are warm and spontaneous. She is benevolent, charitable, very kind-hearted, sympathetic, tender and generous. She has an emotional nature, and is always susceptible to the influence of beauty. She is moved by music, sculpture and architecture. She has a bright, intelligent mind, a retentive memory, and a kind heart. Her will is strong, and at times is somewhat despotic. She is refined, cultured, and knows what is good form. She has dash, style and chic.



The writing of this lady, before whose august presence thousands of school girls have bowed in meek or fearful apprehension, is, to say the least, somewhat peculiar. It shows the inscrutable character of the veteran principal of Mills College, which has puzzled every one who ever came in contact with the lady. It is impossible to fathom her thoughts, or to know what move she will make next, although it is certain to be along the line most unexpected. She is a diplomat, accustomed to make every word serve a double purpose. This is one evidence of the careful economy and prudential use of all her resources which is characteristic of the woman. She is secretive, vivacious, with a stinging kind of wit. She is tenacious of her rights, would resent any encroachment upon her dignity, is critical to the verge of being extremely captious, and never surprises herself by being extravagant in word or deed. She does not show much capacity for affection or sympathy. Perhaps, through dealing with a generation of naughty, careless or indifferent school girls, she has been tempted to harden her heart. Mrs. Mills shows some nervous irritability, impatience, quickness of speech, and a clever way of disposing of disagreeable subjects.



This is the writing of a spiritual nature, gifted with artistic insight into the soul of beauty. She is talented, endowed with a warm, sensitive, reserved, impressionable nature, with great powers of repression. She shows originality and yet fidelity to her ideals. She is set in her opinions. When her mind is once made up, block and tackle or wild horses could not draw her from a path she had marked out for herself. She has that faith in herself which is characteristic of all those who succeed. She is ambitious, yet utterly devoid of any wish to achieve that notoriety which many mistake for fame. She has pride of birth strongly indicated, a quick temper, like a tried Damascus blade, a broad and liberal mind, a generous nature, and a cultivated mind. She is gentle and refined, and could never be rude, inconsiderate, untruthful, insincere, harsh, unfeeling, disloyal, or aught but what marks the "perfect lady."



So little of his handwriting shows in his signature, and yet it is the epitome of the man. He is careful, observing, investigating, free from bias or prejudice. He has no ardent enthusiasms, no flowery paths to tread. He deals with logic, cold facts; he does not blow bubbles; he builds foundations. He shows a quiet affection without much demonstration. He is unostentatious and devoid of pretense. He shows indefatigable patience. He is a very exact worker and believes in practical conservation of energy. He demands proof every step of the way and commands respect for his integrity and his sincerity of purpose.

In this signature it is easy to detect the evidences that mark the writer as a warm-hearted, affectionate, loyal, sympathetic, benevolent, generous man, who at the same time has an eye to the main chance. He is not without diplomacy, although his most distinguishing trait is his directness of speech. In fact the reverend gentleman might with no exaggeration be said to belong to that species of muscular Christianity so well described in Butler's Hudibras in the well-known, oft-quoted lines,

> With apostolic blows and knocks
> They proved their doctrine orthodox.

He certainly has the courage of his convictions, and he is not afraid to speak out in meeting and to put himself on record. He does not choose his words with an idea of having the iron hand masked in a velvet glove: no euphuisms of John Lyly for him. He speaks direct and to the point, and clothes his thoughts in a homespun garb of Saxon. He shows impulsiveness and often a lack of calm, quiet judgment. He is sincere, honest of purpose, fearless, very tenacious of his opinion, despotic at times, logical, except where he allows his feelings to sway his judgment. He is a restless, active, energetic man, knows what he wants, means to have it, and generally gets it. Naturally hopeful, he is often subject to depression. He has been down alone in the Slough of Despond, and more than once has met Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation. In truth he bears upon his shield the dint of many a mortal conflict.

UNIQUE CALIFORNIA SOUVENIRS.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

The rage for California curios has developed some strange fancies; and insects and reptiles which, in their natural state, would inspire fear and disgust, are regarded with curiosity and interest when mounted on cardboard, or made up into various articles for use and ornament.

The majority of the gentle sex would recoil in terror if the proximity of a rattlesnake was intimated; but, occasionally, a woman with a taste for uncommon things will wear a belt made from the skin of one of these reptiles, or she will point to the mottled band around the crown of her jaunty sailor hat and exclaim delightedly: "That is a rattlesnake skin; isn't it a beauty?"

TARANTULA HAWK.

She very probably will purchase a necktie deftly constructed from the same material, decorate it with a pin, of which the setting is a button from the rattle of probably the same snake, and present it to her father or brother. It is scarcely possible that she expects him to adorn his person with the gruesome gift, but he must appreciate the artistic taste which prompted so very unique a present.

If she wishes to bestow upon her chum a startling souvenir of her Western trip she buys a tiny purse which can be worn as a chatelaine, with small, dull-tinted diamond markings which prove that it once

SCORPION.

covered a venomous "rattler," and tucks it in among her sachets to absorb the delicate perfume which she affects. For Tom, Dick or Harry, as the case may be, she finds something quite as suitable, and suggestive of this same denizen of rocky slopes and sandy plains, and cigar case or note book, with mottled, wrinkled-looking cover, is carefully laid among the scent bags in her traveling trunk.

Every California curio store has for sale a "set" consisting of a large sheet of cardboard on which is mounted a most life-like horned toad, a centipede, tarantula, tarantula-hawk and scorpion. They are a vicious-looking tribe, though it seems an anomaly to put the horned toad in such company; for, though rather a formidable looking creature, he is quite harmless; in fact, he is susceptible of considerable training, and makes a pet that really manifests some qualities of affection. His home is on the sandy plains, yet it is no uncommon sight to enter a room anywhere in the "great Southwest" and see a fine horned toad perambulating up and down the screen at the window, intent on capturing flies, confined, however, within certain limits by a soft cord fastened around his horny neck or fore leg.

The tarantula is comparatively rare in Southern California, being found only in the foothill lands or around piles of refuse lumber or decaying wood. In Arizona, however, gigantic specimens are numerous in the wild lands, and here the determined little wasp known as the "tarantula-hawk" wages ceaseless war against his big, hairy, long-legged antagonist. His sting is as fatal to the immense black spider as the bite of the latter is to human beings, and, possessing wings, he has his enemy at a disadvantage.

A combat between these well-armed opponents is a bitter one, for the tarantula realizes that it is a fight for life, and he brings into action all his powers of resistance and attack, but in the end he inevitably succumbs to superior advantages.

TARANTULA.

The scorpion is a dangerous creature to come upon unawares, but, unlike the centipede and tarantula, he rarely invades the sanctity of the home. He is met with when cultivating the fields or moving some pile of material that has been laid aside for future use. His bite is not always fatal, but is very painful and frequently attended with serious results. He is ugly-looking in appearance and quite fitted to occupy a position on the souvenir card.

Spanish Leather Work.

To the *caballero* of the early California days the *montadura* (trappings of his horse) was of the greatest importance, and his wealth and social standing were usually indicated by the amount of stamping on the leather of the saddle and other accouterments of his steed. In fact, so particular was he in regard to this method of ornamentation that he would deny himself other luxuries and even comforts to sport a beautifully

HORNED TOAD.

decorated saddle or bridle. It is evident that the beauty-loving Moors introduced this art into Spain, though from what we can glean from the history of art the Egyptians were proficient in this work even before the Moors carried their artistic tastes across the Mediterranean. Be that as it may, the Spanish conquerors brought their leather workers into the land of the Aztecs, and from that time it has been one of the arts of "Our sister Republic." From there it was brought into our own State and is now an industry that furnishes tourists with charming souvenirs.

Until about seven or eight years ago Santa Barbara enjoyed a monopoly of the leather art work business, but previous to that time saddles and bridles were almost the only articles thus ornamented. The attention of some wealthy tourists was attracted to the work and the suggestion made that the decoration might be applied to other articles, and, consequently, satchels, music rolls, portfolio covers, purses cigar cases, spectacle cases, belts, in fact everything that is made of leather, can now be purchased covered with this graceful stamping, as it is called, though every line and dot is made by a separate stroke.

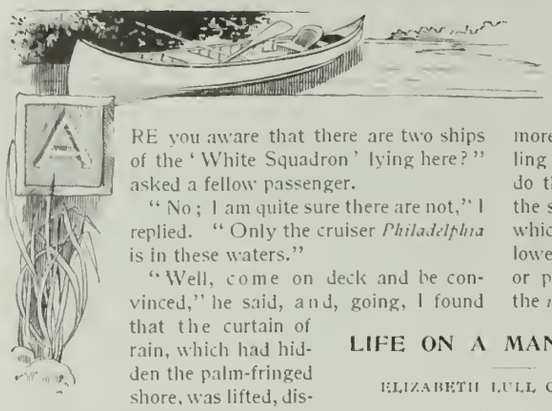
Ordinary calf skin is used for this purpose, but it is usually tanned after a special method in vogue among Mexican workmen, though American tanners have improved on their principle; for American tanners, like American leather workers, are progressive, and the latter have far out-stripped the native workers in the grace and beauty of their designs. The tools are of steel and rather primitive in appearance. The leather is soaked in water over night and then laid on a slab of marble, where it is cut and prodded and smoothed by the firm, skilled hand and under the true eye of the operator, who holds the little implement upright, guiding it by rapid, seemingly careless, movements here and there over the pliant surface, each move being emphasized by little taps on the top of the instrument from the small mallet he holds in the other hand.

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

Though, as has been said, American workmen are more rapid and less conventional in their designs than their Mexican competitors, there are comparatively few who have learned this art, for the reason that, perhaps on the score of expense, the demand comes principally from the tourist class. It is distinctly a Californian production and is valuable for that reason, coupled with the fact that it is really "hand" work.

Several years ago a couple of enterprising leather workers thought to make a fortune by establishing themselves in an Eastern city, but found that, stripped of the halo of "bought in California," there was no demand for their wares.

A LEATHER WORKER (SEÑOR CERVANTES.)



LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

ELIZABETH LULL COCHRANE.

ARE you aware that there are two ships of the 'White Squadron' lying here?" asked a fellow passenger.

"No; I am quite sure there are not," I replied. "Only the cruiser *Philadelphia* is in these waters."

"Well, come on deck and be convinced," he said, and, going, I found that the curtain of rain, which had hidden the palm-fringed shore, was lifted, disclosing, on one side, the bold promontory of Diamond Head towering above the village of Waikiki, and, on the other, the far-famed harbor of Honolulu, where could plainly be seen two snowy white leviathans at anchor.

The good ship *Mariposa*, as though proud of her long record of successful voyages, steamed haughtily through the passage in the coral reefs, and in a few minutes more we learned that the second man-of-war, which much resembled our cruiser *Charleston*, belonged to Japan. It was the *Naniwa-Kan*, made famous a few months later by her vigorous part in the terrible battle of the Yalu, and her excellent appearance well warranted the belief that she was one of our latest ships. My interest was mainly in the *Philadelphia*, and I soon had the pleasure of a delightful visit to the American flagship.

A busy little steam launch, with the initial letter "P" on her bows and the stars and stripes flying astern, made frequent trips between ship and shore and one day conveyed a little party to the vessel, which was moored stem and stern by big anchors.

At the top of the side ladder we were greeted by the courteous officer-of-the-deck arrayed in spotless white uniform, bearing a silver and gold device on his cap and the stripes of his rank on his sleeves. His sword, belt and white gloves indicated that he was on duty and charged with the care of the ship during the four hours of his watch. On the other side of the deck, in one of the many sponsons which can be seen in the picture projecting like bay windows, sat four or five other officers, who were enjoying a smoke, and papers just received from home. They also were clad in summer white, which all, from the Admiral down, wear till five, when a change is made to blue. In fact the navy gives much heed to uniform, and so many combinations are prescribed that the officers assert that it is next to impossible to remember them all.

Every one connected with the ship seemed proud of her, and several officers kindly volunteered their services as guides to our party. The first thing that we were shown was the battery, that being the *raison d'etre* of the ship. Twelve long, brown-lacquered, breech-loading rifles point their threatening muzzles seaward, each so fitted to a circular track in the deck as to be trained quickly upon a foe in any quarter. Over each was a shield of steel which turned with the gun, thereby affording to the gun's crew some slight protection from a return fire. Women are not supposed to understand much about such formidable things as guns and batteries, but we could not fail to see the ingenious mechanism and the care with which they are kept in every detail.

In addition to the main guns were a dozen and more of smaller weapons, including the famous Gatling and Hotchkiss types, perched where they would do the most good—or harm. Below these, and near the surface of the water, were five torpedo tubes, from which could be released destroying messengers, and lower yet, away down under water, was a metal ram or prow extending six feet beyond the bow to play the *role* of sword fish. The significance of the name "commerce destroyer," as applied to the *Philadelphia*, began to dawn upon us.

Leaving the spar or main deck, we ascended a ladder to the forward bridge, where we came upon a vertical steel cylinder, painted yellow, which appeared to be one of the many huge ventilators with which the ship is provided. No entrance to it was visible, yet in an instant one of our officer-guides who approached it disappeared. Another of the party passed as speedily from view, and I wonderingly followed and found myself suddenly ushered through a concealed opening into a small circular room scarcely six feet in diameter. It had no windows save little horizontal peepholes in the solid steel, and yet was quite light. In the center was a small brass wheel attached to a post, and immediately in front of it were brass voice tubes and pipes enough to suggest a small church organ. Above and below these tubes, to the right and left and behind us, were mysterious annunciators. A line of brass plates, shining as was everything in sight, bore such titles as "Forward Magazine," "Main Top," "After Shell Room," and "Broadside Torpedo."

"What is this? may I ask."

"This? O, this is what we call the kissing parlor."

"How interesting!" came in a chorus from the others who had filed in; "but surely it has some other name."

"O, yes; officially, it is the conning tower."

"This is the *brain* of the ship," added another. "From this point the Captain can, as you see, communicate with any part, from the lowest depths to the tops of the masts. He can direct, even above the roar of battle, the fire of each gun, or the concentrated fire of six at once; while, with a faithful quartermaster at that little wheel, he has the movements of the ship under his absolute control at the same time."

Behind the conning tower we saw the pilot house, a large and cheerful room, which is the headquarters of the navigator. "Come in; part of this belongs to my department," said one of our escort. Miss F—— then gaily entered and proceeded to occupy an attractive cushioned seat. "Makes a pretty good sofa, doesn't it?" he continued; "but, really, it is only a chest containing gun cotton." "Gun cotton! Good gracious!" she cried. "O, don't jump," he said; "it isn't likely to go off now."

When the laugh caused by her startled look had subsided, we climbed still higher to the flying bridge. There we were flanked by two big black, drum-like instruments with glass heads, which were explained to be electric search-lights, whose powerful rays would disclose the approach of an enemy under cover of the darkest night. Two others are on the after bridge.

There, too, were a big brass mounted compass, a curious sun dial, and more indicators for the engines, all familiar, every-day matters to those clever men of the sea, but marvelous to us. From this elevated spot, thirty odd feet above the water, we could look forward over the top-gallant forecastle, and aft over a forest of yellow funnels with the twin smokestacks towering above them, to the poop deck, where the crack of musketry made a great din.

"Please excuse me, but what are those men shooting?" came from a California girl. "O, that is part of the routine," was the response. "Every quarter we compete for prizes, and that is one of the divisions banging at a target on the reef." "Do the officers fire too?" "Yes, indeed; every one has to, both with rifle and revolver. The prizes range from fifty cents to two dollars, and we nearly all qualify." "Can *I* shoot?" "You! Why, you'd get your shoulder bruised black and blue." "Well, I'll risk that," she said; "come, let us go;" and the delicate little mortal picked up a Lee-Remington rifle and pulled the trigger. The shot fell short, but Lieutenant S—— said it would have been all right if she had not shut both eyes.

GUN DECK OF THE "PHILADELPHIA."

Returning to the deck, the office and comfortable quarters of the Admiral were pointed out, and near by the bronze clock which was presented to the ship by the city where she was built and whose name she bears. Its silver dial showed numbers of gold, and, to prove itself in accord with its surroundings, it struck the "bells" instead of the hours. The case is so designed as to exhibit the arms of the Quaker City and various naval emblems, which are surmounted by a bronze "bird of freedom." Five thousand dollars was subscribed for this elegant timepiece.

Within sound of its rhythmical ticking marched, with measured tread, two dignified, soldiery men in blue coats and white trousers. Immaculate white helmets with shining ornaments, white belts and gloves and polished shoes completed their attire. They seemed to be intrusted with some important duty, and when, a moment later, the call bell rang and one hurriedly proceeded to the Admiral's cabin, I knew that he must be an orderly and one of the detachment of the Marine Corps stationed on board. The other was the Captain's orderly, for only officers in high authority are entitled to the attendance of these trained men.

On the berth or living deck we found the sailors, frequently spoken of as "blue jackets," occupied in

FLAGSHIP "PHILADELPHIA" IN HONOLULU HARBOR. *Bertram photo.*

various ways. It being afternoon, drills and "cleaning ship" were over, and some were reading, several writing letters, quite a number sewing on little hand machines,—and doing it too, in a way to put many a

A CAPTAIN'S GIG OFF MARE ISLAND. *A. J. McDonald & Son photos.*

woman to shame,—fashioning flannel shirts with braided, star-bedecked collars, or the wide, flapping trousers they wear. One or two, musically inclined, were strumming their banjos, and more just resting and "spinning yarns."

Overhead we noted, fastened against the iron ceiling by racks, long folding tables and benches,—the dining-room furniture of the crew. Each table, when in position, swings and will accommodate from sixteen to twenty men called a "mess," and each mess has a cook, who draws its rations and prepares its meals. The "galley," which being interpreted means kitchen, contains four ranges, an immense one for the men and smaller for the officers. All the cooking is done here, and the pots and kettles looked as if they had been designed for a family of giants. However, when we learned that the *Philadelphia* was the floating home of 340 sailors and marines, we realized that beef and potatoes, coffee and "plum duff," and the many other good things supplied them from the Paymaster's stores and the markets, must be prepared in vast quantities. Some of the messes indulge in table linen and china, but the greater part are satisfied with agate bowls and plates and an oilcloth. Like folks ashore, "Jacky" observes holidays; and Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's Birthday and July Fourth are marked by luxurious dinners, with beer, wine and cigars. The navy ration is by far the most liberal allowed by any nation, but, when the men prefer to take the money value, each ration is commuted at a limit of thirty cents. This they can spend as they please. Chewing tobacco is supplied them at the lowest market rates, but not cigars, and, of course, they pay for their beer. The days of serving out "grog" are long since over.

At night the berth deck, and every other part of the ship, is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and in cold or damp weather steam is turned through the radiators. A costly system of artificial ventilation, by means of blowers driven at high speed, forces fresh air into every part of the ship. A distilling apparatus provides an incredible amount of pure water daily, and an ice machine not only cools a refrigerating room for fresh meats, butter, etc., but also the "scuttle butt," a reservoir for the drinking water of the crew. Another important feature of the ship is the fleet of little boats of all sizes, two of which are steamers. The illustration represents a captain's gig manned by sailors.

We observed among the crew some men whose scarlet-trimmed caps suggested the Salvation Army, and found that they were the musicians. Each flagship is entitled to a band, and, as it assists the Chaplain on Sundays, the uniform is not *malapropos*. The band also plays three or four times every day and always from six to seven, when the officers are at dinner. On Friday night, whether at sea or in port, it gives a concert for the men, who "play lady," dance and enjoy themselves generally. There are also a church organ, a minstrel troupe, and a baseball nine on board, and surgeons to repair athletic injuries.

"When it comes time to transform the berth deck into a sleeping apartment," said a lieutenant, "the bugle will sound a call, and each man will bring a white canvas hammock down from the hammock nettings, suspend it from those heavy, black hooks you see in the beams, and, rolled in their blankets, they will sleep as soundly as ever they did in their cradles."

Interesting as all this was, we had to pass on, as still another descent awaited us. This took us to the curved armor or protective deck, under which are the most vital parts of the ship, that is, the boilers and machinery, the magazines and dynamos, and the important steering engine. In the two engine rooms the monster engines stood silent and motionless, but we knew that they needed but the breath of steam to arouse them to vigorous action. Nearly one-third of the ship's crew are connected with the engineer's department in some capacity, and hot, grimy work it is, too, judging by the appearance of the men we saw at work there.

The powder magazines are not shown to visitors for fear of accident, but we heard of an occurrence connected with them which quickened our pulse-beats even then. The crew were being exercised with the main guns, when the *Philadelphia* was on the Atlantic side, and one went off prematurely. The charge came out at the wrong end, and some sparks flew down the opened ammunition chute into the magazine. In a

U. S. MARINE IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

very few moments the ship would have been blown to fragments but for the heroism of an apprentice boy, who, unassisted, extinguished the fire before it reached the powder. He was promoted for his bravery to be an officer, and still serves with the comrades whose lives he saved.

By the time we reached the ward room, where the senior officers live, and had a glimpse of their compactly arranged, prettily decorated staterooms, we were willing to rest; and as we sipped iced tea and enjoyed the alligator pears and wafers set before us by deferential little Japanese servants, our hosts entertained us with reminiscences of the festive days when the *Philadelphia* was Admiral Gherardi's flagship and led the long line of American war vessels from Hampton Roads to New York for the Columbian Naval Review.

When we returned to the deck we found the sun very low. Just then a bugle rang out loud and clear, and instantly every officer and man turned his face toward the Nation's flag, which was slowly lowered as the band played "Hail, Columbia." All saluted as it touched the rail at the moment that the sun dipped below the horizon.

We were soon speeding homeward across the bay, whose every ripple was tinged by the glowing sunset; and ever after, when we heard the *Philadelphia's* nine-o'clock gun booming over the water, we felt that it was the voice of a friend.

An Intricate Proposition.

"Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that a person going overland would have to mail two letters a day from the train in order to have one letter a day return to San Francisco?"

"Why, no. It seems to me that, if a person traveling East mailed a letter each day by a westward-bound train, a letter would arrive here each day. Why, yes," Mrs. Max continued, somewhat assured, "if you mailed a letter on the first day out, it would get here the next day; if you mailed one the day following it would arrive here a day after the first, and the letters being mailed twenty-four hours apart would, of course, continue to arrive here a day apart.

"You post a letter the first day out?"

"Yes."

"That letter arrives here the day after you leave?"

"Certainly. One day gone, one letter received."

"Exactly. Well, the next day,—a little curacoa, straight, please,—the next day you post another letter from the train, and——"

"And that arrives here the day after the first, of course, making two days out and two letters received, and so on to New York. Eh, Major?"

"The second day out you would be at Ogden?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it take as long for a letter to return to San Francisco as it had taken you to go to Ogden?"

"I suppose so."

"Then the second letter would arrive here two days after you arrived at Ogden and four days after you left here?"

Mrs. Max looked up and said, hesitatingly:

"Well, I don't see how you make that out."

"I did not make it out, Mrs. Max; I only asked if I was right?"

"No; you are not. If you post a letter on a returning train each day, I say one will arrive here each day.'

"Mrs. Max, how long does it take to go to New York?"

"Seven days, I suppose."

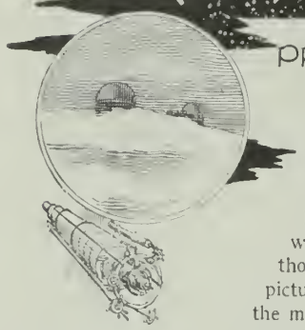
"Then a letter a day would be seven letters. You would post your sixth letter on your sixth day out, and it would take it six days more to return, being twelve days after you left here. Now, as you had only mailed five letters before the one which arrived on the twelfth day, how could a letter a day have arrived?"

Mrs. Max thought a moment and then asked with considerable warmth:

"Do you mean to say, Major Max, that if a person going to New York posts a letter on a San Francisco-bound train each day that it takes two weeks for all those letters to arrive here?"

"It certainly would," replied the Major, glowing comfortably behind his cigar. He knew Mrs. Max acknowledged her defeat by the way she rang for tea.

The Milky Way



PROF. E. E. BARNARD.

The editors of THE TRAVELER asked me to write something for their paper on an astronomical subject, and to supply some pictures to go along with it. I take pleasure in complying with the request, and have thought that two or three star pictures, showing portions of the milky way, with a short account of what is shown, might be of interest. Perhaps every reader of THE TRAVELER has heard that the great luminous zone stretching across the heavens at night, and which is known as the milky way, is simply a mighty stream of stars, whose number has never been estimated, but which must run up into the hundreds of millions. Indeed, all the stars seen everywhere in the sky belong to this stream, but from their nearness to us, and from our position with reference to the stream itself, they appear to surround us on all sides.

I speak of the milky way as a stream of stars, for such it appears to us. Just what its true form is we do not know. That it is an enormous cluster of stars—a universe of suns, alone and isolated in space, a speck in the void of the unknown—astronomers generally agree. That our own sun is but one of its untold millions of stars—lost among the others in the midst of the cluster itself—seems to be positively proved.

Though familiar with the naked-eye appearance of the milky way, and believing, as told by the astronomers, that it consists of stars, the average reader will have no idea how it really looks in the telescope. His view with a good telescope alone would show him a field covered with an abundance of stars, apparently scattered at random over the sky. He would see no order in their arrangement, and he would detect no structure to the milky way, for all the details of its makeup are on too vast a scale to be seen with any telescope. The more powerful his instrument the less interest the milky way would have for him, for the extent of his field of view would be limited in proportion to his magnifying power. If this statement holds good for the average reader, it will also hold good for the regular observer, because his practiced eye will avail him nothing except to show a few more fainter stars;—the extent of his view will not be increased. If, however, the observer's field of view could be widened out twenty or thirty times, then the true structure of the milky way and all its peculiarities would become apparent. But the field with the ordinary telescope is limited, and this cannot be done. Until recently from this cause the structure of the milky way was essentially unknown. But within the past five years the mysterious powers of photography have lent their aid, and now every one of its peculiarities is known.

But did it require a vast and powerful photographic telescope to do this? No; though it were the 36-inch telescope, such could not do it; for it is too powerful for the purpose. Indeed, this work remained for a very insignificant instrument. An ancient portrait lens six inches in diameter and thirty-one inches focus was the first that solved the problem. The first photograph ever made to show the structure of the milky way was taken at the Lick Observatory, August 1, 1889, with this old portrait lens.

The peculiar advantage of this instrument is that it takes in a large portion of the sky at once, and thus is enabled to seize upon the great structural forms of the milky way. But, to secure the impressions of the faint stars whose clustering forms the structure, the exposures have to be very long,—from three to eight hours' duration.

During these long exposures the observer must sit at a guiding telescope, attached to the photographic telescope, and keep the instrument constantly and exactly moving with the stars. The three subjects that I have chosen are parts of the milky way. Most of the peculiarities of the sky as shown on these photographs were wholly unknown before the pictures were made.

Every speck of light on these plates is a star, and every one nowadays knows that every star is a mighty sun.

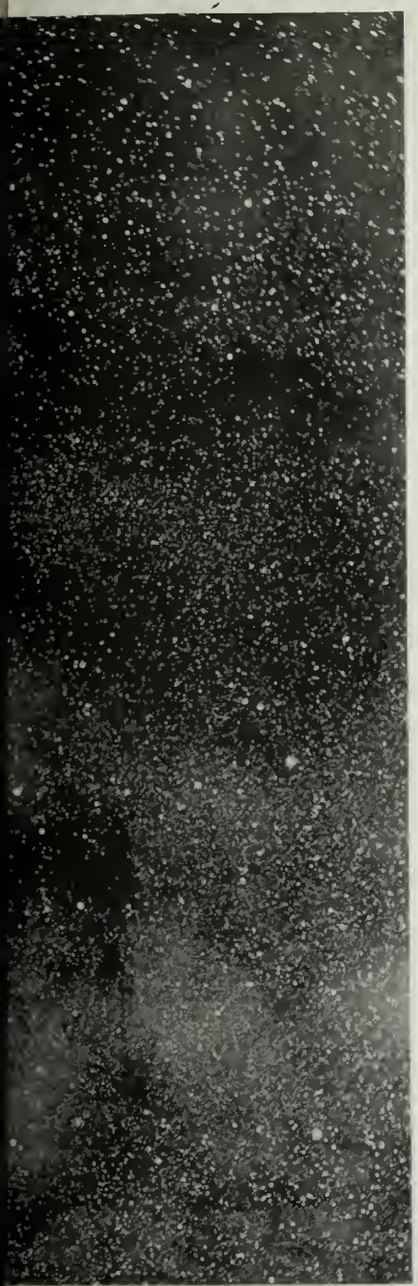
These are actual photographs selected from a great number that the writer has made during the past few years. They represent three small portions of the milky way. One is in its southern part in the upper half of the constellation of Scorpio, or rather in the lower part of Ophiuchus, the bright star near the middle of this plate being *Theta Ophiuchi*. This region to the naked eye is of little interest, as it is a rather faint portion of the milky way, though a little east of it is one of the most magnificent and brightest parts of the galaxy. The photograph is specially remarkable for the great chasms or vacancies that are shown in this region of the stars. The star *Theta* itself is the center of a vast mass of lesser stars that projects outward over the chasm. These black vacancies are simply huge rifts in the milky way where there are no stars, and where we look through and out into the solemn night of space beyond.

Another plate shows a cloud of stars in Sagittarius. You can see that this is a dense crowding together of a multitude of stars, big and little. The massing of the stars shown here is not specially remarkable, for we have many other clusters in other parts of the sky. But, if one take more than a casual look at this picture, he will see two striking black holes in the upper part of it. One of these is much more conspicuous than the other.

Now, that these are true holes or perforations in this great mass of stars I think almost every one familiar with the subject will admit, though a very eminent English astronomer believes they are opaque masses between us and the stars that cut off the light of the cluster from us. It is probable, however, that we may justly call these tunnels through the cluster. In all probability the cluster itself is as deep through as it is broad. These openings permit us to look through the cluster into space beyond, where there seems to be no more stars. Indeed, I think this sheeting of stars that covers the plate is not very thick. It is merely a thin stratum, beyond which there is nothing but the mystery of space. The cluster is evidently only a condensation of the stars at that point, and the holes through it show the depth of the stratum is not very great and that beyond is the void of space only. But look more carefully at this picture and you will see a tiny star, alone, in the larger of the two holes. What is it doing there? I don't think this star is on the other side of the cluster and merely seen through the hole—nor is it on this side. It is of the average size of the stars composing the cluster and is therefore, I think, *in* the hole. But why has it sailed out into that vast vacancy all alone? This question will some day be answered, when we know something of the laws that govern these holes.

NO. 1.

To give one an idea of the relative amount of space that can be seen with the great Lick Telescope, compared with what is shown on these photographs, it is only necessary to say that the largest field of view of the regular eye-pieces that are used on the thirty-six inch will only take in one-third or one-fourth the diameter of the larger of these small holes. That is, where the photograph has shown you a large area of the sky, and consequently the structure of the milky way, the great telescope will not at any one time show you a space half as large as one of these little black holes. The advantage of photography for the study of large areas of the heavens is therefore at once manifest.



To the southwest you will notice several semi-vacant lanes in the cluster running from these holes. In connection with these two lanes you will see (if the reproduction of the plate is fair) a couple of lines of small stars running away off to the southwest. These lines are so regular that the little stars look as if they were beaded on threads. Why should these small stars be strung out in these two perfect lines? They are evidently due to some force connected with the two holes and the two semi-vacant lanes. But what is this force? And why do these stars run out in those singular lines to such enormous distances from the cluster?

The large whitish masses on this plate are nebulæ—masses of gaseous matter here mixed up with the milky way. These particular nebulæ are well known. Photography has, however, revealed the presence of great regions of attenuated gaseous matter mixed here and there with the stars of the milky way. It had been believed that the galaxy consisted entirely of stars and that it was especially poor in nebulæ. This is still strictly true so far as the small distinct nebulæ are concerned, but the photographic plate shows certain large portions of the milky way to have a real substratum of diffused nebulosity.

Then here is another picture of a still different part of the milky way. It is but a small portion of the galaxy, in the lower part of the upright in the cross of Cygnus, near the star *Chi Cygni*.

The northwest portion of this picture consists of a dense matting of stars so thick that it completely intercepts our view, and the stars are seemingly infinite in number. Diagonally across the picture this seems to suddenly shoal, and from that on, stretching over the southeast part of the plate, is a thin stratum of stars. Among these we can look through everywhere out into the blackness of space beyond.

But my powers of description fail me when I come to the details of this plate. The multitude of stars is so appalling that one becomes confused. Without any further remarks, I shall therefore leave it for the reader to wonder over and for him to try and satisfactorily prove to himself that this mighty zone of stars—the milky way of which this picture is but a small fragment—is not the work of an infinite Creator. I would also suggest that it will be well for him to prove, if he can at the same time satisfy his conscience, that this vast and all but infinite collection of suns—each moving in harmonious motion with its retinue of life-bearing worlds—is but the haphazard work of chance.

The image of *Theta Ophiuchi* near the middle of the large plate is surrounded by a faint ring of light. This is a photographic effect, and does not exist in the sky.

The numerals appended below the illustrations should be compared with the subjoined descriptions for their signification.

1. Photograph of the milky way in *Sagittarius*.

2. Photograph of the milky way near the star *Theta Ophiuchi*. This plate was obtained after an exposure of three hours and fifteen minutes.

3. Photograph of the milky way near the star *Chi Cygni*. This plate was subjected to an exposure of five hours.

Three Kinds of Taffy.

To make cocoanut taffy, take two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water; cook to the hard crack; add one fresh-grated cocoanut; stir until the batch reaches the soft crack; pour out into a greased pan, and when nearly cold pull white on hook, writes Nellie Willey in an article on "Making Candy at Home" in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Molasses taffy may be made by boiling one pound of sugar, one pound of glucose, one-third quart New Orleans molasses; stir all the time and cook to soft crack; set off the fire and stir in one-third teaspoonful saleratus; pour into a buttered pan, and when nearly cold pull on the hook and flavor with peppermint.

Another good recipe for molasses taffy is the following:

One quart New Orleans molasses, one and one-fourth pounds sugar; set on fire; stir and cook until, when dropped in water, it will form rather a hard ball if gathered between the fingers; this is called hard ball; then add one-quarter pound butter; cook to soft crack; pour into greased pan, let it remain until nearly cold, and then pull on hook.

* * *

There are more than three kinds of taffy, dear *Journal:* there are four. We cannot just exactly give you the ingredients of the fourth, but it is cheap as dirt and quite as common. Was the like ever known of any son or daughter of Adam and Eve who had not compounded more or less of this "other taffy?" It is as easy as lying, and this would be a dull world without it.

A Gas Preservative.

Transporting fruit across the continent from California, says the *Railway Age*, has been until very recent years a virtual impossibility. Modern methods of refrigeration by ice in scientifically constructed cars, or by chemical processes, have gone far to remove the existing difficulties; but I have heard of but one instance where the refrigerating medium was provided already bottled up, as it were, by a beneficent providence.

There is an old mine in Southern California, whose countless shafts and galleries years ago became so choked with carbonic acid gas as to be incapable of supporting animal life. By some accident it was ascertained that fruit exposed to the fumes of the gas remained fresh for an indefinite period. All processes of decay seemed to be arrested, and the flavor of the fruit was unimpaired. Happily, the opportunity and the man met. Air-tight cars were fitted up, loaded with fruit, pumped full of the gas, chiefly noted for its noxious qualities, and sent over the road. I am credibly informed that the trial was a complete success.

* * *

Another system of refrigeration has recently been tested between Oakland, Cal., and New Orleans, and the test was witnessed by some of the parties interested in the system just described. This is Dr. Perkins' sterilized atmosphere system. As described in the local press, the car loaded with fruits and flowers traveled five thousand miles, was fifteen days on the way, and returned with little of its contents showing any symptoms of decay, though the car was opened about thirty times on the trip. The cost is expected to be about ten to fifteen per cent of that of ice refrigeration.

NO. 3.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

E. McD. J.

It may not be known to many of our San Francisco readers that the subject of this sketch, the Honorable Peter H. Burnett, first Governor of California, is residing among us, a hale old gentleman of eighty-seven years.

Mr. Burnett was born in Tennessee, and emigrated to Oregon by the way of Laramie, Fort Hall, Snake River and Fort Boise, arriving at Fort Walla Walla on the 16th of October, 1843. Later, in the same year, he moved with his family to Vancouver-on-the-Columbia and thence to Linnton, a few miles below the present site of Portland-on-the-Willamette. During the five years of his sojourn in Oregon he passed through many trying vicissitudes, some of which were pathetic and others amusing.

In speaking of his early experience in farm life in Oregon, he says: "In a community so poor, isolated and distant, we had each to depend upon our own individual skill and labor to make a living. The supply of boots and shoes in the Hudson Bay Company's store having given out, I was compelled to become my own shoemaker. I took the measures of all the family and made what I supposed to be eight very nice lasts, and upon them I made the shoes, using tanned deerskin for the females and small boys. The shoes were not beautiful nor all comfortable, as they were not all good fits. The greatest difficulty I had to encounter for the want of shoes was in 1844; while I was engaged in making and hauling rails my old boots gave out entirely. I was determined to save my wheat at any sacrifice, and I therefore went barefooted.

By permission of a neighbor of ours, a sincere minister, we were allowed to occupy temporarily the log cabin then used as a church, upon condition that I would permit him to hold services there every Sunday. I could not well absent myself from church. I therefore quietly took my seat in one corner of the building, where my bare feet would not be much noticed!"

In the summer of 1848 the cry of gold in California reached Oregon by way of Honolulu and Nisqually to Fort Vancouver, and it is estimated that at least two-thirds of the male population of the territory of Oregon emigrated in the year 1848 to the land of gold. It may be added, by the way, that the entire population at that time was between eight and ten thousand.

The subject of this sketch was one of the first to organize "a company of one hundred and fifty stout,

PETER H. BURNETT. *Burnett & Slattery photo.*

robust, energetic, sober men, and fifty wagons and oxteams." The route taken was across the Cascade Range, through the Klamath Lake region, keeping to the east of Mount Shasta, passing through the Pitt River country, thence into the head of the Sacramento Valley, their destination being Sutter's Fort near the present city of Sacramento.

Mr. Burnett was engaged by the Sutters to take charge of a portion of their real estate, and writes of his experience as follows: "When I began to sell lots in Sacramento City for John A. Sutter, Jr., early in January, 1849, all the business was done at the fort, situated about a mile and a half from the river. There were then only two houses near the *embarcadero*, as the boat landing was then called. One was a rude log-cabin in which a drinking saloon was kept. Nearly all the first sales were of lots near the fort; but toward the end of January the lots near the river began to sell most rapidly."

Mr. Burnett's first participation in public life in California was in January, 1849, at Sacramento City, at a meeting held for the purpose of "taking into consideration the necessity and propriety of organizing a Provisional Government for the Territory of California; Peter H. Burnett, President."

We next find him as a member of the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco, devoting his energies "toward the formation of a State Constitution as the only safe and peaceful mode of settling questions of government."

In August, 1849, Brevet Brigadier-General Riley appointed Mr. Burnett a Judge or Minister of the Superior Tribunal of California; but the business of this high court seems to have been trifling, as appeals were not common in those days. The probable reason for this was the fact that the witnesses in a great many cases "were fresh arrivals on their way to the mines, and they were too eager to see the regions of gold to be detained more than two or three days. Besides, the ordinary wages of common laborers were twelve dollars a day, and parties could not afford to pay their witnesses enough to induce them to remain, and, once in the mines, no deposition could be taken and no witness induced to return," so that the cases were usually finally decided in the court of first instance.

In September, Judge Burnett announced himself as a candidate for Governor, and in some of his canvassing tours there are bits of history that are of surpassing interest at the present day. One experience related by the gubernatorial candidate is amusing: "I left San Francisco about the 23d of October for Sacramento on board a very small steamer, the second one that ever ascended the Sacramento River. It was full of passengers, and was so small that they were frequently ordered to trim the boat."

Of his return trip to San Francisco he says: "I remained in Sacramento City until the 5th of November, when the majestic steamer *Senator* arrived for the first time. The banks of the river on Front Street were thronged with people to witness her approach. She was to us a most beautiful object. I came down on board of her to San Francisco and paid *thirty dollars* for my passage and two dollars additional for my dinner."

The election for Governor was held on the 13th of November, 1850, and resulted as follows: Peter H. Burnett, 6,716; W. Scott Sherwood, 3,188; John A. Sutter, 2,201; J. W. Geary, 1,475; Wm. M. Steuart, 619. On December 15th the Governor-elect was inaugurated and took the following oath: "I, Peter H. Burnett, do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California, and will faithfully discharge the duties of the office of Governor of the State of California according to the best of my ability."

In the capacity of Chief Executive of the State of California, as well as in all other public or private capacities, our "first Governor" has been characterized by unswerving fidelity to the right; there is not a blot on his escutcheon. In his varied career he was well known to, and intimately acquainted with, most of the following noted pioneers: Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, Joseph Smith (Mormon), Sir James Douglass, General McCarver, General Fremont, Peter Lassen, Colonel Sutter, Marshall (the discoverer of gold), H. W. Halleck and J. D. Stevenson.

It is quite safe to say that there is no man now living in California who took as active a part in the early history of the State. And we may safely say that the wish is universal that the declining years of his honorable life may be blessed with that peace and rest he so richly merits.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you:
This round hole's name is O.
And, when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And, if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here
To sit on and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And, when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—*Oh, dolly!*
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

—*The Youths Companion.*

There are a great many sailors and sailoresses who have never seen the great ocean. They might be called puddle-hole sailors, and, if they were all gathered together, what an army—I mean navy—they would make! and what a collection of catamarans, yachts, brigs and barks and every imaginable craft would be represented. No ship that plows the mighty deep would be half as interesting to the little folks as a small block of wood, gouged out by an old jack-knife, with a mainsail made out of one of father's old shirts, and made to float in a little pond back of the barn, which, for the time being, is known as the "Mediterranean Sea," "off Cape Hatteras," or the "Indian Ocean."

"HAUL IN YOUR SLACK."

Strange, make-believe cargoes they carried,—with chips for sailors, a shoe peg for super-cargo, and fish-hooks for anchors; and there was always this advantage:—the owners could watch their vessels making the entire voyage, no matter if it was from San Francisco to Yokohama; and there was another point, too: if the ship got into trouble in midocean, she could be picked up, taken ashore, repaired and set down again where she was picked up, to proceed on her voyage with but a few minutes' delay; and, when she landed safely at a foreign port, the owner could be there to save the expense of stevedores, agents and what not.

Ah, little folks, the time will probably come when your ships will not come in as they do now: so make the most out of your early experience in navigation: you will never again be so heartily interested in shipping as you are now, and perhaps you may not be so successful.

JAPANESE LULLABY.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings:
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

—*Eugene Field in the Chicago Record.*

AMONG OURSELVES.

ILLUSTRATING in a most striking manner the delightful climate of San Diego were a couple of photographs we received a few days ago. They were sent to us by Mr. J. E. O'Brien, proprietor of the Hotel Brewster in that city, and represent a bathing scene in San Diego Bay on January 1st. On that date the water was fifty-six degrees, and it has never been known to drop below fifty-one degrees at any time of the year. Think of it! Disporting with comfort in the waters of San Diego Bay in midwinter, while our Eastern friends are hugging their great fire-places within doors. It would be difficult indeed to find a more delightful climate than that of San Diego.

Our readers and the general public will be interested to know that we have just established a permanent agency of THE TRAVELER at Paris, France, in the person of Mr. Frederic Mayer, a gentleman of ability and wide experience in the realm of journalism and travel. His office has been temporarily located at No. 6 Avenue Percier, and here will be kept on file copies of THE TRAVELER for the inspection of visitors. He will likewise conduct a branch office of our TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, and tourists *en route* to the United States will there be provided with literature of our railways, hotels, resorts, etc., free of charge. This foreign branch of THE TRAVELER is another step in the march of progress and improvement, and enables us to cater still more liberally to the interests of our clients and the traveling public.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the Hotel Bella Vista appearing elsewhere in these columns. It is not too much to say that this is one of the most comfortable and best conducted family hotels in the city. Mrs. Volney Spalding, the proprietress, is a lady who has been well and favorably known in social circles for many years, and she is notably unremitting in her efforts to please her guests. The Bella Vista likewise enjoys the most delightful location, and from the windows of the house may be had a comprehensive view of the surroundings, including Mount Diablo, Mount Tamalpais, and a general picture of San Francisco Bay, the islands and foothills.

Mr. R. Robertson, formerly assistant manager of Paraiso Springs, has been promoted to the position of manager. We congratulate Mr. Robertson on his advancement, and certainly there is no more competent or congenial host in the resort business. The coming year will witness many improvements at the Springs.

The neatest hotel in Alameda is the Park Hotel, at the terminus of the narrow-guage road. From this point is obtained a fine view of the bay, and it is easy of access to the various salt swimming baths for which Alameda is noted.

La Jolla Park Hotel, fourteen miles from San Diego, is one of the most romantic and picturesque resorts of California. The mammoth caves, its wonderful and unique beaches, the quantities of seamoss and shells, the fine boating, bathing, fishing and shooting, together with its fine hotel accommodations, have made this resort very popular.

The Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages have kept up their reputation during the past year by receiving a gold medal at the Midwinter Fair and at the Lyons Exposition (France). The wines are made under the direction of Chas. A. Wetmore, and are bottled and sold by Clarence J. Wetmore at 325 Pine Street, San Francisco. Mr. Wetmore has no connection with the C. A. Wetmore Company and is not responsible for any wines sold by that company.

The Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz, Cal., has a perfect location overlooking the bay of Monterey, and the breakers roll upon the beach within a stone's throw of the hotel. It has the finest land and marine view on the coast.

We have in San Francisco, in the person of Mr. W. J. Pierce of No. 704 Sacramento Street, a direct importer of Oriental precious stones, such as rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc. These stones are received in the rough or uncut state, the cutting being done by some of the most skilled workmen in the Eastern States. Mr. Pierce supplies the finest gems at about half the jewelers' prices.

"Patronize home industry" is a popular by-phrase, but in no case is it more pertinent than in that of the Western Meat Company of San Francisco. Their refrigerated meats are undeniably fresh, wholesome and tasteful, and notwithstanding the recent opposition of the local retail butchers are coming rapidly to the front. Their business also includes hams, bacon, lard, salt meats, canned goods, corned and roast beef, mutton, etc., and this branch has increased to such an extent that they are unable to keep up with their orders. When it is remembered that there are about $9,000,000 worth of Eastern provisions shipped to the Pacific Coast each year, why should this amount not be kept in our own State?

Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, the popular and affable manager of the Palace Hotel, deserves much credit for the prosperity of that hostelry since his incumbency. Many improvements in the conduct of the hotel have been inaugurated under his *regime*, until to-day the Palace stands, as it should stand, the hotel *de luxe* of the world.

Now that the plants of "The California" violets are the craze it may interest our readers to know that they can be obtained from the Sunset Seed & Plant Company.

Napa Soda Springs, the famous mountain spa, still maintains its supremacy as the leading health and pleasure resort of the Coast, and new attractions are yearly added to its already unsurpassed advantages.

Art should always be based on nature, and no art is true which does not take nature for its model. A perfect, symmetrical, healthy woman of five feet five inches in height must comply with the following standard: She should be one hundred and thirty-three pounds at the least, and could stand up to ten pounds more without injury to the health or artistic perfection. The distance between the tips of her two middle fingers, when the arms are extended, should be exactly the same as the height of ten times the length of her hand, or seven and a half times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of her chest from one arm-pit to the other. The distance from the junction of thighs to the ground should be the same as from the former point to the top of the head. The knee should be exactly midway from the junction of the thighs to the bottom of the heel. The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin, with the head posed naturally, should be the same as from the level of the chin to the arm-pits, or from the heel to the tip of the large toe. The bust of a woman of the height named should be forty-three inches measurement over the arms, and the waist twenty-four. The upper part of the arm should be from thirteen and a half to fourteen inches, and the wrist six inches. The ankle should be six inches, the calf of the leg fourteen, and the thigh twenty-five. Any woman of the height mentioned, who has these measurements, can congratulate herself as having as perfect a form as the Creatror ever made. Of course, the proportions vary with the height.

MRS. DORN. MISS ADA SULLIVAN. MRS. GEORGE CROCKER.

Mrs. George Crocker is a lady who has long held a prominent social position in San Francisco. As Miss Hanchette she was a belle, and as Mrs. Rutherford was a lady well known and decidedly popular not only in our local society but in New York, and among our American colony in Paris. She recently became the wife of George Crocker, the wedding taking place with grand eclat in New York last year. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker are now traveling in Europe. The lady is one of the handsomest women in California . . . Miss Ada Sullivan is one of our San Francisco belles. She is a tall, stately blonde, dignified, courteous, kindly and affable. She is a great favorite among all who know her, and is a lady of intellectual attainments . . . Mrs. Dorn is the wife of one of our leading lawyers, and is a good exemplification of the youth and beauty of a California woman.

This is the season of the year when our summer resorts should be thinking of advertising. This matter is too often put off until the last moment, and everything comes in with a rush; souvenirs and circulars have to be gotten up in a hurry, and many items of importance are overlooked. The proprietors of these resorts are usually fully alive to the importance of judicious advertising, but it seems to us that in many cases they fail to take hold of the matter in the way they do their other business. Very frequently they say, "Well, I shall set aside so much for advertising, no more nor no less, and, when the time comes, I will spend it and have done with it." May we not advise you to study up carefully *now* what you intend to do in this matter for the coming season, so that your advertising matter may be out and mailed at a season when it will do you the most good. It may also be of interest to you to be again reminded of the fact that THE TRAVELER is doing high-class work in the line of souvenirs, circulars, bill heads, letter heads, etc., and that our columns are open for your use. We will distribute your advertising matter and pledge ourselves to do everything in our power to further your interests. If you are interested we should be pleased to have you drop us a line, and we will send you estimates and samples of our work. Bear in mind that we conduct a Traveler's Bureau, through which there is no better method of placing your literature in the hands of our many inquirers for desirable hotels and resorts. If you have any "ad" matter send it in; if not, let us get you up some.

ARE you not giving your readers rather too much about the American flag? Don't you believe that all Americans love their flag enough without having the subject continually brought before them?" So wrote one of my recent correspondents. I answer yes, and no.

If we were dealing with Americans descended from generation after generation of Americans, we should not have to talk patriotism, or to teach patriotism. The Englishman's luve for his country, for his flag, is born with him. But our country is overrun with citizens of foreign birth, education and theories. It is not possible for the great mass of our foreign-born citizens to be thoroughly imbued with American principles. The whole trend uf their mind is against it.

In the families of these foreign-born citizens are to be found the greater number of children. They will soon take their places as American citizens. Though these foreigners and their children speak our anguage, they are leaving their own typical impress upon our mother tongue. Some of our words—I am speaking now of essentially cosmopolitan communities, such as San Francisco—have gained a new pronunciation through their use; and not a few of their own foreign idioms are literally translated by them in their daily conversation, and so being introduced into the English language. So great a philological authority as the late Whitney declared that the English language was steadily deteriorating. What can we do to stem the tide of solecisms and the barbarities of speech forced upon us by those who speak no tongue correctly? Not very much, it is true.

But have we nothing to fear in regard to the influence which this foreign element may exert upon the patriotism of the next generation, simply through the indifference born of lack of knowledge and the absence of any inspiring motive? We can not be too patriotic.

That teaching is particularly a woman's province seems to be universally admitted in our country, and the result of her restraining, refining influence may be one reason for the courtesy to women, which is so distinguishing a trait of American men.

I was talking with an Englishman, a comparative stranger in our city, whose mind was somewhat tinged with prejudice regarding our public schools, which he hastened to assure me were suggestive to him of the "Board Schools" of England, to which only the poor children were sent, and where attendance was almost a badge of pauperism. An English "Public School," he explained, was an institution founded by some endowment, where boys went who could pay the tuition and board fees, and where they fairly had to fight their way through school; for the masters never interfered to protect the younger boys from the system of blackmail which the older ones levied upon their juniors. Many an American mother's heart will beat faster with a thankful feeling that in our country such brutalities as he narrated, both of the boys themselves and their masters, cannot be perpetrated, as a matter of course. There is not a paid school in the country, it is safe to say, that could exist under such circumstances, and our public schools are too well governed to admit of such violations of the law of right. It is not to be supposed that what he narrated of "the master" was of some one exceptionally brutal man: he spoke of this one and that as if they were but individuals along a line of series.

"There was one master," said he, "who, when he was angry, would clutch at a boy, with his long thin fingers, by the loose skin just under the chin, and holding the fellow up by that way he would strike him on each side of the face. It hurt, I can tell you. We had another master, a sarcastic, ill-tempered brute, who delighted to tangle the boys all in a hopeless muddle and then punish them for their stupidity. There was one poor fellow hopelessly dull in mathematics. He was fair game for the master, who used to stand near him while he was reciting, and tap him on the head with the end of a long pointer to stimulate his wits."

This would not be tolerated in America. The gentleman who thus enlightened me in regard to these schools considered it somewhat lowering to a "man's" dignity to be taught by a woman. He asked: "Will your boys mind a woman? No English boy would listen to her." The American woman is able to compel attention.

One would need a hundred eyes at the very least and brains at the tips of his fingers to read all the books that are published now-a-days. It is simply a physical impossibility to read them all. Emerson said that he never looked into a book that was less than a year old. That is a safe rule to follow; for, as Emerson said, in a year's time the public would have decided upon the worth of a book. If it were still alive at the end of the twelfth month, and in demand by the reading public, it might be worth one's while to read it for himself.

Still, if we were to follow that plan entirely, we would shut ourselves out from a great deal of pleasant reading and social conversation; for strangers are often very much at home with each other and pass many a pleasant hour together by means of their mutual acquaintances in books. The best of such acquaintances, those between the leaves, is that they can be discussed and their very characters pulled to pieces with all the zest of real gossip, and yet with none of its baneful effect. It is impossible to hurt the character of a queen in a book, no matter how disloyal may be the comments.

The reviews often rob us of much of our pleasure in fiction by telling us the story in a fragmentary way, destroying all possibility of being surprised or interested at the development of the story. If one reads the modern reviewer, all that is left for him in the perusal of the book itself is the psychological study of the characters themselves. That of itself is not totally uninteresting.

What must impress any observer of the signs of the times is that this is woman's age in literature. That is, while she may not be a master hand, yet it is by women that the books which attract the most attention are being written. It is a noticeable fact that all of the recent books by women are full of epigrams, some of them exceptionally clever.

It is no wonder that the men of the world have raised such a hue and cry against "The Heavenly Twins," and the "Yellow Aster," and "A Superfluous Woman." I do not wonder that the man about town, the man of a hundred debauches and a thousand-and-one nights of dissipation, should say that these books are unhealthy in tone and would rob our young girls of their sweet innocence of thought and fill them with strange and rebellious ideas against the existing order of things. No wonder, when every one of these books is a tremendous and awful argument against marrying purity to impurity, a saint to a sinner, youth and beauty to dead men's bones, the essence of life to the virus of disease and death. No girl can read those books and not pause when she thinks of giving herself to a man worn out with excesses, to entail mental weakness, physical deformity and spiritual blight upon the helpless children of such a marriage

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While our Four Hundred, with their ample proportions, are hastening to don bloomers and to ride men's bicycles, in the East some old and experienced riders are lifting up their voices against the move. *Kate Field's Washington* recently published a very readable article by a lady of considerable experience as a bicyclist. She said: "No woman ought to ride astride, neither should she abandon the skirt. A woman on a wheel is bound to attract some attention, and the least marked that attention, the pleasanter for her. A woman in bloomers is a greater departure from the usual appearance of women than a woman in a skirt while mounted on a wheel. Beside, with a skirt of walking length, a woman can ride her wheel, and dismount, and take part in some other pastime, without embarrassment, as she could not do were she in bloomers." And then this lady instances the fact that she rode all day on her wheel and danced all the evening in the same skirt. What powers of endurance, what development of muscle! Shall it be said that 'the effete East' is ahead of California? Yet I fear me that no California girl, at least no society girl, is yet ready to attempt that feat, bloomers or no bloomers.

That does not seem the best argument in favor of the skirt, although not a bad one. The Stanford University method is more sensible,—bloomers for riding, and strapped in the carrier on the wheel is a skirt, opened and buttoned on the side, which can be worn as a cloak or donned as a skirt at a moment's notice.

If women are to ride bicycles, they will wear bloomers sooner or later. Some of us are a long time in coming to it, but the result seems to be inevitable.

Some one has said that we do not give enough attention to the history of our own State; that we are indifferent to the romantic past of California, and careless concerning the wealth of its present and the glorious possibilities of its future. One of my correspondents has written to me to know if there be no way in which our school children can be trained to appreciate the wonderful resources of our State. In the first place, while our text-books are published by the State, they are singularly free from what should be characteristic California features. The text book on geography, the one to which our children turn for their first lessons from a book, has a department devoted to California, it is true, but the subject has been treated in so dry and uninteresting a manner, and in language so utterly beyond the comprehension of children ten or twelve years old, that it is useless to try to arouse any enthusiasm among them by this means.

Now, no one would wish to burden children's minds with statistics or with dry, uninteresting facts, such as are found in annuals issued by boards of trade; but can any one who knows anything of the history of California say that it affords no fascinating stories of adventure, no inspiring tales of heroism, no helpful hints for the boys and girls of to-day? I have great hopes of the California school readers of the future. In them we hope to see a well-selected collection of the writings of our best representative writers who have been touched

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

themselves by the magic spell of California's lotus land. We want to see historic spots remembered and described, to have our children read of the wonderful changes that have taken place in this magic land. We want to have our children read of the men who have laid the foundations of this empire of the Pacific Coast. As I look at the list of subjects over which our children must spend much of their three years' time, I wish that I could say, "Presto, change," and that in their stead could appear selections from May Wentworth's "Fairy Tales from Goldlands," with the pathetic and true story of the famous pioneer dogs, Bummer and Lazarus, of the whimsical yet tender and sympathetic story of poor old Emperor Norton, the self-sacrifice and generosity of many a man of '49, and the weird presentation of some of the old Spanish legends and the building of the early Missions; for the myth and the fairy tales have their place in the mental and spiritual development of childhood, and our leading educators advocate recognizing the imaginative faculties of the child.

B. F. Taylor's beautiful appreciation of the Golden Gate should be in this new California school reader, and as for poets,—well, we have Joaquin Miller, and Emma Frances Dawson, and Edward R. Sill, and Flora McDonald Shearer, and,—but why attempt to mention all those whose prose and whose poetry would be appropriate for such a work? Two delightful bits come to my mind as I write. They are both by Ella M. Sexton. One is called, "When the Water Came Up to Montgomery Street," and the other is that perfect poem, "Halcyon Days," which appeared in the December TRAVELER. It is certain that any one who reads these suggestions will think of hundreds of other appropriate writings, facts and localities that ought to be represented in such a text-book of California subjects.

As the editor of this department I should be very glad to receive all such hints, and to inaugurate a movement that would have for its object the development of a truer appreciation of California's resources and the education of our children in the knowledge of all that pertains to our great State.

When the writers of California, led by a woman, decided that they would no longer speak of our California poppy by the barbarous jargon under which it had struggled for years, but that they would call it the "California poppy" and nothing but the California poppy, a spirit of State pride manifested itself that is highly commendable. It is the same spirit that now finds expression in the determination not to put French labels on our own wines, or to hide our light under any kind of a bushel.

Of late our State press has written many telling editorials against the lack of enterprise that does not develop the resources at hand that, for instance, sends thousands of hides to the East, to receive them again in the shape of boots and shoes, instead of making the articles here where we raise the leather.

California is waking up, and the results are not to be lightly estimated.

But to return to the education of our children in the love fur California. The best short history of out State was written by Lucia Norman, and is not particularly well adapted for young readers. What is needed is a handy manual, and I do not see why the *Chronicle* should not repeat the success of its New Year's edition and get out a little book that it could present as a souvenir to each child in our California public schools. So far as the value of the "ad" to the paper that should issue such a little gift-book, any newspaper man knows it would be worth a thousand times more than the cost of manual production. Children are intensely dramatic in all their plays. They are impressed by the superlative. Tell them that California has the biggest or the best of anything of its kind and they will remember it.

As soon as a child is old enough to notice localities, and to remember incidents connected with them, he is old enough to learn historic facts. The erection of the Prayer Book Cross in Golden Gate Park was an education for hundreds of children, who thereby heard of Sir Francis Drake for the first time. But I have not the space to elaborate this subject, for I now wish to impress upon my readers the necessity of encouraging the cultivation of civic and State pride in children. How may that be done? Briefly, by means of the newspaper in the school-room. I do not mean the newspaper in the hands of every pupil. But each day at least a half an hour should be devoted to the reading of news that relates to California, or of news that of itself, being of a contrast to what exists in California, gives opportunity to draw noticeable comparisons to the benefit to California. For instance, the news of the loss of the Florida orange crop gives cause for congratulations that we live in a warmer, kinder clime.

The news of the destitution among the fisherfolk of New Foundland, who can get no work for three months, even in farming, though they think of going to Manitoba until the spring opens, will afford a contrast between that Ice-bound coast and the mild winters of California, where last season the relief fund for the unemployed was expended for work done in the open air, where street railroads can be built even in the midst of winter. The work of the Merchants' Protective Association in trying to make San Francisco a clean city should be followed day by day, and by way of emphasizing the need for clean streets, unclogged gutters and an adequate sewer system, there might be read the telegraphic news concerning the raging of the grippe in New York as a direct result of filth. Our boys should be educated in practical sanitary science. They will soon vote, and to them will be committed the care of the health of the community.

No fact that can be localized should be read to these children without their having a map before them, and every search for a locality should be conducted with reference to its nearness or its distance from California.

It has justly been urged against California that we lack a loyal spirit toward each other, that we have no "favorite sons," that we do not stand up for each other, and that as soon as a Californian is "mentioned for the place" all the other Californians unite in trying to prevent his receiving the coveted honor. President after President has turned in disgust from the California delegations who have visited him simply to prevent the nomination going to this Californian or to that, and has given the honor to the representative of another State who was solidly supported by his delegation. In this way we lost the Minister to China, and also the head of the Horticultural Department at the World's Fair.

This has been true in the past. It may be true for a while longer; but *not* for all time, for the Native Sons of California are already a potent influence in public affairs, and they will grow in power and be more wise and influential as time goes on. California is not old enough to have the people drawn from all sections melted into a homogeneous mass, animated by one spirit, and in pursuit of the same general aims. People who have been in San Francisco for forty years still talk of "home," meaning their old homes in the East. This is a survival or rather the testimony of language to the spirit which animated most of those who came to California in the early days. They came to make a fortune, and then to go home. It is a fact that few came expecting to stay more than two years at the most. As time went on the "two years" were shifted forward, and it was always with the thought of going "home." Though that generation is passing away, until California ceases to receive immigration, until the natural increase of population is all that we need to fill our broad acres, we shall be confronted with sectional feeling. The people from Boston and those from New York will bring with them the feeling of rivalry that exists between those two cities. There will still be some sectional feeling between the North and the South, but in time all that will pass away; and with our children, educated in the history of the State, and proud of California, the highest birthright will be expressed in the boast, "I am a Californian."

All animals, except men and monkeys, swim by second nature; because, when thrown into the water, they make the same motions with their limbs that they would make in walking. But men and monkeys go back to first principles, and strive to raise themselves up in the water by the same motions that they would use in the act of climbing. Some scientists see in this similarity of action a similarity of origin. The pig, being short-legged and stiff in motiun, simply walks into himself, so to speak, and cuts his throat with his forepaws. That's the reason that the swine, after running violently down a steep place into the sea, perished.

Elizabeth Keith.

ITEMS.

The proprietors of the San Francisco Business College, 1236 Market Street, have been very busy for the last month experting and auditing the books of many business firms in the city. These gentlemen are expert accountants and auditors, and do a large business in this line. The students of the school are employed to assist in this work, and, in this way, receive a drill in higher accounting that is not afforded by any other school in the city.

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing.
Jack Downright (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability. —*Tit-Bits.*

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?"
"Yes," answered the young man; "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow." —*Life.*

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

One of the several periodical publications that appear to interest THE TRAVELER'S readers is that "monthly echo from the fields and woodlands," *Gameland*. Though treating of the rod and gun, this magazine is not of the "sporting" class of literature, but appeals to every gentle man and gentle woman. Its pictures of wood and water subjects are charming

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

When a girl elopes with the coachman or one of the servants some other man is happily saved from getting a trumpery, poor sort of a wife.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon, No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286. Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics. At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

Office Seeker—Mr. President, don't you remember me?
President—Yes; but I cannot place you.—*Truth.*

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

"That was a very reasonable request the Rev. Mr. Whitetie made last Sunday."
"What was it?"
"He requested that no buttons be contributed for the heathen without garments attached to them."
—*Herald.*

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

Judge—How do you account for the fact that the man's watch was found in your pocket?
Prisoner—Your Honor, life is made up of inexplicable mysteries, and I trust your Honor will so instruct the jury. —*Puck.*

Ladies visiting the city should not fail to call on La Verite Hairdressing and Manicure Bazaar at No. 1170 Market Street. It is strictly first-class. Artistic hairdressing, bleaching, dyeing and shampooing, and the only place where you can have the *egg* shampoo. Bangs, switches and wigs of natural curl at reasonable rates. Scalp treatment, face steaming and ironing. Further particulars gladly furnished on application.

DR. BYRON W. HAINES,

DENTIST,

14 Grant Avenue,
Over "City of Paris." Rooms 16-17.

NEW GOLD.

THE TRAPPER'S SWEETHEART.

Wide awake, now, and mind your eye;
She will think on 't by and by;
She will see, perhaps, she may
'Gin to-morrer, not to-day.
"Be true to me,
Furgit," says she,
Jest as it may hit her fancy:
That's it zackly, that's my Nancy.

Take a squirrel up a tree,
Jest so frisky, sir, is she:
Now on this side, now on that,
You must watch her like a cat.
It's "No," it's "Yes,
I rather guess"—
Jest as it may tech her fancy:
That's it zackly, that's my Nancy.

You've seen creaturs sudding lame;
Git too near 'em, an'—they're game!
Her right over: an inch too near,
Up and off is Nancy dear.
"Yes, Jake," says she,
"Laws sake!" says she,
Jest accordin' to her fancy:
That s it zackly, that's my Nancy.

Whew, a gal 's a cunnin' thing!
You must take 'em on the wing—
I'll be goin'; fur, ye see,
Nancy, she's expectin' me.
I'll hit or miss her;
It's quit or kiss her;
I'm fur facts, while she's fur fancy:
That's us zackly—me and Nancy.

SONG OF THE SEA.

Black is the night, the shore lights glare,
The cries at the hearthside—what is the prayer?
'Tis wind and darkness, tears and moan:
'Tis waiting and wail on the shore, alone:
God be
With the ships at sea!

Round the rock-lights and down the bay,
Why comes the wild wind, ay, what does he say?
He comes to mourn with the souls on shore,
For those that will follow the waters no more:
Wail, wail
For the ships that sail!

AT LAST.

Drifting slow and aimlessly,
A mist comes on across the sea;
It floats against a sunny hill,
Folds round it and is still.

Onward, onward, reach by reach,
A great wave shoulders toward the beach:
A mighty rush—it gains the shore,
Nor roves nor moans it more.

Over field and steepled town
A bird goes flying up and down;
Soon comes the friendly twilight hour—
It finds a quiet bower.

Knotted was yon sleeper's brow;
Lo, it is as the snowdrift now;
Sweeter sleeps care by kind death kissed,
Than bird or wave or mist.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

John Vance Cheney, author of "Thistle Drift" and "Wood Blooms," from which we have culled our poetry column this month, has occupied a prominent position in literary circles in San Francisco for some years. For about six years he was at the head of the Free Public Library of San Francisco. A few months ago he resigned this position and at present occupies a similar one in the great Newberry Library of Chicago.

DEEP WITHIN THE FOREST GRAY.

Deep within the forest gray
Sings a bird to the going day:
'Tis her song, lost as she passed that way.

Hark, the low wind in the firs!
In their tops it lightly stirs:
'Tis her sigh,—ay, night, that sigh is hers.

Perfume gathers on the air,
Deep, rich heart of roses there:
'Tis her breath, sweet love herself, at prayer.

NOVEMBER.

The summer blooms are lying
Below the matted grass,
Through naked forest sighing
The winds of sorrow pass.

The birds their flight have taken,
No music by the way,
And each sweet haunt, forsaken,
Yields fragrance of decay.

Last splendors on the river,
Slow spread the parting sail:
Alone, the lank weeds shiver
Before the with'ring gale.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Together they were looking over the paper.
"O, how funny," said she.
"What is it?" he asked.
"Why, here's an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'"
"What's so odd about that?"
"Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?"
"Yes. It cured me, too."
"What of?"
"Faith in the faith cure." —*Judge.*

Little Ethel surprised cook in the kitchen in the act of skinning a rabbit. Shocked beyond measure, she inquired with mingled pity and indignation in her wide-open eyes:
"Whatever are you doing, cook?"
"I'm dressing the rabbit, Miss Ethel."
The child reflected an instant, and said, "I should think you were undressing it"

Senior Partner—Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in your salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?
Sheeply—No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

Mme. Trapino—You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the tablecloth outside during the night and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night.
"Ah! then the stains ——"
"No! it was the cloth that disappeared!"

Prattle (to his wife)—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions.
Mrs. Prattle—I should like to know how you get at that conclusion?
Prattle—You say there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

The important announcement is cabled from England that Baby York will be vaccinated within the next three weeks. Smallpox is one of the very few things that the royal family of Great Britain is not willing to take. —*World.*

"Suppose the word 'male' is taken out of our Constitution sooner or later. Do you suppose we'll ever have a woman President?
"No. No married woman could spare the time, and no single woman would confess to the requisite age." —*Harper's Bazar.*

"No," said Mr. Bean, when asked if he would contribute anything to a charity fund. "I don't think I will."
"Can't afford it, eh?"
"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity the papers spelled my name wrong. They got it Mean, and if I'm so mean in print I don't mean to give any more to charity."

JUST A STEP FROM THE DEPOT,
when you get off the train at **Los Angeles**, you will find
The Arcade Depot Hotel.
It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan, $2.50 per day upward.
DARMODY & SCHAFFER, Props.

THE
Wonder
Hat, Flower and Feather Store,
1024, 1026, 1028
MARKET STREET.
All the late novelties in millinery. New hats. New feathers. Ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Large stock. Low prices.
Branch, 999 Market Street, Cor. Sixth.

ORR & ATKINS,
123-125 MONTGOMERY ST.,
Men's Furnishers
AND
Shirt Makers.
AGENCY
Dr. Jaeger's Underwear.

Our specialty is prescribing and making glasses to correct Complicated Cases of Defective Vision. Skilled Opticians with the latest appliances known to science for testing the eyes enable us to give our patrons superior service.
CALIFORNIA OPTICAL COMPANY,
317 and 319 Kearny Street.

RAMBLES IN BOOK-LAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"A Monk of the Aventine." By Ernst Eckstein Translated from the German by Helen Hunt Jackson. Roberts Brothers, Boston. 1894.

Bernardus, monk of a monastery on the Aventine Mountain, Rome, writes in imprisonment his autobiography. The scene is laid in the closing years of the tenth century, A. D., and tells of the efforts of the monk, aided by Julia Colonna, to free Rome from the injustice, tyranny and lawlessness which crushed her, and restore her to something of her former greatness. The tale is well told and keeps the reader's interest. The translation is so good that one rarely feels conscious that one is not reading an original story,—the highest praise that can be accorded to a translation.

"Voyage of the *Liberdade*." By Captain Joshua Slocum. Roberts Brothers, Boston. 1894.

The title of this book is not exactly a clew to all that it contains. Out of sixteen chapters only the last eight are concerned with the *Liberdade*, the first eight containing a narrative of the bark *Aquidneck*, the loss of which, off the coast of Brazil, led to the building of the *Liberdade*, a sort of cross between a Chinese sampan and a Cape Ann dory. Though the Captain is a sailor and not a literary man, he has written a simple record which any professional or amateur sailor, or any boy or man fond of a tale of pluck or adventure, will be pleased to read. It was certainly no inconsiderable feat to design, construct and fit out a boat on the Brazilian coast, and, aided by his wife and two young sons, sail her through every danger safely to Washington, D. C. But, venturing incautiously into the unknown waters of quotation, our author has beaten the record for a misquotation of the lines from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner,"

> Water, water everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink,

which he gives —doubtless from memory—as

> Water, water all around,
> And not a drop to drink.

May I suggest to the publishers that a little map of the places visited would be a great aid in following the course of the gallant little craft?

"My Arctic Journal: A Year Among Ice-fields and Eskimos." By Josephine Diebitsch-Peary. The Contemporary Publishing Co., New York and Philadelphia. 1893.

Mrs. Peary had a quite unique experience in Greenland, living for a year on the shores of McCormick Bay, half way between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole, and less than sixty miles from the place where Dr. Kane and his companions endured the greatest hardships. Her narrative is simple and unpretentious, and is, for that reason, eminently readable. The volume is excellently printed on good paper, and copiously illustrated with fine photo-engravings, some of which are very effectively tinted.

"In the Dozy Hours, and Other Papers." By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1894.

Perhaps the two cleverest essays in this charming collection are "*Aut Cæsar aut nihil*" and "A Curious Contention," which pierce with sharp shafts of good-humored satire much of the nonsense we hear about the work of woman. Miss Repplier seems to me the soundest, sanest, clearest-headed literary woman in the United States to-day. She has just that mixture of clear vision with sweet reasonableness and moderation which characterized the ancient Greek. She never loses her sense of proportion, as men so intelligent as Brander Matthews and T. W. Higginson, when swayed by strong feeling, sometimes do. The essay on English and American humor is delightfully suggestive.

"My Summer in a Mormon Village." By Florence A. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1894.

The life led by the New Yorker and her companion in the valley between the Wasatch Range and the Great Lake was uneventful in the extreme; but the little incidents are told so unaffectedly that, though we sometimes smile at the simple manner in which the writer admits the reader to her confidence, we are yet interested. The author draws a pleasant and graphic picture of a good old woman whose cheery thoughtfulness made every one round her better and happier. Miss Merriam makes some comments upon the doctrines and practices of the Mormons, and especially upon polygamy, which she thinks works great hardship upon the women.

"Three Essays." By Thomas Magee. Published by William Doxey, San Francisco. 1895.

If I were asked to classify these essays in order of merit, I should put the "Immortality of the Big Trees" first, the "Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition" second, leaving for the last place the essay on "The Alphabet and Language," which its author places first and is evidently proudest of. While not for a moment denying the author's right to study philology and the origin of the alphabet, if such matters interest him, I am not quite persuaded of his wisdom in publishing his linguistic researches to the world. It seems to me that everything true and valuable in Mr. Magee's essay must have been already said by Max Muller, Sayce, Archbishop French, Canon Farrar and others; and that people who really care for philological studies will do well to read the master's work rather than the pupil's recollections of it. It pains me, too, to find Mr. Magee calling what used to be known as mother's milk, "maternal lecteal nourishment." This reminds me of Mr. Edward Lear's blue-bottle flies, whose buzzing "resounded across the tumultuous tops of the transitory titmice upon the intervening verdant mountains." It is unfortunate that this phrase occurs on the first page, as it causes alarm and distrust in the reader's mind. Merely using Mr. Magee as a peg to hang my remarks on, I should like to draw attention to a certain curious fact. A man who has spent his life almost wholly in exacting business, and has been very successful as a money-maker, would ridicule the idea of giving a place in his office to a philological student or professor, and entertains the greatest contempt for their business abilities; but he never conceives that he himself may appear equally incompetent and superfluous to the philologist. Yet the qualities necessary for success in buying and selling are vastly more common than those required for success in philological studies; and for one philologist of distinction the world can show thousands of highly successful business men.

Let me join hands, however, with Mr. Magee in his admiration of the glorious language of our Saxon Bible,—the very fountain-head of all that is best and most forcible in any good English style.

FEBRUARY IN CALIFORNIA.

Written for THE TRAVELER.

Here, where the green vines interlace,
A rose leans, stately, tall;
The heliotrope, with tender grace,
Clings to the garden wall;
A pansy, lifting elfin face,
Nods to the zephyr's call.

Above the fog-kissed ocean's rim
Smile azure seas of blue;
While Tamalpais, rugged, grim,
A sentinel staunch, true,
Pierces the sky isles, far and dim,
Where drifts a phantom crew.

From leafy bed the violet,
Dew-christened, shyly peeps;
Down in the mold the mignonette
Stirs faintly as it sleeps;
Along the sandy beaches wet
The wild verbena creeps.

Ah, dweller in this western land,
Rare heritage is thine,
Since Nature, queen with sceptered hand,
Lays gifts upon thy shrine—
Bids earth and sky and wave-swept strand
Send thee a valentine!

—*Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.*

ANCIENT EXTRACTS.

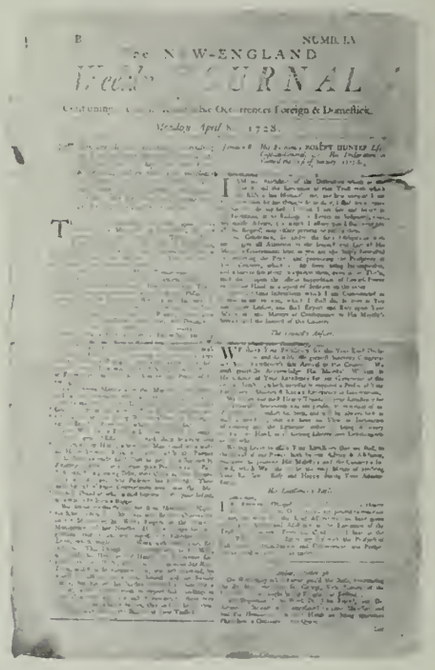
Mr. Austin N. Hungerford has loaned us for reproduction a copy of the *New England Weekly Journal*, published in Boston, April 8, 1728; and, as the print is a trifle obscure, we call attention to a few items of interest to present-day readers, especially the following advertisements:

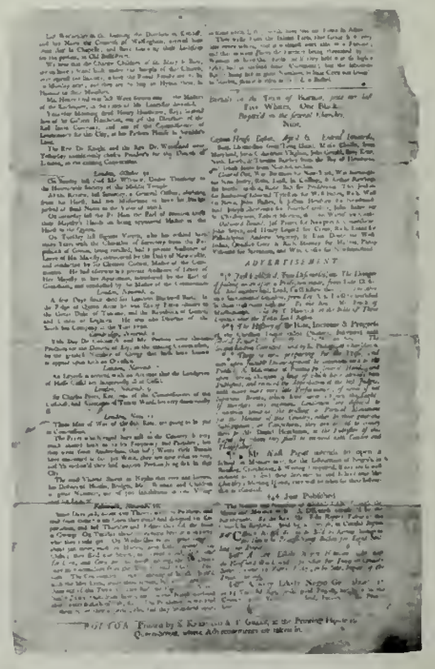
"A very Likely Negro Woman who can do Household Work, and is fit either for Town or Country Service, about 22 Years of Age, to be sold, Inquire of the Printer hereof."

And another of a similar character:

"A very Likely Negro Girl, about 13 or 14 Years of Age, speaks good English, has been in the Country some Years, to be Sold, inquire of the Printer hereof."

"Mr. Nath. Pigott intends to open a School on Monday next, for the Instruction of Negro's in Reading, Catechizing & Writing if required, said School is near Mr. Checkley's Meeting House.





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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

MARCH, 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

From elevation of 1,800 feet.

MUIR GLACIER.

La Roche photo, Seattle.

Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1895. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE, - - 602 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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THE Muir Glacier of Alaska is the most unique phenomenon of its kind in the world. Mr. John Muir, for whom the glacier is named, says that it stretches across from side to side of the fiord a distance of several miles. Its height above the water is probably three or four hundred feet, but far the greater part is below the water and terminal moraine. If the water and the rock-detritus of the bottom were drained and cleared away, this magnificent wall of pale blue ice would be found to be not less than a thousand feet in height.

The toppling of huge bergs from the front of this great ice wall into the sea is novel and impressive, but not more so than the disintegration that is going on a hundred fathoms deep. A rumbling explosion is heard in the subaqueous depths, and soon a mountain of ice, cleaving the surface, bursts into the air, shakes the foam tresses from it sides, and, plunging back, causes the waters of the bay to quiver as by an earthquake shock.

IT IS the stranger's prerogative to ask questions; but what an unsatisfactory business it usually is, simply because the world is so full of people who are ashamed to say, "I don't know."

You ask a citizen where the Merchants' Bank is: he takes you by the arm and points down the street to a notable building on the right-hand side and informs you that "That is the People's Bank." "But I want the Merchants' Bank," says the stranger. "Oh, I don't know where the Merchants' Bank is."

The next person approached is a stranger, and candidly says so, but the next repeats the words: "Merchants' Bank, Merchants' Bank. You don't mean the Savings Union, do you? I think the Merchants' Bank has gone out of existence." You shudder, perhaps, for a moment until a genial old gentleman, in replying to your question with a smile, says, "You are standing on its sidewalk."

But of all reckless and unhesitating question answerers commend us to the Pullman porter. He knows less and can tell more than any man we know. We don't blame him so much for not knowing, but, in "letting on" he does, he becomes delinquent.

We traveled through the San Joaquin Valley the other day and were surprised to hear "Martinez" called "Suisun" by this authority. The back water of the San Joaquin River was "Clear Lake," and "Mount Diablo" was "Mount Shasta, only the snow was on the other side!"

What a lot of time and trouble it would save oftentimes if we had the wisdom and courage to say, "I don't know."

"TRUE FRIENDS." *C. R. Savage photo.*

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES will celebrate its first anniversary in April next, and, from the hearty, enthusiastic manner in which the matter is at present being handled, it is safe to predict a great success.

La Fiesta was an overwhelming success last year. It was taken hold of with the public-spirited vim which is so unanimous a spirit among our friends of the South; and every citizen of Los Angeles, from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, participated. Business, formalities, fashions, and even the ordinary dignities, were laid aside *pro tem*, and the city was absolutely given up to the "reign of fun." An old gentleman, upon whom the frosts of three-score years have fallen, informed us that late in the day he caught the contagious spirit of the occasion, and, finding himself late in procuring a costume, looked up a night-dress, a mask and a tallow candle, and, under the guise of an old lady, had as much fun as any of "the boys."

THE TRAVELER office will cheerfully furnish any of its readers any further information of this new *fete* day of California; and we wish to say to our readers of the North, if they wish to see what the result of enthusiasm in a common cause means, visit La Fiesta de Los Angeles on April next, from the fifteenth to the twentieth.

IT WILL be curious to notice the effect the new Valley Railroad, when built, will have upon the wayside farmers. Unless the managers and directors of the new road shall be composed of men, and not gods, we predict about the following benediction and malediction, a few years elapsing between the two.

"No more noble and disinterested a body of philanthropists have arisen in these latter days than the heroic, spartan band of San Francisco merchants who are striving as one man to deliver us from the thralldom of the blackest and most diabolical monopoly that has cursed and clogged the wheels of commerce since the morning stars sang together for joy."

Now, premising that the management of the new enterprise will be made up of men, the gods having long since retired from the traffic business, we shall look for something like the following: "At no time in the progress of our race has the devil let loose upon this fair earth such a gang of black-hearted villains, such a band of soulless, unscrupulous, unsanctified, disreputable and diabolical knaves, as compose the directorate of the new San Joaquin Valley Railroad."

OYES, we Americans are all the time on the rush. We have been told of it so often by foreigners that we have come to believe it to be so; and after all do we accomplish so very much more than those more sedate, leisurely people who berate us for our undue haste? We trow not.

This restless, nervous spirit is manifested very strongly on our railroad trains. Long before their destination is reached the passengers grab their parcels and file out into the aisles, ready to jump from the train while it is yet in motion; then a wild scramble is made for the street cars, as though their lives depended upon getting up town within a given space of time.

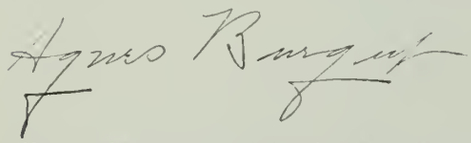
Have we not all seen the pedestrian who rushes across the street, at the peril of his life, ahead of a cable car, and stands a minute or so on the corner figuring up how near he came being hit; and so we believe it is with many of those people who seem to enjoy a perennial fever of haste. Do they not waste more time during the day than they gain in the morning by rushing for the crowded street car.

The steady-and-slow-go-far-in-a-day pace of our grandfathers, that we are apt to pooh pooh at, may after all have been a gait that conduced to longevity and that quiet calm that characterized the twilight of their declining years.

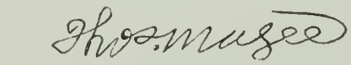
CHARACTER READING FROM HANDWRITING.

BY A GRAPHOLOGICAL EXPERT.

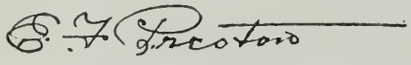
THE characteristics of every man are betrayed by his unfeigned handwriting. An expert in graphological knowledge can tell at a glance whether a man is truthful, affectionate, trustworthy, determined, egotistical, constant, loyal or the reverse, in fact can epitomize the writer's character. As Lavater says, there is "a perfect analogy in the language, movement of the body of a person, and his handwriting;" and Disraeli, the elder, remarks, "the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic."



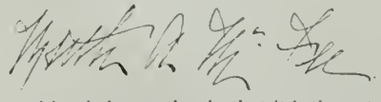
Here we have a young lady who has an avowed fondness for show, for admiration, attention, and a determination to hold the center of the stage. She is original, full of dash, brilliancy, and inclined to affectation of a pardonable sort. She is affectionate, demonstrative, self-willed, imperious, at times a little unreasonable, and quick-tempered. She is emotional, self-conscious, musical, dramatic, extravagant, impulsive, ardent, sensitive, and yet very independent; fond of nice things,—as she herself would probably say, "The best is none too good."



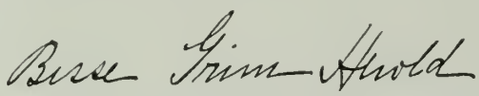
This man is fluent of speech, which is simple, direct, although somewhat long drawn out. He has a very good opinion of Thos. Magee, and might be called somewhat set in his ways. He is without duplicity or pretense, he loveth not ostentation, and, while he is affectionate, he has an iron will to which all who owe him allegiance must bow. He does not seem secretive; he would be more apt to blurt out his opinion than to follow Talleyrand's advice. He has a wealth of ideas and likes to express them. He has the courage of his convictions. He is a good man, benevolent and with a well-stored mind, and is not without a certain dry kind of humor. Under certain circumstances he might be capable of a sort of mental cruelty and a disregard for the rights and feelings of others, but his strong sense of justice and his artistic perceptions and his honesty of purpose will keep him from making any such fatal error.



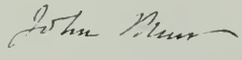
This signature, and that of Thos. Magee, are from the subscription list of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad, and hence they are on one sheet. There is no lack of self-confidence in this autograph. Briefly stated, there is love of art, of beauty of form, of all that appeals to the higher life of the senses. There is ability and originality, self-satisfaction, tenacity of purpose, accumulativeness, some selfishness, with a well-rounded *bon vivant's* appreciation of all the good things of life. There is the keen wit, the ready repartee, the power to compare and contrast and to seize upon the salient points of an argument that have made Colonel Preston a popular after-dinner orator. He is logical, shrewd, quick, with nervous intensity, quick temper, and strong personal magnetism. He can be simply irresistible, and he knows it.



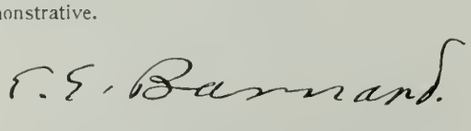
This writing is interesting in that it is the autograph of Mrs. Captain McFee of the Salvation Army, whose name is well known and blessed by the many people whom she has helped, comforted and rescued in her work. It shows a born aristocrat, with tastes refined and elegant, a regard for appearances, a love for what is beautiful, a natural repulsion for what is low or vile, a clear head, enonomy, great powers of observation, critical faculty and logic, a combination resulting in that rare good judgment which doubtless helps to make Mrs. McFee so invaluable to the cause. Her special vocation is to receive appeals for aid, to investigate the worthiness of each applicant, and to relieve real distress. She lacks not in strong will, firmness, determination; she has much quiet, personal magnetism, and, on several occasions, when she has addressed such bodies as the Century Club of San Francisco, her auditors have found their prejudices against the Salvation Army melting away before the earnestness, the repose, and the forceful dignity of Mrs. McFee's eloquence. When she makes an appeal for clothing for the poor, always in demand, it is bound to flow in. There is strong self-consciousness in her writing; she has high ideals, great self-respect, loyalty, sensitiveness, an introspective tendency, with the touch of sadness that must come now and then to the heart of every true philanthropist, of all who love their fellowmen, and see them sunk in sorrow, sickness and sin. There are affection, self-sacrifice and deep spirituality shown by the handwriting.



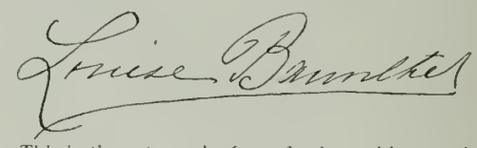
The wife of Rudolf Herold, Jr., writes an ambitious hand, full of decision, love of art, and a determination to make the best of everything. It shows her warm heart, her ready sympathy, her dainty ways, her sensitiveness, her strong will, her sometime obstinacy, and a spice of quick temper. She is affectionate, demonstrative, with the capacity of withdrawing into herself and surrounding herself with a wall of reserve. She can be provokingly secretive. She is very artistic and does not lack power to set forth the delicate fancies of her brain in the work of her hands. She shows decided artistic talent. She is often very impatient, but is a loyal-hearted friend who will endure to the end.



From this scrap of a signature it is possible to deduce but few characteristics. He is self-contained, reserved, with power of expression when he is moved out of himself. He is patient, observing, economical of time, and makes every fact tell in estabishing a theory or sustaining a theory. He is not given to flights of imagination, emotional outbursts. He is slow but sure, like the glaciers he has studied so well. He holds tenaciously to his own opinion after he has once made up his mind. He has a keen sense of justice, and where he would suffer in silence for himself would raise his voice to right another's wrongs. He is loving and tender-hearted, loyal to his friends, but not very demonstrative.

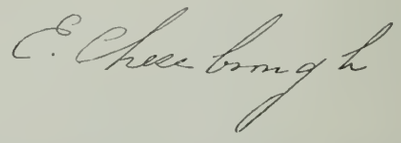


Too little of this noted astrologer's handwriting has been submitted for examination for the delineation to be entirely satisfactory; but certain traits are indicated very clearly. He is a man who thinks and acts quickly. He is venturesome, decided, broad and liberal minded, with a scientific, logical mind that is not devoid of imagination and poetic insight, originality, persistent perserverance or a strong determination to get there, to surmount obstables. Kindliness of heart, and a certain amount of sensitiveness, are shown. The trained observation of one accustomed to sweep the heavens with a scrutinizing eye is shown very plainly in the separation of the letters. To the graphologist the terminal letter of Professor Barnard's name, the small *d*, is eloquent of the writer's habit of looking out, at, over and beyond. Notice how it plants itself upon this terrestrial globe, so to speak, how it cranes its neck and stretches out its head, for all the world as if it were striving to look over a fence or beyond a boundary,—a most appropriate indication to be found in the handwriting of one who pierces the ether in search of other worlds. Professor Barnard is generous, possibly somewhat eccentric, clear-headed, and probably outspoken, with no capacity for diplomacy. He has a sensuous side to his nature, a keen love for the beautiful, and a capacity for enjoying creature comforts.

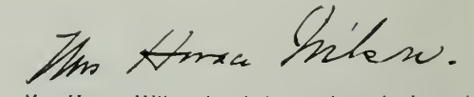


This is the autograph of a refined, sensitive gentlewoman of strong feeling, large heart, affection; with capacity for suffering, and powers of endurance. She shows hopefulness, energy, activity, executive ability, tenacity of purpose, persistence, perseverance, and yet the writing records a loss of enthusiasm and a deep disappointment or discouragement.

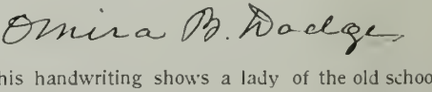
She is benevolently inclined, generous where her affections are enlisted. Secretiveness is indicated, so are tact, diplomacy, sociability, and a will that can be firmly exerted. She is quiet in speech, reserved among casual acquaintances, but open and unreserved to old friends. Her manner is courteous. She is always lady-like, without many strong prejudices or antagonisms. She would be quick, however, to resent an affront. Her tastes are artistic, and she has a certain originality of her own. She is very independent, and cares little for the criticisms of others. Her self-respect is very great, and so is her pride, which does not make her haughty. Her friends will be loyal to her, and she to them.



Ambition, sympathy, benevolence, affection, tenderness, secretiveness, reserve, aristocratic feeling, artistic appreciation, penetration, critical faculties, quick temper, nervous intensity, tenacity of purpose, strong will, some impetuosity, imperiousness, excitability, some little tact, lack of robust health,—all these are indicated in the handwriting of A. Chesebrough's wife.



Mrs. Horace Wilson is a lady prominent in the social and charitable organizations of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco. She shows dash, determination, self-consciousness, tenacity of opinion, eccentricity, versatility, excitability, volubility, volatileness, fluency of speech, critical intention, diplomacy, aristocratic feeling, logical ambitions, strong will, with a tendency to be despotic once in a while. If in poor health, might have hysterics. She has considerable egotism, is subject to moods, and is alternately elated or depressed. She is mercurial in temperament, and so is a stimulus to her friends' imagination. They never know exactly where to find her. It is her way to be very demonstrative, particularly over a new fad, a new dress, a new book, or a new acquaintance. She is bright, companionable, intellectual and highly entertaining.



This handwriting shows a lady of the old school, polite, courteous, considerate, reserved, dignified yet affable, with self-respect, lack of pretense, flourish or folly. There is an amiable amount of self-consciousness which finds expression in always living up to her own high ideals. She is tenacious of purpose, has executive ability, determination, tact, powers of observation, and marked social instincts; refinement, elegance of tastes, and repose, are also marked characteristics. Patience, perseverance and economy are also manifested.

SOME OF OUR SEA SHELLS.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THERE are over one hundred varieties of sea shells on the California coast, most of them greatly exceeding in size their representatives on the Atlantic shores. Though lacking the gorgeous coloring of tropical specimens, many attractive souvenirs are readily obtainable for the cabinet, and much interest and instruction may be derived by observing the curious habits of their tenants.

The richest field for the conchologist is a series of rocky promontories inclosing secluded little coves,—sandy beaches being better adapted to the burrowers; and the best time for investigation is at low tide in the early morning or after a storm in winter. Sometimes rare shell fish are found tangled in the nets of the Italian fishermen; and such large and voracious fish as the cod and haddock often swallow deep-sea specimens for the sake of their inhabitants. Pools left by the retreating waves are usually miniature aquaria; while loose stones and masses of kelp form cosy retreats for all sorts of marine animals.

Furnished with rubber boots, a tin pail with a perforated lid, a wire hand-net, a pointed staff and a spade or trowel, exceptional is he who does not return from a morning outing laden with the treasures of the liberal ocean and strengthened physically and mentally by contact with Nature in one of her favorite haunts.

Our largest and most characteristic univalve is the abalone or haliotis, sometimes known as the "sea-ear." There are four species on the coast,—the red, black, corrugated and "splendid," the two latter being more common in Southern waters. They vary in size from the dimensions of a bean to a diameter of eight or mine inches, and are everywhere prized for their use, beauty and individuality.

Clinging tenaciously, by the force of suction, to boulders or to cracks in the cliffs, it is necessary to dislodge them very suddenly with a strong wedge or knife in order to prevent resistance. Stories are told of a Chinese who, attempting to detach one with his hands, was caught by the fingers, with a vise-like grip, and drowned by the incoming tide. The Chinese dry the yellow meat in the sun to export to the land of their ancestors, and the muscular foot makes a very fair soup; while the iridescent, shimmering shells furnish material for many articles of commerce.

As the animal grows, the series of holes on the margin, which are for the outlet of the sea-water, are closed by a secretion of lime, and new ones formed on the enlarged edge. The rainbow tints of the lining may also be developed on the rough exterior by the aid of a grindstone and weak acid, making it serviceable for ornaments.

Similar in adhesive power to the abalone are the limpets, of which there are numerous varieties. Dead specimens litter the beaches in every direction, but, when wanted for bait, the shells of the living creatures are often broken before they will release their hold. The largest of the "key-hole" limpets is about four inches in length and two in width, and is found off-shore at rare intervals. "Owl" limpets are so called on account of the fancied resemblance to that bird of prey in the markings of the polished interior; and the pretty little "white caps" suggest a camp of military tents; while the "volcano" limpets look like craters in action.

The chiton, or "coat-of-mail," sometimes called "fairy cradle," is a singular mollusk, cemented firmly to rocks on the coast, and protected by a series of overlapping movable scales, by means of which it curls itself up into a ball, like a wood louse. When the creature dies, these valves become loosened, and are often washed up on the sand, where they are known by collectors as "butterfly shells," on account of their shape and gay colors.

The "giant chiton" is nearly half a foot in length and a couple of inches in width, the sections being of a pure white and the leathery exterior of a chestnut brown; but some are so small or so overgrown with corallines and sea mosses as to be almost indistinguishable from their surroundings.

Turbans, or top shells, represent a numerous and interesting family, and are often called "kelp shells," from the habit of some of their members of crawling up on masses of floating kelp or seaweed, for the sake of sunning themselves.

Olive shells are indigenous to the entire coast, and are found in beds in the sand at low-water mark, their presence being betrayed by little holes or by tiny jets of water. Sometimes hundreds may be dug out at once, though they are active burrowers when alarmed. There are several varieties of these beautiful, polished shells, but the prevailing shades are gray or fawn color with purplish markings.

The moonshell, or "giant sea snail," is one of our largest univalves, sometimes being five or six inches in diameter. It is the arch enemy of the clam, boring a hole with its sharp drill through the unfortunate victim's horny covering and sucking out its body.

There is but one kind of the cone shell, about the size of an olive and usually drilled at the apex by the borer. Several varieties of "purples" make their habitat along the coast, and are related to the famous dye fish of Tyre.

Sea urchins, or sea hedgehogs, are familiar to all beach strollers. They are sometimes as big as a large orange, and possess over a thousand spines. Aided by these and their numerous suckers they creep slowly over the slippery rocks, feeding on small marine plants, or burying themselves in holes of their own making. In dead specimens, the bristles are often rubbed off by friction with the waves on the cliffs, and the bleached globular skeleton alone remains. The animals are sometimes boiled, and the soft parts eaten like an egg.

The "sand dollar" is a humble relative of the sea urchin, and resembles a flat pin cushion of coarse plush.

Barnacles are too common to require description. Most of them are stationary, but many lead roving lives on the backs of crabs, whales and shell fish, or on the hulls of vessels, sometimes increasing in such numbers as to diminish the ship's rate of speed from the resistance their bodies offer to the water. They are provided with six pairs of arms or feet, by means of which they grasp their prey at high-tide, withdrawing the appendages into their shells at low water.

Our largest bivalve is the huge Washington clam, often nearly a foot in length, which buries itself deeply in the mud all along the shore, breathing by means of enormously long siphons.

Though immense quantities of California oysters are always to be obtained for the market, millions of their eggs are consumed by crustaceans, marine worms, etc., and the innocent-looking starfishes are to the oyester beds what wolves are to the sheep-fold. For, in some mysterious manner, an entrance is forced through the tightly closed shell, and a meal made of its contents. Ignorant and revengeful fishermen, thinking to destroy the pests, tear or cut them to pieces and throw them overboard, not knowing that they are increasing the mischief five or even twenty fold, as each ray becomes, in time, a new individual. The proper course to pursue is to drown them in cold, fresh water.

1. Giant Key-hole Limpet. 2. Giant Chiton. 3 Butterplate Shell. 4. White Cap. 5. Sea Urchin. 6. Barnacle. 7. Abalone. 8. Sand Cake. 9. Large Starfish. 10. Olive Shell. 11. Large Sea Urchin. 12. Owl Limpet. 13. Southern Razor Shell. 14. California Mussel. 15. Small Starfish. 16. Anomia, or Butterplate Shell. 17. Top, or Kelp Shell. 18. Scallop or Pecten. 19. Green Razor Shell. 20. Giant Moon Shell. 21. Starfish. 22. Skeleton of Sea Urchin. 23. Mossy Chiton.

Scallops or pectens, locally known as "fan shells," are deep-sea mollusks, which swim by alternately opening and shutting the valves of the shell. Like the cockles or heart shells they possess the power of leaping a considerable distance, and have been known to jump from a boat or from a pan on the stove. Sometimes they anchor themselves to the rocks by a byssus or cable of threads, after the fashion of the mussel, and are collected for the sake of the edible flesh at the hinge.

They vary in size from a quarter of an inch to three inches in diameter, the more delicate kinds being especially attractive in texture and coloring. This shell was formerly worn as a badge in the hats of pilgrims returning from journeys to the Holy Land, where it was very abundant, and was used for cups, spoons and dishes.

APPROACHES TO SAN FRANCISCO.

STANLEY IRVING.

THE stranger to San Francisco receives his first impressions of the hilled city, generally speaking, from two sources, namely, coming in through the Golden Gate or from the terminus of the transcontinental railroads on the Oakland side, the far greater number being by the latter route. During the present year it is probable there will be another all-rail overland route completed to San Francisco, which will land the traveler in the southern portion of the city.

It is unfortunate that these approaches are not calculated to give one a very favorable impression of the city by the sundown sea. The one by ferry from Oakland is the most pleasing and comprehensive, and the accompanying cut illustrates this approach alone. Whether one arrives from the North, East or South he is confined to one track from Port Costa, at the head of the bay, to the end of his journey.

After rounding Point San Pablo, fourteen miles from Port Costa, the westerly line of the horizon is spread out in a panorama of great variety and beauty. In the foreground lie the waters of the bay, always enlivened by the messengers of commerce and by pleasure craft; in the middle distance are the bay islands,—Angel on the right, Alcatraz in the center and Yerba Buena to the left.

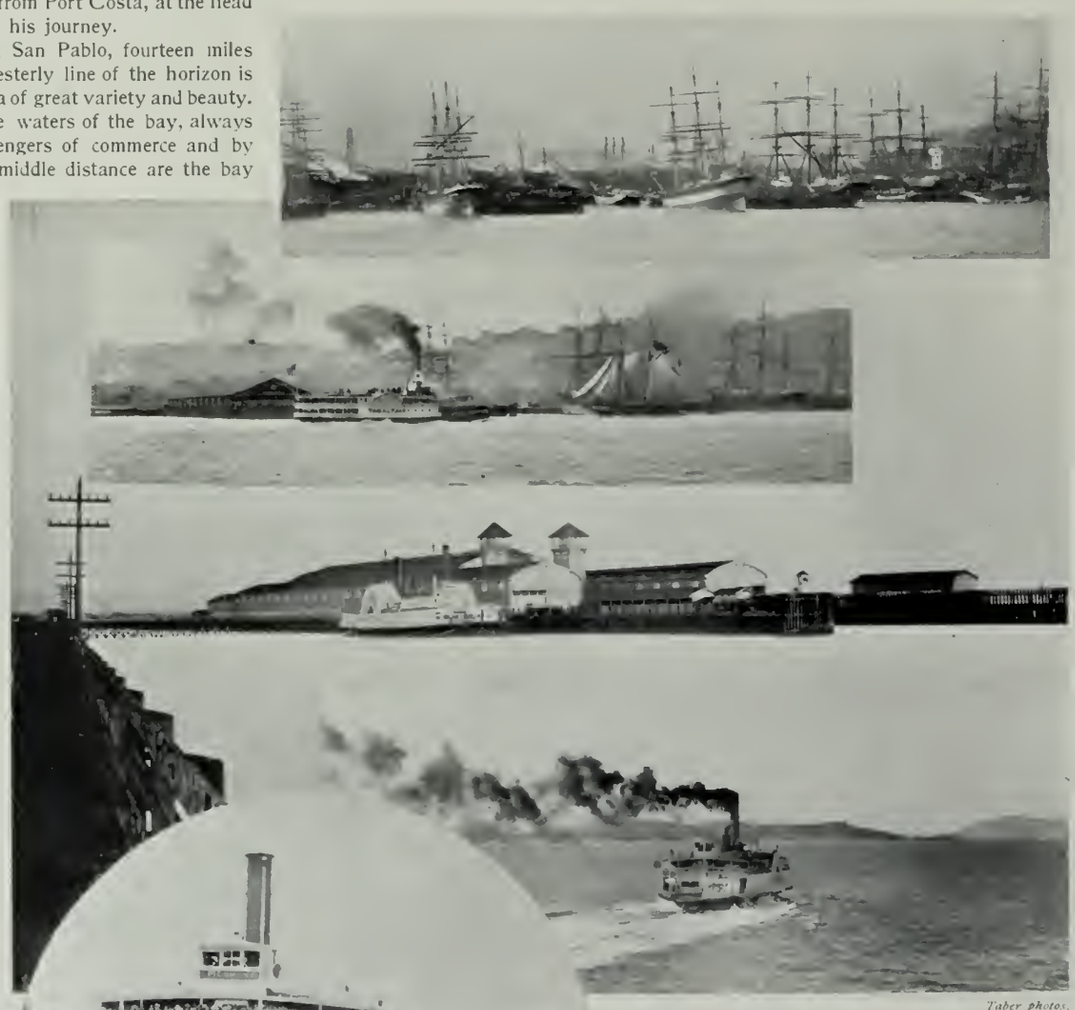
The background, however, is the most interesting feature of this scene. The mountain range is cloven in twain by what looks like a long line of silver light that stretches away indefinitely. This is the avenue of the Golden Gate leading out to the Pacific Ocean. To the north of the Gate are the Marin hills, crowned a few miles away by the lofty eminence of Mount Tamalpais. White villages cluster around the long-reaching shores, and island-dotted, land-locked bays furnish cozy harbors for the yachting fleets.

On the other or southern side of the Gate, San Francisco reaches out its long water-front line for a distance of five miles or more. Usually its factory and foundry smokes obscure the fairest portions of the city, but glimpses of its palace-crowned hills suggest the superb location of this wonderful metropolis by the western sea.

At the Oakland mole the transcontinental traveler is informed that he has reached the land's end of his journey, and the illustrations herewith aptly suggest the few remaining miles of the way.

The handsome appointments of the large, commodious ferry-boats are always favorably commented upon, and from their decks the view from "the center all round to the sea" is unobstructed. South of San Francisco the Mission Hills join the San Bruno Mountains; beyond and skirting the ocean come the Sierra Morenas, whose hazy, redwood-crested heights blend into the loftier crags of the Santa Cruz Mountains. To the south the waters of the bay extend for forty miles or more, almost to the garden city of San Jose. Far to the southeast rises the Mount Hamilton range, the highest peak of which has been made famous by the erection of the great Lick Observatory. Following the horizon line of this range around to the east, and looking back over the wake of the boat, the eye rests upon the deeply cloven Contra Costa Hills and the far peak of Mount Diablo, the isolated landmark of the inner Coast Range, which from the eastern and northern sides exhibits a double peak.

Around the base of the Contra Costa (*opposite shore*) Hills, cities, villages and towns are clustered; for a dozen miles, in fact, it can hardly be seen where one ends and another begins. To the extreme left of the view is Berkeley, the seat of the University of California. This beautiful suburban town lies directly opposite the Golden Gate and commands the finest view of the islands, the Gate and the city of San Francisco to be had on the bay. The straggling town of Temescal, that begins where the city of Berkeley leaves off, joins with Oakland, the city of churches and homes; then Alameda, which "rounds up" the scene to the right of the view.



Taber photos.

SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT. THE OAKLAND MOLE.
THE FERRY LANDING. CROSSING THE BAY.

The following items regarding the discovery of our bay and the Golden Gate may interest not only the stranger but our own people.

It was on the 2d day of November, 1769, that a small company of swarthy pilgrims scaled the western slope of the mountains that look down upon the distant Farallones,—the faithful sentinels of the Golden Gate. Slowly and silently they picked their way under the shadow of the hills. No other foot, perhaps, had left an impress on the moss-grown slopes, so wild the spot. Before them lies the broad Pacific; beneath them wave after wave expends itself upon the weather-beaten crags of Point San Pedro or Corral de Tierra, to their right the Ensenada de los Farallones, terminating at Point Reyes, under which, at Drake's Bay, lies the port of the old San Francisco. Again these swarthy pilgrims renew their eastern climb over many a rounded knoll, through many a mountain gorge. The whole scene has changed. The summit has been passed, the curtain of foliage has been suddenly lifted, and from the rocky ledge on which they stand spreads out before them one of the loveliest valleys of the world; while to the north and south extends a new and unheard-of inland sea as far as the eye can reach; and, to the east, beyond this noble "Brazo del Mar," rises a magnificent chain of mountains. History will never know the names of these brave and dauntless men, but there is no doubt that to the expedition of General Portola must be credited the first discovery of the Golden Gate. The everlasting hills and tranquil bay, the glorious sky and balmy air, are the same to-day as when Portola's bold retainers looked down upon this eastern slope that bright November morn, but otherwise how changed the outlook in this short space of time. There below us the same long stretch of valley, there beyond the same glistening "Brazo del Mar," and beyond again the bold front of Mount Diablo; to the right Mount Hamilton, to the left Mount Tamalpais, with the Coast Range meeting the whole expanse between,—the outline just the same. Maybe, however, the Spanish soldiery could scarcely recognize in Tamalpais the sleeping beauty now likened to Elaine drifting feet foremost toward the sea, her massive tresses loosened from their coils and floating downward to the vale below, her head and bust and clean-cut, virgin bosom outlined in wondrous purple against the rosy setting of the evening sky.

The Bay of San Francisco has an area of 465 square miles. Its length is about seventy-five miles, and its average width is about ten miles. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which drain the two great valleys of the same names, empty into it through the Straits of Carquinez, which is about as far as tide water reaches. This is the place that was selected as a crossing for the Central Route of the Southern Pacific Company's transcontinental railroad. The transfer is made by means of the *Solano*, the largest ferry-boat in the world, which can accommodate thirty-six cars with their complement of engines.

The Golden Gate is three and one-half miles long by one mile wide. It was named by the great pathfinder, General John C. Fremont, who wrote upon his map of 1848, opposite this entrance, "the name of *Chrysopylæ*, or Golden Gate, for the same reason that the harbor of Byzantium, afterward Constantinople, was called *Chrysoceras*, or Golden Horn."

Cross Country Riding in Southern California.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."—*Lowell.*

Ah, but if the poet had only known Southern California at almost any time in late winter or early spring! To the admirer of the beautiful in Nature and the lover of out-of-door pleasures there are truly no more ideal spots than some localities in Southern California; and no more delectable and invigorating enjoyment is known than riding a saddle-horse there and following a pack of fleet hounds in a cross-country ride after jack rabbits.

This article will deal with a typical drive after rabbits, such as a large number of the strangers and tourists in the San Gabriel and Pomona valleys are enjoying this season. At this period of the year the rains have washed the air and the orchards and the hedges of dust, leaving such an atmosphere and landscape that must rouse the most prosaic and the least romantic to expressions of pleasurable wonder. Away to the west is the faint, glistening blue of the Pacific; to the north and east the Sierra Madre rear their icy and snow-capped peaks six and eight thousand feet in height; to the south there are sinuous ranges of foothills, green as emerald. Groves of oranges, with golden fruit projecting from beneath bunches of green, stretch from mountain to foothill across the valleys, and orchards of olives and lemons abound, while wild-flowers of every hue lend their beauty to the indescribable scene. The air is cool and fresh, and strikes upon one's face as soft as a caress. Travelers from all over the world say that they have never seen so strange a contrast in Nature as here. The winter of the North and a semi-tropic summer are face to face.

The secretary of the local hunting or hounds' club has sent invitations to meet the club members at a trysting place at 8:00 or 9:00 A. M. An hour or two before the hour named, the members of the club and the guests arrive, each on his or her horse. A little time is spent in social chat and the enjoyment of the fresh, fragrant air and in viewing the scenery. At promptly the hour determined for starting the master of hounds blows a musical toot on his silver horn, and the dogs that have stood restlessly about for an hour, and waited with longing eyes for the word to go, are off in a second. The horses champ the bit, and, amid the jingling of spurs and saddle fittings, the riders are away. Under the direction of the master of hounds and his assistants the party spreads out, covering, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. The hounds trot several hundred feet ahead, now and then coming to a halt and looking wistfully around, then moving on again. A mile is made in this way across a field of barley that is not yet prepared for a new crop, now through a sparse live-oak grove, now across an upland of olive trees, and still farther on past an orange grove in full blossom and also bearing ripe fruit. A small, gray creature has darted almost like lightning up beneath the front horse's feet. For a second the apparition is startling. It has an inquisitive head, a pair of enormous black-tipped ears, erect and rakish. For a fraction of a moment the creature stands, and then shoots forward like a rocket. There are a few involuntary screams from the feminine riders, the horses plunge forward, and, every one fired with zest and excitement, the field is away now fast and furious.

All the dogs close in upon the jack rabbit, and the irresistible cry, "hi, hi, hi!" goes up and down the line of followers of the hounds. The rabbit, an experienced old fellow, begins the run as if he enjoyed it. For a quarter of a mile he goes in a direct line. The dogs are exerting every muscle, and glide along through the short vegetation like arrows. The pace is hard for some riders unused to such exertion. Others are taking everything. Narrow arroyos are jumped and fences are leaped with ease. At the end of a mile several riders have fallen by the wayside, and are considering the old saw of discretion and the better part of valor. But the main part of the hunters are still going and are well in with the hounds. The rabbit has stopped several times, and, now turning, dashes at the horses, whose riders pull them on their haunches and take the new direction. Down into a hollow or through an ancient wash they go. The rabbit slips under a horse's feet, and a hound snaps at him so close that he shrieks in fear. For a moment the jack is confused, and then is off again, outdoing the dogs in dodging. At the last he saves himself from death by reaching the high chaparral, after wearing out half a dozen horses and several hounds, and, as one old fox-hunter and cross-country rider says, providing more excitement than could be mustered in half a dozen paper chases.

The panting dogs stretch out in the stream of water that flows from the neighboring mountain. They have done well, noble fellows, for it is not an open country, and greyhounds, we must remember, run by eye alone. Every one in the party is quickly busy recinching the saddle and making ready for a fresh start.

The master sounds his horn again, and the field is away. This time the riders turn to the southeast, where there are many broad, smooth, rural roads and less hedges. The route now leads toward Santa Anita, the "show" ranch of Los Angeles County. A veritable garden of Hesperides stretches away in every direction,—a checker-board of vineyards, olive and prune orchards, orange groves, grain plats and patches of golden eschscholtzias, wild daisies, bluebells and yellow violets.

In fifteen minutes another rabbit is started up by a hound away off at the left flank of the riders. The rabbit bounds ahead by several hundred feet, and is breaking away for some adjacent cover, opening and shutting automatically like a common jack-knife. The old fellow is not to have his own way long, for a dog that has many rabbits ears and scalps to his credit does not waste his wind in the early part of the run, but wisely notices the direction the rabbit is taking, and he then starts away at full speed. The race continues several minutes. All the dogs are in hot pursuit, and the riders follow with as keen interest as before. The wise old dog, in the lead, has closed upon his victim, and by an adroit movement, that only a shrewd hound knows, the rabbit is intercepted just as he is about to plunge through a hedge of laurestina or seek refuge in a field of wild mustard. The rabbit is caught;—a vigorous shake by the dog, and it is ended. In a few seconds more the perspiring hunters gather at the scene of the capture. The gentleman who is there first seizes the dead rabbit, cuts off its long ears and gracefully presents them to the lady who has kept up with the hounds and is first "in at the death;" while the rest of the riders wonder how it is that their own horsemanship or experience in previous rabbit drives had not brought them earlier to the scene of the encounter. Another rest for dogs and horses, and a few minutes of conversation on the experiences of the day, and the hopes for the rest of the day's sport, and the field is off on another chase. The runs are made in succession until near the appointed early afternoon hour for luncheon, to take place in one of the many charming and secluded canyons, or beneath the shade of live-oaks or eucalyptus groves, where the invited guests, and a score or two of members of the club, who have elected the carriage as a safer and more comfortable means of hunting than in the saddle, have assembled and are awaiting the arrival of the hunters before the hampers and baskets are opened.

The pleasure to be derived in following a pack of greyhounds across country in a series of runs lies mainly in the variety. The dogs present various attitudes, in which grace, beauty and intelligence predominate; and the rider, despite the speed, finds more actual enjoyment than in hunting with fox-hounds,—the fashionable hunting fad in the East this season at Tuxedo and among the various Staten Island and Long Island winter resorts.

There are about half a dozen more runs in the afternoon when luncheon is over. The sport has become more animated, and the riders, now more accustomed to their horses and the "lay of the land," are more excited. The horses are rushing hither and yon; the hounds dart this way and that, nearing the rabbit now, and then suddenly losing him; while the riders, wild with enthusiasm, shout encouragingly to the dogs. It is the last spurt. The rabbit makes, at a wonderful rate of speed, for a clump of trees, when it turns and is seized from behind by a blue dog, and tossed, dead or dying, into the air, to fall back among the pack. At early sundown, riders, horses and dogs are surfeited, and the journey home is generally made in much more silence that the start was begun in the morning.

ORANGE GROVE.
POMONA VALLEY.

FOOTHILL RANCH.

C. C. Pierce photo.
CALIFORNIA LIVE-OAK.
SANTA ANITA.

A Pioneer Photographer

E. Mc D. JOHNSTONE.

California owes much to a class of men who have done more toward the development of her scenic wonders than they often get credit for, namely, the landscape photographers. As a rule they are unselfish men, generally lacking in the money-making line, and thoroughly *en rapport* with their work. The knight of the camera, who has the patience and enthusiasm to loaf around the foot of Yosemite Falls for a week or two to catch some peculiar phase of its grandeur, knows quite

GEO. FISKE, YOSEMITE. *Perkins photo.*

well that, from a monetary point of view, it will never pay: the reward comes in the artistic effect produced; but alas! that very view may be "turned down" by the unappreciative tourist, while the old stereotyped subjects that everybody shoots at find a ready market.

In this connection it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that no true artist can remain long in Yosemite Valley without losing sight of the lucrative results of his work. There are professional men who

A STORM IN YOSEMITE. *Fiske photo.*

may run into Yosemite in a cold-blooded way and snap at what the hurried tourist thinks he must buy; but they are not artists: their work is simply machine work.

There is probably no living man to whom the glories of Yosemite, whether in summer or winter, sunshine or storm, have been revealed in so large a measure as to the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Fiske. He is thoroughly familiar with the bounding beauties of its waterfalls, the colossal heights of its walls, and the quiet, picturesque bends of the Rio Merced, all of which have been transferred to his photograph album.

It has taken Fiske about eighteen years of hard study to consummate this great work, and how well he has succeeded may be seen by calling at his studio in the valley.

It is a difficult matter and seems unnecessary to write anything of a biographical character concerning a man like Fiske; his work tells the story of his life. The writer asked him a short time ago for some items regarding his career, but he seemed to waive the question. He simply said: "O, nobody would care particularly where I was born or how I was brought up; in fact I almost forget myself. You can say this, however: I am an out and out Californian of nearly forty years' standing, and *I like to make pictures!*"

Certainly no one who knows this genial, kindly hearted man, steeped as he is to the tips of his gray hairs with admiration and appreciation of the works of God in nature, can but love him. He is utterly unselfish, too much so, his friends say. There is nothing too good for his friends, and, if he has any enemies, one would never discover the fact from any intimation of his.

Fiske's views of San Francisco Bay and his ocean spray views of the Pacific are easily the best of their kind, and are the result of his well-known, indefatigable energy. They include magnificent cloud and surf effects, the product of months of toil and unwearied patience.

We repeat the statement that the public have never fully appreciated the great work that these worthy pioneers of the camera have done for the State. We laud our landscape painters to the skies, while we forget that much of their work has either been suggested by, or copied from, subjects made familiar by the camera; and we also forget or unduly appreciate the enormous amount of labor and expense there was connected with photography in the wet-plate days, when some of the greatest work in this line was given to the world. Those were days when the art was environed with difficulties, the surmounting of which would be contemplated with horror by the latter-day "Kodakers." Plates then were prepared and developed on the spot, and, instead of bagging a score or so of subjects a day, the pioneer was fortunate to secure a half dozen. The latter-day photographic outfit is so abridged in bulk and weight that material for scores of views can be packed in a very small compass and easily carried on the back even in rough and mountainous countries: but the wet-plate man was forced to carry his dark-room chemicals, etc., and was forced to resort to mule power, which in many instances was unavailable for the rugged Sierras. Many of the best views of California, however, were taken under these disadvantages, some of them dating back twenty-five years or more. Of course we may smile at the old cumbersome outfit, but we cannot but admire the results obtained.

Any one who has ever beheld the wonders and beauties of Yosemite does not marvel that a man of Fiske's artistic tendencies should decide to make it his particular retreat. He has made it such a life study that he is in reality a part of the Valley itself.

And so, if the present sketch gives but a passing pleasure to one of the old-time artists, who rather tardily acquiesced in its publication, the writer will have been amply repaid for the space allotted thereto.

AFTE

OCEAN SURF SCENE. *Fiske photo.*

THE FLORA OF GOLDEN GATE PARK.

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON.

San Francisco rejoices in the possession of the only large park in the United States that is green the year round. Twenty-five years ago every condition save that of climate was unfavorable to this result. The three hundred acres now under successful cultivation were then a monotonous waste of shifting sand-dunes, a playground for boisterous ocean breezes; but time, incessant care, and wise, skillful management, have surmounted all obstacles, and the desert, reclaimed, now blossoms as the rose. Forest trees check the force of chilling winds, and the mixture of soils and fertilizers with the sand has produced vegetation so luxuriant as to suggest the richness of the tropics rather than the coast verdure of middle latitudes.

LAURESTINA

Golden Gate Park is as cosmopolitan in the character of its inhabitants as is San Francisco itself. Accustomed to the limited park possibilities of less favored climes, the visitor will find much to claim his interest in this Western garden, where magnolia and cactus are neighbors, ice-plant and violet thrive side by side, and honeysuckle entwines the aloe. At this season, the most unpropitious time in the year in which to estimate the floral resources of the Park, one can stroll the entire dry through its picturesque environs and be greeted at every turn by an

abundance of bloom, foliage and perfume. Hardy perennials, indifferent to change of weather, are profusely in evidence from the Panhandle to the Panorama. Shrubs in varying shades of green form an effective background for the patches of vivid coloring that mark the landscape, and lawns dotted with daisies rest eyes surfeited with miles of city pavement.

TE. *Fiske photo.*

The acacia, of which there are more than thirty species in the Park, plays an important part among shrubs of larger growth, attaining great height and flowering profusely in February and March. The acacia most in public favor is the latifolia, which in its season of bloom is sold in large quantities upon the streets, and is very showy, its sprays of fluffy yellow blossoms forming a striking contrast to its green leaves. Among the handsomest of the shrubs are the hydrangea, with its graceful leaves and huge clusters of snowy flowers,—a study in green and white; a fine species of legularia bearing large, yellow-blossomed clusters; and broom, both white and yellow, the latter of Spanish and Scotch nativity. Laurestina, its tiny red buds flowering to a perfect white, is very vigorous and is excellent for hedges. The Chinese bell-flower, a hardy winter blossom, grows to considerable height and in several species, the red being predominant. There are a dozen species of veronica planted, but the purple and red are most frequently seen. Between forty and fifty species of rhododendrons are found in the Park, but they do not bloom until April. Snowballs come out in June, and are a source of revenue to the street venders. The purple polygala; the trumpet-plant, red-flowered, with seed-pods as large as hens' eggs; the darwinia or bottle-plant, so curious in its methods of blossoming; the scarlet salvia; the penstemnon, with blossoms so like the digitalis; the Jerusalem cherry, with its small red flower and disproportionate seed-pod; the "cherry:" parrot's bill, so-called because its red blossoms suggest the beak of that talkative bird, and which can be trained as a climber; the rudbeckia, a pocket edition of the sunflower; the Chinese paper-plant, tall and mammoth-leaved; heath, purple, pink and white; nightshade, cousin to the Jerusalem cherry: all these lend grace to the Park scenery, and the passing pedestrian cannot but pay tribute to the beauty of the composite living picture.

HYDRANGEA.

Carpet-bedding may be seen near the site of the music stand. It is not as much in vogue here as in the parks of the Eastern States. Californians prefer generous lengths and breadths of color and foliage to the set designs and flat surfaces of conventional bedding. The exquisite moss used in carpet-bedding is known as spagnum, or Irish moss. Pyrethrum is employed for yellow effects. The latter plant is much in demand for decorating bedding in the many magnificent private gardens near San Francisco, and is grown by the acre in San Joaquin County. The old-fashioned "hen-and-chickens" is very useful in outlining designs. For red settings, alternanthera is used. Thyme, golden and silver, is also used with fine effect, being very compact, and an excellent foil for brilliant colors. Parrot's feather floats in the water at the foot of Huntington Falls.

Among the bulbous plants that one finds in thriving condition are the Iris Germanica, its large flowers marked with violet, bronze and purple, and the stately Iris Kaempferi, the latter a king of hardy perennials. Gladiolus, montbretias, hyacinths, narcissus in variety, tulips, daffodils and callas, all bear testimony to their preference for outdoor life.

POLYGALA AND LEGULARIA.

Foreign climes are well represented by trees, shrubs and flowers that have taken as kindly to California soil as though to the manor born. From New Zealand come tea-plant and flax, the latter being especially desirable in lawn centers. Its erect, sword-like leaves are so fibrous and tough that the natives tear them in lengths for cordage, a slender strip being stronger than ordinary twine. Japan has trees and flowering plants of many kinds. Among the most ornamental of the former are the cedar, tall, graceful and fluffy in appearance, its dull-green foliage shading to a hazy purple in the sunlight; the laurel, with spotted leaves of green and gold; and the quince, its deep-pink blossoms blushing among the shining leaves. The Japanese wind-flower, pure white with yellow center, is both dainty and enduring, refusing to be annihilated by an occasional frost. Chile has an aggressive embassador in the thorny colletia, a peculiar shrub that does not invite friendly inspection by reason of its sharp, spike-like terminals. Australian tree ferns in variety, and the Mexican coral-plant, grow luxuriantly, and the New Zealand pea, though not fragrant, is one of the Park's most beautiful climbers. English holly and California tree poppy, Peruvian shrub and Chinese primrose, flourish in fraternal fellowship. One could scarcely find a better field than that afforded by the Park for botanical research. Plants with mysterious names mingle with

SCOTTISH HEATHER.

the unpretentious flowers that recall the back garden of childhood days,—sunflowers, sweet william, fox glove, everlastings, gilly flowers, snap dragons, peonies, marigolds, sheep's ear, candytuft, stocks, sweet peas, larkspur, lilacs, pansies, canterbury bells, and even the tritonia, "red-hot-poker," flaunts its fiery spikes.

Among bouquet favorites there are many species of roses, including the latest varieties, but they are not all now in bloom; beds of violets and banks of forget me-nots; masses of marguerites in white and yellow: fuschias, single and double: camellias, mignonette, breath-of-heaven, lemon verbena and pinks. Admirers of the chrysanthemum who visit the Park in the fall can find half a hundred species of that flower in bloom, and for devotees of the dahlia there are thirty species to be seen. Geraniums, which can never be crowded out of public affection by more aristocratic aspirants to favor, are found everywhere in the Park. They have a well-earned reputation for reliability, and thousands were planted last year. Oleanders, oxalis, phlox, cinerarias in rainbow tints, escalonia, geum, cistus, cassia, goldenrod, canna, hollyhock, box,—these are but a few of the many plants that claim recognition.

Perhaps the most indispensable of the Park's flowery denizens is the ice-plant, dwarfish indeed, but an indefatigable creeper. Its mission is to cover the ground with a bright-hued mantle of charity, make ugly spots beautiful, and keep the restless sand from drifting.

PARK SCENE IN WINTER. *Taber photos.*

The Park owes much of its attractiveness to its trees. More than forty species each of eucalyptus and

pine are growing, while one sees yew, spruce, cypress, olive, orange, lemon, pepper and camphor trees, and even a species of the araucaria or "monkey-puzzle," which grows taller upon its native heath than it does here, and is the only tree that his monkeyship cannot climb, because of the treacherous thorns lurking in its foilage. Of the pittosporoms, the eugeneoides is the finest when allowed to spread into shrub form. Its leaves are a glistening light green, slender, and curling at the edges. A shrub that contrasts well with its associates is the silvery hued "dusty miller." California arbor vitæ is among the finest of the evergreen shrubs. One finds junipers, buddleya, dogwood, lycium, aspidistra, bamboo, thuja, musk-plant, various members of the yucca family, numerous palms; pampas grass, the feathery plumes of which do not, however, equal the pampas grass of Southern California; tobacco-plant, not much encouraged in the Park, because, when once established, it sows its seed too industriously. The only plant that seems to suffer from a winter in the open air is the banana. The Park has fine specimens of this tropical beauty, but a heavy storm gives them a discouraged droop.

Strawberry Hill, true to its name, is still the home of the delicate wild strawberry, the leaf of which is dark green upon its upper surface and light-colored beneath. Singularly enough, this same species is found as far south as Chile. The easterly slope of the hill has been planted largely this year with amaryllis. Lovers of California wild-flowers will be glad to know that, within the Park's inclosure, ten thousand bulbs of these natives have recently been planted. The four species of wild orchid found in this State grow here also, but do not compare with their cultivated relatives. Among other wild plants are the heavy-scented lupins, blue and yellow, clover, pink saline, sweetbriar roses, a pretty shrub with autumn tints, and a species of ceanothus called California lilac. Catnip, dandelion and malva are the gardener's enemies.

The conservatory claims the largest collection of orchids and begonias on the Pacific Coast. It contains representative flora from every quarter of the globe. Kentucky bluegrass, superior to other grasses, prevails in the lawns. Vines familiar are the passion flower, scarlet runner, periwinkle, arbutus, wistaria, nasturtium, clematis, ivy, tacsonia, jasmine and wild blackberry.

The accompanying illustrations, on the preceding page, of heather, hydrangea, polygala, legularia and laurestina in full bloom, from photographs taken just after the severest storm of the season, in January, give a limited idea of the Park's prosperity when wind and rain have done their worst.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

This cut illustrates the sizes of the smallest and the largest eggs known, and one size midway between. The ostrich egg equals twenty-four of the hen's, and it takes about twenty-four of the smallest hummer's eggs to equal one of a hen's; so that the ostrich egg is as large as 576 of the hummer's.

The ostrich lays its eggs in the sand, but does not, as is often stated, leave them for the sun's heat to

OSTRICH, HEN AND HUMMER'S EGGS.

hatch. She often puts some sand over them to prevent the heat from injuring them, and, when her nest is complete, she sits on twenty-five or thirty of them, just as the hen does.

Crows sometimes find an ostrich egg, and, not being able to pierce the shell with their beaks, fly up directly over the egg and drop a stone, which crushes the shell, and Mr. Crow enjoys a good breakfast.

It takes one hour to boil an ostrich egg. Children know all about hens' eggs, and, if you hunt long enough you may find a hummer's nest, which will have eggs in it about the size of a—of a—hummer's egg!

The "Colorado Canary" is a frowsy, little long-eared fellow that has far more sense than he gets credit for. Like the nightingale he sings in the night, his note being a mixture of a long, hollow cough and a squeal. There is a great deal of noise and earnestness but not

THE "COLORADO CANARY."

much music in his song, certainly not enough to warrant taking him into the parlor. Nobody knows whether he sings for fun, for grub or for pastime. Like the poet, he is saddest when he sings, and so is everybody else. If his bulk could be measured by his notes he would weigh as much as an elephant; but, if his music could be measured, he wouldn't be bigger than a humming-bird. He is gentle except in his hind legs, which sometimes have a faculty of suddenly rearing up and kicking things. This is his only means of protection, but it is very effective and telling, and no one ever knows when or where he will strike. It is always safest to stand in front of him unless you are behind a stone fence.

A DAY WITH BABY.

The baby I'm acquainted with
  Knows naught of battle's harms,
Although he's of the infantry,
  And often up in arms.

He puts his grandpa's glasses on,
  Then imitates his frown,
And reads the paper backward, while
  He holds it upside down.

Sometimes he cries, and oh, so hard,
  I think he understood
The good old doctor when he said
  That it would do him good.

With kitty oft upon the rug
  He has a wrestling-match,
And kitty, it may be, will win
  By just the merest scratch.

He croons a little song that sounds
  Like "Gum, oh, gum with me!"
And, as he is a minor, he
  Selects a minor key.

Each day nurse wheels him to the park,
  So, in his carriage there,
A little son and heir may find
  A little sun and air.

As in his crib he dozes off,
  With such a funny snore,
We wish he'd sleep till eight instead
  Of waking up at four.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE U. S. S. "HARTFORD."

RUTHELLA SCHULTZ BOLLARD.

The plans for the repairing of the historic *Hartford* were turned over, when completed, to Assistant Naval Constructor Elliot Snow, whose duty it was to work out to the last item, in minute detail, the kind, quality and amount of all material needed.

This done, Constructor Snow made out the "requisitions" and sent them to the Department at Washington, whence, when approved, they will be returned to the Commandant of Mare Island. Advertising for bids will then be in order, after which the time may be approximately estimated when the work is likely to begin.

The U. S. S. *Hartford*, built at Charleston Navy Yard in 1858, was denominated a screw-ship of the second class,—a term which referred not to her style, quality or size, but to the relative number of guns she carried. Her utmost speed under both steam and sail was eleven knots.

The share of the *Hartford* in the making of history began February, 1862, when, as flagship of the Western Blockading Squadron, Capt. D. G. Farragut commanding, she turned her guns on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, guarding the entrance of the Mississippi.

Fighting (with her sister-ships and Porter's fleet of mortar-boats) every foot of the way, she went on up the river. Fire-rafts, gunboats, earthworks on either side, menaced and attacked,—in a few hours all these and the enemy's last stronghold below New Orleans, the Chalmette Batteries, were silenced, and the city was taken. On, then, up the river, fighting now and again on the way, to the assistance of Grant in the reduction of Vicksburg, which was one of the strongest military positions known to history. Whether the men-o'-war, gunboats and mortar-boats pounding the bluffs with shot and shell availed much may be questioned. But there can be no question that all the vessels taking part suffered severely.

Vicksburg having surrendered, Farragut proceeded to co-operate with Banks in the assault on Port Hudson. This was so difficult and daring a feat as to be

W. H. Lowden photo.

considered quixotic; but, having been gloriously accomplished, Farragut, after several months more of perilous duty, sailed for New York, where the hero and his ship, which was decorated with two hundred and forty wounds, received an ovation.

January, 1864, Farragut again sailed for the Gulf. After several months' blockading he fought the battle of Mobile Bay, one of the grandest exploits in the history of our navy. But as that, to do it justice, would require an article by itself, I will merely add that the *Hartford's* only war-duty since the engagement at Mobile Bay was at the Island of Formosa, in June, 1867, when Commander G. E. Belknap punished the cannibal natives for having killed some shipwrecked Americans.

There is a deal of popular interest taken in the repairing of this relic of the Civil War. The people are loth to see the venerable ship laying in Rotten Row. The memory of her gallant commander will never fade, and the universal sentiment is that his flagship, with the vivid recollections which a sight of her always recalls, should be preserved. The *Hartford*, if repaired, will probably take her station as a school-ship at the new Port Orchard Navy Yard on Puget Sound, Washington, opposite Seattle.

AMONG OURSELVES.

While Boreas his sway doth hold
Throughout the frozen East,
In California's fairer fold,
Sunshine and Flora feast.
—*B. L. H.*

TOURIST travel to Southern California this season has not been as heavy as last year, probably on two accounts, the mildness of the early part of winter in the East, and the stringency in the money market. There are, however, good reasons for believing that a little later business will improve in this direction.

Generally speaking, there is a good, healthy business outlook: oranges will command good prices; the winter rains have fallen abundantly in all sections; there have been few dry winds and no frost to speak of, and fine crops are almost as good as assured. At the hotels the general trend of opinion seems to be, "Well, we could do more business, but, upon the whole, we should not complain."

At the Hollenbeck, judging from the continuous stream of busy people that throng its office, reading room, cafe and grill room, business is mighty good. And why should it not be? One gets dollar for dollar there, and everybody is genial, obliging and ever ready to be accommodating. The quiet, gentlemanly ease of the ever-busy, ever-courteous Bilicke permeates the whole management, and we have yet to hear anything detrimental said of him or of the management of this very excellent hotel. Grandpa Bilicke is a ladies' man, and how well he fills the bill! How some of us younger fellows wish we could imitate his grace in presenting a lady with a bouquet. If we could we would feel like dropping all our other business.

Hotel Westminster, the family resort of Los Angeles, is comfortably filled, and things move along with their customary regularity and efficiency. The location is central, the surroundings pleasant, and the general air of things is always inviting. We chatted with the genial Colonel Martin in his palm garden of the Abbottsford Inn, and were informed that business was fairly good, with fine prospects for the late winter and the spring months.

Mr. F. H. Lowe, of the Wilmington Transportation Company, informs us that their folks are now ready to receive, with open arms, strangers at the spacious Hotel Metropole at Catalina; and, being the only island resort on the Coast, with its favorable climate, fine scenery and many attractions, it is destined to become one of the great resorts of the country. The short sail across the channel from San Pedro, on the Company's steamers, is a pleasant novelty, and the possibilities for loading one's self up at Avalon with good fish stories are well nigh boundless.

Of course we took a run out to Redondo to have a chin with Capt. Dan McFarland and Manager McIntyre, and found them living up to their reputation in the way of hospitality; and, by the way, if one wants to be lulled to rest by the ceaseless song of the sea, this is the place. We liked the situation and surroundings so much that we recklessly engaged a bridal *suite* for next July.

The St. Elmo has a word of cheer for the inquirer, and predicts for the *fiesta* days an unprecedented influx of strangers.

The Hotel Green, under the control of the jolly Manager Holmes, reports good times and good prospects. Surely no one will go there and be other than agreeably disappointed; and his great big brick annex indicates that he is keeping pace with the times and the needs of the public. The verdict that this is one of the handsomest and best conducted houses in the West is certainly a correct one.

While the Painter looks down upon its aristocratic neighbors, this is only from a landscape point of view. It is superbly situated and managed. Mr. Painter contemplates keeping open during the summer months, especially if the Los Angeles & Pasadena Electric Road project, now mooted, is carried through.

We climbed the steep mountain side on the white chariots to the Echo Mountain House, and saw everything, the great searchlight, the moon and Jupiter through the great telescope; the menagerie, the islands, the ocean, and the great commonwealth of Southern California lying between. We saw the preparations for the extension of the electric road to Mount Wilson. We conversed with the celebrated Professor Lowe, whose name is justly famous in this region, and we were most agreeably entertained by Professor G. Wharton James of the *Mount Lowe Echo*. The Echo Mountain House is all and more than is claimed for it by its enthusiastic founder.

The Hotel Florence, which commands so comprehensive a view of this unique southwestern portion of Uncle Sam's dominions, does not depend alone upon its situation for its popularity. Mr. G. W. Lynch knows what a family hotel should be, and his past experience has stood him well in hand in his new quarters. It is, perhaps, not out of place to say right here that to Mr. Lynch, more than to any other man, is due the unification and solid organization of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, a society that is not only a great benefit to the hotels but to the public as well.

MRS. EUSTACE BARRON. *Taber photo*

Being belated on the trip to San Diego, we dined at the South Pacific House, Oceanside, and did justice to a late dinner.

At San Diego we found Manager O'Brien behind his desk at the Brewster, keeping that careful eye to the wants of his patrons that always characterizes him, but nevertheless not so entirely absorbed in business as to exclude a pleasant chat over the friendly relations that have always existed between himself and THE TRAVELER.

We cannot speak of Hotel Coronado without using the term, "that great caravansary;" for it is certainly a marvel in every respect, and yet its great magnitude does not preclude the possibilities of coziness and that home feeling that travelers yearn for. Many improvements are in progress on "the spit," and the hotel people seem determined to keep on improving their fine grounds, drives, etc. It would be ungrateful on our part not to make special mention of the great kindnesses extended to the representative of THE TRAVELER on his late hurried trip through the South, not only by all hotel men, but by everybody. You people down there know what royal hospitality means, and it seems to come natural to you; and, moreover, it pleases us to state that you know how to appreciate a good thing; of course we mean THE TRAVELER. Our columns are open to you at all times to show you that we mean to do our share in the matter of courtesy and good will. In this connection we beg to say that it is our intention to give much more space in future in our journal to the development of the scenic features of Southern California.

Much interest is centered at present in the Los Angeles *Herald* recently purchased by Mr. John Bradbury. It has undergone a most striking improvement already. A complete outfit of new type has been purchased, its size has been reduced to six columns wide, and the efficiency of the editorial department and newsgathering force wonderfully improved. It is Mr. Bradbury's ambition to make it a second New York *Herald*, and, if ambition, energy and wealth count for anything, we may expect to see it push far ahead of its competitors before many moons have passed.

The new hotel at Highland Springs, Lake County, is nearing completion, and preparations for furnishing it are now being made. With this new addition the other resorts in that section will have to look to their laurels; for there is no more delightful and homelike resort in the whole State than these land-locked springs.

A handsome new folder has just been issued by the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, 425 Market Street, San Francisco. It gives a fund of information concerning the trip to the Hawaiian Islands, Japan and China, and contains a number of half-tone illustrations. It is the first of its kind ever issued by the company, and copies may be had for the asking by addressing Mr. D. D. Stubbs, Secretary, at the above address.

Tourists arriving at San Francisco will find Swain's Restaurant, at 213 Sutter Street, a most delightful rotisserie. There is no place of its kind in the city so strikingly homelike, comfortable and cheerful as Swain's; and, while the service and cuisine are beyond criticism, the charges are strikingly moderate.

The Hotel Fairmount has passed into the hands of Jones & Knights, experienced and affable hotel men. Both Mr. H. C. Jones and J. V. Knights were for some time connected with the Hotel Mateo and enjoy a host of friends. There is no reason why they should not make their new venture a splendid success.

Messrs. Hepburn & Terry have been relieved of the management of the Mirabeau Hotel by an impatient creditor, and hereafter it will be conducted on strictly business principles. It is a cheerful and homelike hostelry, and will, no doubt, prosper under the new *regime*.

We again call the attention of proprietors of summer resorts to the fact that the season is fast approaching when they should be making a stir about advertising. There is every prospect of a good season ahead of us, and it is a fact that those who are alert and take time by the forelock in advertising are sure to get the trade.

A PATRIOTIC lady is Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, whose "Colonial Boy," a story of Revolutionary times, is in every public-school library in our State. Inspired by the thought that the children of San Francisco salute the stars and stripes every day, and that Golden Gate Park in San Francisco is the only spot in these United States where the memory of Francis Scott Key is honored by a monument, Mrs. Eyster has called upon the children of our country to raise a fund to erect a monument over his grave. It is her idea that, as the Star Spangled Banner is a song that always fires the youthful heart, it would be especially appropriate that children should build the monument. It could be done, says Mrs. Eyster, if each child would give a dime. She has done me the honor to ask my assistance in creating an interest in this worthy motive. When Chicago burned down, all the Sunday schools in the United States contributed toward the rebuilding of Mr. Moody's church, at "five cents a brick," so they said. Now, suppose that some liberal-minded terra-cotta firm donate to Mrs. Eyster's use some thousands of tiny bricks, stamped with the outline of the monument, a brief inscription, and the name of the generous donors. These little bricks would go off like hot cakes as souvenir paper weights. The children would then have a tangible reminder of their ten cents, and the monument over the grave of Francis Scott Key would be built through the inspiration and the efforts of Mrs. Eyster of San Francisco, California.

It is true that we Californians interview a man as soon as he crosses the State line, and that we ask him, "What do you think of our glorious climate?" before he has been two hours in the State. And why shouldn't we? One of our dailies recently gave proof of our superiority by way of thermometrical advantages by printing in parallel columns the state of the temperature in New York and in San Francisco at the same date. In New York the hard-pushed thermometer registered two degrees above zero, and in San Francisco the aspiring mercury was climbing up and away from fifty-four degrees above the cipher. How can we help being elated when we can go walking, driving, bicycling in our beautiful Golden Gate Park with the blue sky and the bright sunshine, while in the East people are freezing to death! When it is cold, how we do grumble and find fault! A trip East in the depth of winter would doubtless make us more appreciative of our climatic blessings.

There is no reason why San Francisco should not become the winter city of the American continent. That it is full of interest, none who have ever visited it would deny. Every nation on the face of the globe is represented within its limits. We have our Latin quarter and Chinatown, both of which possess peculiar attractions of their own. We are not proud of all of these conditions, but, thanks to the treatment that San Francisco has received from the Eastern members of Congress, we have been forced to accept them.

To one accustomed to the well-drawn lines of older communities, there is much in San Francisco that would fail to make a favorable impression. Fortunes have been made in a day in California, and apparently "Society" has been founded upon a money basis, with the "new rich" for its chief corner-stone. Much of its pomp and circumstance is crude, vulgar and ostentatious. Many have not been able to adjust themselves to their sudden elevation; and so, while their noses have been tip-tilted, their feet have often stumbled in their old familiar paths.

But it must not be supposed that all San Francisco society is founded upon whisky or washing. There are the old pioneer families in whose veins runs some of the best blood in America But they are not posing before the public. They are not seeking newspaper notoriety. They are not continually surprised to find themselves among "such nice people." They live so quietly that one might almost forget that they did exist.

It has also been said that San Franciscans are not as devout, even when they are religious, as people are in church circles in the East. If this be true, and I see no good reason for doubting it, it must be attributed to the exuberance of the California climate. Months and years slip by with no marked changes of season, and it is impossible for the semi-tropical nature to be as distinct in its separation from the world as are those who dwell where Nature herself enforces marked contrasts.

There are those who predict that we Californians are "going back to the soil;" that each generation born under the mild and beneficent influence of this semi-tropical climate is becoming more like the soft, easy-going people that the Americans dispossessed of their lands after the purchase of California by the United States. The enterprise of Southern California represents the converse of this proposition. That section is now feeling the activity and the energy of the first generation of Easterners accustomed to struggle against adverse changes of climate, while we of the north have become acclimatized, and, under the enervating influences of two crops a year, have lost some of our forefathers' energy, simply from not needing it any more. This is an interesting problem to the student of climatic influences upon races. Whatever may be the complications involved, the future of California is great.

San Franciscans are accustomed to every kind of excitement. We are familiar, by description at least, with every form of wickedness. Owing to our cosmopolitan character, we have a choice collection of assorted vices to present to the consideration of the moralist and to the zeal of the reformer. Perhaps it is because we have lived through so many dramas of our own that we are not easily moved by a play upon the boards. We have witnessed so much real tragedy that mock heroics fail to move us. We are not easily surprised. We are not easily impressed. Hence school-teachers, divines and professionals who come to California laboring under the idea that we know nothing, and that it is their mission to enlighten us, are very apt to be disappointed as to their reception. And yet nowhere is talent more quickly recognized or more generously regarded than it is in San Francisco, when it comes from abroad. In regard to home productions we are apt to adhere to the time-honored rule regarding a prophet.

There is much that is not as it should be in California, particularly in San Francisco. California is a sort of jumping-off place for the American continent. The criminal migration from the East works itself out here in search of an easy living,—part of which is assured by our mild climate. Much of the discreditable things that happen in social life in San Francisco is due to the same westward migration of people no longer welcome in their own communities. Go into some of our large hotels, and it is easy to see that the fast living, the poker playing, non-church-going, the disregard for the day of rest, come from people who have not been long in California. Even people of undoubted respectability do things here that they would not do at home, taking refuge in the remark, "O, well, in California it's different." So it is, but who makes it so?

Thanks to the energy of Alfred Roncovieri, a native son, and an able musician, San Francisco is to have a monster musical festival in the Pavilion from February 25th to April 1st. Seats are to be arranged for those who wish to sit down, while through the broad aisles it is expected that many will enjoy the promenade Certain nights of the season are set apart in aid of different charities, and on Saturdays the school children of the city will be admitted free under certain restrictions concerning their being accompanied by elder persons to insure proper restraint. In this grand undertaking Mr. Roncovieri has the good wishes of the entire community. The younger men have for him the kindly feeling accorded to an old schoolmate, and the elder ones remember his father, the famous basso baritonale, who was an essential part of the operatic ventures of twenty years ago. Alfred Roncovieri, himself a musician of a high order, has a young son who gives promise of following in the family footsteps and taking a leading place in the musical world.

The theater hat has come in for its share of popular denunciation. For my part, I always think that the woman who wears her big hat to the theater does so because she could not afford to buy a street hat and an opera bonnet at the same time, and so has put all her money into a race-course brim and an Eiffel tower style of decoration. If a few venturesome spirits would sue the managers for damages because they had not been able to see the stage which was hidden by a high hat in front of them, and if judgment were to be obtained by them in such action, it would result in the managers of the theaters adopting rules such as they have in Europe against the wearing of hats in the theater.

Another decided nuisance in theater going is the darkening of the house while the play goes on. A latecomer cannot find his seat, the audience are in doubt as to the identity of the characters of the stage and so lose the track of the plot, and it makes one's eyes ache for days after vainly trying to pierce the gloom of a modern playhouse. It is said that an English actor often becomes terrorized by the strange and unaccustomed darkness of the house. He likes to see the faces of his audience: he can tell by their expression what impression he is making. To him acting in the dark is like acting to a dead house. Let us have a little more light.

One of the best papers which has appeared in years on education is that entitled, "Mental Training: A Remedy for Education," written by William George Jordan, the managing editor of current literature for the *New Science Review Quarterly*. Mr. Jordan is a thinker; that is evident from the opening sentences of his article; and he is epigrammatic, consequently his paper is brilliant. He claims that education should train the senses of the individual, and teach him to think, and that it does neither, but fills him full of jumbled facts as useless as seeds packed away in a box. He pleads for the training that shall result in a mind ready on the instant. "An afterthought," says Jordan, "is but a beautiful possibility designed to fit a lost opportunity. It is no more helpful to a man than a flattering epitaph on his tombstone." Is not that a clever way of putting the idea? What better synonym for an afterthought than Jordan's,—"an intellectual remorse?" "The trained mind," says this author, "is a torchlight that instantly can turn every ray of its energy upon any one point. It is not the energy it takes to do a thing that tires men: it is the energy they waste."

Mr. Jordan declares that the root-weakness in our present educational system is *constant expression without a corresponding impression*. The proper system should train by analysis, law and analogy. "Any thought expressed becomes modified by meeting new thought, re-enters the mind, is again retained in memory, again expressed, and this trifold process is endlessly repeated."

Still further he protests against the abuse of memory; for instance, he regards the bounding of the States as a mere jargon of words: he pleads for the use of the eye, as in map study, to fix boundaries. He believes that many who "never can learn to spell" could overcome their difficulty if taught to visualize words. He sounds the keynote of progressive educational thought when he says: "Constant training in words is a vital part of mental training. One great failure in our education is that there is too much memorizing of mere words, instead of memorizing of the mental images that these words call forth. Words should be looked upon as living things, to be studies in themselves in all their forms and phases rather than merely studies about." This is true. I never shall forget my delight when a copy of that little masterpiece, "Trench on the Study of Words," fell into my hands when I was about fourteen. It opened up a new world to my mind. At one time the course of study in our public schools included word analysis, but, for some reason best known to themselves, a Board of Education dropped it from the list. It should be put back. But to return to Mr. Jordan's article: it ought to be made the basis of discussion at all the teachers' conventions and the summer schools of this season. Much good would come of such an examination of his theories, which I have merely indicated in the foregoing paragraphs.

The editor of *Frank Leslie's* invited his readers to send him lists of superlatives, that is, the biggest, the largest, the finest and the best of its kind in the world. California has already figured quite extensively in the list, and now we have the California violet, to take rank as the largest violet in the world. At present we seem to be having a local boom in flowers. The *Examiner*, with its customary zeal for all that is Californian, is fostering a love for flowers by its coupon distribution of the new plant.

Golden Gate Park is to furnish our city schoolhouses with seeds, plants and slips to beautify the school grounds. Some of our schoolhouses are already surrounded by very creditable, well-kept gardens, which are the pride of the children of each particular school. Some months ago THE TRAVELER made the suggestion that the public-school children be encouraged to plant trees in the public squares, parks and highways. It will now make another suggestion. Let Superintendent Moulder, who is a progressive, public-spirited man, this year make arrangements for the celebration of Arbor Day with public-school exercises in every school, and, if the Park Commissioners will sanction the proceeding, have a body of children, composed of the highest pupils, as a delegation from each school, engage in tree-planting in some portion of Golden Gate Park. We are to have groves of trees commemorative of the late Midwinter Fair. Why not let the children plant a grove that will stand for the school children of San Francisco, and foster civic pride in each breast? Mr. Moulder, what do you say to this idea? Mr. Hammond, will you help Mr. Moulder to carry it out?

Speaking of flowers reminds me that the other day I visited the studio of the artist who has been called the leading flower painter of America. I refer to Alice B. Chittenden, whose work has won the highest encomiums from artists, critics and the general public. We Californians are proud of Miss Chittenden. There are no such flowers as ours, and an artist accustomed to the milder blooms of severer climes cannot be expected to catch the spirit of our wealth of color, our buoyancy of blossom, and our lavish profusion of flowers. A Chittenden canvas revels in roses and riots in ragged chrysanthemums. The Press Club, so I understand, is to become the fortunate possessor of a painting by Miss Chittenden, and the Club is to be congratulated.

The artistic world is at present going wild over the revival of pastels, and the fad of the hour is for portraits done in that style. It is claimed that a great fidelity to expression and a much softer and more delicate tint can be given by pastels than with oil. Pastels, also, are much more lasting than some of the effects in oil. Those in the Louvre are still as bright as when they were worked, while many of the paintings in oil, placed there at the same time, have lost their brilliancy, owing to an alteration in the vehicle used in mixing the colors. Miss Chittenden seems to be quite as successful in portraiture as she is in flower painting, and her likeness of a little boy which was on view in the last exhibition of the Art Association was especially fine.

The collar button at the back of a man's neck has been the subject of many a witty paragraph. As the man said when a collar button was found in a cow's stomach, he was not so much surprised at a cow swallowing the button, but how in the world she ever got down behind the bureau to pick it up was what puzzled him. This story is a tribute to the collar-button's power of eluding the masculine thumb and finger, and rolling out of reach. But a more serious objection is urged against the gay and festive piece of ivory. Physicians say that its constant pressure upon the spinal column often results in fullness in the head, or dizziness and temporary loss of sight, and even in appoplexy. Now comes some one forward with another theory. Carbuncles are much more frequent in men than in women. They are the result of impoverishment of the blood, of a bruise, or of constant pressure. They are more apt to make their appearance where there is but little flesh, and most frequently at the base of the brain. All the result of the pushing collar button. Plausible, isn't it?

Our California girls are making a name for themselves in art, despite the assertion of one recent comer to San Francisco who says: "Yes; you have been drawing, but it's not really art, you know." We have Elizabeth Strong, Matilda Lotz and Clara McChesney to represent us abroad. Albertine Randall Wheland is already famous as an illustrator. While in San Francisco we have, beside, Alice B. Chittenden, Evelyn McCormack, Mrs. Curtis Richardson, Eva Withrow, and some others.

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, the woman seed-grower of Ventura, whose commercial relations extend to every quarter of the civilized world, delivered an address before the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles on "Hybridizing." Mrs. Shepherd is an enthusiast upon this subject, having devoted twenty years or more to its study; and she is an authority, not only on its practical but on its deeper and philosophical side.

Judge Edmunds of the St. Louis Criminal Court is not much of a believer in the reformation of criminals by moral suasion, and he rather leans toward making the first sentence passed upon a youthful offender severe enough to act as a deterrent after the release of the prisoner. On this point he says, "I believe that a man once a criminal is always a criminal, so far as tendency is concerned." That sounds rather harsh, but, leaving out the exceptions where good men have been betrayed into an act of wickedness out of keeping with their general character, the Judge has made a statement whose truth will be borne out by any study of psychology. Is it not strange that, as the heart of the world has sought to throw away the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, the intellect of the age, the scientists, are building a fence around the fact that from birth we are all predisposed toward this or that line of action.

The *Arena* has been publishing some excellent papers on the subject of heredity and prenatal influence which are well worth the perusal of any student of human nature. The one ray of hope in the one possibility of escaping from the inexorableness of Nature's laws is that they are all capable of being modified one by the other.

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

ITEMS.

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KIND WORDS FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

Of all the publications filling a special field, THE TRAVELER comes to our table as the best of its kind. The typographical work is of the very finest. The half-tone engraving is excellent, and the management has shown a commendable enterprise in securing the publication of a new process of colored half-tone before any of its contemporaries. The February number has the customary "head" embellished with a beautiful half-tone in three colors and a tint. There is an article on "Unique California Souvenirs," by Emma Seckle Marshall, an *Overland* writer. "Life on a Man-of-War," by Elizabeth Lull Cochrane, is well written and splendidly illustrated from photos. Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory holds forth on the "Milky Way." —*Overland Monthly.*

The February issue of THE TRAVELER is one of which its publishers may well be proud. THE TRAVELER has always been a very handsome paper, copiously illustrated with excellent half-tone plates, printed in a manner to delight the eye, and full of good letter-press. But the colored half-tone frontispiece of the February issue is a distinct artistic achievement, and excels any work of the kind we have ever seen outside of New York.

—*The Argonaut.*

The February issue of THE TRAVELER appears with a picture in colors on the cover. It is a woodland scene, and the green of grass and trees and the warm yellow of the tree trunk in the bright sunlight are well reproduced. It is a half-tone, printed in three colors, and is said to be the first work of its kind executed on this Coast. It shows commendable enterprise on the part of the editors to introduce this new and attractive feature. Among noteworthy illustrated articles in this number are: "Life on a Man-of-War," by Elizabeth L. Cochrane; "The Milky Way," by Professor Barnard; "The First Governor of California," by E. McD. Johnstone; and "Among Ourselves," a gossipy paper on California beauties, with three pictures of pretty women. —*The Chronicle.*

The February number of THE TRAVELER, a monthly paper published in this city by E. McD. Johnstone and W. V. Bryan, is one of the handsomest products of the pen and press ever issued in this city. A particularly artistic feature is the frontispiece illustration, done in colors with half-tone blocks. —*The News Letter.*

NEW GOLD.

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way:
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray
These may not tell of the love of my life:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman,—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's pathways, till life shall be dead;
The star in the storm and the strength in the strife:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms there!
For grief or for glory, for death or for life,
So shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

—*Frank L. Stanton in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

POOR TRAMP! POOR JUDGE!

The vagrant hides when he steals his rides,
And shrinks from the trainman's frown;
And the judge, alas! giveth up his pass,
And planketh the cold cash down;
For the law is "on" to their little game—
Ah me! that it should be so;
Poor tramp! Poor judge! What a burning shame,
To make them pay as they go.

Of the favor'd few, they have been, 'tis true,
Dead-heads in a diff'rent sense;
For the tramp was tough, and his ways were rough,
And his gall and cheek immense;
But the judge was cultured and more refined,
With a different style of "brass:"
Yet the gall and the cheek of the tramp, combined,
Were naught to the judge's pass.

Now the tramp is fined "catching on behind,"
And the Court takes him in tow;
If his cash doth fail, he is sent to jail,
A place where the bad folks go.
And the cultured judge, if he rides at all—
No matter how large his size—
Tho' the fare be great, tho' the fare be small—
Must "pony" up or count the ties.

HOW THE EASTER LILIES CAME.

They grew beside the carven tomb,—
Great gorgeous flowers of tropic gloom.
The sunset blaze seemed mirrored there
Within their petals' dainty flare,—
Rare *sangs de bœufs* in floral bloom.

That morning—when pale Mary came—
The first sweet Easter Day, in shame
And sorrow for her Master's scorn,
Her tears—like pearls—how sadly born,
Washed white those regal flowers of flame.
* * * * * * * * *
And so the Easter lilies came.

—*Sewall Read in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said,
"Where in this ground are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
I read no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade.
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is the judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is the judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil that men do, let it die with their bones.
I have labored a sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

I'd rather be
'Neath a greenwood tree,
With a song and a handful of daisies,
Than the darling of victory
In the blaze of the wide world's praises.

I'd rather ride
On the wings inside,
Which waft where the world may not after,
Than hold fair Fame as a bride,
To feed on her sighs and her laughter.

THE DANGEROUS GUEST.

"Art thou within?" She heard the cry,
Ran to the door like any stupid,
And drew the bolt, then turned to fly;
For lo! the messenger was Cupid.

—*Emma Carlton in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

The observatory at Paris was conducted on a somewhat old-fashioned plan under its late director, Admiral Mouchez, whose death was recently recorded. Although a courteous man, the Admiral had no patience with modern newspapers which kept reporters almost constantly running to him to "interview" him on various astronomical and meteorological questions.

Not long ago a reporter came to him and asked: "How do you account for the present season being so wet?"

"I know nothing of meteorology," answered the director of the observatory, blandly, "but might I venture to suggest that perhaps it is because we have had so much rain?"

The reporter looked aghast, but went on quickly with his next question:

"Can you give us an idea what the weather will be to-morrow?"

"Pardon me," answered the Admiral, "but the fact is I am very busy to-day. If you'll run in to-morrow, very likely I can tell you!"

One of the men who are always sure and never make mistakes recently stopped at a Western hotel. On going to his room for the night he charged the landlord to call him in time for an early train.

"Now don't you forget. The five-thirty,—that's the train I want."

"But the five-thirty—" began the landlord.

"Never you mind anything about the five-thirty. I know all about it. You call me in time to get it. That's what you're to do. See?"

"Alright," replied the landlord, a little shortly.

At five o'clock the next morning there was a tremendous thumping at the door of the man who wanted to rise for the "five-thirty." A voice from within called "alright!" and the landlord retired to the office.

The traveler soon appeared dressed for the day's journey. As he paid his bill the landlord inquired briefly:

"Getting an early start, haint ye?"

"No. Always take the five-thirty when I go through here."

"One of the directors of the road?"

"No."

"Superintendent of division, mebby?"

"No. What are you trying to get at?"

"Nothing. Only the five-thirty was taken off the time-table yesterday, and the first regular train doesn't pull out till nine-sixteen Didn't know but you had some official connection with the road, and was going to pull out on a special five-thirty all by yourself. You wouldn't let me tell you last night, but p'r'aps 'taint too late now."

The man who "knew all about it" walked out of the office without a word, and the landlord smiled as he said to himself, "In the language of Josh Billings, 'It is better not tew kno' so mutch then tew kno' so menny things thet haint so.'"

Years ago a Naval Academy cadet with very short legs used to answer the gibes of his fellow students by saying he didn't care—his legs were long enough to reach the ground. If any one's leg could fail of such an achievement, this story might not have been found in the New York *Ledger*:

Host (A trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor)—Hadn't you better come on the rug, major? You might slip out there, my boy."

The Major—O, don't be afraid, old man. There is no danger. I have a nail in the end of it.

I remember the first time I ever met him, and the only time. He told a story then which will lose much in the retelling because of the exquisite naturalness with which Riley told it, and which I shall not try to reproduce. It was the story of a Hoosier soldier on the battlefield, where the balls were flying thick and fast. A comrade had lost a leg, and begged to be taken to the rear, and after much argument the soldier picked him up, threw him across his back, and started for the hospital. While thus making his way another cannon-ball carried off the head of the wounded soldier, but all unconscious of this the rescuer trudged rearward, until he was called by an officer who asked where he was going with that body. "To the hospital, of course," was the reply. "But what's the use of taking him to the hospital? The man's dead" "No, he aint. He's just lost a leg." "Lost a leg, man; why, his head's gone;" whereupon the soldier set down his burden and contemplated it in astonishment. "Well, I swan, ef that ain't mean' Here I've been carrying him all this way, when he didn't have no head. An' he told me 'twas his leg that was gone." —*Boston Home Journal.*

He—They have dropped their anchor.

She (on her first trip)—Serves them right It has been hanging over the side all day long.

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RAMBLES IN BOOKLAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"The Kingdom of the White Woman." A Sketch. By M. M. Shoemaker. Published at Cincinnati by Robert Clarke & Co. 1894.

What strikes one first about this book is its pretty get-up: the cover is pure white, with gold lettering and adornments; the paper and printing are excellent. The photo-engravings of Popocatapetl, Ixtaccihuatl — the white woman — and the Aztec calendar stone are good; but most of the others are from old prints, and not from the original subjects. It is not clear why the narrative of a trip made in 1879 should have been held back until 1894, nor why a book of not quite 200 pages should be chopped up into no fewer than forty-five chapters. Mr. Shoemaker's style is rather slipshod, and his ideas are somewhat narrow and commonplace; but he gossips pleasantly enough about the well-known scenes and buildings of old Mexico, and notes some obvious contrasts between that antique land and these bustling United States. The book, short as it is, does not deal wholly with Mexico, but makes occasional digressions to Spain and Italy. The volume would make a nice gift to any one who has visited, or proposes to visit, a country which has been not inaptly called the Egypt of America.

The Peterson Magazine. Penfield Publishing Company, 109 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The February issue is a wonderful production for the price of ten cents; it has no fewer than ninety illustrations. Among the most readable contributions are the following: "Through Holland by Steam Train," by J. Howe Adams; "A Short Irish Journey," by John F. O'Sullivan; "Historic Homes in Washington," by Marshall Cushing; "Sibyl Sanderson;" and "Madame Rejane and Her Play." The work of the painter, G. W. Maynard, is discussed in a copiously illustrated article by E. E. Garnsey. The department, "Said in Passing," has some remarks by Henry L. Stoddard on the American voice, the Trilby craze, and the Treasury deficit.

The magazine world has been entered by a new competitor, more than usually interesting to us from the nature of its subject-matter. It is named *The Magazine of Travel*, is edited and managed by E. H. Talbot, calls New York its home, and costs twenty-five cents a copy. The January issue opens with an article by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, comparing travel in the United States and Europe. The editor writes of old Mexico in an enthusiastic strain, praising its clear air and healthful climate, its varied products, the courtesy and kindliness of its people, and the quaint charm of its old cities. Lieut. W. G. Cutler tells of the doings of the United States fleet in Alaskan waters during the summer of 1894, with special reference to the seal fisheries. Other readable contributions are Dr. H. P. de Forest's account of a pedestrian trip through the Tyrol and Switzerland, G. M. Allen's "Southern California," and Theodore Roosevelt's "Hunting in the Cattle Country." The magazine proposes to deal with travel in every part of the world, and will devote particular attention to its educating effects. It intends also to organize trips and tours for the benefit of students.

Of a somewhat similar nature, but dealing more especially with sport, is G. O. Shield's magazine, *Recreation*, which entered upon its second volume at the beginning of this year. The February issue contains a well-illustrated narrative by Major John Brooke, U. S. A., of a day's fishing at Sitka, Alaska. Prof. F. V. Yeager contributes, "A Bear in Camp;" J. S. Stangroom, "Goat Hunting in the Cascade Mountains;" and Dr. J. N. Hall discusses, "The Vulnerable Spot," in various species of big game. Several other short papers round out a good number.

If was expected that Mrs. T. H. Ward would visit the United States this year, in company with her husband, but she has gone, or is going, to Italy instead. Thomas Humphry Ward was, when I knew him, a Fellow and Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford, but long ago he gave up teaching undergraduates, and devoted himself to literary work and art criticism in London. Mrs. Ward is not, as is sometimes stated, an American: she was, before her marriage, Miss Arnold, and her father was an Inspector of Schools in Tasmania, which Max O'Rell pronounces "the most *rococo* of all the British colonies." She is of the same family as Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Head Master of Rugby School, and as Matthew Arnold, one of the greatest of English literary critics. She was known to a select circle as a very brilliant woman long before she burst into world-wide fame as the author of "Robert Elsmere."

Nothing, after all, is so hard to ascertain as a fact. If one thing more than another is regarded by most people as certain, it is that the planting of Australian gum-trees, especially of the "blue" species, tends to absorb malaria from damp soils and to convert fever-laden swamps into healthy regions. But this is all, or very nearly all, wrong. An Italian professor (quoted in a recent issue of *Around the World*), in a report on the results of the extensive planting of eucalypti in the Roman Campagna, says: "Up to date not a single instance of hygienic improvement by the sole means of eucalypti has been ascertained, but the possibility of it is not denied." Instead of a certainty, all we are left with is a non-negation of a possibility. The professor then proceeds to explain that malaria depends upon too many conditions to be seriously checked by the reversal of only one of them. However, we are still permitted to believe that gum-trees do grow with great rapidity; for W. Hall, United States Consul at Nice, Italy, mentions a tree, planted less than four years ago as a tiny shoot, which is now more than thirty feet high, after having been constantly trimmed down.

The Dial, which J. G. Whittier called "the best and ablest literary paper in the country," contains in its issue of February 1st a very appreciative notice of John Muir's "Mountains of California," by Alice Morse Earle.

That acute French critic of English manners and literature, M. Taine, had a favorite notion, on which he was never tired of insisting, that British stolidity was largely due to the fogs of their native land. Now comes a Mrs. Ernest Hart, fresh from a trip round the world, with the discovery that the bad temper often manifested by the heads of British households is to be attributed to the excess of meat in their diet. She says that in France, where less meat is eaten, domestic courtesy is the rule, and that, in rice-eating countries, anger and ill temper are almost unknown. There may be something in this; but it must be remembered that in Australia and some parts of South America the consumption of beef and mutton *per caput* is much higher than in England, and on this theory ill temper ought to be more prevalent in those countries than in England. Whatever may be true of the beef-eaters of South America, I do not think that domestic ill temper is a special characteristic of Australians. The fact is that racial temperament, climate, social customs, religion, and many other matters, must be taken into account. And, whatever may be said of their tempers, meat-eating races display much more stamina and vitality than rice-eating peoples. A single hard blow from a beef-eater will often kill a rice-consuming coolie.

Charles Frederick Holder, formerly editor of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine*, contributes to the February issue of *The Land of Sunshine* an article entitled, "The Pasadena Loan Association," which turns out to be a scheme for getting MSS. and other things bearing on early Californian history loaned for the purpose of exhibition, and not, as one might suppose, a *monte de piedad* for "busted" gringos.

It is said that two editions, each of one hundred and fifty thousand copies, have been sold of the first issue of the new English periodical, *The Windsor Magazine*.

Among the students at Oxford University who are not attached to any particular college or hall are often to be found men somewhat stricken in years. An unattached (though married) student having recently failed for the second time in an examination, it is said that one of his children ran home, crying out, "Oh! ma, pa's plucked again!" But in China a grandchild might truly say, "Oh! grandma, grandpa's got through." At an examination in the province of Foo Chow, nine candidates over eighty years of age and two more than ninety years old were examined. In the province of Honan thirteen candidates were more than fourscore years of age: and in the province of Anhui thirty-five of the candidates exceeded the age of ninety. Many of these wrote essays, the handwriting and literary style of which were beyond reproach.

The Road of London, England, the well-known riding and coaching journal, will hereafter be issued weekly instead of monthly. Its new departure will embrace many new features. It is certainly the best edited and most interesting journal of its class.

THE LULLABY TREE.

Written for THE TRAVELER.

Hark to the sound of the summer wind sighing,
Singing a lullaby, baby, to thee;
While it is singing, gently I'm swinging,—
Swinging thee up in the lullaby tree.

Under its spreading arms lambkins are resting,
Safe from all danger, safe from all harm;
While in soft nests there, birdlings all rest there,
Up in the branches, sheltered and warm.

Starry-eyed flow'rs on the tree-top are blooming;
All the green leaves have a silvery light;
Balmy airs blowing keep them all glowing,—
Glowing like moonbeams throughout the still night.

And as the night wind to them softly whispers,
They always reply with a sweet, dreamy air.
Their low, tender song, dear, thro' the night long, dear,
Is the soft lullaby heard by thee there.

Hush-a-by, little one, wake not, but slumber;
Sweet may thy rest and thy dreams ever be;
Mother is keeping watch o'er thee sleeping,
Rocked in the arms of the lullaby tree.

—*Frances Searle, Napa, Cal.*

Dr. Parkhurst has coined a new word, and its aptness and clever construction are quite likely to make it famous. The eminent reformer's word is "Andromania," and of it he says:

"There is an element in the feminine world that is suffering from what I shall venture to call 'Andromania.' The word is not an English one, for the reason, I suppose, that the English language makers never supposed that we should need such a term. It is constructed on the same principle as the word 'Anglomania,' which means a passionate aping of everything that is English. 'Andromania' means, similarly, a passionate aping of everything that is mannish."

Dr. Parkhurst makes his new word serve as the title for his first article in the next issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and uses it for a vigorous treatment of the tpye of women for whom he invented it.

Among the passengers on the train was a very stout old lady. She occupied an entire seat, because there was no room beside for any one else. She looked worried. Finally, when the train was nearing the station, she leaned over and tapped the shoulder of a young man in front of her.

"Pardon me, young man," she said; "when we arrive at the station will you help me off the train?"

The young man expressed his willingness to do her that service, but he looked so surprised that the old lady gave this as explanation:

"I wouldn't ask your assistance, young man," said she, "but I tried to get off two stations back and couldn't. You see, I am so stout that I have to get down the platform steps backward. The conductor saw me, unfortunately, and, thinking from my position that I was just boarding the train, he helped me on again." —*Philadelphia Record.*

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ECHO MOUNTAIN TO CATALINA.

Hill Photo.

Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1895. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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WE CALL the attention of strangers to the article on our Pioneers' and Academy of Sciences' museums. The former is located on Fourth Street near Market, and the latter on Market near Fourth. It might not be irrelevant to call the attention of our people to these institutions, as they seem to be almost unknown and unappreciated by them.

WE HAVE to say to the Half Million Club of San Francisco that the population of this city, in comparison with that of the State, is already far out of proportion for any other than a manufacturing town, which ours is not. We claim a population of 325,000, while that of the State at the last census was 1,204,000. Our towns are now overrun by the unemployed. If this Club will cause the immigration of 100,000 farmers in the next five years, and wait for the natural growth of San Francisco that will naturally ensue, it will do a much better service to the State than their present proposed plan.

OUR frontispiece this month is from a photograph taken at the summit of Echo Mountain, the terminus of the famous Mount Lowe cable incline near Altadena, Southern California. It shows a wonderful expanse of valley, with the Pacific Ocean in the distance studded with the celebrated Catalina Island.

If the reader will turn this picture upside down he will see a clear photograph of the Echo Mountain House in the background, with a large number of visitors in front, this effect being produced by the inverted reflection on the object glass of the great searchlight.

If such an awful eye of moral vision as the many million candle power searchlight on Echo Mountain could be turned upon the dark places of horrid cruelty and political corruption in this naughty world, we should have small need of Parkhursts and Salvation armies. As it is, the young people who reside anywhere under its far sweeping gaze in Southern California are very cautious in the matter of nocturnal flirtation. A one candle power is sufficient to render this pleasant pastime rather embarrassing, but when it comes to 350 million candles! it is enough to put flirting entirely out of the question.

IT IS not singular that the stranger visiting Southern California should make unfavorable comparisons between the grand scenery of that portion of the State and that of the North. The fact is that the really grand scenery of the South lies remote from the lines of travel, as it often does in the North, but it has not been adequately photographed. It seems strange that in all the enterprising methods of developing Southern California this most essential feature should have been very largely omitted. Views there are, and fine ones too, of every branch of industry, but where shall one look for studies of canyon and mountain scenery? Where may one find good views of Mount San Bernardino and Grayback of the San Jacinto range, and the majestic hills that girdle them about on every hand. There is certainly a grand field in the South for a good landscape photographer.

A CHAIRFUL OF PUPPIES. *W. H. Lowden photo*

HAS anybody seen the spring poet yet this year! He seems unaccountably *non est*, for possible reasons that make us shudder; maybe he is dead! Anyhow, here it is April, and the bees are humming from flower to flower, the frogs have long ago chanted their cheery odes to the spring; but, alas, the poet has not put in an appearance. We expect that it is a disheartening and uncertain job being a spring poet in California, owing to the fact that spring follows so hard upon the heels of summer that our hills and pasture lands are greener in December than they are in May. The song birds are caroling in February, and the wild geese, instead of putting in an appearance during the vernal equinox, are pluming their flight for the mountain lakes. None of the old-time signs, except perhaps house-cleaning, denotes the season of the year when the thoughts of the young man are supposed to turn to love.

Our spring poet may have gone out of the business, and be working the lyre in the real estate interest. This is probably more lucrative and lasts the entire year.

IT IS said that there are two peculiarities about champagne drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which the wine exhilarates, notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking; for it is the property of this gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated.

The other peculiarity is the "sort of lethargy or deadness" which follows after excessive champagne drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic acid gas, but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The indigested sugar turns into acid, and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia.

We see through it all now why so many newspaper men are dyspeptic! Evidences of the after effects of this excess are not uncommon; that "sort of lethargy or deadness" is sometimes noticed even in editorial columns. Oh, what a sad, sad, expensive habit this is, dear brethren! Will you not put your money in United States bonds (allowing some of it, of course, to go toward paying your debts), and forswear large doses of carbonic acid gas forever? Is there not enough exhilaration in the natural gas you receive from the man who promises you a smashing fine "ad" for next summer? If not, how about the indignant lady writer who warms you up over the mangling of her manuscript, or the person who drops in with the information that he knows "you must be a busy man," and takes an hour to impart this and other information of an equally valuable character?

Exhilaration in newspaper work without the aid of champagne? Why, bless you, yes! If the editor succeeds in escaping the shotgun of the indignant and outraged citizen whose toes have been trampled upon, there should be exhilaration enough in the fact for him to know that he is simply alive, with a possible prospect of some day lambasting another fellow across the back of the neck in case he should happen to need it.

Is there not exhilaration in the thought that, behind what is called the liberty of the press, he has the power, if he chooses to exert it (and he certainly does, sometimes, exercise this prerogative), of blacking the reputation of any private citizen or public corporation where there is a possibility of extorting blood money therefrom?

LOG RAFTING.

W. E. BAINES.

AT THE picturesque little village of Stella, on the Washington side of the Columbia River, forty miles above its mouth, are located the rafting yards of Messrs. Baines & Robertson. Here there is now building another of the famous cigar-shaped timber rafts of which so much has been said and written. The problem of cheap ocean transportation for timber is one that has attracted much attention of late. Several years since Hugh R. Robertson of St. Johns, N. B., patented the device known as the Robertson cigar-shaped raft. The first raft constructed under this patent was built at Port Joggins on the Bay of Fundy in 1888, and was towed to sea by the steamship *Miranda*, bound for New York. Before reaching its destination, however, during a heavy storm the hawser parted; and the sea being very rough, and the storm raging with great severity, the steamer was unable to recover her tow and finally abandoned it. Subsequently the immense raft went ashore on the Western Islands, off the coast of Africa, and went to pieces on the rocks after having drifted clear across the Atlantic Ocean. Nothing daunted, Mr. Robertson secured the assistance of Mr. J. D. Leary of New York, and, returning to Port Joggins, commenced the construction of another raft built upon the same general lines as its predecessor, with such improvements as were suggested by the inventor's experience with his first venture. This one, in due time, was successfully completed and towed to New York by the tugs *Underwriter* and *Ocean King*, the distance of over seven hundred miles being accomplished without accident or material delay in ten days.

On its arrival in the harbor of New York the raft was a veritable nine days' wonder, and was visited by thousands of people daily. Since that time many rafts containing millions of feet of timber have been transported from the forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to the markets of New York in this manner.

DOWN THE COLUMBIA.

Mr. Robertson finally disposed of his patent rights on the Atlantic Coast to Mr. Leary, and came West to introduce the system on the Pacific Coast.

A few years since the lumber business on the Pacific Coast was a very flourishing industry. The immense impetus given to building operations almost everywhere, but more especially in Southern California, by the magic influence of the "boom," caused such a demand for lumber of all kinds that the facilities of the northern coast were taxed to their utmost to meet the demand. Money was plentiful, and prices, in consequence, were correspondingly good. But with the collapse of the boom, and the settling down of the country to a "hardpan" basis, came a demand for lower prices. Lumber must still be had for necessary building operations, but at a reduced price. The northern mills have reduced their prices to the lowest possible figure consistent with fair profits. But this is not enough. The California consumer demands his lumber at a lower price than he has so far been able to procure, and the only way in which he can be satisfied is by reducing the cost of transportation. This, it is claimed, can only be done by transporting the timber in the log and manufacturing the lumber in San Francisco and at other points on the Coast.

With this object in view Messrs. Baines & Robertson last year put up, on the Columbia River, a plant for the construction of these rafts, and prepared a raft for shipment to San Francisco. Unfortunately, however, their first venture, which sailed from Astoria in tow of the powerful tug *Monarch* on October 12th, ran into the most severe storm of the year, and, after battling with the angry waves and raging sea for four days and nights, was finally wrecked, having made about 150 miles of its 600-mile journey. The owners of the raft were not, however, alone in misfortune, the whole northern coast being lined with the wreckage of unfortunate vessels which the Storm King had claimed as his victims.

Indeed, the month of October, 1894, will long be remembered, by the marine insurance companies doing business in San Francisco, as the darkest in their history, so great were their losses.

Coming down the Columbia River recently the writer's curiosity was aroused by seeing, near the town of Stella, what appeared to be the skeleton frame of an immense vessel floating upon the surface of the water. On inquiry he was informed that this was the great cradle or frame in which the log rafts are constructed. On closer observance he found that this frame was similar to the gridiron frame used in ship-yards for the construction of large vessels, and that it conformed in all respects to the lines of the whaleback type, of which we have heard so much of late years. The only difference was that this frame was anchored to a row of piles by means of loose "anchor boxes," with sufficient play to admit of the frame rising and falling with the tide. The frame was also constructed by an ingenious arrangement of key pins, which, on being withdrawn, admit of the frame falling apart in two complete halves, thus releasing the raft when constructed.

READY FOR SEA. *J. H. Bratt photos.*

On passing the same spot two weeks later the writer found that in the meantime work had been commenced and that another raft was well under way. Already some two thousand or more logs had been hoisted by means of donkey engines into the cradle, which was beginning to settle down in the water. When the raft is completed the top of the cradle will be on a level with the water, while the top of the raft will be about ten feet above it. When all the logs have been loaded into the cradle the raft will assume the shape of a huge cigar, tapered at both ends. It will then be bound together with heavy chains. The main chain, running fore and aft the entire length of the raft and through its center, will be of one and seven-eighths inch iron. Running at right angles to the main chain, and at regular intervals of twelve feet, are cross chains of one and a quarter inch iron. These are connected with the main chain and run to each side of the raft. These chains are in turn secured to encircling chains of one and three-eighths inch iron, which encircle the outer circumference of the raft, also at regular intervals of twelve feet. All chains are connected with the main chain in such a manner that when the strain of towing comes on the main chain the strain will be brought to bear equally on every chain in the structure. In addition to this a bulkhead of heavy timbers is to be placed on each end of the raft and kept tightly in place by heavy steel cables running through the raft from one bulkhead to the other. When completed this immense structure will contain ten thousand logs of various sizes, ranging in length from thirty to seventy-five feet.

The logs contained in this raft are of small diameter and are what are known as pile timber. They will be used principally in the construction of wharves and piers in and about the Bay of San Francisco. The quantity of timber contained in the raft will be four hundred thousand lineal feet, the equivalent in board measure of about six million feet. The raft, when completed, will be five hundred and twenty-five feet in length, fifty-two feet in width and thirty feet in depth, and will draw between twenty and twenty-one feet of water. Some idea of its immense size may be gained when it is stated that the logs contained in it, if placed end to end, would reach a distance of seventy-six miles. The total weight is estimated at ten thousand tons. The girth of the raft at the midship section is one hundred and thirty-nine feet, and, at the end of the tapered sections, forty-five feet.

It is expected that the structure will be ready for sea by the middle of June. At that season of the year the weather is always fair, and the prevailing winds, which are light from the northwest, favorable. In tow of a powerful tug or other vessel, it is expected that, under the favorable conditions of wind and weather which then prevail, the raft can be towed from the Columbia River to San Francisco in about seven days. Although the timber contained in this raft is pile timber, the intention is to follow it with other rafts of logs from which merchantable lumber of all sizes may be manufactured. This will necessitate the building of one or more sawmills, and will, no doubt, result ultimately in all the lumber consumed in the local market, as well as much required in the interior of the State, being cut on San Francisco Bay.

The advantages of such a proceeding are obvious. The raw material in the log can be delivered in San Francisco, by the rafting process, at a cost but slightly in excess of the cost of the raw material to the northern mills. The slabs, edgings, sawdust and other waste which the northern mills destroy by burning, for want of a use to which to put it, can here be sold for firewood and other purposes for a price more than sufficient to pay for the cost of rafting and manufacturing.

As the cost of freighting sawed lumber from the northern ports by sailing vessel to San Francisco is now from three dollars and fifty cents to five dollars per thousand feet, it can readily be seen that by the rafting process it can be shipped in the log and manufactured here at a price from three dollars and fifty cents to five dollars cheaper than by the present system. The success of the enterprise evidently means much to San Francisco in the reduced price at which lumber can be sold,—a boon long craved by her people.

RAFTING YARDS AT STELLA, WASH.

RESTAURANTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

DORA CAREW.

Strangers visiting California are amazed at the number of restaurants or eating places in San Francisco. We have them of all kinds, all sorts, all prices, from all shades and degrees of morality, respectability and "swellness." A belated wayfarer can buy a five-cent tamale on the street, or he can drop into one of the tamale resorts and regale himself, *a la* Ned Foster's Cottage at the late Midwinter Fair, on an unmistakably chicken tamale and a bottle of beer. If one does not know what a tamale is, enlightenment is not difficult. Choice bits of chicken in the dearer tamales, tender veal in the cheaper ones,—not sea-gull, as Charlie Reed used to say, stewed with red pepper and wrapped with a highly seasoned cornmeal paste in successive layers of corn husks tied at each corner and kept warm by steam: these are the famous tamales, —native dish of the Mexicans and adopted dainty of Americans whose hardened palates can stand a fiercer stimulation than that given by the famous Chile pepper passed by Jos. Sedley to the youthful Becky Sharpe.

There are "holes in the wall" where copper-stomached veterans can feed the furnace with a free lunch and fire water of the most ardent sort. There are eating houses with *cabinets particulier* where select parties hold midnight revel. There are French, Chinese, Mexican, Spanish and Italian restaurants where adventurous gastronomes may feast upon the characteristic dainties of the nation represented by the cuisine at a moderate price and a stomachic surfeit. Twenty-five cents will serve a French dinner, including claret in some. Then there are coffee and chop houses innumerable where the frugally inclined may indulge in that seductive dainty known in the vernacular as "coffee and sinkers," which latter being interpreted means a round doughnut of persistent pastiness and tenacious toughness. Here one may revel, envelop himself as it were, in the elastic pleasures of a German pancake that does not look unlike a huge soup plate with high edges.

The W. C. T. U. is responsible for several neat, clean, well-kept and appetising restaurants or refreshment places where the weary wayfarer may refresh the inner man with no temptations to indulge in the product of the fruit of the vine. There are creameries where serious *chefs* stand ladling out batter before the enraptured gaze of a hungry crowd on the sidewalk, who, admiring the dexterity of the flip flap of his "spad," by which the golden brown cheek of a puffy flannel cake is turned upward, become conscious of an inward craving of what the country man expressed as a "gnawin' of his vitals," that can be satisfied only by the consumption of some of the cakes and muffins which he has seen rise like an exhalation before his wondering eyes.

In these cheap places of refreshment one can be attended with different grades of service, varying from the slambang of a cheap hash-house with its oil-cloth covered tables to a dining-room that is neat, noiseless and homelike.

But these places are for those who have no settled place of habitation, you would suppose. Yes; so they are. The mechanic who boards at a cheap lodging house, the day laborer who takes a hurried meal on his way to work, clerks, railroad employees, messenger boys, and the working class generally, patronize the cheaper grades of eating houses in San Francisco.

Walk along our principal down-town streets, such as Post or Geary or Kearny, and you will see extensive establishments fronted with plate-glass windows and entered by wide, swinging doors. These are the family restaurants of San Francisco, and are patronized not only by the respectable middle class but by many of the very best society in San Francisco. Our Four Hundred may prefer French resorts with canine appellations, and those they will find with no trouble, and be satisfied in every way. For the money our swell resorts or *rotisseries* give more to eat and better service than the same amount will procure in other cities. Of course, bills can be swollen to any amount by the call for delicacies out of season and by an exorbitant wine bill.

But to return to the family restaurants: go to one between five and six o'clock in the afternoon if you want to study human nature and social conditions at a meal. There you will be confronted with one of San Francisco's social problems. The throng that pours in through those swinging doors, shop girls, clerks, young fathers and mothers with the baby for whom the attentive waiter brings the high-chair, the elderly lady and her daughter, father and child, brother and sister, a select dinner party, all these speak eloquently of what has been called San Francisco's lack of homes. That phrase carries with it a reproachful sound, but not so necessarily. San Francisco has suffered more with the servant question than perhaps any other locality in the United States. Its difficulties have worn out many of those young housekeepers who at the start essayed home-making with so hopeful and so happy a heart. Perplexed, harried, harassed, they have at last "broken up housekeeping and gone to board." Our family hotels are full. Then there are the lodging houses, and the apartment houses, and all the "rooms to rent,"—places where men and women who cannot keep house, because of their avocations, sleep at night, conjure up a light breakfast in the morning over a gas or a coal-oil stove, and with a sup of tea at noon depend upon their one hearty meal of the day,—a good restaurant dinner at night.

Now, while in every city of the United States there are undoubtedly cheap eating places, those who have made the experiment say that at one of these family restaurants in San Francisco one gets more for the money and of a better quality than anywhere else.

For instance, in one of our leading family restaurants where the service is satisfactory, not servile, one can sit down to a table and order *a la carte* whatever may please him, and for twenty-five cents can fare sumptuously by means of what is known as "three ten-cent dishes for a quarter." What is a ten-cent dish? Well, if you only want to order *one* ten-cent dish it will cost you fifteen cents, and this is what you can have: Suppose you take roast beef as a choice of seven or eight roast meats, for your fifteen cents: you can have a generous cut of prime rib roast, two or three well-cooked mealy potatoes, bread and butter, ice water if you be dyspeptically inclined, and a plate of potato salad. All the condiments are on the table, and you may help yourself. Tipping the waiter is unknown.

What more could a man ask for the money,—for fifteen cents? Other ten-cent dishes are vegetables, salads, soups, cakes, puddings and fruits. There are also a number of five-cent attractions on the bill of fare, which is so arranged that the more you want to eat the less money, proportionally, you will have to pay. Certain things like black coffee and hot rolls are free with orders over a certain moderate amount.

What makes all this difference in favor of the San Francisco restaurants? Wages are higher, but the thousands who are fed daily, the cheapness of provisions, and the unfailing source of supply, and the proximity of that source of supply, make all the difference in the world. For instance, the beef used in New York is carried in cars from Texas: our meat comes in on the hoof from the State of Nevada,—some difference in distance and in freights. We have fruits and vegetables nearly all the year round, and we have the people who wish to be fed and who have the money to pay for it.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

JANET MACDONALD.

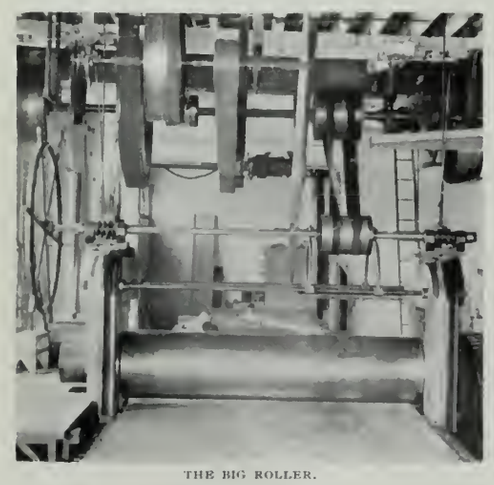
DID YOU ever visit a shot tower? If not, did you ever try to do so? There is a great deal of human nature to the square inch in this world, and I dare say that if, all along, you had understood it to be a privilege not easily obtained you would have put on more steam and got there if possible. It is a most interesting place to go to, and, if you think it is easy of access, "just you try it!"

San Francisco's shot tower is owned and operated by the Selby Smelting and Lead Company, and is situated on First Street, between Mission and Howard. A charming woman amongst us has aptly christened it, "The Greenhorn's Landmark." The tower is circular, and, rising spire-like to a height of two hundred feet, gains additional prominence from its location in a flat or level portion of the city.

We ascended the tower by means of a spiral stairway, and the brisk and cheerful celerity with which our guide led the way was remarkable. At a height of one hundred and fifty feet, however, we were permitted to rest, for here is located the first furnace. About twenty-five feet above this is the second, and the third and last one is located at the very top of the tower. In the center is a shaft, which is boxed in with planks all the way down to the well, which is about twelve feet deep. The metal for making shot has to be very carefully prepared. Tin is generally found as an alloy of lead, but if so little as one pound of tin in six tons of lead be found, the material will not produce shot; it will make only oblong slugs. Pure lead alone will not make shot. So that into each ton of lead they put thirty pounds of arsenic, which has the effect of making it brittle, and causes it to break up, when melted, into globules, like quicksilver.

TEMPERING ROOM.

The mixture thus prepared is heated in an immense iron pot to a cherry red, signifying about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and is made into bars of one hundred pounds each. One of these bars is melted together with 1,000 pounds of pure lead, and thus they obtain the material required for shot. The workman who attends the furnace has half a dozen long-handled



THE BIG ROLLER.

saucepans, the bottoms of which are perforated with holes. There is no other apparatus.

The smaller-sized shot are made on the lower platform, because they do not have to drop so far to cool; for the largest-sized shot the upper furnace is used. Small bird-shot will cool in a fall of sixty feet.

When the man at the furnace wishes to know whether the heated lead is the right temperature, he throws a little of it out upon cool iron; if it is right it splits and breaks into a lot of rolling balls of various sizes. He then skims off from the top of the melting pot a quantity of scum that is floating there, attaches,

THE ASSORTING TABLES.

by means of a very ingenious contrivance, the saucepan punctured with holes of the proper size, turns a spigot, and instantly a shower of tiny shimmering drops fall like rain, making a gentle murmurous music in their descent to the well.

When the shot escape from the confines of the pan they are perfectly spherical, the fall being necessary only to cool them; and the well of water at the bottom is to provide a yielding substance for them to strike, in order that they may not be flattened; but it is necessary that they shall fall a long distance that they may have time to cool and harden before arriving at the bottom. After the rain of lead had continued for a short time, the operator said, "Now I will go fishing;" and suiting the action to the word he lowered by a stout string a small tin can. He was asked if he expected to catch a sucker. Well, he is not the first man who has got "shot" while fishing for suckers, even if he were; for the can was almost immediately returned filled with fine shot, having made the journey to the well and back bright and shining after its bath. I felt a pride in that shot that was almost personal. Upon examination we found shot of various sizes, and were told that it is not possible to make all the shot in a given batch of the same size. Brands of lead differ; all of them will not make shot of the same sizes for holes of given sizes. This difficulty is obviated by adjusting the temperature of the metal and the thickness of the scum at the bottom of the pan. No. 4 shot, for instance, are made with a pan that has holes measuring four-thousandths of an inch in diameter. Three-quarters of them will be of the right size, but from fifteen to twenty-five per cent will be smaller or larger than No. 4.

From the bottom of the well endless chains of little buckets dip up the new made shot and carry them to a floor above, where they are poured upon an inclined table of heated iron. This heat drys them, and at the other end they fall into great bins. They are then conveyed by machinery to a series of wide slabs of ground glass arranged like steps, the difference in elevation between each two being slight. The first and highest board is sufficiently slanted to set the shot rolling to the end of the steps; the other slabs are horizontal. Between each of the slabs there is a space of some three or four inches. The perfectly spherical shot jump clear across these spaces, but the imperfect ones do not roll well enough to make the leaps. Those which pass the ordeal and jump all of the spaces are perfect shot and are accepted without further test. The bad ones are of all shapes, and are sent back to the furnace.

The perfect shot are now carried back and passed through revolving separating cylinders, by which they are automatically sorted into all the different sizes that are supplied to the trade. After being sorted they are placed in cylindrical boxes, where they are thoroughly shaken with plumbago for five minutes, receiving a fine polish. Then they are carried by a system of elevated road to the very ingenious weighing machine, which, with exact minuteness, weighs twenty-five pounds in each sack, which is dexterously stitched by a boy and a machine, and is ready for the market.

Much of the lead that finds its way to the Selby Smelting Works comes from Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, Montana and Mexico. They manufacture large quantities of lead pipe, ranging in size from one-fourth of an inch to seven inches, about the size of an ordinary stove-pipe. One thing which attracted my attention and excited my profound admiration was the immense lead rollers, weighing eight tons each. A block of lead about eight feet in length and seven inches thick passing through these powerful rollers is resolved into sheets of lead twenty feet long and one-eighth of an inch thick. They are manipulated by four men, one man on either side at the wheels, one of whom calls "Halt!" when the sheet has passed far enough through. The motion is then reversed, and the men at the ends, by means of long, pointed iron bars, assist the machine in catching the sheet and starting it properly the other way. Once in a while a man catches up a can and dashes a small quantity of oil on the face of the upper roll to give a polish to the surface of the lead, which becomes as bright as silver.

The polite and affable manager, Mr. Layng, took us to see the new and improved machine for the manufacture of bullets, which is operated by one man. Then down to see the engines, great and small, the capacious storerooms, and then back to the office for our wraps.

THE SHOT TOWER. *Taber photos.*

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES' MUSEUM.

CHAS. G. YALE.

THE first thing to attract the attention in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences is the "Siberian Hairy Mammoth," just as it is the object which first catches the eye of the reader of this page. It is the central figure among other forms of extinct animal life there shown by well-made casts and restorations prepared by the famous Ward of Rochester, N. Y., who has fitted out most of the museums of the country with such curiosities. And this old fellow must have been a curiosity, indeed, though in his day his race was as plentiful as the jack-rabbit or the coyote of the plains. It is not, however, generally known that mammoth remains of this and similar species have been found in every part of Europe, from France and England to the Ural Mountains. They have been found also in India, Persia, China, Japan, Africa, and, in fact, almost everywhere.

The northern shore of Siberia, especially the deltas of the Lena and Yenesei rivers, and the islands off their coasts, are crowded thick with big bones, tusks and the teeth of these extinct animals. In some places the ocean surf and river freshets have piled them together in vast quantities.

More than a hundred years ago the remains of this old mammoth were found imbedded in the ice of the Alassia River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean. It was still standing erect and almost perfect, with its skin in place and fur and hair in spots. One was also found in the same condition near the mouth of the Lena River, where nomadic tribes had been feeding their dogs on the flesh. The fisherman who found the original of that in the Academy of Sciences' Building reported his find to those who, in due time, transported the whole carcass a weary journey of seven thousand miles to St. Petersburg, where it still stands in the Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. This is the Siberian hairy mammoth, which is unique in the history of fossil remains, from the fact that part of the flesh and hair were found preserved with the bones. The height of this mammoth is sixteen feet, and the length, including forward curves of the immense tusks, is twenty-six feet. The Ward collection of fossils, casts, etc., of which this is one object, was presented to the California Academy of Sciences by the late Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford.

In the Academy museum there are many other objects which will interest and instruct the visitor. The collections of birds, fishes, butterflies, plants, animals, etc., the weapons, utensils and apparel of the races of the South Pacific, Arctic, and other regions, are supplemented by all sorts of odd and curious things, which make the museum well worth a visit. Additions are constantly being made in the several departments of science, and the museum has been growing ever since the Academy was organized, as far back as 1853. Most of these things are donated by individuals, and the collection has cost the Academy little or nothing, though it is now very valuable and extensive.

In addition to the main floor, there are several galleries arranged with cases, etc., for exhibition purposes. While the Academy does not seem to have taken any special interest in making itself popular, it has been lucky in receiving not only large numbers of valuable specimens, but a large amount of money as well. While semi-public in character, it is in reality a private institution, with only a few over two hundred members. In fact, it has not now as large a membership as it had half a dozen years ago. It is managed by two bodies—the Council, composed of the officers, looking after its scientific features; and the Board of Trustees, managing its finances. Contrary to the general supposition, there are no scientific requirements for admission to membership, and only a few of the members are engaged in scientific pursuits. The initiation fee to membership is five dollars, and the dues one dollar a month.

The institution might readily enlarge its scope of usefulness and greatly increase its membership, but it shows no disposition to do so. The attention is entirely devoted to a few branches of natural science, and there are very few workers even in those. About a dozen other societies, some of them with much larger memberships than the Academy, are struggling along in this city, which the Academy should take into its fold. Among these are the Astronomical, the Microscopical, the Technical and the Geographical societies—all engaged in scientific work, and all poor.

The California Academy of Sciences was so liberally endowed by the munificence of James Lick, that it is now the richest scientific association in the United States. The fine lot and splendid building on Market Street came from this source, and it has a fund which, in addition to the rents it receives, gives it a generous income. There could easily be a membership of two thousand, instead of two hundred, should the kindred scientific societies be admitted as bodies, but a larger membership would quickly end the rule of those who have managed the affairs of the Society for the last eight or ten years, and who show no disposition to widen its field of usefulness.

INTERIOR OF MUSEUM, ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. *Taber photo.*

Thousands of the people of our own city scarcely know of the existence of the museum of which our picture shows the central portion; yet it is open free to the public daily, and should be visited by all who have an interest in seeing the forms of Nature there collected.

Academies of this character are of international importance and find existence all over the civilized world. Special attention to them, however, has been given by France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, England, Spain, Ireland, Holland and Italy. In France and England, however, perhaps greater importance has been attached to this element of research. In the latter country the famous Royal Academy is known to all, having been started two hundred and fifty years ago, under many trying vicissitudes, but it stands to-day among the most prominent and valuable in the world. France had perhaps greater difficulties in the establishment of its institute, but truth must float to the top, and notwithstanding the trials with which it was beset, it lived and still flourishes, to the delight and enjoyment of the scholars who visit it.

California is in its infancy in this direction, and compared to the possibilities at hand for remarkable articles of interest its present state may be said to be crude, though comparing more than favorably with many similar institutions in other States of greater age and opportunities.

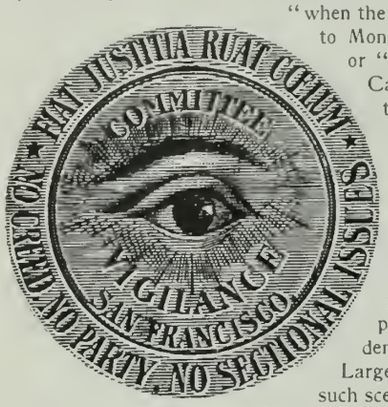
This subject should certainly receive greater encouragement and command more widespread interest; and it is to be hoped that those who read this article may realize the invaluable importance of the opportunity afforded by this seat of knowledge.

RELICS OF PIONEER LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

It has been frequently remarked that tourists, especially those of an inquiring mind, are often more familiar with the resources of a town or city than are many of the residents themselves, and the visitors to the Pioneers' Museum of San Francisco are no exception to this general rule. But time is precious to the ambitious, energetic Californian; and, since the days of '49,—when five hundred abandoned ships lay at anchor in the harbor, while their officers and crews were prospecting at the "diggings,—the rush for gold has not abated, though the coveted metal is sought in latter days more through the medium of commerce and manufacture than by aid of the pick and shovel.

A morning, however, spent in this quiet retreat—particularly if in the company of one who remembers "when the water came up to Montgomery Street," or "how they shot a California condor in the vicinity of what is now Grant Avenue," will serve as a connecting link between the past and present, and prove, by vivid contrast, the realization of the bright and promising future then predicted for the Golden State.



VIGILANCE COMMITTEE SEAL.

Large oil paintings of such scenes as "Sutter's Mill," or "Crossing the Isthmus in '49," and bronze or marble busts of representative pioneers, are among the more prominent objects to first arrest the attention. At the head of the stairs is a small brass cannon, known as the "Sutter Gun," which, according to the label, was cast in St. Petersburg in 1804, and presented by the Czar of Russia to his countrymen, occupying Fort Ross, in what is now Sonoma County. It afterward became the property of Capt. John Sutter, and took part in the salute fired upon the hoising of the American flag over his fort, at sunrise, July 12, 1847.

FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN SAN FRANCISCO.

One of the most interesting relics is an old upright piano of English make, which was brought "around the Horn" in the spring of '49, and often loaned for use in public concerts, its worn yellow keys and jangling notes bearing witness to its long and faithful service.

During the great fire of May, 1850,—when four hundred buildings were destroyed, at a loss of $5,000,000,—it was said to have been thrown out of a second story window, sustaining an injury to one of its legs, which was replaced at a cost of $50.

Pianos were rare and very expensive in pioneer times; and, as music was extremely popular, the fortunate possessors of these instruments were accustomed to frequently gather their friends around them to enjoy a musical treat.

Among the objects associated with the time of the famous "Vigilance Committee" is an iron strong-box about the size of a boy's tool chest, which was stolen in June, '51, from a shipping office on Long Wharf, at the foot of Commercial Street, by a man named John Jenkins, who was also surprised in the act of starting an incendiary fire in a wooden building. The safe contained about $16,000 in gold coin and gold dust; and, being hotly pursued by some young boatmen, the thief threw it into the waters of the bay, from which it was afterward recovered. When captured, Jenkins was promptly tried and convicted of theft and arson, and sentenced to death by hanging in the public plaza, the sentence being carried out amid the wildest excitement. These rigorous measures were deemed necessary to terrorize the other rogues with which the city was infested

Here also is to be seen the large fire bell, once mounted on the roof of "Fort Gunnybags," the headquarters of the Committee, and the first of its kind ever used in San Francisco. Three taps on this bell called together the members of this self-constituted tribunal, and by this means the public were informed of the hour when justice was to be meted out to the prisoner.

The clock, which measured off the last moments of the condemned man's life, and the Committee's official seal, with its wide-open eye, are in a collection of smaller articles.

Students of California history will be especially interested in the old "Bear Flag," though to the casual observer it is chiefly remarkable for its primitive design and crude manufacture.

When the fort of Sonoma was seized from the Spanish in June, 1846, by a body of American immigrants, this standard was hastily improvised, and hoisted on the Mexican flagstaff as an emblem of independence. A coarse-grained white bag and an old red flannel shirt were the materials from which it was composed; and the decorations consist of a single star, said to be in imitation of the "Lone Star" of Texas, the words, "California Republic," and a profile view of an under-sized quadruped, supposed to be a grizzly, painted in one solid color of brick-red, obtained from a wheelwright's shop.

In derision the Mexicans called this grotesque banner the "Bandera Colchis," or "Flag of the Hog." Two smaller specimens, somewhat similar and equally characteristic, represent the bear in more aggressive attitudes.

Of greater interest is the battle-flag of the First California Division of the Thirty-second Regiment of New York Volunteers, used in the war of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1863, inclusive, and inscribed as having been borne in engagements at Manassas, West Point, Gainesville, White Oak Swamp, Fredericksburg and Salem Heights, Va., and at Crumpton Gap and Antietam, Md.

In the same showcase is the flag of the First Regiment, originally called the Seventh New York Volunteers, and sometimes known as the "Stevenson Regiment," which sailed from New York late in September, 1846, on board of the three ships, *Loochoo*, *Susan Drew* and *T. H. Perkins*, the ensign being first unfurled at the Presidio of San Francisco on the 8th of the following March.

A fitting neighbor to these hostorical emblems is a large section of a weather-beaten flagstaff, on which was raised the first American flag at the old capital of Monterey, on July 7, 1846, by a large company of marines and sailors from the U. S. frigate *Savannah*.

The coat worn by General Grant at the siege of Vicksburg, and several rusty army rifles, are among other exhibits of a military character; while the Bible upon which Peter Burnett, the first Governor of California under the Constitution, took the oath of office, and another on which were sworn the members of the first California Legislature, at San Jose, in 1849, are numbered with the numerous political relics. The tall silk hat with the turkey feathers, the curious canes, and the red, white and blue umbrella, once the property of old "Emperor Norton," have here found a quiet resting-place after their many wanderings, though the military coat, with its brass buttons, has probably long since turned to

Taber photos.

dust. This erratic individual was familiar to all San Franciscans until his death some fifteen years ago, but a few words of general introduction may not be out of place. As will be inferred from the character of his belongings, his mental powers were not of the strongest,—though whether this condition was an assumed one or arose from too free an indulgence of alcoholic stimulants will ever remain a vexed question. Certain it is that he was a famous player of chess, which game requires a clear head and a good memory. As "Emperor of the United States and Mexico" he had the entree to all places of amusement, his favorite parade ground being Woodward's Gardens, now passed into oblivion, where he formed a free sideshow not down in the list of attractions, and served as a walking bureau of information to bewildered or inquiring visitors. Of children and flowers he was especially fond, though his loud voice and strange appearance often brought terrified infants to the borders of convulsions. Sometimes he was accompanied by two dogs,—"Lazarus" and "Bummer," by name,—which were also the pets of the accommodating public. By nature and choice a professional loafer, he had only to present demands for small amounts of money at banks or offices to generally insure their prompt payment, and gave in exchange a printed promissory note, such as the following:

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE BELL.

"The Imperial Government of Norton I.—
Promises to pay the holder hereof the sum of 50 cents, in the year 1880, with interest at 5 per cent per annum from date, the principal and interest to be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity into 20-year 5 per cent bonds or payable in gold coin.
"Given under our Royal Hand and Seal this 10th day of July, 1878.
[U. S. SEAL] NORTON I., Emperor."

Politics occupied much of his attention, and he was fond of issuing various proclamations, of which, however, no one took any notice. A specimen of one of these hand-bills, posted on the walls of the museum, may possibly prove of interest:

"PROCLAMATION!

"WHEREAS, Threats have been made of a disturbance on Monday next: Now, therefore, we, Norton I., Dia Gratia Emperor, do hereby order the regular citizen soldiery to be under arms and in readiness in case of need. NORTON I., Emperor."

One is tempted to linger long over the old-fashioned wood cuts and advertisements framed upon the walls,

FLAGS OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS AND STEVENSON REGIMENT.

among them being many amusing pictures of the sand-hill city of "Yerba Buena" (good herb), as San Francisco was then called, and views of primitive public buildings, now fallen to decay or entirely obliterated. Here a large notice calls attention to the sailing of the steamship *Nicaragua* from the Atlantic Coast, the "extra inducements" being "only 35 days to the gold regions," "200 jackasses" (presumably for crossing the Isthmus), and "$90 for through passage," to be "paid in specie, dimes and half dimes taken only."

"Elton's Comic All-my-nack," issued in the East in 1843, is recommended as "a never-failing cure for hypochondria, the blue devils and the horrors."

The Pioneers' Society may well be proud of their fine display of minerals, which speaks volumes for the geological resources of the State, as well as for their collection of shells, both native and foreign, and their numerous Indian curios, including bead embroideries, woven baskets, necklaces and useful implements.

The sights and scenes at the unique "'49 Mining Camp" at the Midwinter Fair—with its rickety stage coach and train of pack mules, its dilapidated "prairie schooner," ruined cabins, crazy signboards and wild "cowboys" with six-shooters—are still fresh in the minds of all beholders.

Though the large city libraries contain many volumes on early California and its history, by far the quaintest and most entertaining old books and journals are to be found in private collections.

The first periodical issued in San Francisco was "Hutchings' California Magazine," published from July, '56, to June, '61, the articles being characteristic of the times or upon Pacific Coast topics, such as "The Yohamite (Yosemite) Valley," "Winter in the Sierras," "Mountain Scenery in California," and "Where is 'The West?'"

Mr. Hutchings, the editor, is still a resident of San Francisco, and is an authority on all matters pertaining to the resources and natural attractions of our wonderful State. The leading articles are well written and of considerable interest; though a certain morbidness and general air of homesickness characterizes the contributions from feminine writers, who sign themselves "Annie," "Lilly-Bell," or "Louise."

Some of the "Answers to Contributors" are as cutting in their way as are the thrusts of modern critics, and we wait with bated breath for "the turning of the worm." Here are a few samples:

"JESSIE:"—We never had the least idea that anything so very uninteresting could be written "On Strawberries." We much prefer eating the fruit,—especially when in the company of a witty and intelligent lady,—to either reading or inserting your stanzas. Now, had you sent us a delicious, luscious, mouth-watering description of ripe fruit, or even the "real article," without the description, why,—we should have given the former to our readers, and,—well you may guess the fate of the latter.

"STIBS:"—We have read your article carefully three ways: forward and backward, and then we commenced in the middle and read both ways,—perhaps that would make four. We find that it contains rather the most sense when read on the latter plan; but, after all, we would be much obliged if "Stibs" would just tell us, by a private note, what it is all about.

"THUNDER VERSUS LIGHTNING:"—is declined, as we wish it to be all fair weather, if possible; and, as California has hitherto gotten along very well with but little of such "commodities," we hope to be the last to introduce it for common use.

"The adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California," published in this city in 1860, by Theo. H. Hittell, the historian, is well worthy of reprinting,—its true and thrilling tales of buffalo hunts, adventures with Indians, exciting encounters with savage beasts of the forests, and perilous journeyings over the desolate Sierras, making ideal reading for the average schoolboy. When weary with wandering, Adams settled in San Francisco, where, with his huge trained grizzlies, "Lady Washington" and "Ben Franklin," and a large number of wolves, panthers, elks and other animals, as well as with quantities of Indian curios, he established the Pacific Museum, on the northeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets, now opposite the Plaza.

No less than 1,030 ships were said to have arrived during the year 1853, bringing 35,000 people to the Golden West; so that with the increase of population, and the consequent scarcity of provisions, the prices for many articles rose even higher than before. But the miners spent money lavishly and often paid out gold dust by the handful, without stopping to weigh it.

The funny book of the day in 1855 was "Phœnixiana," or "Sketches and Burlesques," by Lieutenant Derby of the United States Army, usually known as "John Phœnix." It abounds in clever hits and humorous allusions to local events and to public characters; and although many of the situations are impossible, and the expressions highly extravagant, it has proved itself a welcome

THE STRONG BOX.

guest in many a pioneer home. An extract, intended to show the condition of the markets of Monterey in August, 1853,—though somewhat reflective on the commercial activity of that important business center,—may serve to illustrate the jocular spirt of the book:

FLOUR.—Twenty-five lbs., imported by Boston & Co., per *Major Tompkins*, still in first hands. Flour in small quantities is jobbing readily at 15 and 18 cents per lb. We notice sales of 10 lbs. by Boston & Co. to Judge Merritt, on private terms.

PORK.—The half bbl. imported by Colonel Russell, in March last, is nearly all in the hands of jobbers; sales of 4 lbs. at $1.00, half cash, remainder in note at 4 months. A half bbl. expected by Bootjacks & Co., early in September, will overstock the market.

CANDY.—Sale of 6 sticks, by Boston & Co., to Purser of *Major Tompkins*, on private terms. The market has a downward tendency; candy is jobbing in sticks at 6 and 8 cents.

POTATOES.—We notice arrival of 10 lbs. from Santa Cruz; no sales.

DRY GOODS.—Sale of two cotton pocket handkerchiefs, by McKinley & Co., at 62½ and 75 cents; indorsed note at six months.

In offering the above sketch on "Relics of Pioneer Life in San Francisco," the writer is well aware that descriptions of many interesting objects have necessarily been omitted, and, also, cannot do better in conclusion than by quoting the words of "Phœnix," at the close of his characteristic preface: "This is, by the blessing of Divine Providence, and through the

THE OLD PIANO.

exertions of the immortal Washington, a free country; and no man can be compelled to read anything against his inclination."

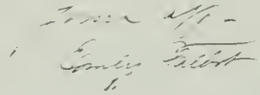
CHARACTER READING FROM HANDWRITING.

BY A GRAPHOLOGICAL EXPERT.

WE OWE the development of graphology, together with many another graceful art and exact science, to French cleverness. Graphology is no fad of the present age. The Abbe Desbarrolle, a churchman of wide culture and keen intuitions, devoted his faculties to elucidating the mysteries of palmistry and handwriting. For years and years, with the most patient, painstaking industry, he collected, studied and compared an infinite number of chirographies. After examining these clouds of witnesses, he deduced certain rules, and found, upon applying them, that ninety-nine times in one hundred the results were satisfactorily correct.

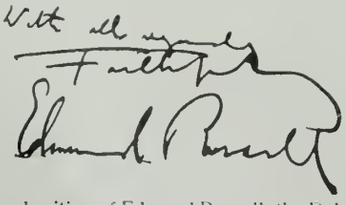
A graphologist who knows his science practically does not ask for any better opportunity to demonstrate its truth and its reliability than the opportunity of "reading" handwritings submitted to him as a test of his skill. All he asks is that the handwritings should be natural or unfeigned; that they be in ink, and on unruled paper, and consist of sufficient words or lines to contain a number of capitals and letters above and below the lines.

Now and then some one cries aloud that graphology is a fake and a fraud. Very well, prove it. At the same time the graphologist will go on correctly discerning characteristics in writings written by people unknown to him, and possibly in a language of which he is ignorant. How does he do it? What are the rules by which he works? That is the graphologist's trade-secret. That knowledge is his capital. Do not ask him to lend you his tools; you might cut your fingers.

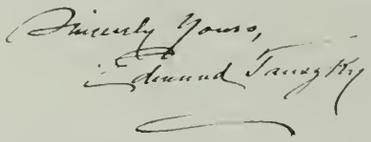


This is the writing of a lady who feels well established in her social position. There is a little of the unsconscious arrogance of wealth in the autograph. She is self-satisfied. She knows she is clever and that she has power. She is very warm-hearted, benevolent, demonstrative, inclined to be a little pompous and overbearing. She has literary and artistic tastes. She has been a success all her life, and it is a satisfaction to her. She is ardent, impatient, impulsive, restless, tenacious of her dignity, a good conversationalist, and possesses a bright, well-stored mind.

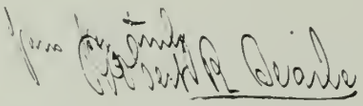
This free and easy signature is expressive of the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care, rollicking Irishman, the King of Bohemia. He shows literary talent, self-esteem, great fluency of speech, readiness of language, sensuousness, love of pleasure, tender-heartedness, sympathy, impetuousness, imagination, temper, amiability, restlessness, some secretiveness, a lack of stability, a certain rolling-stone tendency that has resulted in plenty of polish but no moss.



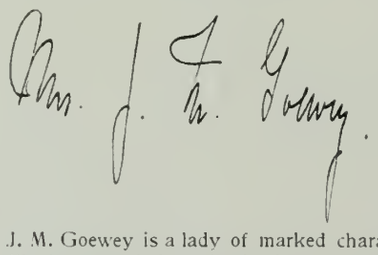
The handwriting of Edmund Russell, the Delsartean, the American would-be Oscar Wilde, is thoroughly repulsive. He shows originality, but of an unattractive and base sort. There is the grossest sensuality indicated in his chirography. He is a cruel despot, a false friend, an apostle of untruth, self-deceived it may be, but none the less a fakir and a fraud. He has absolutely no sense of harmony, justice or beauty. He has no regard for the rights of others. See how his letters encroach upon each other. He is secretive, aggressive, imaginative, serpentine. He has the commercial instinct well developed. He is very politic. He has fluency of speech, knows how to make much of little, never loses sight of his own interests, loves the odor of incense, and always keeps a lighted piece of punk under his own nostrils. He is full of vulgar pretense.



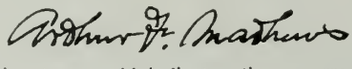
This young lawyer is ambitious, patient in pursuit of an object, observing, critical, logical, imaginative, fluent of speech, rich in ideas, very cautious, secretive, quick-tempered yet self-controlled, tenacious of purpose, sometimes aggressive, but always suave, politic, diplomatic, courteous, affable. He shows economy, and yet is benevolent in a public-spirited way. He believes in putting the best foot forward. He has a healthy egotism, self-confidence, conservation of energy, and much artistic taste. He is argumentative, passionate, possibly a little selfish, and inclined to be jealous.



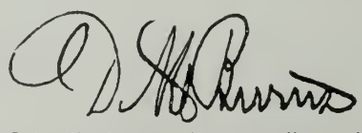
This gentleman shows marked originality, an aristocratic, despotic nature, one accustomed to command and to be obeyed without argument. He is very observing, and yet, while quite penetrating and with usually good judgment, he is over-credulous; that is, when he has once reached a conclusion in his own mind, nothing—not even the facts themselves—can make him change his opinion. He is refined, courteous, affable, yet secretive, dignified, economical, careful, cautious, fairly affectionate, rather exacting, self-conscious, with some capacity for finesse.



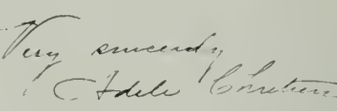
Mrs. J. M. Goewey is a lady of marked characteristics. She has an artistic, enthusiastic nature, a mind fond of the wierd, the occult and the eccentric. She is clear-headed, reasons well, is ambitious, impulsive, sympathetic, true-hearted, loyal to her friends, very aristocratic, intellectual, observing, critical, musical, determined, at times despotic. She possesses strong social instincts, a good deal of tact, and much animation and vivacity. She is earnest, sincere, nervous, intense, and incapable of an unkind, untrue or unladylike act.



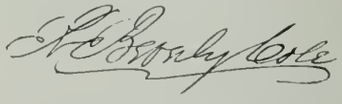
This signature would indicate rather a narrow, contracted nature. It shows artistic taste, aristocratic feeling, some originality, tenacity of opinion, ambition, patience, persistence and accumulativeness. The characteristics are somewhat forbidding. There is secretiveness united with economy and an intense desire to protect his own interests; there is lack of enthusiasm, coupled with a critical intention; there is plainness of speech, with some egotism; there is a want of dash, of breadth, of sympathy. He is self-opinionated, and also has the clam-like characteristic of withdrawing into his shell.



The Colonel's signature is an excellent epitome of the man. Look at the grandiose braggadocio of his capitals, the despotic curve and fling-back of the final letter of his name; that flourish snaps out like a whiplash over the rest of the small letters, as if it were terrorizing them into their place. His desire to rule, to cut a grand figure, to be "boss," is shown in the capital "D." He gets down to business in the middle initial of his name, and flourishes the sign-manual of his power in its flourish, and shows his regard for his own selfish purposes in the inward curve at the lower part of the "M." In the capital "B" he has, or thinks he has, the business well in hand and closed every avenue of escape; see how tightly he has tied up the lower part of that "B." The rest of the signature shows apparent openness and frankness, but the stems of the letters are too wavy to be regarded as evidences of disinterested benevolence or absolute straightforwardness.



This lady will be remembered by her many admirers as once the favorite critic of the *Examiner*. Her writing shows refinement, good taste, musical ability, a clear, logical mind, critical faculty, a quick temper, an impulsive nature. She is very tender-hearted, affectionate, and loyal to the object of her affection. She is secretive, economical, vivacious. Her wit has light and airy wings. Naturally hopeful and ambitious, she is nevertheless subject to fits of depression and discouragement. She has a proper amount of self-esteem, some tact, and an ability to have and enjoy her own way.



This handwriting shows a scientific mind, with capacity for independent research, literary ability, power of expression, fluency of speech, graphic powers of description, dramatic presentation of ideas, critical faculty, tenacity of opinion, a logical mind, with a tendency to be autocratic, dogmatic, despotic: at the same time his mind preserves a fair, judicial attitude toward facts or theories not yet thoroughly investigated by him. He has marked originality, a strong personality: once knowing him it would be impossible to mistake him for some one else. His wit is keen. He is also fond of show, loves appreciation, and does his best when under the encouragement and praise of his world, although he is capable of defying all conventionalities and rising superior to all considerations, being a law unto himself. He is *sui generis*. He has a strong self-consciousness, considerable aggressiveness, is a good fighter at a spurt, but does not nurse a grudge or cherish malice. His writing also indicates a combination of explosive temper, irritability, amiability, generosity, gentleness, firmness, tenderness, sympathy, and a craving for affection.

It has been said that if we take San Francisco as a center, and draw from it radii a little more than two thousand miles long, we shall touch Honolulu on the southwest, the peninsula of Alaska on the northwest, the Mississippi River on the east, the city of Houston, Tex., on the southeast, and the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, on the south. Thus Chicago and the proposed Nicaragua canal (in the former of which the United States is supposed to feel some interest, however languid it is about the latter) are further from the Golden Gate than the baby republic is. So long ago as 1852, William H. Seward said in the U. S. Senate: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter." If this prediction was correct, the comparative contiguity of Hawaii to Columbia becomes a matter of considerable interest and importance. Already Japan and China are locked in fierce combat, Japan is talking of herself as the Britain of the East, and threatening, when she has disposed of China, to turn her attention to the islands of the Pacific.

AMONG OURSELVES.

ITINERANTS on the bicycle are considerably incensed over one of the new railroad regulations that was adopted by some of the companies on January 1st, refusing to transport them in lieu of other baggage. Heretofore, bicycles have been carried for travelers as regular baggage, and, if the passenger had no trunk to be checked, the bicycle could be checked without extra charge. But, under the new rule, every bicycle is to be charged for, the same as one hundred pounds of excess baggage.

An attempt will be make in Michigan at the present session of the Legislature to compel the railroads to go back to the old practice. All of the wheelmen of the State have combined in demanding a law for this purpose, and, undoubtedly, a bill to that effect will be introduced. They contend with much reason that if a traveler, instead of carrying a trunk, carries a bicycle, the railroad company should not charge him extra, for it is easier to handle and takes up less room in the baggage car than an ordinary trunk. Wheelmen find their machine a very valuable assistant in making trips, and, if they must always pay the expense of an extra charge for carrying it, the burden will be very considerable. So the important question of whether or not a bicycle is baggage is likely to come up for legislative discussion.

Natural gas was lighted and burned in Salt Lake City for the first time last month on Temple Square, directly opposite Hotel Templeton. At 7 o'clock, as the daylight faded, an immense crowd began to congregate. The Hotel Templeton was lit up in honor of the occasion. The walls of the great Mormon Temple reflected the light of the immense flambeau, and it was said that the golden angel 'way up there in the middle of the atmosphere over Main Street bowed and whispered his blessing.

Among the late arrivals at the Hotel Green are: W. R. Lett, Miss Carrie S. Rudolph, Miss Gladys Bragg, George Rose and wife, F. O. Blair, Mrs. A. D. Tourtellotte, A. F. Lipman, James Hogg, M. Samuels, F. Korbel, Austrian and Hungarian Consul, and wife,—residents of San Francisco.

A young gentleman from Chicago, embarking on the last *Mariposa*, wrote back to his friend: "I tell you the steamer is a 'dandy,' and the crowd on board is very swell indeed. I am perfectly gone on this trip." What this young man wrote back to his sweetheart is the experience of all travelers to the favorite Hawaiian Islands and the remote parts of the Pacific by the "Spreckels' Line." The Honolulu service of the Oceanic Steamship Company is par excellence, equaling that of the great Atlantic liners. The steamship *Australia* now makes the run in the short time of six days.

Like the almost amphibious Arab boys at Aden, the little Hawaiians are wonderful swimmers. While the steamer lies at Honolulu, tourists throw small pieces of silver into the water; these are picked up by the divers with great skill and quickness. A native Hawaiian is scarcely ever killed by a shark, though they are not infrequently to be seen in the waters of the harbor. As a shark's jaws are underneath, he must turn before he can bite; at the instant of his turning, the native dives and escapes. If the native is unarmed, he repeats this till aid comes or the shark grows weary of closing his jaws on nothing; if he has a knife, he stabs the unwieldy creature from below.

It has been said that, if San Francisco is taken as a center, rather more than two thousand miles bring you to Honolulu on the southwest; to the Alaskan Peninsula on the northwest; to the Mississippi River on the east; to the city of Houston, Texas, on the southeast; and to the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, on the south. Thus Chicago and the proposed Nicaragua Canal (in the former of which, at least, citizens of these United States are supposed to feel some interest) are farther from San Francisco than the Hawaiian Islands are. William H. Seward said in the United States Senate in 1852, "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter." Already China and Japan are locked in mortal combat; the Japanese are talking of their country as the England of the East, and saying that, when they have done with China, they will turn their attention to the islands of the Pacific. Under these circumstances the comparative contiguity of Hawaii to the United States becomes a matter of considerable interest and importance, both commercially and otherwise.

The beautiful Vendome has been and still is enjoying a splendid season of patronage and prosperity.

PRINCESS NAWAB IMAD NARVEZ ZUNG.

Thorough repairs, decorations and general betterments have been the order for the three months just passed. Everything inside and out is in excellent condition for the usual spring and summer business, that promises to be even better than the last, which was the best in the history of this charming and favorite resort. The wonderful Santa Clara Valley, the matchless ride to the great Lick Observatory, to say nothing of the Vendome and its lovely surroundings, are attracting people from every clime.

The report has been circulated that the Napa Hotel, at Napa, Cal., has been closed. We desire to say, for the benefit of our many readers, that this report is false. The hotel is open, wide-awake and doing a good business, and those destined for that location will find it without question the best hotel at which to stop in that city.

We learn that the Arcade Depot Hotel, at Los Angeles, is getting its share of the season's business. Its convenient location to the railroad depot is of peculiar value to many tourists passing through Los Angeles, and THE TRAVELER takes pleasure in lending its personal endorsement to the cleanliness and cheerful appearance of its accommodations.

Attention is respectfully called to the announcement made elsewhere in our columns of the famous Mont-Rouge wines on sale by Messrs. Chauche & Bon. The vineyard was established eleven years ago near Livermore, and there is no question that these wines are equal, if not superior, to those of foreign brands. Messrs. Chauche & Bon handle this business in cases only, and so well do they stand that they received the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Their magnificent display at Chicago, two years ago, would have undoubtedly won them another medal had they entered for competition, which they were prevented from doing on account of Mr. Chauche being one of the Committee on Awards.

The Tavern of Castle Crag will open on the 1st of June for this year, and will remain open until October 15th or November 1st, or as much longer as patronage and the condition of the season will warrant. Since last year many new improvements have been added, not only in the equipment of the hotel, but largely in the way of amusements, trails and other attractions. It will continue under the management of Mr. George Schonewald, which is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the service.

Castle Lake is only fourteen miles from the Crags, and is now easily accessible by trail from the Tavern; and it is not unlikely that this pretty expanse of water will be provided with pleasure boats for the diversion of the hotel guests.

The Hotel St. Nicholas is doing a phenomenal business. Some idea may be gained of the popularity of the house from the fact that many applicants for permanent accommodations are obliged to put their names down on the list and await their turn for admission. The success of the St. Nicholas may be attributed to several reasons: convenient location, size and elegant equipment of its rooms, a careful and conservative management, and, above all, one of the best tables in the State.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wilmington Transportation Company, of No. 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., have recently published a very pretty brochure of that famous resort—Santa Catalina Island. It is illustrated with a number of pretty cuts of the scenes on the Island, and any one who may possibly be interested in an ideal summer resort of this kind, will do well to drop a line to the above address, requesting a copy of this pamphlet. It will be mailed free to any applicant by mentioning this notice.

Another pretty pamphlet has just been published by THE TRAVELER for A. R. Keen, manager of the Hotel Mateo, San Mateo, Cal. This is a delightful resort, and those who may contemplate a visit to this charming burg during the summer, should write to Mr. Keen at once for a copy thereof. There is no charge for it.

A postal card or note dropped to Mr. J. J. Cook, 121 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal., will bring you by return mail a complimentary copy of his newly illustrated pamphlet of the Stoneman House, Yosemite Valley, Cal., of which he is proprietor. It contains a fund of information regarding the Valley, and should be in the hands of every party interested in travel.

Those interested in a delightful resort in the Santa Cruz mountains will find an interesting little pamphlet descriptive of the Hotel Ben Lomond, Ben Lomond, Santa Cruz county, Cal. The new proprietor is J. J. C. Leonard, and he will, no doubt, be glad to forward a copy of this pamphlet to any one taking the trouble to ask for it.

Mayor Sutro is giving the people of San Francisco something to think about in his stirring up of the city's water supply. This is the age of microbes, and sanitary subjects claim our attention on every side. Consumption is declared to be contagious, danger lurks in a kiss, and the very toys which our nursery darlings fondle and periodically endeavor to swallow should be dipped in some antiseptic solution. The French Government pays more attention to sanitation than do we, and we would do well to emulate their zeal in many respects. For instance, the fiat has gone forth that in all the schools the drinking water supplied to the pupils shall be boiled; that dry dusters and brooms shall give place to the scrubbing brush, the damp cloth and the antiseptic. Dust is to be removed, not spread. One catarrhal child, one with tuberculosis developing, will pollute the atmosphere and send forth active agents to propagate its own disease. Dry sweeping does not remove all the danger. In San Francisco many of our school buildings are used for night schools as well as during the day, and the dust is never really settled, especially in those old buildings where more than one generation of shuffling feet have worn the floor into heights and hollows. Our system of ventilation is also defective, and it is almost impossible to keep the atmosphere unvitiated without exposing the children to the dangers of sitting in a draught. Would it not be a good idea for a chapter of architects to invite suggestions from school teachers concerning the schoolhouse of the future, and then to draw plans to embody what is best.

In April last the Board of Education of New York permitted the teachers of the public schools to establish Penny Provident Funds. The purpose is to encourage in children the saving habit. Concerning the advantages to be derived from the introduction of this scheme in California, the Sacramento *Record-Union* says: "There is not a State in the Union where people, as a whole, are so improvident as in California. Carelessness and unconcern about savings are characteristic of our California civilization, and it is notable among our children, who are very little taught the value of the nickel, not to mention the penny." Rather hard lines, but true. At the same time it must be admitted that children cannot be expected to appreciate the value of that which they never see. A penny is to them an unknown quantity. They seldom see one; and, if they do see a copper cent, it represents nothing, because no store will take it.

I often recall the indignation of a little girl from the East who was traveling in California, and, while waiting for a train in Watsonville, thought to solace herself with some chewing gum. She had five pennies, and offered them in all confidence to the man at the country store. To her intense disgust he refused them; said he didn't want such stuff; that he had never seen such things before. Financial economists tell us that our persistence in clinging to the nickel as our smallest coin is fostering the habit of extravagance in children, in that it encourages them to buy more than they need at one time; that, when candies are sold fifteen for five cents, a penny's worth would be ample for any child. The *Examiner's* crusade against the nickel as the cost of each and every pleasure at the children's playground at the Park resulted in a reduction in the price of a donkey-ride or a trip on the merry-go-round, but the penny is as far from us as ever.

Those who advocate the introduction of the savings bank idea in our public schools are fortified with facts drawn from the countries where this idea has been in practice for years. The *School Journal* of Boston has devoted much space to the elucidation of the plan. The teachers are the bankers, the children own deposit cards, and the amount brought in by each child is entered upon his deposit card. The system has received the indorsement not only of educators, but of bankers and savings institution officials. So well does the system work that parents of pupils ask for deposit cards, intending to save something from the margin heretofore given to beer and tobacco.

When Superintendent Moulder called upon the children of San Francisco to repeat their generous performance of the winter of 1893–94, in aid of the unemployed, some of the interior papers exclaimed that it was a pity that the city of San Francisco could not take care of her poor and distressed without levying a tax upon school children. Such critics fail to comprehend the spirit of the idea. No better, broader object lesson in practical charity could have been given to children than asking them to give of their store to those less fortunate than themselves. It gave them that blessed sense of having helped when help was needed. It gave them a lesson in civics; they were acting as loyal citizens for the benefit of the community. These children will soon take their stand as the men and women of the day. It is they who will shape the policy of charities and business enterprises in our city. Such an education as they have now received in lending a hand will not be without its good effects when the time comes for action. San Francisco has done well in calling upon her children to take their places as citizens. Children are naturally selfish, and because they are so helpless during their years of immaturity much is done for them by loving parents and kind friends. Some times this tender care only fosters the detestable trait of selfishness. It was give, give, give all the time to the children. The home, the school, the church, all gave material gifts to children. But after a while it was decided that the Sunday School Christmas tree, with its gift for every child, instead of fostering in the children the Christian spirit—that it is more blessed to give than to receive—was only cultivating in them a selfish, grasping nature. In many children it brought out a hateful, critical, jealous, envious spirit. Instead of being pleased with what they received the children found fault,—felt that others had fared better. They chaffered and exchanged gifts with each other before they had left the church. Tears were the usual accompaniment of their homeward journey. At the church suppers they were, oh, so greedy! They struggled with each other for the best places. They gobbled ice cream, and turned the open Polar sea into their stomachs by gulping down gallons of iced lemonade and ice water before they were frozen stiff and carried home. They clutched frantically for bags of candy and popcorn balls in the distribution, and often, concealing their booty, tried to receive a second supply. Now, instead of having festivals where the children receive the presents, an opportunity is given for children to give to those less fortunate than themselves as thank offerings for the blessings they have received.

Our American cities are awakening to the fact that beauty has its utilitarian side. Our cities are to be made attractive to draw the stranger and the pilgrim within our gates. With East Street along the city front of San Francisco's boulevard, and Golden Gate Park and its ocean drive, is it not possible to make San Francisco, as far as marine environment is concerned, the most attractive city in the world? Let us try it, at all events.

Birmingham, England, has built municipal swimming baths at a cost of $350,000, and an attempt is being made to teach every child of that city to swim. In Chicago, once a year, the newsboys and gamins of the "Windy City" are given a free bath; the lake front being all tied up, they cannot "go in swimming." Our boys are better off than that; they can get at the bay.

Sutro's baths are the finest and the largest salt-water baths in the world. Here is a suggestion for the philanthropic Mayor. He says he wouldn't bathe in the water from Lake Merced. Now, if he wants to inculcate a fondness for salt-water in the skins of our rising generation, why should he not permit a certain number of children, taking them by certain specified schools, to bathe free Saturday after Saturday. By keeping at this rotation, so that it would repeat itself about once a month, what an experience this would be for the children. It would get them into the bathing habit and encourage them to spend their spare change for dips. The American Concert Band, under the direction of Roncovieri, our local Sousa, has admitted the school children free to its Saturday matinees. Mr. Sutro, is your philanthropy of the practical kind that believes that cleanliness is next to godliness?

In New York the idea is gaining ground that, instead of leaving such matters to public charity, the city itself should establish bath-houses and bath-rooms. It has also been suggested that a complete bathing apparatus be attached to each of the large public schools. Fine idea that! I know of some public schools where such an addition would do more for the children than the entire course of study.

In the *Overland* for February there appeared an erudite paper of ethnological import on "The Mongol Triad,—Japan, Corea and China," by Margherita Almira Hamm, the youthful war correspondent, and the successor of Allan Forman as editor of the *Journalist* of New York. With a masterly grasp of thought, with her facts well in hand, this rising writer sums up the past and present of the three empires, reasons logically upon their status in the family of nations, and argues with convincing clearness as to what fate the future has in store for each of these kingdoms. The article would be a credit to a wise historian or a skilled diplomat. It is a triumphant achievement of an American girl.

I wonder if the ladies of San Francisco had a lurking dread that some big policeman would arrest them if they went to the theater in big hats after the bill against them had passed the Legislature? The Baldwin was crowded during the "Gaiety Girl" season, and never, except at a full-dress opera, have I enjoyed so extensive a view of the stage and the performance as I did on that memorable night. It was perfectly lovely. One could see what was going on without having to wriggle and writhe behind a long line of women all wriggling and writhing until the entire audience, line for line, looked like some great variegated parti-colored snake in full motion. For curiosity sake I counted every large hat that came in, and in all that audience there were not more than three race-course brims But, instead, there were jaunty little toques, embroidered and jetted crowns, and, prettiest of all, the rings or bands of velvet which rested lightly on the head, through which the hair was permitted to be seen. In the present style of hairdressing, known as the elevated Psyche knot, or the jug handle, the effect is very pretty; for the pointed coil of hair, with its fancy shell comb or gold pin, rises above the velvet rim and forms a striking background to the bows or rosettes of ribbon or aigrettes, which give expression to the velvet rim. The milliners uttered a vehement protest against the high-hat bill, because they claimed that such a measure was a blow at their business, since they always made more money on the theater hat than on any other kind: doubtless, and perhaps that was one of the reasons that the men voted in favor of the bill. But let both parties comfort themselves: a wise milliner can charge as much for a hole on the head as she can for a mansard roof.

Novel occupations for women are increasing every day. From time immemorial women have had to work; but it is of comparatively recent date that they themselves have had the benefit of their labor. As long as a man could collect his wife's wages, the mere fact that she, a *woman*, should be a wage-earner, excited no indignant protest; but now that she sells her labor—be it of hand or of brain—to her own profit, a clamor arises, and the charge is made that she is "taking the bread out of a man's mouth." The question might pertinently be asked, if she stops working will the man find the bread, not only for his own mouth, but for hers as well? It is a wise woman who prefers not to take the chances; and yet, in providing or securing for herself the means to live, a woman is robbed of the time and the energy and the opportunity to enjoy life intellectually, at least in the same ratio as the woman may who has none of the grind of business routine. To maintain the truth of this proposition hardly needs an argument. Thousands of broken-down, tired-out school teachers, worn-out newspaper women, and others, in various vocations, who have lost heart as well as health, are proof enough, were any needed. And while these women have been working so steadily to keep body and soul together, and generally to help support some one else as well, what enjoyment have many of them had? Their busy days followed one another so closely, that they did not have time to get rested from the fatigue of one day before the next claimed all their strength.

How to help working girls is a problem that agitates the soul of the professional reformer and taxes the minds and hearts of the truly philanthropic. It is hard to help those who do not wish to be helped, still harder to help those who rightly resent the air of superiority and of patronage that many of our society ladies assume when they become active members in a "leading charity." For every woman who is engaged in an honest attempt to earn her own living, there should be the warmest sympathy and a hand outstretched to give the hand clasp of fellowship, or the firm, sustaining grip of an upholding encouragement. I do not mean that women who work should be aided by "charity" as that word is now understood. No self-respecting working woman wishes to receive anything in that way. I am perfectly safe in saying that, when a woman earns her own living, she becomes more independent in feeling than does the man who earns his. She resents receiving gifts from richer and more fortunate women; she prefers to stand or fall by her own efforts. All she asks is to be given a fair chance and a clear field to take care of herself, and she will do it.

Miss Edna Brown, of Kaneville, Ill., wrote to three friends requesting the contribution of ten canceled stamps from each, and requested these three friends to write to three others and request them to do the same. What for? To collect a million postage stamps to buy a bed in that mythical hospital that for the past ten years or more has been under the patronage of some one who is represented as ready to pay three hundred dollars for the stamps. Miss Brown, so the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says, is now receiving between ten thousand and fifteen thousand letters a day, and there are not enough people in the little town to open the letters; and the postmaster thinks of resigning, while Miss Brown is in hopes that the "chain" will be broken off short, to give them a little respite from the stamp craze. Let me fly to their assistance. I have received a letter, number forty something, in which I am implored to write the three letters, or, if not so inclined, to return the letter which I have received to Miss Brown, so that "the chain will not be broken." I will do neither; I will break the chain. I once collected over one hundred thousand canceled stamps in aid of a million craze, and had to send them out of the house in gunny sacks. Now I should like to take my revenge.

The chaperone is almost universally recognized as an indispensable feature of social life. Of chaperones there are all sorts; but the last person in the world fitted for faithfully discharging the duties of the chaperone's responsible office is the woman who is no longer young, be she wife or widow, and who, crazy for the attentions of young men, knows of no other way to attract them to herself than to pretend to chaperone a party of bright and interesting young girls. The young ladies attract the gentlemen, and the chaperone makes off with them for herself. She inveigles young and easy-going men into all sorts of phil-opena forfeits, and, whether the bets be payable in candy or in champagne, she sees that they are paid to the utmost farthing. Often her conduct is as indiscreet as it is selfish, and her actions cause more than a fleeting breath of scandal to attach itself to her and to those who are under her charge. Who suffers most,—the chaperone? Not a bit of it. With the diplomacy born of long practice she contrives to swing clear of it all herself, and, in some indescribable manner, to shift the blame upon the shoulders of her young ladies. It is cleverly—it is wickedly—done; but what can the girls do about it? No young girl, even if she have her eyes open, is a match for the veteran campaigner.

Some one with more ingenuity than sense suggests that women should keep a dress album,—a scrap book in which a piece of each new gown is pasted, with date of purchase, and where first worn. It is claimed that such a volume would possess great value in the future as showing the different fabrics of successive years. A cynic adds that, if the price of the material and the dressmaker's bill were also entered in the book, the record would be still more interesting.

This is the time to plant seeds in our city gardens. If consigned to the ground much earlier than the middle or the end of February, they do not thrive quite so well. It has been my experience that the smaller seeds germinate most readily in sand packed tight and sprinkled over with fine loose earth to retain the moisture. This is the time also when the slimy slug is abroad in the land. Those little transparent balls that look like Pescadero pebbles, and which have been bunched all winter just below the surface of the ground, are beginning to develop into slugs. These pests of the garden devour all the tender seedlets as fast as they appear above ground. Mr. Henry C. Brainard, the Horticultural Commissioner for Santa Clara County, told me that the best way to exterminate the slug was to make a solution of Paris green in an oyster can, drench cabbage leaves with it and leave the greens where the slugs would find them. Dead slugs would be the result. The remedy is simple enough and worth trying. Only one must remember that Paris green is a deadly poison, and the quantity should all be used at once and none put away to use "next time." In planting lily bulbs, remember to plant them deep in the ground if a long, tall stalk is desired.

One of the latest acquisitions to the membership of the National Council of Women is the women of the Anti-Vivisection Society. It is an outgrowth from the Women's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It started about ten years ago as the result of the agitation of the great Irish woman, Frances Power Cobbe. Its object is to put a stop to cruel experimentation upon animals. The Society holds, and all humane persons will admit that the point is well taken, that when a fact has once been credibly established through vivisection it is barbarous to repeat the experiment merely to show skill or to please a set of curious students. As to all great questions there are two ways of looking at this subject; there are those who will advocate the cause of vivisection as one of the means by which some of the greatest blessings have come to the human race on the keen edge of the surgeon's knife.

Eliza D. Keith.
(DI VERNON.)

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

THAT REMINDS ME.

The journey was long, and the old lady with the plaid shawl thought to beguile the time by a conversation with the tailor-made girl who sat with her.

"Live in the city?" asked the old lady.

"Yes. Work there," answered the girl, and said nothing more.

"Might I ask what you work at?"

"Figures."

This seemed discouraging, but the old lady plucked up her nerve and asked:

"Figures? Livin' picters or book-keepin'?"

Giles—What did Cora give you for Christmas?

Merritt—That's a mystery I've tried in vain to solve. As she made it herself, I don't know whether it's a pincushion or a tobacco pouch, but at present I'm using it for a penwiper.

"You get off here," said Charon, as he warped his boat into the slip at the bottomless pit

"Dear me!" exclaimed the cyclist," I am disappointed. I did so want to try those gold pavements; but I suppose there are worse things than cinders, after all."

The Count (showing visitor through his castle)—That first room was furnished with the spoil of a battle in Spain, the next with the booty secured after a siege in Flanders. Here is the Turkish room. One of my ancestors brought all these things back after a campaign in the East.

Visitor—I notice that the furniture in this room is antique French.

The Count—Another ancestor obtained that. He sacked a palace in Normandy.

Visitor—You have also, I see, a large amount of expensive furniture which is decidedly modern.

The Count—Yes; I bagged an American heiress.

"Do you know," said the Cheerful Idiot," that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning by the way he carries his valise?"

"I never thought of that," said the youngest boarder. "What is the difference?"

The Cheerful Idiot settled himself a little firmer in his chair and gloated a moment before answering.

"It is just this way," he went on. "When a man is going away he carries his valise toward the railway station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

"'Tis the little things that tell" in advertising. For instance, 'twas a "little thing" of three years who successfully advertised to the assembled family the important fact that "Papa tissed nursey."

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion, "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No; my landlady."

Mrs. Dooley (whose husband is out of work)—Sure it's the contínted woman you should be, Mrs. Mooney, wid yer husband wid a life job as night watchman at the warehouse.

Mrs. Mooney (excitedly)—Contínted, is it? An' that warehouse full of open hatchways! An' him walks in his sleep!"

[Scene, barber shop.] *Tonsorial Artist* (surveying his victim)—Your hair is getting very thin, sir.

Victim—Yes; I have been treating it with antifat. I never liked stout hair.

Artist—You really should put something on it.

Victim—So I do—every morning.

Artist—May I ask what?

Victim—My hat.

The rest was silence.

"Well, Edith, how do you like going to school? Is your teacher nice?"

"No; I don't like her one bit! She put me in a chair and told me to sit there for the present; and I sat and sat and sat, and she never gave me a present." —*Evangelist.*

NEW GOLD.

AT SUNSET.

In the dim red glow of the sunset
The tide is drifting home,
And the wide and desolate reaches
Once more are a field of foam.

Upon the vanishing headland
The red sun's last ray gleams,
While the deepening shadows are dancing
The long day into dreams.

I hear a voice in the twilight
That is calling low to me.
Is it a voice from the windward.
Out on the lonely sea?

Full of regret and desire,
As your own heart used to be,
Do I hear your voice as I listen,
Or the voice of my heart in me?

The wraith of the rain in the shadows
Is walking the shore as its own,
While the tide is homeward drifting:
But Oh, that it walked alone!

—*Edward Maslin Hulme in The Sequoia.*

I bought the finest book to-day
A-ridin' on the train;
Cost thirty cents—I bet you'll say
It's worth it twice again.

The things an' things it tells about,
From di'monds down to dye,
With pictures of 'em printed out.
An' how and where to buy.

The greatest interestin' lot
Of new inventions!—Well,
I dunno what it hasn't got
Or what it doesn't tell!

No, 'tain't no "shoppin' guide," 'cause it
Has readin's in between.
I kinder think it's called a lit-
Erary magazine!

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

NEWS FROM THE RANCH.

"What is the news, old man," he said,
As he rode his bronco near;
"Any one married or born or dead?
Any news for the world to hear?
From this ranch of yours so closely hid
Behind this sandy ridge,
Which seems, between the world and you,
A barrier—or a bridge.
How many cows and how many calves,
And how many tons of hay?
I'm a reporter from Omaha.
What is the news to-day?"
The old man slowly lit his pipe,
As he eyed the stranger tall,
And gave his chair an easy tilt
Against the kitchen wall:
"O, I've a hundred head of cows,
And as many calves and sheep,
And tons of hay to feed them on,
And grain for their winter's keep;
My range is broad, my pastures wide,
My crops are all well tilled;
My house and barns, and, I may say,
My purse, too, is well filled.
O, yes, the hail comes now and then
And batters things up some;
And cyclones sometimes buzz around
And try to make things hum;
And perhaps you noticed, as you rode
Across the little run
A mile below, two mules lay dead,
And bleachin' in the sun.
The lightnin' struck their driver dead
A week ago to-day,
Driver and mules while comin' home
With my last load of hay.
And down in yonder little glen,
Where tall, dark grasses wave,
You see a little oblong speck—
Well, that's a woman's grave.
A woman's grave! You see, they stopped
For shelter here one day;
Were traveling up to Yellowstone;
She sickened by the way.
She died that night and in the morn
We laid her there to rest,
A little tiny baby form
Asleep upon her breast.
The husband bade the grave good-by
With many a tear next day.
He grasped my hand in silent grief
And went his lonely way."
The ranchman with a covert move
Wiped something from his eye.
The smart reporter tried to smile
And ended with a sigh.
"Go tell the world I've cows and sheep
And tons and tons of hay,
And that's the news to-day, reporter,
That's the news to-day."

—*Stanley Wood.*

ITEMS.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

The woman who loved to go to funerals, of whom *The Companion* lately printed a story, has a kindred spirit in "Aunt Polly," who lives in Vermont, according to a veracious chronicler in the Boston *Globe*.

Barnum's circus had come to the next town, and Aunt Polly, who had never seen an elephant, had been telling for some weeks how she "did just long to go to the show." On the eventful morning, therefore, her married son, Josh, told her to be ready at one o'clock, and he would "harness up" and take her over.

"Well, now," exclaimed Aunt Polly, with unexpected hesitation," I don't know about that. I want to see the show awful bad, but, you see, Deacon Perkins' funeral comes off to-day, and I don't just know which I'd enjoy the most. There'll be lots of folks there, and, beside, I may live till Barnum comes again, but this is the only funeral Deacon Perkins will ever have. I guess, Josh," she concluded, "I'll have a better time at the funeral than at the circus."

And Aunt Polly went to the funeral.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

The Widow—Do you think marriage is always a failure?

Bulfinch—Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case where the wife fairly idealizes her husband, and he—why, he can't keep away from her a minute.

The Widow—Bless me! How long have they been married?

Bulfinch—Nearly a week.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

It is said that Miss Bird, the famous traveler, was asked, after her marriage, if she would not like to go to New Guinea. "O, yes," was the reply; "but I'm married now, and that is no sort of a place to take a man to!"

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

There is at least one month of the year when it is commendable for a woman to mince matters.

A young Scotchman was once halting betwixt two loves—one possessed of beauty and the other of a cow. In despair of arriving at a decision he applied for advice to a canny compatriot, who delivered himself thus:

"Marry the lass that has the coo, for there's no the deeference o' the coo's value in any twa weemin in Christendom."

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1895.

Along the line of cycling substantial evidences of life may be observed among the dealers who, at this season, are struggling by the use of telegraph and express to keep up with their orders for bicycles.

One very striking illustration of the growth of this industry is the business established by O. S. Potter, who represents the "Halladay-Temple Scorcher" for the State. Mr. Potter received his appointment in January of this year, and, in the short space of time, has built up a business and established the "H.-T. Scorcher" in a way that reflects great credit on the merits of the wheel, to say nothing of Mr. Potter's energy.

Fifteen agencies have already been established in the State, and applications for territory are coming in rapidly.

Mr. Potter expects to make an up-town connection soon, which will enable his city salesman, Mr. Walter L. Geldert, a better opportunity for working the retail trade.

The "H.-T. Scorcher" has many points in its favor which are all recognized by purchasers who have so far been interested enough to find the wheel in its present somewhat out-of-the-way location.

JUST A STEP FROM THE DEPOT,
when you get off the train at Los Angeles, you will find
The Arcade Depot Hotel.
It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates—European plan, $1.00 per day upward. American plan, $2.50 per day upward.
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Wonder
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All the Spring novelties in millinery. New hats. New feathers. Ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Large stock. Low prices.
Branch, 999 Market Street, Cor. Sixth.

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Men's Furnishers
AND
Shirt Makers.
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Dr. Jaeger's Underwear.

Our specialty is **prescribing** and making glasses to correct **Complicated** Cases of Defective Vision. **Skilled Opticians** with the latest appliances known to science for testing the eyes enable us to give our patrons superior service.
CALIFORNIA OPTICAL COMPANY,
317 and 319 Kearny Street.

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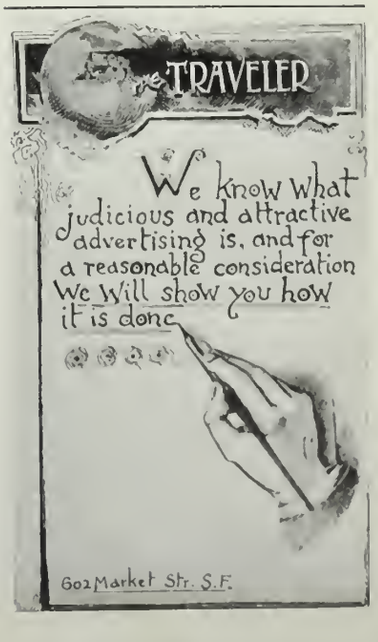
OFFICE 33 GEARY ST.



RAMBLES IN BOOKLAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"Meditations in Motley." By Walter Blackburn Harte. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

Mr. Harte describes his book as "*A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight.*" One almost wonders that a writer so fond of paradox as Mr. Harte did not call his collection, Papers *inebriated* with the sobriety of midnight. The essays are brilliant, and sparkle with fancy, humor and paradox. The reader finds them clever, suggestive and delightful, but provoking. The matter is bright and interesting, but is frequently deficient in clearness. Now, my fondness for clarity is so passionate, that no wit or brilliancy whatever can altogether atone for the lack of it. I venture to think that Mr. Harte is either not always quite clear about his own meaning himself, or that he does not study clearness of expression very faithfully. In an essay on "The Satisfactions of Prejudice" I find these words: "I have luckily sufficient tolerance for worldly wisdom to save me from allowing what may be only an unfounded prejudice to precipitate me into any dangerous sapiency of philanthropy, that, in all probability, would quickly land me in the fearful quagmire of being helplessly dependent upon the chance of the same delusion seizing upon others; and introspection has quite convinced me that any real love and tenderness is a quality or condition of mind which is daily menaced with too many ugly realities to be at all stable or constant." I may be dull, but on emerging from this sentence I feel dazed. Even if one succeeds in grasping the writer's idea, one cannot say that it is felicitously expressed: it needs a good deal of hammering and polishing to make it presentable. The essays entitled, "The Fascination of New Books," "Some Masks and Faces," and "About Critics and Criticism," contain much truth, often expressed with vigor and epigrammatic force. Mr. Harte is a thinker whose gifts of expression are inadequate; who has not yet found a style capable of carrying his thoughts without sometimes breaking down under it and leaving his readers in confusion.

"Pushing to the Front; or, Success Under Difficulties." By Orison Swett Marsden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1895.

This "Book of inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty" is itself an example of the industry and perseverance commended therein. After accumulating material for ten years, the author lost all the results of his labor by fire, but again assiduously collected it. His examples of success won by pluck, courage and indomitable industry have been drawn from nearly all countries and ages. Many a youth will be fortified to fresh effort by reading these stimulating pages. The book is accurately printed, and is adorned with many portraits of distinguished men from original sources.

"The Land of the Sun: Vistas Mexicanas." By Christian Reid. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1894.

General Meynell, with his two daughters and some friends, one of whom is something of a historian and antiquarian, make a tour of Mexico, visiting all the most interesting cities. The narrative of their wanderings, interwoven with a love story, is well told by the author, and conveys a very good idea of the daily life of the people of Mexico as seen by observant, well informed travelers. The book is enlivened by twenty good process cuts of scenes in Guadalajara, Zacatecas, Cholula and other picturesque places, and will serve as an excellent guide to those visitors who like to get their pills of history and archæology silvered over with gossip and love-making.

Young People's Magazine. Published monthly by Eaton-Dunlap Co., Boston. One dollar a year.

The third issue is before us. It is a very attractive periodical, printed on high-surfaced paper, and well illustrated. Beside several short stories and poems, an interesting article by Frederick Elton Allen, on "Queer Traits of the Great," deals especially with peculiarities of Dickens and Thackeray. Helen M. Cleveland writes of the highly artistic pottery manufactured at Rookwood, Cincinnati.

The March *Overland Monthly* is almost entirely made up of short stories, and is the first "fiction number" ever issued by a Pacific Coast magazine. In his department, "As Talked in the Sanctum," Mr. Wildman lets us into some secrets about the publication of stories in book form in general and of his own *Panglima Muda* in particular. J. J. Peatfield writes a good account of the "Bancroft Library," and the "History of Ship-building in California" is continued, both articles being freely illustrated. Mr. C. W. Doyle contributes a translation of the ode "To Leuconoe" in the form of a sonnet, thus making fourteen lines out of Horace's eight. J. O. Sargent's version is in twelve heroic lines, rhyming in pairs, and Mr. Gladstone's in eight lines of seven feet each. Mr. Doyle's translation suffers considerably from diffusiveness. Thus he uses fourteen English words to express the sense of six Latin ones, seven words to render *seu plures*, and six words to translate *debilitat*. Yet with all this he fails to render any fair equivalent for the three words which open the ode, and by which it is almost always referred to. The *Overland* keeps closely to its chosen field, and is doing for Californian history and resources very much the work which the *New England Magazine* is doing for that section of the United States.

The first issue of the American edition of the English *Bookman* came out on February 15th. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., and is very attractive in form, appearance and matter. It is full of interesting notes and gossip, and articles appear from the pens of such men as H. W. Mabie, Brander Mathews, H. H. Boyesen, S. R. Crockett and Nym Crinkle. From it I learn that the literary criticisms of the *Manchester Guardian* are considered the best to be found in British journalism, and that a brother of Mrs. Thomas Humphry Ward (*nee* Mary Augusta Arnold) is mainly responsible for them; also that Miss Ethel Arnold, Mrs. Ward's sister, is a contributor to the *Guardian*. When we add Mrs. Ward's grandfather, Dr. Thomas Arnold, scholar and historian, and her uncle, Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, to this list, who shall say that literary talents are not transmitted hereditarily.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Recent arrivals of Californians in France:

Murray A. Potter, of San Francisco, at the Hotel de l'Arcade, Paris; Col. Frank Coleman, of California, at the Villa Elsie, Nice; W. H. Chickering, of San Francisco, at the Hotel Meurice, Paris; Allen L. Chickering, of San Francisco, at the Hotel Meurice, Paris; Mrs. James Marvin Curtis, of San Francisco, at 18 Rue de Chateaubriand, Paris; Miss Delia Clemons, of Los Angeles, Cal., at the Hotel Scribe, Paris; H. Gaylord Wilshire; Mrs. Wilshire, of California; Miss N. Wilshire, of Fullerton, Cal.; Nathaniel Mayer, of San Francisco, at 41 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; R. E. V. Sullivan, of San Francisco.

PARIS, March 15, 1895.

European politicians were always of opinion that the late Czar of all the Russias kept all nations at peace during the last few years of his lifetime. And the events of the present day would appear, for once, to prove that the politicians were not mistaken. Although the armies and navies of the different countries, that economists would like to see linked hand in hand and forming the United States of Europe, are increasing annually in numbers; notwithstanding that war machinery of the most destructive type is being invented daily, never was the horizon more serene, never did European peace look more secure than it does to-day. There is no denying the fact a "rapprochement" is taking place between France and Germany. A French transatlantic liner is eight days overdue: the Emperor of Germany telegraphs his ambassador several times daily, inquiring as to its probable safety, and only feels happy when he learns of its arrival in port. On the other hand, a German author, of great talent in his native land, dares to cross the Rhine and come to Paris, where, a couple of days ago, his most successful play is performed before a Parisian audience, and, what is more, greeted with favor. The leading role is enacted by the greatest actress of the times—Sara Bernhardt—the woman who has refused hundreds and thousands of dollars that were offered her for a series of performances in Germany. Surely, here is matter for the philosopher to meditate upon. Is the dream of the economists to come true, after all?

As a great educational center Paris has always held its own. The number of students of all classes that come here in the space of one year is increasing annually, and, in order not to deprive foreigners desirous of spending a year or two with the leading masters, I hear that a general rebate of at least one-third on all sea voyages through French companies will be in force before many weeks. This is a move in the right direction; and the very best way to attract persons to any particular spot is "to give them a chance" to get there by reducing rates to the lowest possible figure. Of course the action taken by the French companies, at the solicitation of the Govment, is not done with the view of persuading students to leave their own colleges and universities and come to Paris, where the charges for education are almost *nil;* it simply goes to show the progressive mind of modern European administrations. Like good chess players, they take a long time making up their mind; but, when they do make a move, it is generally a good one. "All goes from bad to worse," says King Louis XIII. in Victor Hugo's play of "Marion Delorme." May one not formulate an opinion nowadays somewhat in contradiction with the poet's famous lines?

FREDERIC MAYER.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

These pictures tell their own story. We suppose it is that same old one of the nice little girl and the naughty little girl, and yet they seem to be the same person. Can you explain this, little folks? Are all little people like the one who had the curl in the

middle of her forehead,—when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. No, I guess I will not make this question so general, as though I were asking it of a schoolroom class. I shall ask you, young Miss ——— (I wish I knew your name, so that you could not possibly squeeze out of it), if you are always, or nearly always, like the pleasant-faced (No. 1) young girl, who seems to be starting out for a mud-pie picnic, or do you sometimes curl your face up into that dreadful shape as seen in No. 2. If you do, you must not think that because you didn't have your picture taken that nobody will know anything about it; for every time you allow your face to get into that unpleasant shape there is a little bit of it that you cannot wash off with ever such

Schumacher photos.

good soap. Some of it stays, until by and by, if you don't be a better girl, your face will be full of ugly wrinkles. Remember, we are not scolding you; we are only asking a question. If you don't need this little kindergarten lesson, perhaps you may know some one who does, and in that case just show them this little sketch and it will not have been written in vain.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

MAY, 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE BERKELEY HILLS.

O. V. Lange Photo

Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1895. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE, - - 314 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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WE ARE pleased to announce that the office of THE TRAVELER has been removed from 602 Market Street to 314 Post Street, San Francisco, opposite Union Square and adjacent to the well known Pacific-Union Club. We now occupy the entire ground floor, and are in much closer contact with the general public. Our new quarters are fitted up in elegant shape, and our facilities for the display of our framed photographs of the various resorts are far greater than formerly. We are frank to acknowledge that this move is only in conformity with the prosperity of THE TRAVELER during the past year and a half; and we have every reason to believe that it will be a profitable one to all concerned. THE TRAVELER has progressed and improved from the very start; and, no matter what point of perfection we may reach, we shall never be satisfied. In other words, our motto is to improve in every detail. The scope of our "TRAVELER'S Bureau" will be likewise enlarged; and we shall continue to furnish, *without charge* to the traveling public, reliable information and printed matter concerning any hotel, resort, railway or steamship line in the country. Our readers are invited to call upon or write to us at any time on matters of this kind.

Incidentally, it may not be amiss to mention the fact that we have been fortunate enough to secure the exclusive agency for the State of California of the well-known Sterling bicycle, which is a trifle the finest wheel that revolves on American soil.

THE Half Million Club of San Francisco, in its recent tour, seems to have made a few discoveries in the southern part of the State which have been very apparent to the discerning and discriminating public for some time back, namely, that the people of the South are not clamoring for State division; that when it comes to any proposition for the general good they are a unit; that they are not lying awake nights to abuse other portions of the State; that they know what they are bragging about; that they realize that they have played for all it is worth the title, "Southern California," simply because their latitude is in the same degree as Florida; and that they have an abiding sense of the fact that in scenery, climate, resources, and anything else than enterprise, the North is as good as the South.

"THE Berkeley Hills," by O. V. Lange, the subject of this month's frontispiece, is one of the artist's best pieces of work, showing glimpses of the California State University buildings and the ever-interesting foothills, which, with their oak knolls and picturesque canyons, form an interesting background to a charming landscape.

Taber photo.

St. Bernard Columbus, a puppy, the property of Capt. Wm. Poole of San Francisco, took first prize at the Los Angeles Bench Show last month.

THE Mazamas Club, a society of mountain climbers, was organized on the summit of Mount Hood, Oregon, on the 19th of July, 1894, at which time and place the constitution and by-laws were adopted and its first officers elected. This club of daring mountaineers proposes this year to convey, by means of heliographic flashlights along the line of snow-capped peaks, a sunbeam message from British Columbia to Mexico.

"The principal mountains in Oregon and Washington available for the purpose," according to the prospectus of the Mazamas Club, "beginning at the north, are Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Diamond Peak, Thielsen, Scott and Pitt, and in California, Mounts Shasta, Tallac, Round Top, Dana, Lyell, Stillman, Whitney, Lowe, Baldy, and such other peaks as may be necessary to carry out this plan."

Unless the Mazamas people fill in a number of other peaks we have fears regarding the successful outcome of the project. There are some dangerously long gaps between Baker and Baldy, especially in California, as, for instance, from Shasta to Tallac and from Whitney to Baldy. Nevertheless, we hail the plan with pleasure, and it is certain to develop an interest in mountain climbing, which is a step in the right direction.

MR. J. J. COOK of the Stoneman House, Yosemite, informs us that the valley is just now particularly charming. The falls are booming, the green shrubbery of spring rests upon the cottonwoods and oaks by the river, and wild-flowers are decking the little pasture-land slopes that snuggle against the foot of the mighty walls on either hand. All the trails are open, and everything is in trim for the entertainment of strangers.

IS EVERYBODY going crazy over cycling? Is it just a fad that is sweeping over the country that will die out in a season or two? Is it a healthful exercise or otherwise? Is it all or half of all that it is cracked up to be? What will be the general effect of this new craze anyway? These are some of the questions that are put before us every day; and, replying briefly and to the best of our ability, we would say that it is neither a craze nor a fad but an exceedingly health-giving pastime that has come to stay; and, as the promoters of outdoor recreative sports, the proprietors of this journal give it their unqualified indorsement. It is all and far more than it is cracked up to be, as its votaries will testify, and all the novices say they wonder how they ever got along without a wheel.

OUR Paris correspondent, Mr. Frederic Mayer, included in his letter of March 29th, which is printed on page 81 of this issue, a list of the following Californians who were stopping there April 15th: Belle Crellin, Oakland, 7 Rue de Rome; E. C. Palmieri and wife, G. Capuccio, San Francisco, Grand Hotel Suisse; Fannie Michelson, San Francisco, 7 Rue Commandant Riviere; Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing, San Francisco, 25 Rue de Lisbonne; Charles W. Sutro, San Francisco, 44 Rue de Clichy; C. F. Crocker, San Francisco, Hotel de France et de Choiseul; George M. Pinney, San Francisco, Grand Hotel; Mrs. and Miss Payne, Josephine Guthrie, Emma Guthrie, San Francisco, Hotel Powers; E. L. Holloway, San Francisco, Hotel Continental.

Crack Shots of California

FLORENCE ALLEN.

The term "crack shot" means far more in California than it does in almost any other part of our country, and the man who is acknowledged to be deserving of the title here may well be proud of his prowess. Practical interest in all varieties of shooting has been so continuous, widespread and active in our State that the merely average shooter has attained to such a high plane of excellence that to be a champion in this fascinating sport one must possess a degree of skill which seems little short of marvelous.

The few Eastern shooters who visit the ranges in the vicinity of San Francisco are surprised at the records made thereat, since it becomes apparent to them, after their first experimental shot, that our men have to contend with vagaries of wind and peculiarities of atmosphere which are serious obstacles in the way of even the most experienced and skillful.

Singularly enough, popular as shooting has been and is among us, we are far behind the East in regard to our accommodations therefor. Covered two hundred yard ranges are not found here. Our targets are in the open, exposed to every shifting change of light and shadow, and nearly all our arrangements are of a decidedly primitive nature. This state of things is certainly not due to either niggardliness or poverty on the part of our shooting clubs, but seems rather to be prompted by a fine scorn of "shooting-made-easy" tactics, and a sturdy confidence in the ability of our shooters to distinguish themselves even under unfortuitous circumstances, and results show that this confidence is not misplaced.

The first of our sharpshooters to achieve more than comparatively local distinction was the widely known Philo Jacoby, who, although he was born in Lauenberg, Pommerania, has for many years counted himself a Californian, and has laid all his well won honors at the feet of his adopted State. Mr. Jacoby was educated in a naval academy, and, after graduation, sailed for several years in the merchant marine service of Prussia, England and America, coming to the Coast in 1859 as third mate of the clipper ship *Whirlwind*. As a young man his attention was entirely turned to athletics, in which he greatly excelled; but, in 1863,

A. STRECKER.

he joined the German Rifle Club, of which Joseph Hug, then the champion shot of California, was president. At the first shooting festival which Mr. Jacoby attended he astonished his fellow-members, who, knowing him to be a novice, offered him odds, by beating all with whom he contested even, and making 101 bullseyes at 150 yards.

This was the beginning of his brilliant career. The story is well known of his three triumphal trips to Europe, where he successfully competed with the best shots of Switzerland, Prussia, Austria and Germany, being crowned shooting king of the two latter countries, and coming home each time covered with glory and laden with prizes, to be welcomed with processions, receptions and banquets by his enthusiastic brother riflemen.

In January, 1876, Mr. Jacoby organized the California Schuetzen Club, A. Strecker, A. Rahwyler, W. Koenig, W. Streuli, A. Bauer, W. Ehrenpfort, and one or two other noted marksmen being charter members, and electing Mr. Jacoby as their first president. The seven named formed the celebrated California

PHILO JACOBY.

team which won the majority of first prizes, and the champion cup, at the grand International Shooting Tournament of the Centennial Exposition. Of the ten diplomas there given for Masters of Sharpshooting each member of this team received one, and Mr. Jacoby, as their champion, received a special gold medal.

Although Mr. Jacoby is beginning to feel like resting on his laurels, he still does excellent work, and last year made the best center shot at the Germania Shooting Club contest and at the spring and fall festivals of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein. Among his trophies are over one hundred medals, forty elegant goblets of gold and silver, and a champion belt; but, of all these, he prizes most the gold medal won at the Vienna Exposition and presented to him by the Emperor Franz Joseph himself, and the magnificent diamond badge given him on his return from his trip of 1890 by the riflemen of California.

Adolph Strecker, who has made some of the finest records ever known at two hundred yards, is a Prussian by birth, but came to California in 1871, while still in his teens; and, through the instrumentality of Mr. Jacoby, who noted his skill with an air-gun, he took up rifle-shooting as a pastime. After three weeks' private practice this gifted young shooter won a diploma from the Eintracht Verein, and a five-dollar bill which was doubled up and fastened on the bullseye. Two years later, having won many local honors, he competed at the International Shooting Tournament in Baltimore, in which four thousand shooters of different nationalties took part, and there he gained many first prizes and was crowned shooting king. Illness prevented him from doing his best when with the California team in Philadelphia in 1876; but he won the gold medal on the opening day of the festival for the first thirty-three bullseyes, and made the second best score (Jacoby first and Rahwyler third) in a contest with the eight best teams of the United States.

For a few years Mr. Strecker shot rather at a disadvantage, as he used a muzzle-loader entirely; but, becoming convinced that a few defeats which he experienced were due to his pet weapon, he had a breech-loader made from his own design—one of the best Winchesters extant—and since then has easily maintained his enviable position among the "crack shots."

In the California Schuetzen Club Festival of August, 1893, Mr. Strecker fired consecutively 250 shots for king, and 115 for points, making a record of 453 and 233 respectively, missing the black only three times in all, and not once in the last 235 shots. Last year, at this club's festival, he made a record of 366 in the king shoot, missing the black only once in 192 shots, and in the same year made 449 out of a possible 500 on the ring target.

Mr. Strecker's stock of elegant prize silverware is very large, and, among his sixty medals, there are six diamond ones. He has been crowned "Schuetzen King" so often that the title clings to him in daily life; and, although he will not consider himself a professional, he has made a study of sharpshooting, and his ideas thereon are practical, clear and original. "Juggling with a rifle"—*a la* Creedmore—he abhors, and he is a firm believer in two hundred yard ranges and long scores as a means of showing the real skill of rival off-hand shooters. Oddly enough the "new sight" recently introduced into his army by Emperor William is identical with the long-range sight invented and left in the Patent Office by Mr. Strecker twenty years since, when he beat W. Farrar, the Creedmore

JOHN UTSCHIG.

champion, at two hundred and five hundred yard ranges, and astonished him by making three bullseyes in succession at one thousand yards.

John Utschig is another of our champions and has done some wonderfully clever shooting. From the time that he joined the California Schuetzen Club in 1881 his rifle has done effective work, and he is said to have won more first prizes than any of his competitors in the same length of time. Mr. Utschig was Philo Jacoby's comrade in his European trip of 1890, and distinguished himself in every competition which he entered, winning many valuable prizes and making for himself an international reputation.

In 1892, at the California Schuetzen Club's Annual Prize Shoot, he fired 900 shots in a day—beginning at 8:00 A. M. and laying aside his rifle at 6:00 P. M., with an hour's rest at noon—and scored 1,300 points. Soon after this, at a match shoot, using an army musket with a six-pound pull and open sight, he made 2,023 in 200 shots, and recently has made

such records as 74 out of 75, 124 out of 125, and, four times, 100 out of 100. He also made on the man target last year 78 out of 80.

Keen of eye, steady of nerve, and of cool, practiced judgment, Mr. Utschig is a marksman of whom the

GEORGE HELM.

several organizations to which he belongs are extremely proud, and his position in the front rank of our sharpshooters has been worthily won.

Genial George Helm began shooting as a member of the California Schuetzen Club about ten years ago, but he now belongs to the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, the Germania, the San Francisco Turners' Shooting Club, and the Columbia Rifle Club. He has won forty-five medals, five of which blaze with diamonds, is the proud owner of two out of the three *Examiner* cups, for which there was eager competition, and has many other elegant prizes.

At the Midwinter Fair Shoot Mr. Helm specially distinguished himself by making 75 out of a possible 75 at 200 yards, and, at the public target, making 97 out of a possible 100 at the same distance. The diamond medal was awarded him at this competition, and he was crowned king of the festival. At San Rafael quite recently he hit the twelve-inch black 100 times in succession, and has the highest record of the

D. M'LAUGHLIN.

California Schuetzen Club for hitting 16 bullseyes out of 20 at a regular bullseye shoot. Mr. Helm says that proficiency as a sharpshooter depends on having a good eye, a steady finger, good nerve, a good rifle, and—a good stomach, and his success shows that he certainly possesses all of these.

Dennis McLaughlin is one of our younger shooters, but he has forged rapidly ahead since he made his first bullseye. In 1892 he took part in the California Schuetzen Club's fifteen-man team telegraph match with the Zettler Rifle Club of New York, and made the highest score in the home team,—1,092 out of 1,250,—for which he received the diamond medal.

In August of the same year he won the *Examiner* cup for the nearest to first on all targets, his record being as follows: King target, second prize; most points, seventh; man target, first; honorary target, fifth; and members' target, first.

In 1893 he went to the Columbian Shooting Festival in Chicago, and won first prize on the man target, a special prize for making three bullseyes in three consecutive shots, and honors for California in all the contests. The Roos all-comers diamond medal is one of his trophies for the best single score—94 out of 100—for the year; and he earned the Champion Class Club medal of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club last year for the best four scores—86, 86, 89, 94—of the year on the standard American target.

Quite recently, at a private match, he made 1,096 in fifty shots, and in a private practice, testing a new bullet of his own design, placed three bullets in the center of the bullseye so close together that the mark left by them was only one small trefoil-shaped perforation,—position off-hand, at two hundred yards.

Among our other fine shots are James Stanton and Captain Kuhlne of the older generation, and F. O. Young, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, Ed. Hovey, A. Johnson and H. R. Brown.

Strecker, Helm, McLaughlin and three or four others are planning to go to the grand International Tournament which is to take place in New York in June, and it goes without saying that they will win additional laurels for the State which they so well represent.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

L. P. F.

Away out in the environs of the Mission dwells a woman, fat, unfair, and forty, whose chief aim and delight it is to get the best of other humans in every way possible. Practice has made her well nigh perfect. 'Tis believed that she lies awake o' nights scheming, that she may come out ahead in transactions with the butcher, baker and candlestick maker thereabouts, who sharpen their wits whenever she appears at their doors. But a street-car conductor—an inspired bell puncher—distinguished himself by blocking a little game of hers the other day. Determined to "bluff" her way to North Beach, she boarded a Howard Street car. The conductor requested her fare. She gazed stolidly at him. "My husband paid for me," she said.

"Where is he?" asked the conductor.

"Out on the dummy," she replied.

Dummyward forthwith the conductor went, to make a personal canvass for the owner of his passenger. Each man peered in at her as she sat, determined and defiant, and then regarded the conductor with injured surprise. The latter went back to expostulate with her, and the passengers enjoyed the fun. Meanwhile the car, speeding on, reached Tenth Street. "Where is my transfer?" she demanded as she filed out with the rest. "Madam," responded the conductor with grave courtesy, "I gave it to your husband—on the dummy!"

A small native son, whose three years of life have been passed in San Francisco, stood at the window, looking disconsolately at the falling rain. He had been told that he could not play out-of-doors in wet weather.

"Mamma," said he, "every fing 'at God makes is good, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered his mother.

"And God made rain, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, ven, why cant I go out in it?"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night:
The pretty birds in their nests are still;
We watched the sun, as he sank from sight,
Over the tree-tops on yonder hill.
Two stars have come since the daylight went,
'Way over there in the sky's dark blue:
They must be angels that God has sent
To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night:
I hear the frogs in the meadow call:
They croak and croak in the evening light,
Down in the pond by the old stone wall.
I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers
Never to fear, though the world is dark:
They know the firefly lights the hours
All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night:
Dear little head with your silky hair,
Dear little form that I hold so tight,
Cosy and warm in the nursery chair.
White lids are veiling the eyes so clear:
Over their blueness the fringes creep:
Slower and slower I rock you, dear,
My little girl, asleep. Asleep.

—*May Hayden Taylor in Good Housekeeping.*

THE LITTLE ORATOR. *Mrs Sperry Photo*

MY TASKS.

My boy thinks I can do all things—
At least that's what he says.
Sometimes he sets a task for me
That truly much dismays.

For instance: One cold winter's day
He said, "Pa, build a town
All made of cards that no earthquake
Can ever make fall down."

And yestere'en he came and said
He wanted me to take
Six marbles and a worsted ball,
And turn them into cake.

Quite often in the early morn,
When I would fain repose,
He cries: "See if you cannot find
A penny in my nose:

"A real steam engine in my mouth,
An organ in my ear;
And, papa, toss your pillow up
And make it disappear."

Once in a while he seeks my side
And sits upon my knee,
And thinks I'm mean because I won't
Turn pencils into tea.

But worst of all the things he asks,
The very worst I know,
Is, "Papa, draw a choo-choo car,
And make it so's 'twill go!"

—*Harpers Young People.*

THE CANYONS OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THE mountains of Southern California are remarkable for their beautiful canyons, which, in some instances, extend for many miles into the heart of the range, often sending out laterals that are nearly as great in extent; these, in turn, also ramify, until, if one looks down upon them from a high peak, a veritable labyrinth is revealed.

Many of these canyons have never been explored, and even their contour is merely a matter of conjecture. It would be utterly impossible to describe or even refer to more than a few of those that penetrate the Sierra Madre.

The San Gabriel Canyon is not only the largest but the best known of these, lying, as it does, adjacent to Los Angeles and Pasadena. Through its tortuous defiles winds the trail that leads to Wilson's Peak, and nearly all of its tributaries bring a gurgling stream to add volume to the water of the San Gabriel River, which takes its name from the valley through which it courses. In these mountain brooks the water is as clear as crystal and as cold as the snows from whence they come; and it foams and flashes as it dances over granite boulders, and catches the reflection of blue skies, towering mountains and bending branches on its way to the plain beyond, where, in the summer time, exhausted by the effort, it sinks into the shining sands of the rock-strewn "wash;" but, when the mountains are hidden under their winter robes and the storm-king rages among the peaks, volumes of water roll down the steep slopes, and the river carries it surging to the sea, too often sweeping away whatever impedes its progress as it cuts new paths for itself through the fertile valleys.

It is said by the old Spaniards who first settled these slopes that gold was found in the San Gabriel Canyon long before Marshall discovered it in El Dorado County, and hydraulic mining is yet extensively carried on by the descendants of these people, who pass an indolent existence in this ideal place. When the stock of provisions in the larder becomes low these dusky-skinned, ease-loving "miners" will wash out gold enough to supply present necessities, and repair to the nearest town to invest it, when, with the laden burros, they will return to the solitude of the canyon. It is in this canyon that a plant is in course of construction from which electricity is to be transmitted to Pasadena and Monrovia, the rapid river furnishing the power.

One of the largest tributary canyons is that known as the West Branch, and here some of the finest trout streams are to be found. In a beautiful canyon opening into the West Branch the Bait Club (composed of Pasadena gentlemen) has erected a commodious log cabin. The Creel Club draws its complement mainly from Los Angeles, the membership being limited. This club is unique in the fact that its members are not allowed to fish with anything but flies, while the Bait Club uses whatever, in its estimation, will land the most fish.

Near the headquarters of the North Fork stands a peculiar forest of stumps known as Pine Flats. It consists of regular rows of living pine trees rising to a height of from forty to fifty feet. The peculiarity of this forest lies in the fact that, though the lateral branches are green and thrifty, the tops of the trees have been broken off as clean as if by the sweep of a gigantic mowing machine.

To the west of this phenomenon lies a chain of three small lakes, or rather catch-basins. The surplus from the two upper basins pours into the lower lake, which has no visible outlet; yet the water is clear, pure, and cold the year round, and, though it contains no fish, deer drink from it during all seasons. One peculiarity of this tiny sheet of water is that any sudden noise, such as the report of a gun, or a yell, given while standing on the bank, will cause its surface to break into little circular ripples which widen out as if a hundred pebbles had been tossed carelessly into it. Somebody has christened it Sensitive Lake, on account of this strange feature.

Bear Canyon is the largest tributary of the West Branch. After extending some four miles into the mountains it forms two forks, each terminating in a rather noteworthy manner. The West Fork has been explored but little, as it is rough and almost impassable; but, if one followed the bed of its creek as it tends upward, he would be brought to a sudden stop before a high cliff over which the water falls in a fleecy spray that seems to come from the heart of the mountain. The East Fork is about three miles long and terminates at a massive rock, which has a deep cleft in its center through which the water pours from a high fall beyond. While trout abound in the lower stream none are found above the falls.

Rubio Canyon, back of Pasadena, is so well known through the wonderful genius of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, who has vied with Nature in making it a paradise on earth, that further description seems useless. It is here, from the unique pavilion swung from one mountain to another across a rapidly flowing brook, that his world-famed incline road, the steepest mountain railway in existence, reaches to the summit of Echo Mountain, where stands the observatory which contains the great telescope that is the pride of Professor Swift, the learned and gentle astronomer.

The San Antonio Canyon is becoming a favorite camping place for the people of Pomona and Ontario, affording excellent fishing, fine hunting, perfect shade, and every delight that adds zest and enjoyment to camp life. The San Denias Creek flows through its windings for many miles before it is swallowed up by the thirsty sands, and from its waters is obtained the power that lights the neighboring cities.

If one follows this canyon to its head he may enter Cattle Canyon, through which meanders the little stream known as Cow Creek. This stream is unlike any other known from the fact that it flows for the entire distance over bedrock; its water is clear, cold and pure during the entire year.

Continuing through this canyon, on over the range, one enters the head of the San Gabriel Canyon, and may traverse the bank of its river until he comes out of the mouth within sight of Los Angeles, having, if he left that city for the purpose of exploring the San Antonio Canyon, made a complete circuit.

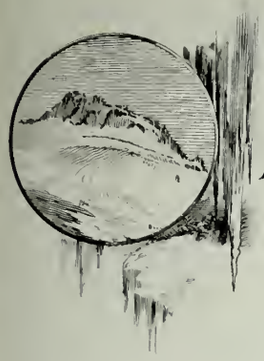
The San Denias Canyon, though of considerable extent, has no especially noteworthy features; it lies above the San Antonio and may be entered from one of the many ramifications of that extensive canyon.

Perhaps the two canyons presenting the most diverse characteristics are those which diverge from the point of the "Arrowhead," in San Bernardino County. These canyons, known respectively as Cold Water Canyon and Hot Water Canyon, follow the contour of this singular natural landmark, and offer many and varied attractions to the scientist as well as the lover of Nature. In Cold Water Canyon the stream dances and tumbles and plunges in a series of charming falls and darkling pools. In these places the gamy trout loiters, and is easily tempted by gaudy fly or plebeian worm; and the world-weary man may linger at will in cool dells or shady glens. In Hot Water Canyon he may wander for miles through its windings, but the general features are very different. Here hot water gushes from tiny holes in the rocks or pours its volume over miniature precipices that lie in its way. Sometimes it trickles through the porous earth along the side of the canyon or bubbles up from the bed of the stream; but it is steaming and stewing always, and one may boil eggs in it at any time.

Palm Canyon, in Riverside County, is interesting because here, amid a vegetation that seems to have been scattered at haphazard over the rocky slopes, is to be found an immense grove of wild fan-palm trees, the only trees of the species known to be indigenous to this country. From whence they came, or what was their origin, no one knows; but the Indians have come here for generations to obtain thatch for their homes and materials for their basketry.

1. Fern Glen, Rubio Canyon. 2. Great Bear Canyon. 3. San Gabriel Canyon. 4. Mountain Glen. 5. Cold Water Canyon.

Waite Photos.



IN A CREVASSE OF THE LYELL GLACIER

T. S SOLOMONS

I had approached the edge in as cautious a manner as possible, lying on my stomach and drawing myself slowly along, testing the snow as I advanced by plunging my elbows into it. Fearful lest the brink were overhanging and should give way, as I drew near I redoubled my care. I was within five feet of it. Raising the upper part of my body on my arms I would drop violently,—chest, face and all,—then crawl a foot and again pound the snow with my chest. The surface was fluted with long parallel ridges, with rounded troughs between, running slantwise to the direction in which I was crawling to the edge. As I dragged my body obliquely over one of these foot-high ridges, I sank a few inches into it. Simultaneously my heart jumped, then at once steadied as I realized it was only the sharp crest that had been crushed. The mass was still firm.

I worked with my feet and knees against the back ridges, and so propelled myself nearer and nearer the brink. When within a foot of it I lifted my head and glanced at the opposite edge. It was horrent with daggers of ice and sharp, downshooting spears, all studded and gemmed with ice crystals. The edge was ragged and overhanging. How thick was this projecting lip I could not tell; for the stalactite-like icicles stretched straight down,—a fringe of fangs. Was the side on which I was crawling similarly projecting? The bank seemed solid enough, but the thought was unnerving. Inch by inch my face approached the edge. I drew back my left hand, fingered the knot of the handkerchief about my neck, pulled it off, crushed it in my hand, and placed it on the extreme edge. Then I drew my chin upon it and turned my eyes down.

I was expecting it all, but still I felt a slow shudder creeping over me from my breast, around my neck, and down the spine to my lower limbs, till I felt my whole body gently trembling.

From the abyss came a purring sound as of a seashell held to one's ear, and the breath of it—the air—was cool as in a cave. A long straight crack yawned deep into darkness, though it was midday. Its opposite side was that long jagged lip, serrated by blades and icicles of every shape and size and fantastic form, from needle-like spears and broad, pale blades to long, slender stalactites and poles of ice that hung thirty and forty feet into the depths. Some were green as the sea; some seemed of pearl. Much of the mass was stained crimson from earthy pigments. Deeper, the sides sparkled with sapphire and emerald, and, deepest of all, the gloom of the lower abyss cast a mystic purple shadow on crack and wall.

Picking up a stone which lay upon the hard snow beside me, I stretched out my arm and dropped it into the crevasse, watching it grow smaller and vanish into the blackness deep down, straining the ear but catching no sound.

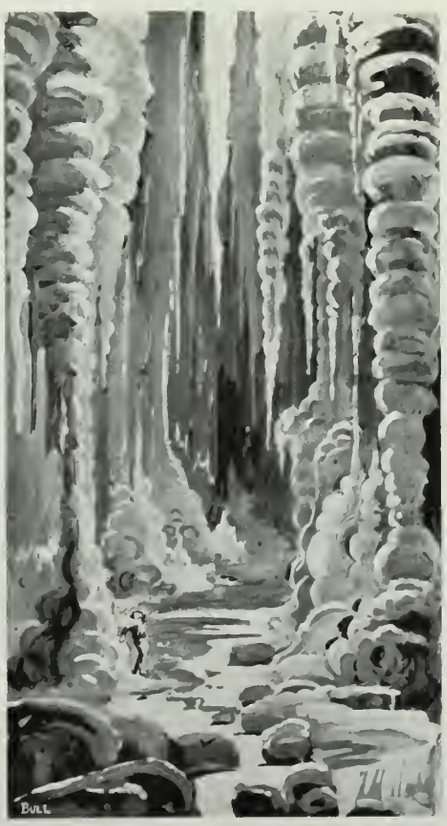
Drawing cautiously back, I retreated sufficiently to feel quite safe, and then stood upon my feet. The crack extended to the right nearly to the cliffs, becoming in that direction slightly crooked and irregular; to the left it grew narrower, until at about three hundred yards it ended in a gentle slope extending downward from the surface of the glacier.

I was seized with a desire to examine it nearer the cliffs, where it seemed wide, and zigzaging like a flash of lightning. So I walked along, parallel to the crevasse, keeping, however, well back from the edge.

During the summer the glacier is solid and continuous. The great side crevasse is far to the right of the path from the terminal moraine, across the glacier to the triangular, black pinnacle which is the summit of Mount Lyell. That side crevasse is seen only as an ugly, irregular crack skirting the western wall. All summer long the sun had beaten down upon the snowy bosom of the glacier, melting it rapidly, and at last uncovering several treacherous transverse fissures, by far the most extensive of which was the one that had barred my further progress across the glacier. Along its edge I was now plodding to the western cliffs.

Stepping out upon it from the long gravelly moraine an hour before, the glacier had seemed like a great white sloping field plowed up into long parallel furrows. Little idea of depth is conveyed to the mind. The dazzling sheet slopes up in sweeping curves and is hedged by a long encircling wall of precipices, like black, broken teeth; but the crevasse that so unexpectedly barred the way, like a gash in the body of the glacier, revealed in characters, at once graphic and awful, a depth, a fullness, a massiveness truly grand. Suppose that the glacier should suddenly melt and vanish! Then, instead of the fringe of precipice tips, there would suddenly be bared great mountain walls extending down and down to the foundations of the very mountain itself, and inclosing a vast, deep, cavernous amphitheater. The crevasse told the tale.

I had kept my eyes riveted on the crack. Suddenly I fell into a little side crevasse opening into the main one. Oh, why had I not looked in front! My heart fluttered in a sickening way, and, as it were, instinctively, I was at once plunging my arms into the loose snow of the sides, digging and clawing at it, feet and hands, with desperate, terrified rapidity. I sank and fell, steadied myself for an instant, lost balance, and fell again in a series of steep descents, lower and lower; and I now vaguely remember losing more and more the consciousness of the present; till, after a final fall of perhaps thirty feet, I brought up suddenly in a



IN A CREVASSE.

bank of snow which jarred me into keen and instant consciousness. I found myself in the main crevasse on a sloping shelf, for the most part bare and icy. One side sloped abruptly down into lower parts of the narrow gulf. Above, I saw I had come perhaps a hundred feet; it might have been much more or less.

As I could not fly, I could not remount the walls of the lateral crack. I paused a moment, lying on my side, and panting. My cap had fallen from my head and preceded me down to the shelf. I reached over and pulled it out of the loose snow with which it had rolled down. I did not need it. I did it mechanically. I remember, a moment later, feeling disgusted at myself for paying attention to such a trivial matter, and, obediently to the thought, unstrapped from my back and flung away the little box containing lunch and camera. I felt a sense of relief in doing this. It was a kind of offering, it seemed to me in my dazed condition, to the God of the great snowy mountain, to show an humbleness and willingness to do everything to aid myself. I had been stupidly drifting away on an ocean of thought, but the cold revived me. My face, unprotected, was paining me intensely, and I could feel the frost at my gloved fingers. Taking a long breath of air, I rose quickly. Again I was possessed by that idea of the impossibility of flight. I was bitterly rebellious, my humility gone. Was I a bird? Could I go back the way I came? There was but one avenue of escape. I remembered the small end of the crevasse. I had taken one glance at it while leaning over the edge ten minutes before. It was not perpendicular like the sides: it sloped. On the surface of the glacier I had walked toward the opposite end, so that now nearly the whole length of the crevasse intervened. To gain that slope I should have to traverse the bottom of an unknown abyss. I shuddered,—not entirely from cold. Reason, inexorable, unyielding, pronounced her decision: That way is there chance for life; here is death; and the animal within me begged for life. Then instantly there rushed into my heart a torrent of blood. I must act quickly—at once—on the second! I slid determinedly down the side snow slope, turning this way and that to find the easiest descent.

There were huge overhanging pillars of ice under which I managed to crawl as I still followed in its downward course the slanting snow-drift. Down, down, minute after minute, I climbed in feverish anxiety, emerging at last fairly into the crevasse, which was here bathed in a cold sunlight.

I found myself between two walls that stretched in irregular ice pillars and columns above me, far up to the dazzling blue line whence streamed the sunlight, and that reached along in zigzaging, angular faces, cliff after cliff, far down into a dense obscurity of blue. Everywhere ice crystals glittered and twinkled. Straight walls of polished ice, seamed with long, parallel, opalescent pack lines, caught the pale light and threw it back in a fine greenish blue shimmer.

A few quick jumps and I stood upon rock,—the bottom of the crevasse at last, the solid floor of that tremendous, bowl-like recess in the mountain that the ice mass filled to overflowing. Cracked and broken and spiked with icicles, the great jaw of the glacier hung over this rocky floor, two, three, often ten, feet above it. What had caused this separation? I speculated stupidly, until, in obedience to a sudden sense of peril, I started forward, cursing myself for the delay. What was I doing, standing and gaping there? I reproached myself bitterly. Was it the cold that was holding me? Was it numbing my senses? I shivered and clapped my hands violently upon my thighs, and continued on over the irregular bottom of the crevasse. Jumping over a high rock that seemed a clumsy impediment, and then rounding a great block of ice that had fallen from a giant icicle above, I came against a wall of compacted snow. The warm blood left my heart. In a second I dropped down and crawled along the base of it. Thank God, it ended in thin, ragged edges which I contrived to chip off with a heavy stone, and so managed to crawl around the wall.

At once I was in a great blue chamber carved in simple, massive grandeur, with a vaulted roof curving far up to the crack. It was ice, solid ice, the walls formed of long rounded columns, side by side, very regular, and extending straight up five or six hundred feet, with huge, bulging, fluted pedestals at their bases, formed by the freezing of the water that had trickled down their sides. Roused as I was by the shock of the moment before, and alive to the dangers and uncertainties still awaiting, I yet could not, for very wonder, keep from pausing spellbound at the sight.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

THE ST. BERNARD.

Illustration through the courtesy of F. W. Skaife, D. V. S. M. R. C. V. S.

FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

THE popularity of the St. Bernard dog is yearly increasing both in this country and in Europe, and wherever he appears, either in our bench shows, or majestically promenading our streets in the company of his proud owner, he is the subject of sufficient admiring comment to turn any head less massive and well-balanced than his own. Popular as he is, however, and many as are the romances that have been woven about him, there is really very little definitely known of his past history.

Indeed, despite much investigation and research, there is still a great difference of opinion among kynologists as to the breed of dogs selected by the pious

LUKEY'S LION.

Bernard de Menthon as assistants in his life-saving mission. The good Saint's picture represents him attended by a dog of the bloodhound species, and different writers refer to the Hospice dogs variously as Alpine spaniels and Alpine mastiffs. It seems clear, however, that the original life-savers of the snow-enshrouded pass resembled the mastiff far more than they did either the St. Hubert (bloodhound) or spaniel type. This theory is borne out by the accompanying illustrations, which will be of great interest to all who have made a study of the St. Bernard. These pictures are reproduced from portraits of the dogs Lukey's Lion and Couchez, which were, we are authoritatively informed, brought to England about the year 1838, some fourteen years previous to the dreadful avalanche which swept all but three of the Hospice dogs out of existence. Couchez was the property of the noted dog-fancier, George White, and was brought into England by way of Italy; but Lion was imported direct from the Hospice by a gentleman named Lukey, who received with him a written guarantee from the prior that the animal was a good speci-

SEVEN WEEKS PUPPIES.

men of their old strain. These dogs were both red smuts, and were of the short-haired variety; but even the most enthusiastic dog-lover must concede that they were far from prepossessing in appearance.

Crosses with other breeds, notably the Pyrenian wolf dog, the Great Dane, and the Newfoundland, have evolved the St. Bernard of the present, of which there are two recognized varieties,—the long and short haired, known as the rough and smooth coated, both of which are often found in the same litter. The monks prefer the short-haired dogs, as their coats do not become weighted with snow, and they can therefore make their way easily through storm and drift; and, while they lay no particular stress upon the presence or absence of "dew claws" on the hind feet, they consider a pure white line from nose to poll an absolutely indispensable mark.

It is rather disappointing to learn that the principal employment of the Hospice dogs of to-day is to trace out paths after a fall of snow has obliterated them, and not to carry succor and stimulants to lost and freezing travelers. It is comforting, however, to be assured that the famous Barry, who really did save forty-two lives, was not killed by a man who mistook him for a wolf, but died a natural death, full of years and honors.

Barry was not a handsome dog, but he was a perfect specimen of his kind, and Heinrich Schumacher's celebrated Barry I., born in 1854, was almost his duplicate. From Barry I. descended Thor and Juna, imported by Mr. Murchison, F. R. G. S., in 1871, and Thor became the progenitor of the renowned Plinlimmon and Bayard. Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, who was one of the most prominent of the earlier English breeders, imported several valuable specimens of the rough-coated variety, and also brought to England the splendid dog Tell, who was acknowledged for years to be the finest smooth-coated dog extant.

Plinlimmon and Merchant Prince, two of the principal winners in the St. Bernard Club exhibition of 1882, were brought to America, where they deservedly found hosts of admirers. The appearance, in 1888, of Sir Bedivere, a dog who has been heralded far and wide as the grandest specimen of his noble race, created a veritable furore among the English dog-fanciers, and they esteemed it almost a national calamity when he was purchased by an American for $6,700. Sir Bedivere

PRESENT HOSPICE DOG.

died of gastritis at the Argyle Kennels, Little Rock, Ark., on the eighteenth of last month.

All authorities unite in ascribing to the St. Bernard the possession of an exceptional share of the canine virtues. That he is, in the present stage of development, undeniably handsome any one who is capable of appreciating canine perfections will certainly admit; and that his beauty is by no means "skin deep" we are assured by all who are admitted to the privilege of his friendship. Dr. F. W. Skaife, who is the proprietor of the only infirmary on the Coast for dogs, and who has, consequently, treated many of the finest specimens of the most valuable breeds, commends the St. Bernards unqualifiedly as being the most intelligent and the most gentle, as well as the handsomest, of the larger dogs. Their sagacity is remarkable, and, although they have a dignified reserve of manner with strangers, they are most affectionate and true-hearted toward their friends; and with children they are patient, long-suffering, and altogether trustworthy. As watch-dogs they are most dependable, and, although they are slow to anger and quite above taking notice of small affronts, when circumstances make it necessary for them to assert themselves their strength and courage make them formidable antagonists.

There are now owned on the Coast about ninety animals of this illustrious breed, and of these seventy-

REGLOV.

five are to be benched at the Pacific Kennel Club show which is to be held this month at the Pavilion in this city. In this exhibition the St. Bernards will undoubtedly be the leading class, as their owners are taking especial interest in the matter, and are determined to do their utmost to bring their favorites prominently and fitly before the public. At the present time the two most noted dogs of this class on the Coast are Challenge California Bernardo and Reglov. California Bernardo, listed as the Challenge rough-coated St. Bernard of the Pacific Coast, is the property of J. G. Barker, President of the St. Bernard Club of California, and is an exceptionally fine animal in every way. His grandsire on his sire's side was Champion Plinlimmon,—J. K. Emmet's much-written-up five-thousand-dollar dog,—while the brother of his grandsire on his dam's side was Champion Sir Bedivere, previously referred to, who stood at the head of the whole class; therefore Bernardo—as these are the two strains most sought for—possesses the bluest kind of canine blue blood. As a prize winner this aristocratic animal has been very successful, having won first prize as the best St. Bernard dog every time that he has been exhibited,—notably at the 1893 exhibit of the Southern California Kennel Club, the 1893 exhibit of the Pacific Kennel Club, and the 1894 exhibit of the Alameda Sportsmen's Association.

One of Bernardo's most esteemed four-footed friends was the renowned Little Chihuahua, the two-pound Mexican dog that visited this city some time since. This tiny creature won Bernardo's chivalrous affection at their first meeting, and one of the sights of the town

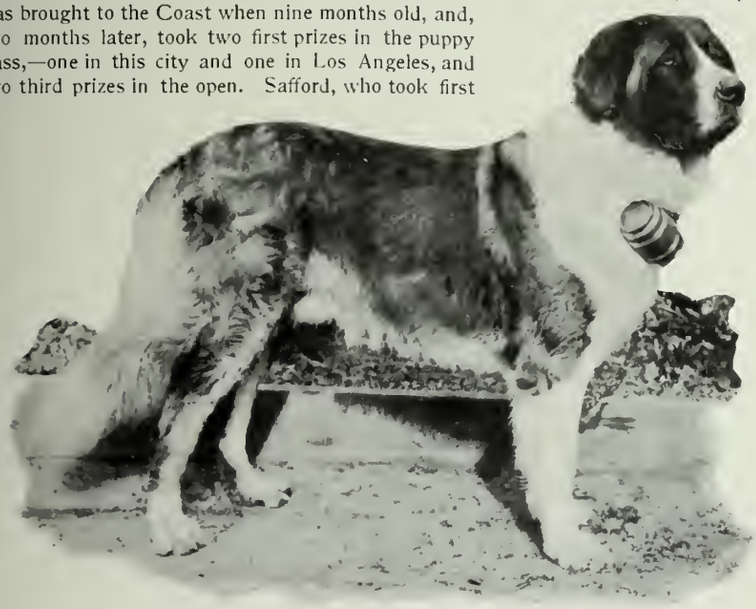
COUCHEZ.

during her stay was the two taking their daily "constitutional" in company,—Chihuahua rushing about

recklessly and aimlessly, after the fashion of small dogs in general, and her stately escort, over ninety times her weight, evidently oppressed by an almost overwhelming sense of responsibility, keeping an anxious and watchful eye constantly upon his diminutive charge, and acting as a most efficient body guard.

Arthur T. Regensburger, D. D. S., Vice-President of the St. Bernard Club, is the owner of Reglov, the largest dog of his species west of the Rocky Mountains.

Reglov is indeed a magnificent animal, standing, as he does, thirty-four and one-half inches high at the point of the shoulder, and weighing two hundred pounds. He is of the rough-coated variety, and tawny orange in color, with white markings. Bred in Maryland by F. E. Lamb of the Arlington Kennels, he was brought to the Coast when nine months old, and, two months later, took two first prizes in the puppy class,—one in this city and one in Los Angeles, and two third prizes in the open. Safford, who took first



CALIFORNIA BERNARDO.

prize in the open, and first in the novice, last year in Chicago, is his sire; and his dam is Mountain Queen, who won the silver medal for the best St. Bernard bitch in America.

Beside these, Reglov's pedigree embraces such well known and valuable dogs as Champion Plinlimmon, Champion Ben Lomond, Champion Burns, Champion Valentine and Champion Bayard; and, as he is in all respects a grand representative of his species, his wide popularity is certainly well deserved.

In the line of general clumsiness the St. Bernard puppies excel all others; but, big and lumbering as they are, for giddiness, thoughtlessness, irresponsibility and all-around fun they are quite on a par with all other youthful dogs, and, to an appreciative mind, they are altogether charming. The puppies whose portraits are given here were bred in the kennels of Dr. A. T. Regensburger, their sire being the well-known Judge, and faced the camera at the early age of seven weeks.

INDIAN LEGERDEMAIN.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The Indians of the Southwest have various forms of amusement,—acrobatic, dancing and legerdemain, but nothing bordering on the drama. Their acrobatic performances are given in a meadow near the village. An arbor is built by the performers, who make the circuit from village to village. No admission fee is charged, but every one gives what he can afford or thinks the performance is worth. Payment is made in "shell money," which is current with Indians, and is bought by tourists as a curio. Shells are gathered on the seashore, polished brightly, pierced in the center and stringed. They are valued according to size. There is no doorkeeper, and the audience sit upon the ground in a circle. The performers, usually eight or ten, enter the ring with a "ho, ho!" instead of a hoopla. They are dressed, or rather undressed, in moccasin shoes, and a breech-clout, or a kind of a doublet, around the loins. The upper portion of the body and legs are bare and painted dark brown, slashed with stripes of white bitumen. One of the performers, supposed to be the clown, wears a red coat of paint, and his face is slashed with white stripes.

The performance is given in the afternoon, and lasts about two hours. The "stage manager" or "press agent" ascends to the top of the wigwam and shouts to the crowd: "Ho, ho! come everybody. Let nobody stay away. Nobody must steal anything, or say anything to the squaws!" This is a hint to the Mexican and American element, who frequently attend, and a declaration against stage-door dudes.

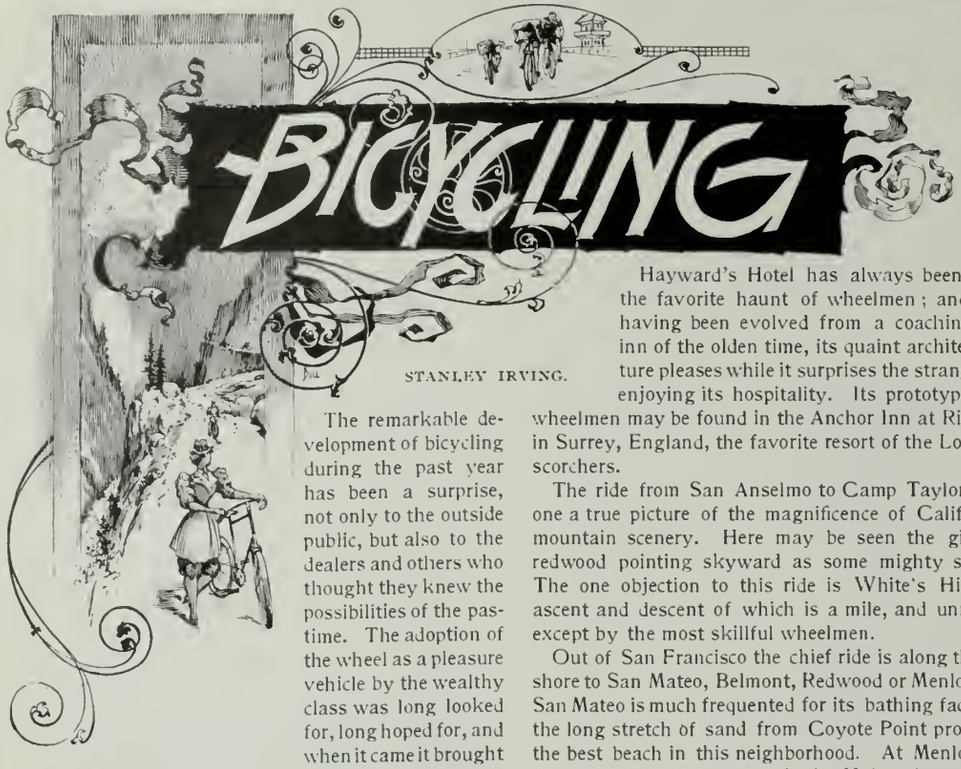
The performance consists of acrobatic feats, such as the pyramid. A small Indian will carry around a pyramid of half a dozen on his shoulders, or a column of four or five men, the topmost extending through the roof of the open arbor. They climb down and fall over each other pretty much as the pale-face acrobats do. They show feats of strength in wrestling, lifting, etc. There seems to be no program, and the specialties are performed as the spirit moves them. The clown makes merriment by vainly attempting to lift the lightest object. At this the audience grunt. This is their mode of applause. They never laugh, but sit solemnly, quietly and stoically, as if at a funeral. A grunt is the only applause an Indian actor gets, and that is solemnly given.

An Indian dance is a cross between a pale-face ballet and a skirt dance. It is not a story in steps, as the ballet, but also partakes of the pantomime, and is as near acting as the Indian approaches. The men are dressed in white cotton pantaloons, with a fox-skin suspended from the shoulder, head downward. His body is painted vermilion. The women wear moccasin shoes, buckskin leggins, and a black cotton dress reaching to the knees. Their hair hangs loosely over their shoulders, and they add a little red paint to their red features. About a dozen of each sex enter from the dressing rooms in the rear of the arbor, and form a circle in the center. They join hands and begin a grand walk around. Then it is suddenly discovered that there is an orchestra. It consists of four men and two squaws and about a dozen pieces, —all reeds. They are each pitched in the same key, and each musician vies with the other, it seems, to get the most reeds in his mouth. No two musicians play in harmony, and some do not play in harmony with themselves. The dance is a kind of a hippety-hop around the open space, with a violent thumping of the foot upon the ground at intervals, as the retiring kick of emphasis of the variety song and dance sketches. The dancers circle round and round, fast and faster, and, when some of them fall exhausted to the ground, there are grunts of "ho, ho!" Those who are exhausted walk off the stage, for there are no supernumeraries to drag off the dead or disabled.

Then follows a kind of flirtation ballet, danced by women. About twenty form a circle, and, after they have danced ten or fifteen minutes, a fancily dressed young brave makes his way into the open space. They pretend to be surprised at his appearance, and regard him as if he were direct from fairy-land or some grotto. The circle draws near him, as if to inspect the stranger, and then modestly recedes. The dancing continues, and the Indian maidens chant a song of joy, while the orchestra is almost blowing out its brains. The maidens extend their arms toward him in a coquettish manner, but he hesitates, as if he had before heard the siren's song. They attempt to catch him by the hand, or encircle him, but, like the harlequin, he eludes them. He finally makes his escape, and there are loud grunts of "ho, ho!"

The performance ends with a mixture of ballet, pantomime and legerdemain. The ballet is formed in two circles, the men forming the outer circle. The men walk around as they dance, but the women stand in their places, merely thumping the ground with their feet, and swaying their bodies, and waving their handkerchiefs at the passing braves in a flirtatious manner. The orchestra continues with increased violence, if possible. While the dance is at its worst, enters the clown with one side of his face painted red, the other black, and wearing a head-dress of feathers of the red-bird and yellow-hammer. He executes a solo as a *premier*; then the property man hands to him a spear, and he pretends to stab one of the maidens, perhaps the leading lady, because she would not love him. She falls as if dead, and blood flows, apparently from the wound, as we have seen in the circus. The dance stops; also the orchestra takes a much-needed rest. The body is laid out as if for burial. The dancers form in one circle and dance around the stage corpse, chanting the "death cry," which is a harrowing wail. The orchestra does not accompany them, and there is some chance for the corpse: enter the *shaman* of the village, or medicine-man. He makes a few mystic signs and passes over the body, and utters wise conjurations, known only to himself. The woman shows signs of returning life; the singing and dancing is resumed, and the shrill orchestra joins in. Amidst all this furore the woman is restored to life. The medicine-man lifts her up, and, holding her by the hand, they gravely bow to the audience and mutely ask for "thunders of applause," just like our stage hero who has rescued the hysterical maiden in white from the heavy villain's grasp.

A ZULU DANCE. *Taber photo.*



The remarkable development of bicycling during the past year has been a surprise, not only to the outside public, but also to the dealers and others who thought they knew the possibilities of the pastime. The adoption of the wheel as a pleasure vehicle by the wealthy class was long looked for, long hoped for, and when it came it brought in its train prosperity to the dealers and a great moral support to the art and pastime of cycling. For a considerable time the dress of the wheelwoman was a vexed question, but now, with the accessions of wealth and taste to their ranks, a suitable garb will be evolved which will at once combine utility, beauty and modesty.

For many years medical men, if not utterly opposed to cycling for both men and women, at least gave it a weak indorsement, and it is but recently that they have gone to the other extreme and recommended it heartily for both sexes. It is not claimed that riding is a cure-all, but it takes its devotees out-of-doors, and, if used properly, provides a mild exercise which no gymnasium could provide. Exercise within the walls of a house is invariably of a perfunctory and monotonous character; and, while it may accomplish good results in the building of a strong frame and muscle, it lacks the vivacity of exercise in the open air, with such delightful surroundings as are found in the Park or down a leaf-shaded lane in the country.

The bicycles of to-day are marvelous in their construction and a source of continual surprise to mechanics who devote their time to other branches of manufacture. There is no other vehicle which compares with it in lightness and strength. The largest proportion of the machines placed on the market this year will weigh well under twenty-five pounds, and many used will not scale twenty pounds. These weights are generally guaranteed for any weight of rider, irrespective of his ability or the character of the roads over which he may pass.

California, with its equable climate and long-continued dry season, offers exceptional advantages to the wheelmen. Added to these, and all-important in itself, is the fact that this State has a large proportion of good roads and magnificent scenery. There are certain beaten paths of the wheelmen who reside in the metropolis which provide a variety which should suit any mood. Pre-eminent as the resort of wheelmen is Haywards, nestling at the base of the Alameda County foothills, ten miles from Fruitvale Station. The road is level and during the summer season is regularly sprinkled. It passes through a rich farming and orchard country, and the roadside is dotted with neat homes of modern design and showing signs of familiarity with the painter and care-taker. Some of the more hardy riders return home by a road which winds its devious way about the foothills, abruptly leading to Lake Chabot and presenting a charming panorama of lake and mountain scenery. Hayward's Hotel has always been the favorite haunt of wheelmen; and having been evolved from a coaching inn of the olden time, its quaint architecture pleases while it surprises the stranger enjoying its hospitality. Its prototype to wheelmen may be found in the Anchor Inn at Ripley in Surrey, England, the favorite resort of the London scorchers.

The ride from San Anselmo to Camp Taylor gives one a true picture of the magnificence of Californian mountain scenery. Here may be seen the gigantic redwood pointing skyward as some mighty steeple. The one objection to this ride is White's Hill, the ascent and descent of which is a mile, and unridable except by the most skillful wheelmen.

Out of San Francisco the chief ride is along the bay shore to San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood or Menlo Park. San Mateo is much frequented for its bathing facilities, the long stretch of sand from Coyote Point providing the best beach in this neighborhood. At Menlo Park the great Leland Stanford Junior University provides an inexhaustible source of pleasure with its beautiful drives and massive architecture. There will also be afforded an opportunity to stroll about the Palo Alto Stock Farm, which is celebrated wherever the English language is spoken.

In purchasing a bicycle a person should always bear in mind the old adage, "The best is the cheapest." Nickel plate and smooth enamel cover a multitude of sins beside imperfections of material and workmanship. A poor machine is a continual source of annoyance and expense, not to mention the possibility of its collapsing under its owner at an awkward and unexpected moment, causing serious injuries and perhaps death. The owner of a badly constructed machine never knows whether it will hold together until he reaches home from a ride in the country. If fitted with cheap tires, as it must necessarily be, the chances are greatly in favor of a collapse. The beginner should beware of overexertion, which is likely to result if his initial experiences of cycling are acquired in the company of old and seasoned riders. One is apt to gauge his ability by that of his companion, and unconsciously mischief is wrought. Hill-climbing is a fruitful source of trouble, as inclines are encountered which seem too insignificant to dismount for, and yet are too severe for the person serving his novitiate. A ride of five miles as often as possible during the first two weeks would bring into play the muscles used in riding, and which no other known exercise will develop. Then longer rides may be taken, the distance gradually increased until no ride will be too long. The best benefits are derived from cycling by gentle indulgence in its many attractions.

The method of ascertaining the gear of wheels most in use is to multiply the diameter, in inches, of the driving wheel by the number of teeth in the front sprocket and divide the product by the number of teeth in the rear sprocket. Say the driving-wheel is twenty-eight inches in diameter, and that there are fifteen teeth in the front sprocket. The multiplication of the one by the other gives the figures 420. Say, then, there are seven teeth in the rear sprocket. The sum of 420 divided by seven gives sixty, which is the gear.

From time to time the idea is put forward that a portion of every roadway should be set aside for and used by wheelmen only. The riders generally are not in favor of this plan, but rather would have all roads improved, thus benefiting every frequenter of them, no matter what his mode of conveyance might be. The scheme of strictly cycling paths has been strongly advocated in many quarters, however, within the past year; and in time, if the use of the bicycle continues to develop as it has recently, such paths may be a feature of the main streets in the large cities. In Golden Gate Park there are already several paths used exclusively by wheelmen, and the Commissioners will, from time to time, undoubtedly provide more of them through picturesque parts of the public domain under their charge. This will lighten the traffic on the congested carriage drives and will be a benefit to all *habitues* of the Park.

The wheelmen were the pioneers in the movement for good roads, but the agitation has spread so thoroughly into all the walks of life that now the riders find themselves swept along on the crest of a wave of public opinion, which will ultimately wash out all opposition to the improvement of the highways.

In the good old days of the tall wheel there was an unmistakable Free Masonry among cyclists. To ride a bicycle meant that you were a good fellow, and the strongest friendships sprang up between riders. To-day this is not so noticeable, and riders seldom think of even bowing on meeting; yet, when an unfortunate punctures his tire or otherwise meets with disaster on the road, willing hands are ever ready to help him.

For many years racing in California played an unimportant part in the history of cycling, but to-day the most important race record, that of one mile, is held on a local track. It does not detract from its value that it was not made by a Californian, and few persons will begrudge Bald, the flying Buffalo racing-man, his honors, which he is wearing modestly.

The new track has proved equal to all expectations of its designer and builder, and is an ideal race-track. In two days of the most desperate competition not an accident occurred, although, in a half-mile race, nine of the best riders competed, and, in a mile race, thirteen men finished in a bunch without a mishap.

With the exception of Allan N. Jones of the Garden City cyclers, the home talent did not show to good advantage. Neither Ziegler nor Edwards rode with the vim and dash expected of them and of which they are capable. The former will soon be in the East, and will have an opportunity to train and race with the cracks, and should develop accordingly. Of the Class A men Jones was the bright, particular star, and clearly outclassed the riders whom he met. He has a very easy style, and speed of the highest class, but just now lacks finish, which would be more noticeable if he met riders of a higher class. Byrne and Chapman were both disappointing, but were obviously not at their best. Reid, the crack of the Bay City Wheelmen, was not quite up to a race, especially as each one meant a desperate struggle. He will be training on gradually, and, as the season advances, will be a harder man to defeat. Frazier, the Stanford University flyer, did not show to advantage, and did not at all ride up to his reputation.

The pacing in the two-mile race on the first day and in the mile invitation on the second was perfection. On Friday two tandems were provided, the first going one mile and the second taking the riders to the point where sprinting commenced. The change of tandems was done so smoothly that there was not the slightest slowing of the pace, and the spectators cheered lustily. Bald had previously ridden races behind tandems, and knew some tactics with which the local men were not familiar. In the two-mile race he dropped his position immediately behind the tandem when a quarter of a mile from the finish, and Foster, seeing the tandem get away, made a jump for it and tacked on. The tandem gradually drew him away from the crowd, and then, at a critical moment, its riders hesitated, and Edwards made a jump for them and brought the other riders along with him. An eighth of a mile from home Bald commenced his wonderful sprint, and, passing Edwards and Foster, drew Coulter with him, and won in world's record time,—Coulter second and Edwards third.

From the number of new riders who have joined the racing ranks, that branch of cycling will be advanced to a higher plane than ever before, and the public will see racing not excelled in any part of the country.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

THE famous Windsor Hotel of Denver is already making a strong bid for summer business, and is doing considerable advertising in different ways. Mr. C. M. Hill, the well-known manager, has just gotten out a lot of business cards a little out of the usual order of hotel cards. They consist of a series of twelve or fifteen, each series having different attractive headlines in red, artistically arranged opposite a cut of the house, followed by reading matter in black, setting forth the many advantages of the house. Among the catchy headlines are: "Right in the Heart of Denver;" "When in Denver, Stop at the Windsor;" "Every Point of Interest in Denver, etc.;" "A Model Hotel;" "You Will Never Regret, etc." From all reports the Windsor seems to be enjoying a good patronage at present.

Since the burning down of the Hotel Raymond, the Hotel Green at Pasadena has been taxed to its utmost capacity. The Green has been full all winter and has had one of the best seasons of any of the well-known resorts in that section. Its general structure, points and service are a source of never tiring delight to its many patrons, and the management deserves praise for the remarkable success achieved.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose has enjoyed a long and uninterrupted season of prosperity. It is a hotel to which we can point with pride, and it is not too much to say that there is at least no better conducted hostelry in this State, and in fact on this Coast. Mr. Snell, the manager, is one of the most affable and gentlemanly men in the business; and his own personal neatness and geniality are exemplified through every corridor of his splendid hotel. The Mount Hamilton and Lick Observatory season is now on the increase, and the Vendome will further prosper thereby.

The famous Gilroy Hot Springs is beginning to fill up for the season. The waters at these springs are well known for their remarkable curative properties. The proprietors will never lose a guest through dissatisfaction, or lack of merit in the efficacy of these springs.

The new hotel at Highland Springs is now ready to receive guests, and, while we have not the official figures, we should estimate that, with the new accommodations, Manager Craig can accommodate in the neighborhood of three hundred or more people. There are over thirty different kinds of mineral springs at Highland that will suit every ailment under the sun. Its picturesque location, its closeness to the beautiful Clear Lake, and the facilities for fishing and hunting in the neighborhood, form a few of the principal points why a visit to Highland would be most pleasantly remembered.

In this connection we wish to say a good word for our friend, Mr. Spurr, of the Lakeview Hotel at Lakeport, just eight miles from Highland. It has a commanding view of the lake, where one can enjoy fishing and boating to his heart's content. Splendid drives and good hunting in the vicinity of Lakeport will make this a desirable spot for a visit. The Lakeview is beyond question the best hotel in the town at which to stop.

Skaggs Springs, so well and favorably known, have changed hands this season, having been leased by J. F. Mulgrew, with George J. Casanova as manager. We understand that a number of changes and improvements have been made, and beyond this fact it is hardly necessary to extol the virtues of the waters or the real home comfort of a sojourn there.

In Salt Lake City the Knutsford still seems to be enjoying a goodly share of the tourist traffic. It always looks as neat as a pin, and is one of the most cheerful and homelike hotels considering its immense size that we have ever visited. Mr. Holmes, the proprietor, is untiring in his energy and ambition, and deserves the enviable reputation which the Knutsford has enjoyed since its opening.

Mrs. G. W. Anderson, formerly of San Francisco, has purchased the controlling interest in the Crown Villa of Pasadena, a splendid summer resort, with tennis and croquet grounds convenient. With a faultless *cuisine* and the untiring efforts of Mrs. Anderson, the Crown Villa has become one of the leading family tourist resorts of Pasadena.

MRS. CHAS. H. TAY. *F. G. Schumaker photo.*

IN A CREVASSE OF THE LYELL GLACIER.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.)

Even the blue of the placid mountain lake—that loveliest of all Nature's colors—was not like this. Almost green in those parts which were nearest me, the ice walls gradually took on a light sky tint, and, as they receded upward and outward, this deepened and softened into every azure purity known to the eye or conceived by the imagination: bright, crystal blue, soft as the blush of morning; serene as silence; a vision to lure into an ecstasy of Nature-love, to lull into a soul-reposeful peace.

There was a tickling sensation at my chin. Still dreaming, mechanically I raised my hand. Ugh! It was stiffened; the forearm was like a clod. Frightened and mad,—mad at myself, mad at those walls, with their deadly seductions,—I flung my arms up and down and beat them against my breast, climbing rapidly onward among the shattered rocks and broken ice of the floor of the magic grotto.

I was now thoroughly alarmed, and all my faculties were keenly alive. Warned by my former experience, I dared not look about me, dreading another entrapping of the senses. I was fighting against the beauty, the freezing, stupefying, supernatural beauty of the crevasse.

It narrowed, widened, narrowed,—hope, fear, hope again. Was it deluding me? "Does it end at last in a wall—like any grave?" I asked myself. To go quicker, and so to learn my fate at the earliest possible moment, I crawled on hands and knees over slippery, glaciated rock surfaces, cold and moist, clinging to sharp-edged rocks that shredded my gloves and lacerated my hands; but I did not feel it. I am sadly afraid that my motions might fairly have been described as "clawing." But was I not an animal fighting for its life? In retrospect the picture lacks dignity. At the time I was far above or below considerations of dignity.

The rock surface was giving place more and more to snow and ice, and I was trending upward,—now in greenish darkness, now in bluish light and half light,—with the dazzling line of sky—that long, bright Tantalus—far, far above. Here a storm had swept in drift snow which lay in heaps, through which I floundered, crawled and half swam, emerging with masses of the tenacious, rotten snow clinging to my garments and hair. The native snow was compacted into a kind of ice, and on this, as it was now sloping steadily upward, the footing was slippery and treacherous. The soles of my hob-nailed shoes were surfaced over with snow and did not clinch. I slipped and rolled, got up, walked cautiously, dodging among the downshooting icicles till my foot would suddenly dart out from under me, and again I would fall. Clearly, if the ice did not give place to softer substance it would soon become impossible to climb farther, for the bottom was shelving up rapidly, like the side of a basin. My breathing had become labored and strained, and accompanied by a peculiar spasmodic painfulness of inhalation. The acclivity was so steep now that if I fell I would surely speed on down all the distance I had so strained to climb.

Almost the moment the thought came I slipped. The same instant I threw my arm around an ice pole. How I came to *think* to do it, much less how I was enabled to *execute* the movement in that brief fraction of a moment, is beyond my power to explain. It cheered me, for it seemed to say: "There is a faculty keener and quicker than your mere conscious mental ones. It is now your resource." I felt hopeful.

The crevasse narrowed, and I worked right next the wall, thus getting friction from its every irregularity. One side encroached upon the other, and I could scarcely squeeze my body through. Difficulties unnerved me now. My energies were becoming exhausted. Every motion required effort, and every effort was a direct tax upon the will. The will was a slave, groaning under the tireless lash of its master, Self-preservation. Even the Master might soon complain.

Light flashed down to me. God's sunlight again! What a wine it was! I had to dig my hands and nails into the hard snow to maintain the ascent. But what was that to sunlight and hope? Happening inadvertently to kick the wall, my toe pierced the crust. Delighted, I struck with the other foot and stood erect. Now, though steeper than ever, the task was easy; but the relief had come not a moment too soon: my arms were nearly lifeless.

I stood straight up, raised my foot as though mounting a ladder, and dug it into the bank, raised myself upon it and struck with the other foot. In a few minutes I emerged upon the surface of the glacier, into the genial light and air and space.

I looked at my hands: I could not feel them. Never mind the red. My face had a dull smart. The flesh around the eyes was swollen as after some prolonged and sleepless labor.

Limp, staggering under an unbearable weight of weariness, I fell down upon the sun-blessed snow. Along the hollow trough in which I lay, far down, I could see the terminal moraine of the glacier, a small thing in the distance. In half an hour I should be upon it. I knew it. A swallow, that glad, adventurous little bird of the high Sierra, had darted past me, a reminder and a promise.

San Francisco by the sea, our city set upon her hills and that cannot be hid, is awakening from her lethargic sleep of the past decades, and has taken on new life and energy. We "old Californians"—how proudly I say the words, how gladly I claim the right to be enrolled, by virtue of descent, among those sturdy, venturesome pioneers of '49—have always believed in the destiny, the future greatness, of San Francisco. We have known, have always known, that San Francisco was bound to be, not only the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, but the queen city of the Pacific, the winter city of the American continent, the Mecca of the wholesome, pleasure-loving, health-seeking portion of the world. We have been derided when we spoke boastfully of our city's advantages, and ridiculed when we predicted her future. Strangers among us scornfully criticised our "wooden boxes" of houses, huddling close together. They laughed at our lack of good architecture. They said we had no sky line, that our hills were sand dunes, and that the dust-laden winds rasped the nerves, ruined the skin, and made life unendurable on the peninsula. They said that our morals were bad,—forgetting that we could not always protect ourselves against the strangers among us. They declared that we were a city, not of homes, but of boarding-houses. They were partly right and partly wrong. It is true that, owing to the difficulty of getting servants, many families have sought peace and quietude in some family hotel. It is true that, until the Merchants' Protective Association undertook to clean our streets, our winds were dust-laden. It is true that, in the older portions of the city, the houses are guiltless of architectural beauty, and crowd upon each other rather too closely. I suppose it would be going too far to ask any Board of Health to prohibit houses being built with dark rooms, or rooms opening only upon narrow light-wells. Yet sanitary science will make this demand by and by, and the health officer will also be instrumental in having licenses refused to any hotel-keeper who stuffs people into that hotel abomination known as the dark bedroom, or the back room of a *suite* whose only ventilation is a window into a common corridor.

But to return to the rows of tenant houses in San Francisco, to the congested appearance of the residence streets most closely connected with the business portions of San Francisco: let those who find fault remember that when the building first began, when the water came up to Montgomery Street, the hills of North Beach loomed up even more aggressively than they do now. No horses could surmount them; street cars were out of the question. Of necessity, the people built close to each other, each one mounting above his neighbor on the hill with many misgivings, for which even the added beauty of the more comprehensive view could not wholly be regarded as a compensation.

But thanks to Mr. Hallidie, "the cable-car man," the beauty of San Francisco has been preserved to her forever. As I look out over Golden Gate Park, as my eye soars to Mount Olympus and the hills beyond, as I ride in the electric cars on the road to San Mateo and observe the streets mounting these elevations all laid out in blocks and squares ready for the residences of future San Franciscans, my heart swells with gratitude to the man who had wheels in his head, wheels on a string, whose filmy cobweb thought became a cable strong enough, not only to pull a car up a hill, but to keep the very hills on their foundations.

For had it not been for A. S. Hallidie's mechanical turn of mind, his great imagination, and his energy, the hills of San Francisco had been doomed, and long ere this would have been good fat pickings for the same vandals of contractors whose appetites had been whetted on the Second Street cut and the blasting of Telegraph Hill.

Imagine the insult to my pride as a San Franciscan when a boastful Chicagoan, pointing to a cable car, said: "There is something that perhaps you have not seen in San Francisco. It is a Chicago man's idea." "My dear sir," said I, in indignant expostulation; "do you not know that the cable-car system was invented by a San Francisco man?" No; he didn't know it, but he knows it now. By the invention of the cable-car system, Hallidie made it possible for the street-car service of San Francisco to be extended. The old Sutter Street line, with its weary horses that had to stop many times to rest as they toiled up that light grade, soon became no longer the only up-town road, thanks to the far-reaching cable roads. San Francisco is taking on many of the beauties of a suburban town, while losing none of her qualities as the metropolis. Go out to Pacific Heights if you are in doubt as to my meaning. Observe the beautiful homes, lawn-fronted, flower-embowered and tree-shaded. More space between the houses is the rule there, because it is no longer so imperative to keep down off the up grade as long as possible.

Oh, that our citizens would awaken to the realization of what trees are to a city! All over America civic societies are dealing with the question of how to beautify cities. Some municipalities have already decided upon a system of parking that will embellish their cities.

In Europe this is a study by the Government. In France tree-planting is an official act. In America we are so afraid of anything that can even be called paternalism, that we seek to restrict all such action by our Government. It is true, though, that our country needs trees. Look at Riverside for an example of what tree-planting and irrigation can produce. Magnolia Avenue is world famed and takes rank with the famous avenues of the world. Now there is no reason why we should not have fine avenues, lined with trees, in San Francisco, even if Frank McCoppin did fail to accomplish his

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

grand project of a boulevard from the City Hall to Golden Gate Park, owing to the selfish opposition of the Protestant Orphan Asylum people.

Our Half Million Club, with its promise of effort to further the construction of a boulevard to San Jose, the attempt to beautify East Street by tree-planting, and the love of nature, of trees, fostered by our Golden Gate Park Commissioners, all give us cause to hope that in time, even as regards trees, San Francisco will be the wonder of the continent.

Of the cities in California none has appreciated the value and the influence of good roads more than has San Jose, as the driveway called the Alameda, and the driveway to Alum Rock, will testify. Several times I have urged, through the medium of THE TRAVELER, that the school children of California should be educated to love a forest, to plant trees, and to know why they should do so. On April 15th the school children of Oakland, with appropriate and patriotic exercises, planted a tree in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday, in soil collected from every State in the Union, from spots sanctified by patriotic memories. It is meet and fitting that the children of the nation should grow up in the knowlege and dignity of their citizenship.

When the Half Million Club of San Francisco start upon their boulevard project can it not be so arranged that each school in the city in turn shall be represented at the planting of a tree, and the tree to bear the name of that school which witnessed its planting?

I know that this would entail some trouble on the part of the teachers, some possible interruption in the work of the tree-planters; but would it not be worth while? We do not make enough of Arbor Day in this State; although there is every reason to believe that our City Superintendent, Mr. A. J. Moulder, being a man of liberal thought, ready sympathy, and a discerning mind, will seize upon the opportunity offered by Arbor Day to give the school children a lesson in civic pride, just as he embraced the chance to teach children civic responsibility by permitting them to join in the gracious work of helping the poor and needy during the winter by contributions to the Salvation Army. Whatever we labor with loving care to produce or to foster, that we naturally love. If our children assist in tree-planting, will they ever forget to love the trees and to recognize in them the friends of man? Children so educated will not grow up indifferent to the fate of our forests, as are too many of the men to-day.

"Oh! woodman, spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

The love it aroused in the heart of the boy became in the man the bulwark between its bark and the woodman's axe. Teach our children to love trees. Children are so easily influenced by ceremonial. We already have humane societies in our schools. There will yet be the order of the American flag as I had the honor of advocating some years ago. Why not have an order of Junior Foresters, one of the conditions of membership being to have planted a tree?

Our children, all of them, get away into the country for a day's ramble if not for a longer stay: would it not be practicable to give each child several acorns or horse chestnuts or buckeyes, with some brief directions how to plant them? Tell them to carry them with them on their trips, and, in the words of the old Scotchman, say: "Jack, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be sticking in a tree. It will be growing, Jack, when ye're sleeping." Let us try it. The experiment is well worth the making.

Trees grow so readily in California. Among the massive trees on the beautiful grounds of the Hotel Vendome in San Jose are several grand old oaks. Old, did I say? Well, thirty or thirty-five years is not long in the life of an oak tree. Yet several of these trees were brought in the palm of the hand from the forest and planted by the son and heir upon the lands of the Belden Homestead, upon the site of which now stands the Vendome. One of these spreading oaks pined away and died in a manner as tragic as its cause was trivial. It stood sheltering the croquet ground with its spreading branches, and the players, waiting for their turn, would gather under its shade, and, as they talked, idly strike the trunk of the tree with their mallets. The continuous tapping loosened the bark, effectually girdling the tree; and, although every effort was made to save it, although the heroic child of the forest, in response to the flooding of its roots with water for weeks, strove to put forth new fibers of vitality in its bruised and broken bark, the tree died. For such an act of vandalism as killed the tree there was only the trite explanation which is not even burdened with a regret, the commonplace, "Didn't think."

Perhaps no one has been more active in the development of Pasadena than Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, whose pen and whose amiable and inspiring presence have endeared her to many. It was my privilege to visit her in her lovely Pasadena home, where she lives surrounded by a wonderful collection of curios,—treasures from many lands; but chief among those she prizes most have been gathered from our own sources. Part of her roof is tiled with the veritable tiles from the Mission of San Gabriel which had been discarded. "Yes," said she; "I saved their lives,—rescued them from being broken up on Lucky Baldwin's roads."

But, as a lover of trees, Mrs. Carr stands forth pre-eminent, and as a peculiarly fitting embellishment of her home is the framework of her large doorways leading from the entrance hall. These are formed by great shafts of the century plant, and in appearance and solid feeling they are not unlike black bamboo. Mrs. Carr pointed with affectionate pride to a palm on property once hers, but now owned by another: "That palm is ten years old. It stood in the way of the new house, and, by the aid of digging ditches, two-inch planks, block and tackle, and two hundred dollars, that palm was saved; it was transplanted. Is it not beautiful that wealth and love for a tree should go hand in hand?"

It has been said that the cannonball is the first missionary, and surely the bicycle is the pioneer of good roads. Wheelmen, actuated by a selfish desire, keep agitating for good roads, and, by educating the community to the proper pitch, get what they want. Bicyclers should bend their energies to improving the roads of a locality by legal means, and not by pleading the baby act, as did the ministers of Oakland in their recent silly attempt to ride on the sidewalks. But, while I am a bicycler myself, I must admit that pedestrians have rights which the bicyclers have ignored. The bicycle has well been called the silent steed. It is noiseless, and there are hundreds of them flying along after dark with nothing to warn the unwary pedestrian of their approach. Some, to be sure, do carry that absurd and tinkling little cowbell, which cannot be heard unless one is almost near enough to be run down. Beside, it is not an adequate warning. Some people are deficient in the sense of hearing, whereas any but a blind man could see a light. Again, many of those who hear have no power to localize a sound, and so know not from what direction the bicycle is approaching, while a lantern would give the needed information. It would not be unreasonable to ask night bicyclers to carry both lantern and bell. As long as they confined their evening rides to the Park, the danger of running down the unwary was not so great. But now that they dash across Market Street at lightning speed, and invade the quiet streets, it is necessary that pedestrians should have some knowledge of their approach. I saw a bicycler nearly run over two ladies who were waiting for a car on Market Street one evening. Bicyclers should be more careful, and the lantern is necessary.

Every bicycler should be a volunteer deputy superintendent of streets, and at once notify his chief at the City Hall of holes in the pavement. There are several such chuck holes in the streets leading to the Park, and woe be to the luckless rider who takes a header into one of them at night.

Not long ago I witnessed a sight that did me good. A lady was riding along a street on her wheel when an urchin of eight or nine years ran out from the sidewalk and tried to throw a long stick through the front wheel. Fortunately he failed, but the stick fell in front of the wheel, and the lady, who was too taken by surprise to turn out, jolted over the obstacle, at the risk of falling from the saddle. Without saying anything she rode on a little way, regained her balance, turned, sped swiftly back, dismounted and caught the astonished youngster as he was returning to the curb with the stick to watch for another victim. He bawled, and after a few words of reproof the lady said, "Now I am going to help you to remember what I have said;" and, seizing the stick, she laid it on that venturesome youth until he danced with rage and howled with pain. Remounting her wheel the lady carried away the stick as a trophy. The small boy has since treated bicycles with "silent contempt."

Eliza D. Keith.
(DI VERNON.)

MAKUZU KOZAN.

THE POTTER-POET.

There's a center of art o'er the way,
Well worthy its garland of bay,
For its artists are just ichi ban:
Long ages have tested its claim,
Round the world has re-echoed the fame
Of the beautiful land of Japan.

Of its beauty the poets have told,
Of its marvelous wonder,—the old,
The matchless, the great Fuji-san:
Of a wonderful artist they own,—
Like their mountain he stands all alone,—
The peerless Makuzu Kozan.

And there with a wheel for his lyre,
Moulding clay that grows holy with fire,
Tolls this potter,—the Poet Kozan;
Unheedful of gold or of fame,
On the altar of art burns the flame
Of the soul of this true artisan.

With his wheel and his Orient dyes
He has mirrored the hues of the skies;
(They have rainbows there, too, in Japan.)
He has taught a new blush to the rose,
On a white that is pure as the snows,
Forever on old Fujl-san.

He has stolen the green of the sea;
Not one tint of a flow'ret is free
From the hand of this pilfering man.
Have the breasts of the doves lost their tone,
And the shells of the deep lost their own,
To make perfect the art of Kozan?

Oh, the blues and the grays and the greens,
Brightest glimpses of fairyland scenes,
Fit only for fairies to scan!
Ne'er was color more feelingly wrought,—
Blended beauty with hollest thought,—
Than here on these jars of Kozan!

Then deem him not toiler in vain;
His place he will ever retain:
'Tis the meed of the true artisan.
Although it be written on clay,
Yet wedded with beauty for aye
Is the name of Makuzu Kozan!

—*Frank Dcardorf.*

THREE SHIPS.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you;
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going!
For they every one have wings.

The second ship is all for me,—
A-sailing on a misty sea
And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing,—
Was too dear for my possessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and By.
Oh, Wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither;
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her,—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither,—
To what port I may not know.

—*Harriet F. Blodgett in St. Nicholas.*

ITEMS.

Our Paris correspondent, Mr. Frederick Mayer, writes, under date of March 29th, as follows:

There is a chestnut tree in the Tuileries gardens that is said to blossom every year regularly on the twentieth day of March. It is known as the "*marronier du vingt mars.*" On the nineteenth day of the month, newspaper editors dispatch a reporter to the gardens to see whether the tree is "up to date" or not; and so, for the past quarter of a century, Parisians have been able to read the latest intelligence of one of their numerous idols. Not that the inhabitants of fair Lutetia are more enamored of Dame Nature than other ordinary mortals. No; but, when they learn that the famous chestnut tree is not behindhand, they make ready to welcome spring, which is the most delightful of all periods of the year in Paris. The weather is not always what it might be, but the "season" is ever at its height, and the twentieth of March means the opening of the horse-show in a very few days, the first flat races at Longchamps, and, above all, it is the signal for the preparation of the great annual expositions of painting and sculpture. When the blossoms of the chestnut tree first become visible, artists give the finishing touches to their pictures, sculptors hurry up the men at work on their huge pieces of marble, and the members of the fair sex, who have remained silent during Lent, prepare their note-books to visit the different studios, discuss their toilettes in order to be as elegant as possible at the horse-show, and, finally, decide how their Easter bonnet is to be trimmed. Such is life in Paris.

Never were so many pictures painted in Paris in the space of twelve months as have been executed this year in view of the two Salons,—the Champs Elysees and the Champs de Mars. The first of May is the all-eventful day, when the doors of the first-named are thrown open to the public, the latter being ready a couple of days earlier. Over five thousand pictures have been forwarded to the Champs Elysees exposition, and nearly three thousand to the Salon du Champs de Mars. Of course, the majority will not be hung. There will be the usual quota of American artists, and San Francisco will be represented.

The Yost-Falcon Bicycle is the wheel of the season. As to speed, lightness, perfection of mechanism, lasting qualities, and neat, artistic appearance, the Yost-Falcon wheel is not to be surpassed by any wheel in the market. The lady's wheel made by the Yost-Falcon is a little beauty, and combines all the requirements for beauty, speed, lightness and durability. Geo. W. Alexander & Co., 401 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Pegg—Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself.

Potts—You need not worry. It will average up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp. "I'm hungry and cold. I slept outdoors last night, and the rain came down in sheets."

"You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman kindly, as she motioned him to the gate.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

THE CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

The old maid is the cat's good Samaritan.

If it were not for rats and mice I should be an outcast.

I think I have a pretty nose when it is well rubbed.

I am blamed for a great many things the hired girl breaks.

In all my experience I never saw a cat on our back fence hit by a bootjack.

When people wish to sit down they never see that I am asleep in the chair.

If I hadn't claws the small boy would find no fun in pulling my tail.

The missis and I can never agree as to the place where I shall bring up my kittens.

No one but a cat knows how we always manage to land on our feet.

NEW GOLD.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith:
You must love and be strong; and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

Prune your corns in the gray of the morn
With a blade that's shaved the dead,
And barefoot go and hide it so
The rain will rust it red;
Dip your foot in the dew and put
A print of it on the floor,
And stew the fat of a brindle cat,
And say this o'er and o'er:

Corny! morny! blady! dead!
Gory! sorey! rusty! red!
Footsy! putsy! floory! stew!
Fatsy! catsy!
Mew!
Mew!
Come grease your corn
In the gray of the morn!
Mew! mew! mew!

Why is it that when shafts of repartee
Are broadcast sent, by hateful venom sped,
That only afterward occur to me
The various spiteful things I might have said?

I call to mind a woman's stinging tongue,
Which left me speechless, staring, blushing red;
When, oh! the verbal darts I might have flung
Had I but said the things I might have said.

And in reply to some pretentious ass
Who joys his vitriolic spleen to shed,
I've thought, when I have let his insults pass,
Of simply devilish things I might have said.

I sigh for countless chances that have slipped,
When anger, doubtless, made me lose my head:
The sneers sarcastic I in fancy nipped,
When pondering o'er the things I might have said.

Of all sad words of either tongue or pen,
Some poet got an idea in his head
That saddest are the words, "It might have been:"
But sadder still are those we might have said.

—*Robert H. Davis in Chic.*

The knowing young miss calls it byke;
The professional youth calls it cyke;
The dealer for short calls it bykle;
The maid from Gilroy,
In raptures of joy,
Says, "Ain't this just too fin de cycle."

—*E. McD. J.*

That danger may lurk in a kiss
Scientific professors are holding;
They seek to deprive us of this
Consolation by grimly unfolding
Tales of possible microbes in wait,
Of bacilli deadly ensnaring
Each innocent pair—soon or late—
While kisses they fondly are sharing.

That danger may lurk in a kiss
No one will deny it completely
Who has yielded to fetters that this
Soft touch of red lips rivets neatly.
There is fear, too, of losing the next:
For who does not ponder with sorrow
On the kiss indecision, perplexed,
Put off for a ne'er-arrived morrow.

And danger may lurk in the kiss
A stranger inflicts on the baby,—
An elderly relative's! This
Choice salute has some terrors, it maybe;
But given two souls held as one
By Love's immemorial passion,
And there's naught half so sweet 'neath the sun
As a kiss in the time-honored fashion.

Yes; danger may lurk in a kiss;
But who would not risk it, declaring
That exquisite moment of bliss
Worth microbes innumerable daring?
Oh! fossils antique, why dispel
With a microscope Love's dream Elysian,
And facts so detestable tell
Of bacteriological vision?

ENVOY.

Prince, danger may lurk in this kiss
You are begging with words of affection;
For an instant's non-sterilized bliss
Would you risk an endemic infection?

—*Ella M. Sexton.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

Wife—I am just dying to see the things you bought while you were away.

Husband—Eh? I didn't buy anything.

Wife—But you had only one small trunk when you left, and you have come back with two.

Husband—Oh! Yes; you packed my trunk for me, you know. When I came to start back I had to borrow another trunk to get all the stuff in.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A pleasant situation:

Young Husband (in a low tone to his wife, who meets him at the railroad depot with her mother)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother to the station?

Young Wife—That's just why mamma has come along. She wishes to speak to you about it. She opened the telegram. —*Truth.*

A courier arrived in haste. "The Amazons," he exclaimed, "say they would rather die than retire before an inferior force." The King of Dahomey was thoughtful. "Tell them," he commanded at last, "that if the enemy can't be induced to look the other way we'll have screens put up."—*Puck.*

He staggered to his feet. "You have broken my heart!" he gasped. She started in affright. "No," answered the ambulance surgeon, in answer to her swift glance of inquiry, "only a rib and the edge of the breast-bone." Reassured, she mounted her bicycle again and rode away.

The mendicant had solicited a contribution from a well-dressed man on the street, and had received a penny. He looked at it askance and mumbled a very poor, "Thank you, sir."

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the donor.

"Nothing much, sir."

"Well, what are you mumbling about? Didn't I give you some money?"

"Yes, sir, a penny."

"You ought to be thankful for it, then."

"Oh! I am," said the tramp, sarcastically; "but when a man with a shilling thirst on him runs up ag'in a penny, you don't expect him to waller in enthusiasm, do you?"

"I've heard your preacher half a dozen times," said the boy who was whittling a stick. "You people pay him $3,000 a year. He ain't a bit better'n our preacher, and all we pay our'n is $900."

"Yes; but our preacher says eyether and nyether, and your'n don't, replied the boy who was sharpening his knife on his shoe. —*Chicago Tribune.*

She—Tell me, when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?

He—Cool? I actually shivered.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Napoleon (bracing himself to keep his place on the pedestal)—Stop that! Who's pushing me?

The Goddess of Fame—Shut up and move over! It's Bismarck. —*Chicago Record.*

When Coleridge was staying among the Quantox Hills, he was fond of riding over to Taunton whenever he could find a sober steed. One day, on a familiar route, his horse cast a shoe, and he stopped at a village to have it replaced.

"What time is it?" he asked the smith, chiefly with the desire of making conversation.

"I'll tell 'ee present, sir," said the man. Then he lifted a hind foot of the horse, looked across it attentively, and added, "Half-past eleven."

"How do you know?" asked Coleridge.

"Do 'ee think as I've shoed horses all my life, and don't know by sign what o'clock it is?"

The poet went away puzzled, but he returned that evening, and offered the blacksmith a shilling to show him how he could tell time by a horse's hoof.

"Just you get off your horse, sir," said the smith, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now do 'ee stoop down, and look through the hole in yon pollard ash, and you'll see the church clock."

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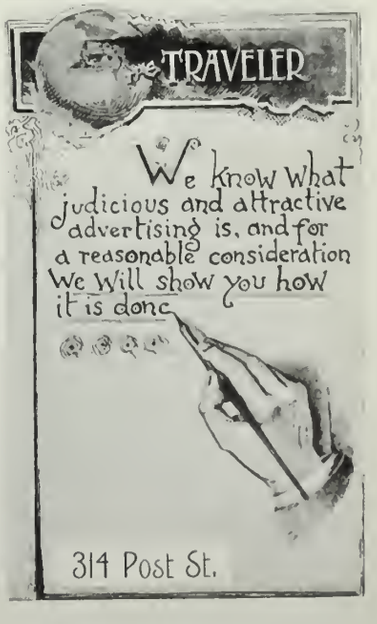

RAMBLES IN BOOKLAND.

A COPY of *The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine* for March, sent by a London friend, is interesting as showing the influence of American magazines upon the popular periodical literature of Great Britain. The illustrations are very numerous, and all are photo-engravings either from the subjects themselves or from wash drawings. In one respect *The Ludgate* bears a likeness to *Lippincott's*. It has a complete story of about forty pages, and no serial tales. The issue before me contains a story by John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard, the lady who lately "jumped on" Mr. Hall Caine for his views of her sex), interesting descriptive articles on "Lloyd's Newnham College," and "Some Secrets of Tobacco Manufacture;" also Dramatic Notes, and literary columns, the last by J. A. Steuart, the author of a very pleasant and clever book entitled, "Letters to Living Authors." In each issue of this interesting magazine there are competitions for ambitious amateur photographers and would-be solvers of puzzles.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto had no post-graduate courses. Once a man had obtained his B. A. degree, compliance with certain rules as to seniority and payment of fees was all that was necessary for the higher degree of M. A. Of course, for the Doctoral degrees, in Divinity, Music, Medicine and Civil Law, there were special provisions, each of these having a Bachelor's degree below it. The honorary Doctor of Civil Law degree is conferred by the University on any man whom it wishes specially to honor; thus John Ruskin, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, are or were D. C. L.'s. Formerly, whether a man's final examination were in Theology, Natural Science, Jurisprudence, Modern History, Mathematics or *Litteræ Humaniores*, he obtained simply a Baccalaureate of Arts, and that, too, though he might have gained honors in two of these "schools." But the post-graduate courses about to be established are to lead to the degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science.

If any of the readers of THE TRAVELER want a book of essays full of humor, wit, paradox and knowledge of the world, let me recommend Grant Allen's "Post-Prandial Philosophy." The papers were originally printed in *The St. James Gazette*, but are now collected into a volume. Grant Allen combines qualifications rarely found in one man: he is an excellent classical scholar, a man of very considerable attainments in science, an elegant and forcible essayist, and a strong novelist. He was born in America, educated at King Edward VI's Grammar School, Birmingham, and Merton College, Oxford. At Merton he was a "Postmaster," or what is called at other colleges a "Scholar." He has been a professor in Jamaica, has traveled much in Europe and elsewhere, and has had a varied matrimonial experience. He is fond of attributing the great achievements of Britain to the Celtic branch of the race, and is believed to hold unorthodox, not to say dreadful, views about the relations of the sexes to each other. These views are suggested in one or two of the Post-Prandial essays, but have since been much developed in a story entitled, "The Woman Who Did." This I have not seen, but Miss Geraldine Bonner, in a criticism published in a recent issue of the *Examiner*, abuses the author roundly both for his doctrine and his manner of expressing it. But, unless Grant Allen has changed very much for the worse, I cannot avoid suspecting that Miss Bonner, anxious for the interests of her sex, has permitted her disgust at what she believes to be the noxious opinions of the writer to lead her into a condemnation of his style. However this may be, I can cordially commend the author of "Meditations in Motley," Grant Allen's "Post-Prandial Philosophy," and another volume entitled, "Falling in Love, with Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science." These essays are full of thought and fancy, yet are perfectly clear. I do not think there is an obscure sentence in the two volumes. The style is easy and polished throughout.

The piteous fall of Oscar Wilde shows us how dangerous an equipment is the highest ability when joined with an artistic temperament and weak moral principles. Your true artist is essentially a pagan, unguided by aught save taste, inclination and love of beauty. But let us turn for a moment from what Wilde has done ill to what he has done well, and hear what is said of him by two distinguished literary critics. In the March issue of *The Cosmopolitan* Mr. I. Zangwill, after saying that the Chair of Letters is left absolutely vacant by the death of Stevenson, goes on to pass in rapid review the chief literary men of England, and to remark: "Henley apart, I am tempted to think that Oscar Wilde is now the only writer who counts as a personality. But England has never understood, nor will ever understand, the Keltic blague under which the O'Flaherty veils his wisdom or conceals his folly." If Wilde is not understood in England, where he received his Oxford education and has almost always lived, it is small wonder that very few people in the United States do justice to his talent, or recognize that he is a man of remarkable natural gifts and great attainments.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JUNE, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A WHALER IN BERING SEA.

Interstate photo.

Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME V. *SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1895.* NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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THERE used to be an old farmer down along the Coast Division who divided his time between cussing the railroad and studying up schemes for extorting from buyers of real estate (of which he had an abundance) every dollar there was in sight. He looked upon the railroad as ordinary mortals do upon that long avenue that is supposed to be paved with good intentions. He also had two mules, aged and full of sin. They had no respect for time, tide or railroads; and it was usually nip and tuck with him whether he got across the track ahead of or behind the engine; but he never lost an opportunity to stick the railroad, even sometimes at the risk of his life. One day he started down to the marsh with a load of heavy barbed wire. He managed by good luck this time to get across the track ahead of the engine, but he had not noticed that one spool of wire had come unwound, and one end of it was away up the road about a quarter of a mile. Nobody seemed to know just how it was done, but in about an instant after the wire got tangled up with the cowcatcher there was a mixture of mules, barbed wire and farmer in that section of the country, the like of which has never before sprinkled any portion of the State.

The old farmer pulled himself and his effects together and in a few days sued the railroad; but the jury decided that it was a case of wire-pulling to beat the railroad, and advised the granger not to try lassoing an engine again with barbed wire.

THE people of Santa Cruz, not to be outdone by other portions of the State in the way of fiestas, flower shows, and fetes, have announced that beginning on Tuesday, June 11th, and continuing until Saturday, June 15th, they will entertain anywhere from thirty thousand to fifty thousand visitors, and they have pledged themselves to royally entertain all comers with such a variety of attractions that one is confused with their variety. There will be electrical displays on the bay and the new lake at the river's mouth, military and marine parades, battles of flowers, excursions, regattas, concerts, bicycle races and swimming matches, the whole affair to wind up with a grand masque carnival on Saturday night, June 15th. Santa Cruz has a reputation of making a success of anything she undertakes, and there is no doubt that the forthcoming Water Carnival will prove no exception.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, this Venetian Carnival will eclipse any and all public demonstrations heretofore given in the State. It will certainly be a grand affair, and, coming at a time when country outings will be in order, we can confidently recommend our readers to take a few days off and visit the carnival.

BIG-TREE CONES. *Taber photo.*

THERE is a good prospect just now that the long-looked-for coast overland railroad will be completed about the last of this year, or early in the winter of 1896. This will be a great boon to southern overland travelers. Instead of the dreary ride across the Mojave Desert and up through the hot valley of the San Joaquin, the tourist will branch off near Los Angeles and enjoy a cool, picturesque ride along the coast from Ventura to San Francisco.

There will be one great advantage on this new route, namely, the possibilities of stopping over *en route* at Santa Barbara, the springs resorts of Paso Robles, Paraiso, Gilroy, etc., and pre-eminently the world-famous Del Monte, Santa Cruz and its seaside attractions, San Jose and the Lick Observatory; and then, too, this new route, beside being shorter, pleasanter and in every way more agreeable, will land the traveler direct in San Francisco, thereby avoiding the ferry trip across the bay.

WE OUGHT to be thankful that there are some problems that we can easily understand, such as the multiplication table, up as far at any rate as twelve times twelve. There is some pleasure in this, because you can sit down and prove it, and if some fellow says that seven times six are eighty-nine, and there are plenty of fools who will do so, you can, if you have the time, and he has the sense, by and by prove it to him. But when it comes to labor and capital, the railroad question, woman suffrage, etc., there is no way to absolutely down your opponent as there is in the question of the multiplication table.

There has been a grand Congress of women folk here lately, and the public verdict seems to be that an enormous deal of good has been done. We hope this is the case, as there is an almost boundless opportunity of doing good in this yet imperfect world; but we wish that these people (by which we mean the women folks) would not generalize so much, but tell us as plainly as three times one are three, three times two are six, and three times three are nine, what they are driving at, or what it all means. About the only point they seem to agree upon is their right to vote, and no sensible man should deny them that. In their essays —and charming ones they have been in many instances—"The Sacred Influences of Home," "The Coming Woman," "Our Adversary, Man," and a great number of subjects have been handled; but, looking through them all, there is not as clear an avenue of light as one could wish to see the new woman emerge from.

It took man a good bit of time to emerge himself from the swamps of superstition, in fact he is not by any means out of the woods yet; and his partner is probably disenthralling herself or attaining her rights at the same relative rate of speed; at least she is not far behind, that is, as far as we can judge down where we live. Our women don't want to vote; perhaps they ought to know that they ought to vote, and maybe some of our happy homes could be made happier by having our wives and mothers know what their rights are. But we did not start out to argue this question, land of Goshen! We would just as soon, and sooner too, take up the Bible or the tariff. Six times seven make forty-two. You are women and we are men. We know this much and no more about the subject, but we are quite certain, where two or three dozen good women (strong, pure, noble-hearted) are gathered together in such a Congress as convened here last month, much good may confidently be looked for.

NAVAJO BLANKETS.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

CURIO collectors, some years ago, were all agog to obtain Navajo blankets, and almost fabulous prices, or what would seem to be such to the ordinary, practical individual, were paid for rare specimens of the handiwork of these Indians.

This particular kind of blanket is made only by the Navajo Indians, though some of the other tribes make blankets which, while they resemble the work of the Navajos, cannot be called an imitation, as the weave and general appearance seem quite characteristic of the people who make them.

The most noteworthy feature of the Navajo blankets is the fact that they are water-proof, and, in the absence of more convenient vessels, water has been carried in one of them for a considerable distance.

When the old women of the tribe wove these blankets solely for their own people they took great pains with the work, and it was the close, even stitches, the peculiar patterns, and the vivid coloring, which, as proof of their genuineness, made them valuable. The colors used were red, blue, black, white and yellow, and the patterns, like those on the baskets and pottery, suggest an Egyptian origin.

Formerly wool was shorn from the vast flocks of sheep owned by these people, and rolled into a rough, coarse thread by patient manipulation between the fingers; but, as they became more familiar with labor-saving devices, they bought a peculiar woolen cloth imported from Mexico and Germany, which they unraveled and then wove the blankets from these strands.

The native wool they dyed with pigments obtained from clay and the bark of different trees and plants. A still further acquaintance with modern methods has induced them to discard even this primitive manner of procuring material for work, and they now purchase Germantown yarn and color it with diamond dyes. They have not yet put in a plant of regular machinery, but still cling to the simple hand shuttle and very crude loom invented, if the word can be used in such a connection, by some member of the tribe in times past.

In consequence of the demand for their blankets, and the improved methods by which they can turn them out very rapidly, the quality has greatly deteriorated; and, though they are still really Navajo blankets, they do not possess the distinguishing features nor the fineness of weave which characterize the work that originally made these people famous. Greatly as the quality has deteriorated, it is wonderful to think of these untutored savages, who are totally ignorant of the ways of civilization except so far as concerns the commercial value of their wares, making an article that requires the patience, mathematical exactness of pattern and stitch, and artistic combination of colors seen in these blankets, particularly when one takes into consideration the fact that the only loom they possess is a couple of upright poles with a cross-piece attached in the simplest manner, while to this cross-piece is fastened the stick around which one end of the threads are wound. The warp thus hangs vertically, the stick holding the threads at the lower end being held in place by means of ropes tied around a heavy log or large stones.

These people, being stock-raisers, are nomadic, and their houses, or *jogamos*, are nothing more than a frame of poles covered with bark, hides, clay, in fact anything that can be made to serve as a protection; and oftentimes blankets that were a marvel of fine work and beautiful pattern have been found in these dark, ill-smelling abodes, where they have been hidden or been in constant use for years. Two months was about the time required to make one of the finest blankets.

NAVAJO BLANKET-MAKER.

Indian Basketry.

The popularity of California as a resort for tourists or pleasure-seekers has developed many strange fads, and given an impetus to many industries, which, without some such demand, would have remained in embryo. One of the principal businesses of this kind is that of buying and selling Indian baskets.

The points of difference in the baskets made by the various tribes are readily noted, and, though many very beautiful specimens are found in Arizona, the finest and most exquisitely decorated ones are made by the Tulare Indians in our own State. Nearly every tribe makes its own baskets, but the really excellent ones are comparatively rare. The Klamath tribes, in the North, produce baskets that excel both in workmanship and decoration, and the specimens secured from these people, which show vari-colored feathers woven in with the wythes, are remarkable for their grace and beauty, though they are very rare and extremely difficult to find.

Several things conduce to the value of a basket, viz., age, quality of the weave, and shape. It might really be said that the first two are synonymous, for the very old baskets are usually woven so beautifully fine and close—except those used for granaries and hampers—that one wonders how these untutored children of the forests could have learned an art which requires not only patience and exactness, but more than a rudimentary knowledge of mathematical figures. The diversity of ornamentation, the precision of formation, and the exact reproduction of each figure, is certainly wonderful. What has supplied the model for shape, or the design for decoration? The very combination of colors is artistic, while the form is as exact as if molded by the most skilled artisan.

INDIAN BASKET-MAKER. *Waite photos.*

In the olden days these baskets comprised the Indian woman's entire stock of household utensils, except, perhaps, her *matate*. In a jar-shaped basket she carried, or kept, water for domestic use; in immense granaries or bins (if that word can be used) of willow wythes closely and strongly woven was stored the winter's supply of seeds and acorns, the covers secured by heaps of stones to prevent the depredations of wild animals. In the big, saucer-shaped baskets the women and children poured these seeds and acorns which they scoured the hillsides to obtain, bringing the laden baskets home on their heads. In the wicker bowls they mixed their gruel of ground acorns and water, or in later days, the meal of corn or wheat pulverized on the stone *matate*.

These baskets are made of strips from the inside of the branches and roots of a certain kind of willow, and also from the long, slender stalks of a wild plant which the Indians know well. These strips undergo a process before use which makes them strong and very flexible. Black is usually the only color used in ornamentation, but, in the finer and rarer baskets, the shades of brown are interwoven with charming effect.

The basket is to the Indian what an heirloom is to a civilized person; and, though the women, who are the basket-makers of the race, will cater to the trade by turning out basket after basket of any shape and size desired, the quality of the work is often poor, and the finer ones are hidden from sight if a stranger appears on the scene. Those made especially for sale cannot be compared either in weave, or beauty of shape or decoration, to the baskets made for home use, or as a sample of the skill or artistic taste of the weaver; and it is on this account that collectors prize those specimens which they have been fortunate enough to secure, nor begrudge the high price paid for them.

THE PIONEER RAILROAD OF OLD MEXICO.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

TO CONNECT the City of Mexico with the Gulf, a line, as early as 1857, was begun, but several times revolutionists tore up the rails and interrupted the work. From 1865, however, the construction, aided by large subsidies from the Government, went on continuously, and the completed road from Vera Cruz to the capital was opened on the first day of January, 1873, by Senor Lerdo de Tejada, then President of the Republic. It is built in the most solid manner. The tunnels are of hewn stone; the steel or iron bridges are supported on massive stone piers; the ties and water-tanks are of iron. But the difficulties of the country were so great that the cost of construction was very high; so that fair dividends on the capital invested can hardly be earned. When the fever of railroad building was at its height in Mexico the *Ferrocarril Mexicano* made money by hauling materials, but now no new lines are being constructed. Passenger traffic does not pay, and in the carriage of freight the old road has to face strong competition.

For some distance from the city the *Mexican* runs alongside the road to Guadalupe, which was crowded with Indians going to keep the festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Then it passes along the edge of Lake Texcoco. The land round about is cultivated, and now and then we see a great *hacienda* looking like a fort with its towers and flanking walls. Its chapel is visited on Sundays by a priest who rides round to three or four *haciendas* to hold services.

At San Juan Teotihuacan we notice on the left two large pyramids, so covered with vegetation that they look like natural mounds of earth. They are, however, very ancient structures, having been erected by the Toltecs, predecessors of the Aztecs, in honor of the sun and moon. At Apam, fifty-eight miles from the city, we are in the center of the maguey country, where immense quantities of *pulque*, the natural drink, are produced daily. Thousands of rows of magueys stretch over vast tracts undivided by hedge or fence, though now and then wide pastures intervene, where roam droves of horses and cattle guarded by a few *peons*. At Soltepec we are seventy miles from the city, and 8,224 feet above the level of the sea. At Apizaco, a mere village of adobe huts, we take on a huge Fairlie engine, or "double-ender," with four pistons and two smoke-stacks, to help us up and down the steep grades to which we are soon coming. Every little hamlet we pass has a church or churches of a size and splendor wholly out of proportion to the villages themselves. At San Marcos, 150 miles from Vera Cruz, the narrow-guage railway from Puebla to the City of Mexico crosses the track of the *Mexican*. It is in the State of Tlascala, whose brave people fought a terrible battle with Cortez and the *conquistadores*, and, being defeated, entered into a treaty with the Spaniards, to whom they became very valuable friends.

At Esperanza, 111 miles from Vera Cruz, and nearly eight thousand feet above the sea, we got the best meal we had at any railroad restaurant in Mexico. It is a dull, uninteresting place on the edge of a sandy plain, but it commands a fine view of the volcanic peak of Orizaba, which, since my visit, has burst into activity. We are now about to enter the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, having hitherto been in the *tierra fria*, or cold land. At Boca del Monte—mouth of the mountain—we are 7,924 feet above the sea; but here the descent begins, and, in the next twenty-five miles, we come down nearly four thousand feet. For ten miles from Boca del Monte to La Bota, the track is built on a bed of rock terraced out of the mountain-side. Where a spur of the range obstructs, a tunnel has been made; where a ravine intersects, a bridge, curved like the rest of the line, solves the difficulty. From La Bota down, down goes the track in long curves, ever and anon bending back on each other. The view is lovely. High above all, the snow-capped volcano rises white amid dark forests of pine; below, woods, rocks draped with ferns and mosses, running streams, fields of corn, sugar-cane and other crops, greet our eyes. From a narrow iron bridge spanning a deep chasm we look down upon the Valley of La Joya,—the jewel,—about three thousand feet below us and ten miles distant by the track. The flat valley is divided by hedges and walls into compartments which

Inkersley photo

SCENES ALONG THE RAILROAD.

seem to us like the squares of a chess-board. The various crops produce areas of green of different shades, and here and there a golden yellow. Down steep chasms run silver streams; white houses nestle amid trees; red roofs, domed and towered churches, rise among gardens. In the center of the valley is the station of Maltrata, where Indian women and girls come up to the train to sell baskets of oranges, peaches, avocado pears, pineapples, pomegranates, not forgetting *pulque* in jugs, and cakes and *tortillas*.

Among the many *barrancas*, or ravines, crossed by the track, the most awe-inspiring is the gorge called *El Infernillo*,—the little hell. Here the train crosses, by a bridge of dizzy height, a steep *barranca* thickly clothed with bushes, trees and greenery. After passing this dangerous but picturesque spot, we get out of the mountains and down among the foothills. The country grows green and more fertile as we draw near to the City of Orizaba, eighty-two miles from the port of Vera Cruz. It looks like a town of about four thousand people, but is said to have ten times this number. It is a delightful place for a stay of a few days. Beside great natural beauties it has historical interest as well, for it is closely connected with the unfortunate Maximilian's career as Emperor of Mexico. The surrounding country is perhaps the most fertile in Mexico: coffee, bananas and sugar-cane are intermingled with rice, corn, tobacco and the products of temperate climes.

On leaving Orizaba the descent from the highlands is very rapid, the train crossing or running alongside of noisy streams which hurry and tumble headlong over great rocks in their haste to reach the sea. One of the most tremendous ravines is the *barranca* of Metlac. It is spanned by a bridge rising ninety feet above the rushing river, and built in a curve having a radius of 325 feet. After crossing the bridge we enter a series of tunnels, strongly and handsomely built of stone. Sixteen miles from Orizaba, and 1,375 below it, we are at Cordova, the center of a very important coffee district. Here the cottages of the natives begin to be very slightly constructed, being little more than huts of bamboo thatched with straw or palm leaves. It is a country of tropical luxuriance. The coffee-raising regions of Mexico extend from the coast up to a height of about five thousand feet above the sea; but the berry flourishes best at an elevation of from two to three thousand feet, for then it is well supplied with the heat and moisture absolutely necessary to it. The town of Cordova is situated, as is often the case in Mexico, at some distance from the station, and is reached by a tram-car drawn by mules.

The next station of importance is Atoyac, a few miles below which are the falls of Atoyac. A little below the falls is the bridge of Atoyac over the river of the same name. *Barrancas* are frequent here and have rendered several great bridges necessary: that of Atoyac is 330 feet long; at Chiquihuite there is one of 220 feet; and the bridge of San Alejo, three miles from the station of Paso del Macho, is 318 feet long. At Paso del Macho we are still more than fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. After leaving Soledad and Purga we part with the tropical beauty and luxuriance of the uplands, and enter a flat, sandy region dotted with a few scattered houses belonging to the cattle-owners. At Tejeria, about ten miles from the end of our journey, we are only a hundred feet above the sea. Soon we roll into Vera Cruz, being met at the terminus by Mr. Vincent Jackson, who kindly assigns us quarters in a tower built of railroad iron and stone, and strong as a fortress. The lower story of the tower forms part of the railroad warehouses, and the upper contains two comfortable rooms, each with two windows and balconies commanding a fine view of the sea, the ships riding at anchor in the roadstead, and the gray, historic towers of the castle of San Juan de Ulna.

On our way from the highlands to the coast—a journey which may be accomplished in a day—we have traveled over the entire length of Mexico's pioneer railroad, descending nearly eight thousand feet, and passing from the *tierra fria* through the *tierra templada* to the *tierra caliente*, or hot country. We have had spread before our eyes almost all the products of Mexico, from the wheat and magueys of the cool region to the sugar-cane and cocoa-palms of the hot lands. Our trip has carried us along one of the most beautiful railroads in the world, and has shown us triumphs of engineering hardly surpassed in the Rocky Mountains or the Himalayas.

ROSE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

L. P. F.

ALTHOUGH, in the history of the rose, varieties by the thousand have been placed upon the markets of the world, a large proportion of them have been abandoned from year to year. Many are so synonymous as to make their characteristics indistinguishable even to an expert eye. Others have faults of habit and frailties of constitution to condemn them, and still others are dropped because they have been improved upon by patient experiment. Fully six hundred varieties of roses are cultivated in California, many of them blooming the entire year. To this State belongs the credit of having given several new varieties to the already numerous rose family. The most famous of these are the Rainbow (a sport from Papa Gontier) and its successor, the Improved Rainbow, both of which originated with John Sievers of this city. The Rainbow has had a prosperous career, and is quoted in all the leading catalogues of this country and Europe. The Improved Rainbow, however, far surpasses the original. It is unique and attractive, its petals being penciled with brightest Gontier color, while their base shows a distinct amber. With the exception of Mme. Angelique Veysset and Vick's Caprice, these are the only striped roses cultivated.

The Midwinter, also originating with Mr. Sievers, and named in honor of the Midwinter Fair, where it made its *debut*, is extremely pretty, a light peach in color, with petals fluted like a carnation. It is a sport from White La France. Other new roses are Palo Alto and Berkeley, originating with a California grower, and introduced by the San Mateo nurseryman, Timothy Hopkins. A rose, as yet nameless to the public, is soon to be brought out by an Alameda County grower. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that its four guard petals, which are shaped like green leaves, attain unusual size around each flower.

While roses are grown by the acre in this State, the business is practically in its infancy. England and France now lead the world in rose culture, but there is no reason why California should not eventually take first rank and distance all competitors in this remunerative and interesting industry. Every condition encourages this belief. Especially should we excel in the production of new roses, having no summer showers to destroy the necessary seed, which thus ripens to perfection. The output of rose plants will become an increasing factor in our business world when Eastern people find that field-grown plants, one and one-half to three feet high, sent from here in April or May, will bloom throughout the summer for them. They will then cease to invest in the tiny slips, so slow in maturing, that they have had to depend upon nearer home.

It would be difficult to decide in which portion of California roses thrive the best. The residents of this State are extremely loyal to the particular locality in which their vine and fig tree take root, and one county vies with another in the development of its flora. San Jose, an ideal dwelling-place for lovers of the rose, is believed by all good Santa Clarans to have been the original Garden of Eden; but San Rafael in Marin County, and our neighbors across the bay, Oakland and Alameda, are quite as convinced of their respective claims to that distinction. Santa Rosa, in Sonoma County, made a magnificent display of this queenly flower last month during her Rose Carnival. Stockton, in San Joaquin County, and San Mateo, are favorite haunts of the rose. At Auburn, in Placer County, notwithstanding the coldness that sometimes prevails in winter, roses are exquisite and abundant, though not so lavishly in evidence as farther south. Away up in Siskiyou County, our northern boundary line, where the snow in winter falls ever so lightly, and the thermometer's heart drops occasionally into its boots, they do not make so brilliant a floral display. Yreka, Siskiyou's county-seat, one of the oldest as well as the coldest towns in the State, protects its roses in winter-time by covering the roots with leaf mold and housing the choicest plants under boxes. With this extra care they are in perfect condition when spring comes. A Yreka lady, who has made a specialty of roses, says that every variety can be grown there out-of-doors.

Santa Cruz, Butte, Colusa, Napa, Mendocino, in fact almost every county throughout the length and breadth of the State, has its roses. The interior counties, during April and May, enjoy a wealth of bloom and fragrance. Unexposed to cool winds, these warmer localities develop roses earlier than the coast districts. Inland, the rose fairly runs riot, converting the humblest habitation into a bower. Country homes in California are independent of the house-painter's brush.

Santa Barbara, renowned for her flower festivals, has nearly three hundred varieties of roses, by means of which she is transformed into a veritable fairyland when the annual celebration takes place. Santa Barbara cottages are frequently a mass of Lady Banksias, but the latter rose has now a rival there in the Cherokee, which is charmingly effective in the decoration of walls and fences. The Duchess attains a high degree of perfection in Santa Barbara soil and is largely used for festival purposes. The tourist searching Southern California for a place whereon to pitch his tent, after lingering in sunny San Diego, witnessing a Los Angeles fiesta, and a Santa Barbara carnival, has a trio of Italys to choose from.

THE RAINBOW *From garden of A. L. Cass, San Mateo.*

Authorities everywhere differ as to the separate groups under which roses should be classed; and who shall decide when rosarians disagree? By limiting them to a few divisions, the individuality of a variety is lost; yet extensive classification is confusing to the average brain. Teas, Hybrid Teas, Hybrid Perpetuals, and Noisettes, embrace the majority of roses grown in our home gardens. The amateur who is fortunate enough to own a hundred varieties can, if he select carefully, possess the best that the rose world affords. Among the roses recently introduced, perhaps the finest for exhibition purposes are the Bridesmaid (a sport from the popular pink tea, Catherine Mermet), and the Kaiserina Augusta Victoria (hybrid tea), ivory white, large and long stemmed. The superb Bride, however, is equally beautiful in form and color. For effect, no rose of late introduction can excel the Caroline Testout, a hybrid tea of the La France type. Many florists claim that this magnificent rose has no equal in color, and that it is the finest hybrid tea France has yet sent out. Of the Bourbons, the Malmaison, peach red, is the finest, and is the only really satisfactory Bourbon for amateur cultivation. The climbing Perle des Jardins is a fine addition to climbers of recent introduction, as are also the climbing Captain Christy and the Crimson Rambler, a climbing Polyantha. The handsomest new dark rose seen in California gardens is the Grand Mogul (hybrid perpetual), crimson, shaded with scarlet and black. The darkest rose that one finds is the Baron de Bonestetter. Its complexion draws the heat, and it suffers from sunburn. For purest degree of whiteness the Niphetos surpasses all other roses.

Experienced gardeners state that planting should take place between November 1st and March 1st. Field plants, grown in California, do best. If removed for transplanting later, when the sap is flowing freely, growth is seriously retarded. A good heavy loam is desirable. The soil here is generally rich enough not to require much fertilization. Hard lumps should not come in contact with the tender roots, and the plants should be firmly placed. In San Francisco, where summer winds play havoc with one's pet blossoms, it is better for roses to face the east. Draughts are bad for roses as well as for human beings, and they also require good breathing facilities. If shut in and denied the sun, mildew is apt to attack them. The ground should be kept moist and carefully cultivated.

Pruning is a very important feature of rose culture. In this delicate surgery the amateur is apt to make fatal mistakes. The cut made in pruning should be nearly horizontal, to prevent much exposure of wounded surface. Hybrid perpetuals should be pruned quite well in December and January, back as far as three or four eyes of the current year's growth. Teas and hybrid teas should not be pruned so severely unless wanted for exhibition purposes, when quality rather than quantity is desired. Roses of climbing habit should be pruned only after flowering in the spring.

Diseases to which roses are subject follow them the world over. Mildew, caused by dampness and atmospheric changes, is remedied by an aqueous tincture of tobacco, sprayed on in the evening. Bugs and spiders must be removed by hand picking, but the aphis can be eradicated with an aphis brush.

Of the four methods used in propagating roses, by cuttings, budding, grafting and layering, plants grown from cuttings are most useful for general purposes. In budding, the best results come from a single, slightly curved incision. For binding, an Indian grass called Roffia is preferable to twine; it should be dampened just before using. When planting budded roses it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the plant that the junction of stock and bud should be three inches below the surface of the ground. Grafting and layering are little used, the latter being a slow method, though the only one by which some kinds can be produced on their own roots.

The hope of originating a variety springs eternal in the rose-grower's breast. It is a fascinating occupation, though thousands of seedlings are raised and tested before one is produced perfect enough to market. California may yet be the home of the blue rose.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

GALEN CLARK.

CERTAINLY one of the most interesting excursions of my whole life was my first visit into the Yosemite in 1855 with a party from Mariposa and Bear Valley. Leaving the frontier settlements of Mariposa County, and passing over the Chowchilla range of mountains, we left all signs of civilization behind and entered the precincts of Nature's vast, unclaimed domain of mountains and primeval forests. Trees of such unlimited abundance, of such great size, of such beauty, grace and symmetry of form, were a new and wonderful revelation to me. Every mile of advance opened up some new features of grand landscape scenery. The occasional sight of a few deer, and the fresh signs of grizzly bears, excited our interest and vigilance. Our first grand startling view of Yosemite, from what is now known as Inspiration Point, was the crowning climax of our progressive steps of increasing wonder.

We spent several days in the valley wandering and exploring and viewing the grandeur and sublimity of our environment and worshiping in this wonderful sanctuary, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Nature's vast mountain temple, humbly impressed with a realizing sense of our own finite weakness and the poverty of our votive offerings of adoration and praise to the great Supreme Architect. We saw no Indians, but saw plenty of signs of their former presence here. The bones of horses and mules upon which they had feasted were abundant around all their camp grounds. Up in a large branching oak tree I saw a curious, large, basket-like structure which I thought might contain the bones of a dead Indian; but, upon climbing up and examining it, I found it to be only an Indian chuckah or receptacle for the storage of acorns. Our store of provisions was amply replenished with venison, grouse and large trout, which were secured with a rifle, as we had no fishing tackle.

No one visiting Yosemite in these days can imagine or form any correct idea of the great abundance of wild-flowers and luxuriant grass reaching to our saddle skirts as we rode through the meadows at that time, or of the almost total absence of young trees and brush in the forest groves and meadows, affording clear open views from either side of the valley across to the base of the opposite wall. The valley had then been under the care of the Indians for an unknown period of time. Their policy of management was to destroy most of the young growth of trees and shrubbery by letting fires run over the whole valley, annually, late in the season.

Since Yosemite was set apart and reserved as a public park, it has been the policy of its managers to protect the valley as much as possible from the ravages of accidental fires, and preserve all the young growth of trees from destruction. This constant, vigilant care for the preservation of Yosemite has resulted in the whole valley being overrun with a young growth of trees and bushes, which, if not checked in their luxuriant, wanton growth, will certainly be a great damage to the best general interests of Yosemite as a public park. But I think that the work of reclamation and the opening up of the foreground of the best landscape views of the grand scenery should be done in accordance with some approved plan submitted by one or more landscape engineers and photograph artists of the best national reputation. This would certainly disarm adverse criticism and give better general satisfaction to the interested public. I am also of the opinion that the Board of Yosemite Commissioners is too large. I think that a Board composed of only three members, who should be appointed solely with reference to their special ability for the business, and who should receive a reasonable compensation for their services, would be more efficient in the execution of their duties and give better satisfaction. But this change could only be made by an act of Congress.

There are a few persons, who seem to be chronic fault-finders, that strongly advocate the policy of having Yosemite go back again to the United States Government, under the control of the Secretary of the Interior; but, from what I have seen of the management of the Yellowstone Park, I think this would be a great mistake for the interest of Yosemite and the visiting public. I had the honor of being appointed guardian of Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove in 1865, and held that position until early in 1881. I was reappointed in June, 1880, and from this long experience and observation I am sure that Yosemite can and will be much better managed for the public welfare by the State of California than it would be by the United States Government.

View of Glacier Point, looking east over the High Sierra. The figure on the point is that of Mr. Galen Clark, the first and present guardian of the Valley, who is now over eighty years of age.

In the spring of 1857 I built my first log cabin on the south fork of the Merced River, at the place now called Wawona, and soon afterward found the main large grove of Sequoia giganteas, which I named the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Later in the season I found another grove, some ten miles distant in Fresno County, which I called the Fresno Grove.

The year previous I had a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs and was given up to die any hour; and I went to the mountains to take my chances of dying or getting better, which I thought were about even. I spent my time in fishing, and hunting grouse, deer and occasionally grizzly bears, and roughing it generally,—going bareheaded and some of the time barefooted, living alone most of the time for years, my nearest neighbor being nearly twenty miles distant. A mountain trail past my place to Yosemite was completed in 1857, and a few camping parties with pack animals and camping outfits would pass on their way to Yosemite. On their return trip they would be out of provisions, and, as I always had a good supply of fresh venison and trout, they would call on me for meals.

In a few years, as travel to Yosemite and the Big Trees increased, I was doing quite a business, which increased until I sold out to the Yosemite Stage Company in January, 1875. I then went to Yosemite to devote my whole attention to my duty as guardian. I believe this active life, the pure, cold, soft mountain water, and the exhilarating atmosphere of these grand forests, has aided in prolonging my life many years.

BLOSSOM ROCK, 1870.

JANET MACDONALD.

REVERTING to the fact that it is twenty-five years since Blossom Rock was removed from the harbor of San Francisco, there are, amongst the rising generation and the foreign population, many people in California who are totally ignorant of its former location and the expense and peril of its removal. As the work is important in the history of our State, of a novel character, and great magnitude, its recital cannot but interest intelligent readers in our community. This danger to navigation was situated in San Francisco Bay, directly east of the Golden Gate, or entrance to the bay, due north of the city on a line between

THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

Alcatraz and Yerba Buena islands, and nearly midway between them. It was distant from the city front about fifteen hundred yards.

It was directly in the course vessels are often compelled to take in entering and leaving the harbor. It was in the track of naval vessels passing to and from San Francisco and Mare Island Navy Yard, and was also in the way of all passenger steamers and vessels plying between San Francisco and the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. The rock was discovered and named by Captain Beechey, Royal Navy, F. R. S., who entered San Francisco harbor in command of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *The Blossom*. The top of the rock was about five feet below the surface of the water at mean low tide. Its greatest length at the depth of twenty-four feet was 195 feet, and its greatest breadth at the same depth was 105 feet.

It may readily be perceived that the removal of this menace to the safety of navigation became a necessity, and as early as July, 1866, Brevet Major-General and Chief Engineer Richard Delafield, U. S. A., communicated with Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Williamson, Major of Engineers, San Francisco, relative to and ordering its removal. Edward Cordell, who was in command of a surveying party on the coast survey schooner *Marcy*, was authorized to make a survey of Blossom Rock, and assisted by Lieutenant W. H. Heuer, under the direction of Colonel Williamson, made experiments in blasting on the rock in February and March, 1867. They discovered that the rock was sandstone, rather hard, and that in order to obtain a depth of eighteen feet of water at mean low tide would require the removal of one thousand cubic yards of stone.

They made their experiments with gunpowder that they might better estimate the cost of the removal of the refractory mountain. The charges of powder used were of three sizes, viz., 75 pounds, 125 pounds and 175 pounds, in order to determine which sized charge would prove most effectual. The second experiment took place on January 30th, when 175 pounds of powder were exploded on top of the rock in eleven feet of water. The explosion shattered the rock but did not materially increase the depth of water.

Third experiment, February 9th: 175 pounds of powder were exploded in fourteen feet of water near the west end of the rock. Water was thrown to the height of forty feet, and the survey indicated that about eleven cubic yards of stone had been removed.

Fourth experiment, February 19th: Two blasts of 125 pounds each were exploded in succession in twenty feet of water. About fifteen cubic yards of rock were removed.

Fifth experiment, February 20th: Same as above, but, as only about three cubic yards of stone were removed, it was supposed that the charges were placed on a cumulation of loose rock.

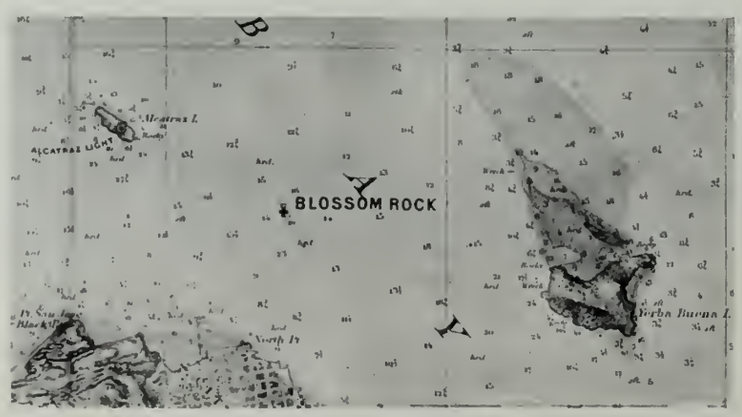
Experiments on March 4th, 5th and 6th resulted unsatisfactorily; and on March 7th the remaining charge of 175 pounds of powder was exploded in thirteen feet of water. A volume of water fifty feet in height and nearly as much in diameter was thrown up. The survey showed that 8.5 cubic yards of stone were removed. In 1868 an allotment of $50,000 from the general appropriation for improvement of rivers and harbors was made for this work; and in October of the same year a project for the removal of the rock was submitted by Brevet Brigadier-General B. S. Alexander, United States Engineers, the estimated cost of which was $41,132, which did not include cost of removal of rock after having been broken.

In November following, Mr. A. W. Von Schmidt submitted a proposition and a plan for the removal of Blossom Rock which reflected great credit upon the courage of his convictions, as he agreed to make the performance of the deed the sole basis of remuneration. Following is the project:

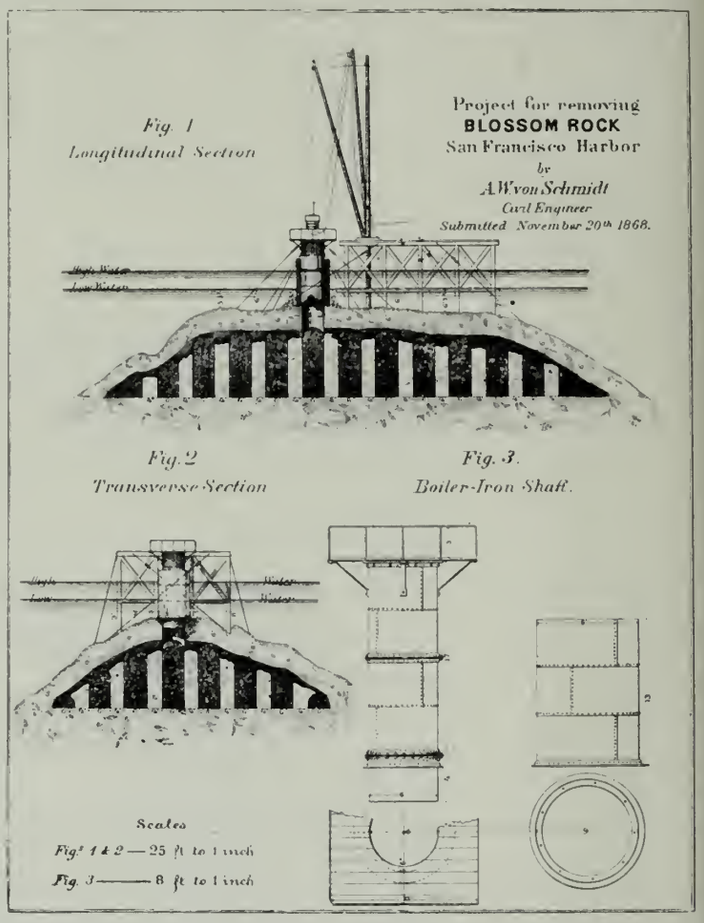
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20, 1868.

SIR: I have the honor to submit herewith a plan for the removal of Blossom Rock, together with a description of doing the work. I will remove the said rock in accordance with the plan as proposed by me, in the space of eighteen months from the time of signing the contract, for the sum of $75,000, currency of the U. S., giving such bonds as shall be required for the faithful performance of the work. Yours respectfully,

A. W. VON SCHMIDT, Major of Engineers.



These projects, together with their drawings, were sent to the Chief of Engineers at Washington, and $30,000 additional was asked for to secure the removal of the rock. In February, 1869, Colonel Williamson was instructed to advertise for proposals for removing the rock, although at the time there was but $50,000 available for its removal. In reply to the advertisement only one bid was received, which was from Mr. George Townsend of Boston, who offered to remove nine hundred cubic yards of rock from Blossom Rock for $45,000.



In June, 1869, it was decided to accept the offer of Mr. A. W. Von Schmidt. A contract was therefore made with him; $25,000, and subsequently $5,000, more were alloted, bringing the contract price up to $80,000 for all work necessary to be done.

In October, 1869, Mr. Von Schmidt commenced operations. In order to place his boiler-iron cases in position he desired to remove a portion of the top of the rock to have a smooth surface on which they were to rest. After some experimental work in building a scow with which he expected to prosecute his work of leveling the rock, he commenced the construction of a crib-work of timber, which was launched and floated over to the rock in November.

The details of this crib are shown in above cut. In its center is a double tank or coffer-dam, ten feet square, built of plank, caulked and pitched. Between the outer and inner portions of the coffer-dam was a space of two feet, which was filled with bags of tough clay. The portion between the outer side of the dam and the outer edges of the crib was boarded up six feet high, forming a box around the dam. As soon as the crib was towed to its place this box was filled with ballast (about two hundred tons of loose rock), which caused the crib to rest on the rock.

Anchors were then carried out from the crib, and the chains connecting them with its angles were drawn

tight. Steel-pointed piles were then driven around its outer edges, and, the rock being soft, they soon held it perfectly firm. On its top a floor was then laid at a height of twenty feet from the rock, and on this a shed was placed containing sleeping and cooking arrangements for about fifteen men.

The water was then pumped from the dam, and the surface of the rock within it laid bare. It was found that considerable leakage occurred from beneath. This was partially remedied, when water was again allowed in the dam, and cement and sand were thrown in, which soon hardened. On this cement bed a boiler-iron cylinder, six feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, was placed, and between it and the wooden dam more cement was thrown in, which was allowed to harden. The water was then pumped out of the cylinder, and the leakage was found to be small.

The sinking of the shaft was then immediately commenced, December 7th. Only one man could work in it at a time. At the end of December, 1869, the bottom of the shaft was twenty-two feet below low water, and early in January the depth was increased to thirty feet. Drifts were then run in the direction of the longer and shorter axes of the rock. The work progressed so favorably during January that eight miners found room to work in the drifts, which had been run for a lineal distance of 130 feet. During February there was space enough in the various drifts to work sixteen miners. The drifts were enlarged and connected, and the interior of the excavation now had the appearance of a large chamber having an arched roof supported by a dozen columns of rock. The average thickness of the roof of this chamber was about fourteen and one-half feet. During March the chamber had increased in size so that its greatest height was twelve feet, greatest length one hundred and thirty-five feet, and greatest width fifty-five feet. The rock columns which previously supported its roof were then all removed with the exception of four near the shaft, and their places were supplied by timbers from eight to ten inches square, on top of each of which a sill was placed, and between the roof and sill wooden wedges were driven.

The only tools used to loosen the stone were the ordinary steel-pointed pick, gad and sledge. On the 20th of April the contractor ceased excavating. The size of the chamber was then one hundred and forty feet long by sixty feet broad and twelve feet high, and preparations were at once made for putting in the powder. The position of the charges, and the detailed arrangements of the torpedoes, are shown below. Forty-three thousand pounds of nitrate of soda powder were used in the various charges. The vessels for containing it were thirty-eight ale barrels of an average capacity of sixty gallons each, and seven old tanks made of boiler iron securely riveted. They varied in size from five to seven feet in length and from two to three and one-half feet in diameter, and contained from

PLAN OF LAYING THE CHARGES.

eighty to one hundred and seventy-five kegs of powder of twenty-five pounds each. The inside of the barrels was coated with asphaltum; it was run in while hot. In the center of one of the heads of each cask a hole was bored, into which an iron gas-pipe tube, one and one-half inches in diameter and about three feet in length, was tightly screwed, and so placed that the lower end, which was plugged up, was within six inches of the bottom of the barrel. That end of the tube which was outside of the barrel had another tube screwed onto it, of the same diameter, which terminated with a right angle to the right and left (the whole like the letter T), the length in all being 506 inches. The two were cut with screw threads in order to receive couplings, to which air-tight India-rubber tubes were fastened. These rubber tubes were made of sufficient length to be similarly fastened to the barrels to the right and left. All the barrels and tanks were connected in that way, and finally a piece of rubber tube passed from the last torpedo through the shaft to the crib above. Two long wires, one insulated, passed through the whole system of rubber tubes, and eventually led up to the crib.

An Abel cartridge was placed about the middle of the gas-pipe tube which was in each barrel, and from the cartridge two wires about twenty-two inches long, one of which was fastened to the insulated wire and the other to the long wire as shown in cut below. The gas-pipe tube within the barrels was perforated with holes one-eighth of an inch in diameter and about four inches apart. The tube was then filled with rifle powder. The barrels were then filled through the bung with the nitrate of soda powder. When filled the barrels were securely plugged, and an iron hoop was driven around each of them over the bung, to prevent its being driven into the cask from the pressure of the water tamping when the chamber and shaft were filled with water. The wooden cask torpedoes were placed against the edges of the excavation, about eight feet apart. The iron tank torpedoes were distributed in the interior near the rock columns. When all were in position it appeared as though each torpedo was connected with the adjoining ones by an India-rubber hose. Each torpedo was braced and fastened in position by means of timbers, so that when the chamber became filled with water they would not float about.

It was then announced that at noon on April 23d the explosion would take place; and that day will be long remembered by the fortunate throng which congregated on Telegraph Hill and all prominent places in the city to witness the successful conclusion of the project so simply and concisely submitted by Mr. A. W. Von Schmidt to the Government of the United States,—a skill which has not only distinguished himself but the city in which he lives, and which benefits by his genius. On the morning of that day a hole about five inches in diameter was cut in the iron case about two feet above low-water mark. As the tide rose the water flowed through the hole, and at noon the chamber was two-thirds full. The indicator of the air-pump at that time showed a pressure of five pounds to the square inch.

At 2:00 P. M., everything being ready, an insulated wire was connected with the one brought up through the hose (the end of the other wire being in the water), and a boat containing a magneto-electric battery and the coil of insulated wire pushed off from the crib, paying out the wire on the way. When about eight hundred feet from the crib the wire was cut and the end connected with one of the poles of the battery, the circuit being completed by a wire connected with the other pole dragging in the water. One turn of the battery-crank, and the explosion instantly followed. A column of water three hundred feet high rose majestically in the air. The diameter of the body of water so magnificently presented was probably two hundred feet. Around the base of this column was another simultaneous outburst probably seventy feet high, whose flood seemed to roll outward. High above the mass of seething, boiling foam could be seen rocks and pieces of timber. The highest jet of water was that which came from the shaft, and was as black as ink.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

There are some families in the animal world that will not put up with laziness on any terms. The drones in the beehive, when no longer needed, are slain by the workers. An idle beaver is promptly turned away from the colony in whose industry he will not take part. Should an elephant make himself a nuisance to the rest of the herd by malicious, aggressive conduct, he is driven forth and becomes a "rogue." Crows will, after due deliberation, put an offending bird to death; and if a pair of rooks, too lazy to find building materials for themselves, steal sticks and other articles from their neighbors, their nest is quickly destroyed by the other inmates of the rookery.

FIND THE FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. W. H. L. Wallen phot

Spiders have four, six or even eight eyes; they are transparent like so many gems. The lizard called the chameleon can move one eye while the other is still; he can fix one on the sky and the other on the ground; he can glance at all that is behind and before him at once.

One of Mr. Lincoln's "illustrations" was of a man who, in driving the hoops of a hogshead to "head" it up, was much annoyed by the constant falling in of the top. At length the bright idea struck him of putting his little boy inside to "hold it up." This he did, it never occurring to him till the job was done how he was to get the child out. "This," said he, "is a fair sample of the way some people always do business."

Fifteen thousand bees constitute a medium swarm, twenty-five thousand a good swarm, thirty thousand a strong swarm, forty thousand a large swarm. The natural life of the worker honey-bee does not exceed six months.

A watch can be used as a compass. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the figure half way between the hour hand and the XII points directly south. If the IIII points to the sun, II is due south; if VIII points to the sun, X is due south. Remember this, for it may help you in the woods some time.

COMPARATIVE CLIMATOLOGY.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

THERE are two facts made so apparent in the accompanying map that it seems almost superfluous to add anything in the way of explanation, but a few tables of comparison may serve to make the article clearer, especially to our Eastern friends.

The terms North and South have a very different signification on the Pacific Coast from that on the Atlantic. This is the first proposition. The other is, that Northern California has been underrated as to its temperature in comparison with what has been called Southern California.

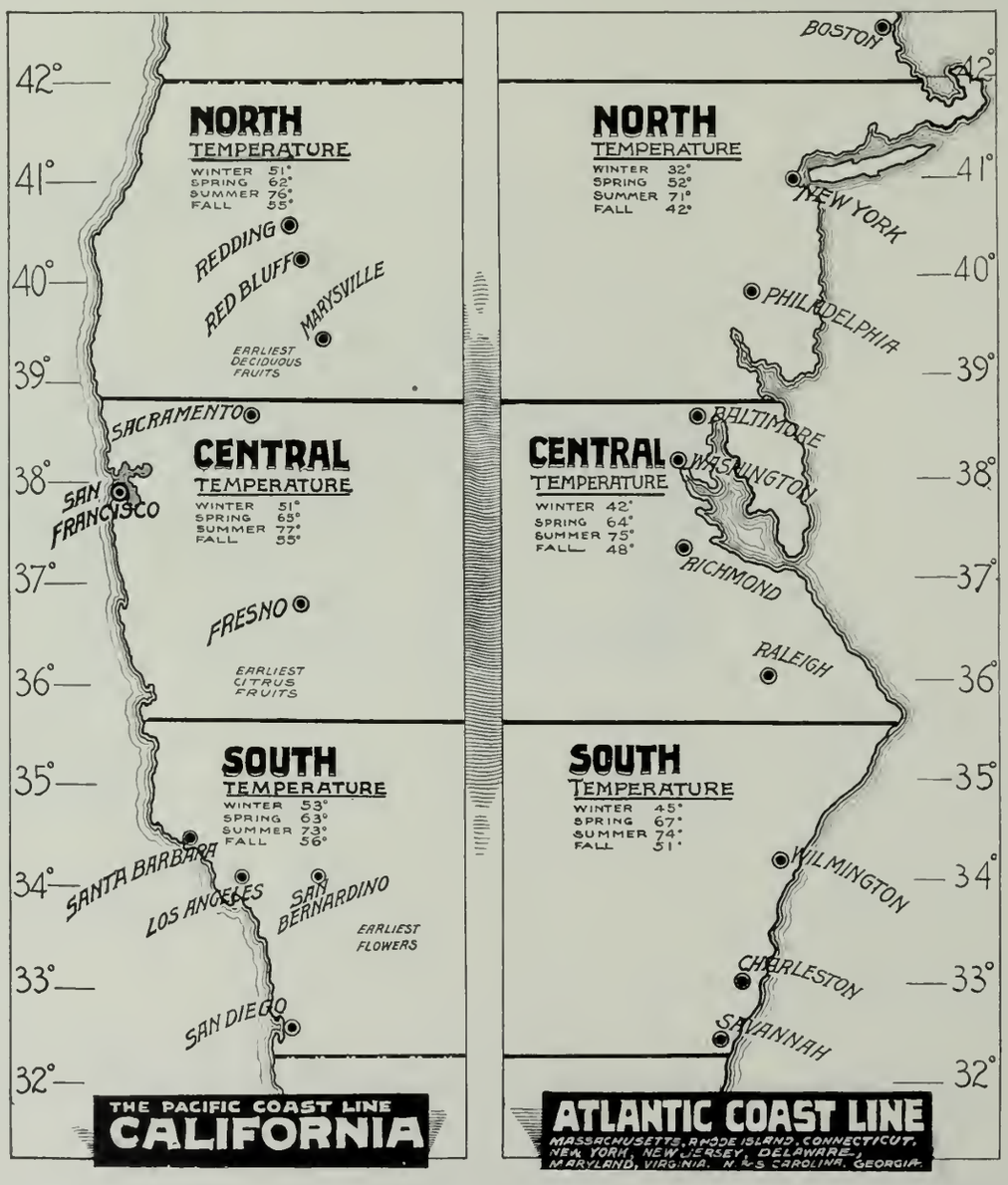
The fact that there is virtually no North nor South in California as far as temperature is concerned is generally laid up to the credit of the Kuro-Siwo Japanese warm current which sweeps across the Pacific Ocean, very fortunately strikes the North American Continent about amidships, sending one shaft of its temperate torrent northward to drive back or dissipate the icebergs that might otherwise escape from Bering Sea, the other southward along the shores of Washington, Oregon and California, to serve as a perennial climatic regulator for the entire Coast.

We Californians have raved over the fact that the influence of this great current, together with the topographical features of the country, have given us a meteorological condition of things not to be met with on this Western Hemisphere. This ocean current, one of the great frost and cyclone killers of the West, has shed its beneficial effects upon California in a marked degree. The summers have been made cooler and the winters warmer by its great equalizing influence.

In making comparative tables of this character it is only possible to arrive at general results. We have taken three localities in the Northern, Central and Southern districts of both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and have compiled an average temperature for winter, summer, spring and fall. It is possible that, within fifty miles of any point in California from which observations in this connection have been made, the climatic conditions differ very materially. The calculations have been made upon locations not to exceed five hundred feet altitude above sea-level on both coasts, which territory includes the habitable portions of each region.

The reader may easily draw his own comparisons or conclusions between the Northern, Central and Southern divisions of both coasts. He will readily see that on the Pacific division there is but a slight difference between the North and the South of two degrees in winter, one in spring, three in summer and one in the fall in favor of the latter, and on the Atlantic of thirteen degrees in winter, fifteen in spring, three in summer and nine in the fall; and if one cared to go into further particulars, and compare the temperatures of Marysville in the North and San Bernardino in the South, he would find that the winters are generally warmer by a few degrees in the former locality.

In the matter of days of sunshine on the Pacific Coast, the records furnish a more favorable showing for the North than for the South; but the fact must be taken into consideration that the points of observation in the North are generally much farther removed from the coast than in the South; so that in this case, as in temperature, we can only give general comparisons. The extreme Southeastern portion of California can boast of more days of clear sunshine than any other part of the United States; while the Northwestern portion of the State, being under much the same conditions as Western Oregon and Washington, possesses a humid and cloudy atmosphere. This is evidenced by the fact that some sections in the Northwest have 86 days of sunshine in the year, while Yuma has 302.



The records show that Red Bluff has 230 clear days in the year, San Francisco 165, Fresno 224, Los Angeles 162, and San Diego 183. It must be admitted in this connection that the records of sunshine in California suffer in comparison with the East, for the reason that in California we have not had the benefit of sunshine recorders; and the tables compiled by Sergeant Barwick, from which we have gleaned our information, have been upon the basis of clear days instead of hours of sunshine: for instance, Red Bluff, beside being credited with 230 clear days in the year, has an average of 75 fair days; but just how much sunshine occurred on these fair days has not been estimated, on account of the lack of proper instruments of observation. We may say, however, that from the best authorities at hand the number of clear days in the year at New York is 120, Baltimore 125, and Savannah 118.

One feels almost ashamed to quote that frayed-at-the-edge statement that a man may sleep comfortably under a pair of blankets anywhere in California in the summer; but we are compelled to use it, for it is not only true but illustrates the most marked feature of contrast between the sections under consideration. Our climate is almost free from what is called sultry or muggy weather. Evaporation here is very rapid; it is not at all an uncommon thing to see dust flying in a few hours after a heavy shower. The consequence is that, although the air may be heated to a temperature of 80 or 90 degrees during the hours of sunshine, as soon as night comes the heated air rises rapidly, as there is no blanket of moisture to confine it to the surface of the earth during the night. It is this lack of humidity in the atmosphere which accounts for the fact that we are able to endure with comfort a degree of temperature that in the East would prostrate the entire community. It is this also, in part at least, that gives to our climate its buoyancy and exhilarating influences.

There is another very striking difference between eastern and western climatology, which lies in the fact that the electrical forces are more evenly distributed in the West. We have very few sudden or tempestuous storms; thunderstorms sometimes visit the Coast Range during the winter, but are almost unknown in summer. Such storms are not infrequent in portions of the Sierra Nevada, especially in the proximity of the higher ranges. We have winds in the rainy season that occasionally amount to a gale but never a hurricane. The summer trade winds that set in from the Pacific in the latter half of the day are almost universal throughout the State and are only in a few localities disagreeable. Generally speaking, they are cool and bracing, and when not accompanied by fog, as occasionally occurs near the coast, are pleasant and healthful. In the South there are occasional east winds that, sweeping across from the deserts, are for a short time almost unbearable; and in the great valleys of the North there are occasional "northers" that are equally uncomfortable; but in each case they are of rare occurrence.

In the district depicted on the map as the Atlantic region one knows just where and when to find the different seasons; but on the Pacific (or in California) one may find summer in winter, and spring in fall, or almost any other vagary in the climate that can be imagined. There is a section of the Southeastern portion where but a trifle over an inch falls per annum, while in the Northwestern the rainfall in some instances reaches one hundred inches. There is a portion of the Southwest, lying along the ocean, where the temperature does not vary more than ten or twelve degrees from one year's end to another; and there is a locality in the Northeast where the variation amounts to over one hundred degrees.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

JUST about this season of the year Lake Tahoe begins to look its prettiest. The snows have mostly melted except upon the highest peaks, the skies are cloudless, and the atmosphere possesses that warmth and exhilaration that one can only experience at an elevation of six thousand feet. No more charming outing can be had than to spend a week or two upon the shores of this delightful lake. Such a variety of amusements, too,—boating, fishing, hunting, riding and driving to your heart's content. There are several pleasant hotels on the lake, and about the best places to stop at are McKinney's, Bellevue or Emerald Bay. The prices are most reasonable, and one will thoroughly enjoy himself there. Another pretty resort is Deer Park Inn, thirteen miles from Truckee, at an elevation of sixty-five hundred feet. Excellent mineral springs can be found here, and it is an all around delightfully homelike resort. If you ever go to Lake Tahoe be sure you do not miss the trip returning via Glenbrook, Carson City and Reno. The round-trip tickets from San Francisco to Truckee, including the steamer trip around the lake and return to San Francisco, are only $19.00, while for $20.00, one dollar more, you can return via Carson. The stage ride from Glenbrook to Carson is a revelation of beauty never to be forgotten. Then at Carson an opportunity can be had to visit the State Prison, where exist the wonderful footprints of prehistoric man and animal. Again the train may be taken to Virginia City to enjoy the novelty of a descent into some of the famous Comstock shafts. Returning, the train carries you to Reno, where connection is made with the west-bound overland.

Mr. F. G. Barry has recently formed what is termed "The Barry Syndicate," the object of which is to furnish a certain number of newspapers with a list of their patrons visiting summer and winter resorts. From all accounts the enterprise is succeeding handsomely, and certainly the idea is clever and valuable enough to warrant all those interested in joining the syndicate. Mr. Barry charges but five cents an item for the service.

Now is the time when popular attention is diverted toward that beautiful resort, Catalina Island. While it is an all-year-round resort, the cream of the season is during the summer months, and there is no more delightful place in the State to rest a few weeks. The trip is easily made, and after arrival at Avalon there is a variety of amusements to satisfy the most fastidious. The Banning Company still control the Hotel Metropole, and no point is lost to make it comfortable, attractive and homelike. The best part of the fishing is now just beginning, and lovers of this kind of sport should bear this mind in selecting an outing.

PEOPLE IN HOTELS.

DORA CAREW.

"The fact is," said a hotel man, "people seem to think that when they pay for the use of a thing or of a privilege that they have the right to abuse it." When asked what he meant by so sweeping a statement he gave a representative of THE TRAVELER some of his experiences with his guests.

One of his chief grievances was concerning the table. "It does not matter," said he, "how good the chef is, or how varied the menu, people are bound to find fault with the fare sooner or later. Some do it because they think a slight form of dissatisfaction is very genteel, and that it will go far to establish their social position. They seem to think that to take and eat what is set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake, will be evidence that they never have had anything better in their lives. This does not correspond with their ideas of social dignity. They prefer to sigh that the former days were better than these, and that the table is 'perfectly horrid.' Other people are so pleased with the bill of fare that they go through it at a meal. After repeating this habit for some weeks they find that they are 'tired of the same old thing,' and clamor for a change. Now it is not good gastronomics for a man to eat all that he can every day, for that soon robs his meals of variety; but, if a hotel man were to suggest such an idea to his guests, they would think he wished to rob them. You see the main thought in many a boarder's mind is to eat as much as he is paying for.

"People are often so unreasonable as to the service they demand. They will come in late, when a meal is in full swing, and then complain of the service because things are not made to fly. Then the waste is very great owing to a wild sort of ordering that brings more to one's cover than is possible for any one to eat. I am sorry to say so, but in all these respects the ladies are more apt to offend than are the men.

"It has always seemed to me that a lady would prefer to be as unobtrusive as possible, but, do you know," continued the hotel man, "I have had people obliged to ask me to remove this or that person from their proximity at table because of the perfumes she used. I always make the change, for I declare there is nothing more offensive to a man who brings a good appetite to his meal than to have his sense of smell affronted by some of the strong extracts now in use. A breath of white rose and an empty stomach do not go well together.

"But what would surprise you most," continued the hotel man, warming up to his subject, "is the selfish gluttony of some of our best people. In do not mean," explained he, "the general desire to stuff so as 'to get ahead of the house,' but that piggishness that picks out all the choice fruit or one particular dainty for its own delectation. I have seen ladies, who in a drawing-room were the acme of good breeding, act at the table in a way that made me blush for them. I had one old dowager at my table once whose habit it was to run into the dining-room as soon as the doors were opened. In this way she got the start of the rest of the people at her table. You should have seen her at the fruit or the cake. She pinched all the apricots or peaches, and selected all the ripest for herself. She did not hesitate to make a meal upon one kind of cake, and the incongruity of this selfish old gourmand devouring all the angel cake used to strike me as simply disgusting.

"Then there was a young man whose gluttony was so great that he used to help himself to fruit before he had ordered his soup, place the spoils by his plate, and look at them all the time to make sure that no one robbed him of them. Of course the rest wouldn't stand that, and I have been forced to adopt the plan of serving the cakes with the dessert,—so many and one of each kind on the plate to each guest. The plan gives general satisfaction to my patrons, and I have no doubt it will become the custom.

AN OREGON TYPE. *Miss Sperry photo.*

"But not to linger too long at the table, let me take you to the apartments in a hotel and show you evidences of wanton abuse of property. People whose homes I have visited before ever they became my patrons, and whom I knew to be neat and careful, when they move into hired quarters seem to go to the other extreme. They mar the walls and the furniture by scratching matches upon them. They set down bottles of medicine on their table tops regardless of spoiling the surface. They get spots on the carpet, stain the towels with ink or medicine, and seem to throw things on the floor for the pleasure of making the servants pick them up again.

"Any hotel man will tell you that his gas bill is big, not because of the gas that is used, but because of what is wasted. People will light their burners while dressing for dinner, and then go out, locking their door and leaving all the burners burning full head for hours. How wrathy they are if the housekeeper should go in and stop this waste does not need comment.

"The hotel man lives in constant terror of a fire's starting through the carelessness of his guests. You've no idea of the amount of washing and ironing that some people do in their rooms. Once in a while the passers-by have evidence of it in the filmy lace squares that are drying upon the window pane. This is a favorite way to iron a fine handkerchief. But the number of gas, alcohol and coal-oil stoves that women boarders will smuggle into their rooms, and use, is something appalling. More than once a conflagration has been narrowly avoided.

"People naturally resent the oversight that a hotel-keeper is compelled to exercise, and they call it 'spying out' and 'sneaking round;' but, if they only knew it, the safety of the establishment depends largely upon just such vigilance.

"People are selfish very often in the exercise of what they consider their rights, and in this regard I may say that the musicians, those who play or who think that they can play, are the most conscienceless offenders. Why, I have been in one *suite* while the woman on the left was playing classical music, and on the other side some one was pounding out popular airs. The din was something frightful, and yet either of those musicians (?) would have felt terribly insulted had she been asked not to play quite so much.

"I had one family once who never began their music until about eleven at night, and frequently they would keep it up until two in the morning. Complaints were made, and, would you believe it, the parties were very indignant, claiming that as they had engaged the *suite* they could do as they liked. I soon taught them their mistake.

I once had some very comical people staying at my house, and it was one of their amusements to have little suppers at night. They always threw the debris out of the window. We knew it was theirs, because when the stuff was returned by the parties next door, with complaints, the names had been found on the wrappers. One morning the customary bundle was placed on my desk, and with it this note: 'We might be able to sell old cans to the junk man, but really we have no use for this set of false teeth, which we return.'

But I think the time in my life when I was most angry with people happened under the following circumstances. One day the chambermaid came to me and told me that a fine leather chair in the room of a senator from the North was being ruined. I saw that the man had used the seat for a bootblack stand, and you can imagine the state of that chair.

"'What's the matter with you?' said he, when I remonstrated with him. 'Don't I pay for this room?' 'No, sir,' said I; 'you do not pay for any right to abuse it.' I made him pay for the chair, and requested him to leave my house.

"Another time a man and his wife kept the chambermaid out of the room all the morning before they left. We afterward discovered that they had spilled ink in the center of the floor. The man, instead of notifying us and letting us take it out, went out, bought some strong acid, which ate a great hole a breadth wide in the carpet. A rug had been drawn over the spot. The parties made their escape."

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

C. J. Kaighin, the genial gentleman who fills a responsible position as chief engineer of the Market Street cable system, is the possessor of many friends. But he has an enemy, an implacable foe, ever lurking in ambush to down him, and that enemy is rheumatism. It speaks well for Mr. Kaighin's constitution that he has survived all the remedies known to materia medica in endeavors to vanquish his tormentor. He met a friend the other day who, observing that he walked with difficulty, said, "Hello, Charley; what's the matter?"

"Rheumatism," was the reply.

"Rheumatism, eh? Try brimstone. It cured my brother."

"Well," said Mr. Kaighin, thoughtfully, "I expect to get my share of brimstone later on, with the rest of sinners; however, I've already tested that cure. It didn't work in my case," and, drawing a bit of sulphurous rock from his vest pocket, he looked at it sadly.

"Never mind," said his friend, with the exasperating cheerfulness of a man who has never felt a physical pang. "Get a guinea pig's tooth and carry it in your right-hand trousers' pocket; never was known to fail."

Mr. Kaighin's hand sought the pocket in question and then drew forth a healthy molar. "I've carted that confounded thing around until it has worn three holes in the lining, and I'll wager that a month's salary wouldn't cover the amount that has filtered through them in dimes and nickels."

"There's the ring cure," continued his informant, briskly. "My uncle was all crippled up—your condition isn't a circumstance to his—when he commenced to wear that ring; but now he could turn a hand-spring if his dignity as a Superior Judge wouldn't be compromised by such an exhibition of friskiness. You've got one on? One isn't enough in obstinate cases. You must wear two,—one on the third finger of each hand."

Mr. Kaighin surveyed the speaker, shook his head skeptically, and held up two hands, upon the third fingers of which glistened silver circlets.

"I'll tell you what," said his friend, confidentially, "you may call it superstition if you like, but I advise you to do the snake-skin act Get about three inches of dried skin from a rattlesnake and— "

His companion carefully balanced something of mummified appearance on his thumb. "No good," said he. "Nothing under heaven will cure me, my boy."

"Why, man alive, you mustn't be so easily discouraged as that. Take my advice and carry a potato—simplest thing in the world."

Mr. Kaighin reached around to his hip pocket and produced a fine specimen of Burbank. "It's sprouting by this time, I guess," he remarked; "I haven't looked at it for six months."

"After all," replied his friend, "there's nothing so speedy in it's cure of rheumatism as buckeyes, one in each trousers' pocket, you know— "

He stopped suddenly as Mr. Kaighin silently submitted two nuts, highly polished from long continued friction with other pocket paraphernalia; then he went on desperately: "Insoles, my dear fellow, medicated insoles; those are what you need" —

But, seeing Mr. Kaighin stoop to untie his shoes, the would-be benefactor fled.

A pretentious house of large dimensions and fine appearance in Hayes Valley shelters a family so apprehensive of the evils lurking in adulterated food that it is said they employ at regular salary a local chemist to examine everything that the tradesmen leave at their back door. Living in daily terror of microbes and things, and knowing the awful possibilities for annihilation that impure milk may contain, they have bought a cow, after subjecting her to medical examination, tethered her in a lot near the city limits, and hired a man who lives next door to her bovinity to bring the animal into town every morning, where, before their eyes, she is duly milked at the front gate. This rural addition to city landscape is a sight worth seeing, even though it involve a ride on the Hayes Street cable at 6:30 A. M.

The San Francisco newsboy is a type peculiar unto himself. He has neither the monotonous intonation of the Portland product, the drawl of the Seattle seller, nor the buy-if-you-want-to voice of the Los Angeles vender of news. The 'Frisco boy believes in making you buy whether you want to or not. A crowd of these lively youngsters who daily rend the air with their cries at the intersection of Powell, Eddy and Market, and who offer to their patrons as bonuses the transfers which they have coaxed from alighting passengers at the turntable, were congregated in a recent rain at the Market Street crossing, when a stylishly dressed man, anxious to get his silk hat under cover, pushed rudely aside a lady who was attempting to board a Valencia Street car, and wedged himself into the crowd on the platform. A mighty shout caused him to look back. Those boys jeered and hooted. "Come here!" they howled. "Come here, yer tailor's dude! We'll give yer a lesson in manners!"

One of our hale and hearty pioneers, Harris by name, was in the hardware business here in the days of '49. Such an article as a stove was of course at that time worth a big fraction of its weight in coin. Mr. Harris had ordered a consignment by steamer, but they had failed to arrive; hence the solitary stove left in stock went away above par in price. "How much?" queried a stoveless citizen, looking longingly at the rare collection of old iron that stood proudly on exhibition in front of Mr. Harris' store. "Two hundred and forty dollars," replied the owner. "Rather steep," commented the other, hoping that the demurrer would result in bringing the price down. "I'll think it over;" and he went away. Presently another passerby halted, asked the same question and paid the sum necessary without a word. And Mr. Harris is fond of relating how the other fellow, who had "thought it over," made liberal use of impolite language when he came back—too late.

At a down-town boarding house lives a little lady who is a confirmed fidget—perpetual motion itself. Flitting incessantly about, restless to the last degree, she is rather trying at times to the mental equilibrium of her fellow-boarders. A number of them were examining a new directory recently. They found each of their names correctly entered, with one exception: that of their nervous neighbor was missing.

"That is easily explained," somebody remarked. "She couldn't stand still long enough to be counted!"

There are people at large in this town who ought to be taken up by the poundman. That modern juggernaut, the-man-bound-to-catch-a-certain-car, is one of them. He mows down everything before him in his mad career. Destruction lies in his wake. If the souls of those who have suffered physical anguish through his reckless onslaughts were to follow him into the beyond; if the lamentations of the erstwhile tortured could be phonographically reproduced to vibrate in the spiritualized ears of him; if all the wicked words wrung from exasperated humanity, as he stepped blithely on their peacefully perambulating toes in his clumsy flight, could blotch the record opposite his name in the Book of Judgment,—he would long to reincarnate himself and atone for past sins by teaching the principles of street etiquette to others. Have you ever been knocked suddenly from the pedestal of dignity by this universal idiot? Have you ever mourned for five dollars' worth of shoe leather ruined by rude contact with his massive foot? Have you ever embraced the sidewalk, and in that compulsory demonstration thought—well, let us draw a veil of charity over your reflections upon that occasion; they did not do you credit. (Surely, if thoughts are things, as believers in the occult tell us, they would have annihilated this wretch long ago.) Have you ever been banged violently against a lamp post as he telescoped his way through a crowd—this fiend who doesn't so much as give you time to say your prayers? If you have, dear reader, you will echo my fervent wish that there may be formed a Society for the Eternal Suppression of the Car Chaser.

The school teachers of Paso Robles have given us an object lesson in the higher education of children. Wild-flowers are exceedingly abundant in their locality, as many as three hundred varieties being natives there. The schools recently devoted a day to studying and collecting these beautiful blossoms, holding afterward a wild-flower exhibit, to which one bright little fellow contributed nearly ninety varieties. Too much cannot be said in praise of the idea. Flowers have an influence more potent than the pessimist would believe. I once knew a small newsboy who was a large terror. Every oath in the category of the street had a place in his vocabulary. Various philanthropic people had undertaken his soul's salvation, only to conclude that their peace of mind depended upon letting him alone. One day at Lotta's Fountain he was disseminating news with his accustomed vigor, when suddenly he darted forward in front of a dummy, and at the risk of his neck snatched something from the cobbles. It was a crimson rose. And when I saw him lay it caressingly, reverently against his grimy cheek, his eyes shining—well, it was a sermon without words.

Houses with bicycle attachments are a crying necessity: the wheel needs a local habitation as well as a name. It can't be folded up like an umbrella; it can't be stowed away in the coal bin or under the bed. People who live in flats—and they form a large percentage of our population—are not always in possession of basement privileges, and one does not want to climb stairs, golden or otherwise, with a bicycle on one's back. The contractor of the future will build houses with stables for these steeds of steel, where, secure, they may enjoy their hungerless repose. The seductively advertized house that has the sun in each room, and is five minutes' walk from everywhere, will have among its modern improvements the latest thing in wheel accommodations; and the tenants of the landlord shall rise up and call him blessed.

He won success where others made mere bungles;
The life he bore was charmed, so people said;
The dangers he had faced in Indian jungles
Would elevate the hair upon your head.
In Texas he had braved stampedes of cattle,
In foreign lands victorious had led
An army to the gory field of battle,
And fought for days while bullets past him sped.
But finally his Waterloo he met, as warriors must:
The day he bought a safety this hero bit the dust.

When down the corridors of Time
The Trilby feet have passed;
When sleeves have shrunk from heights sublime
To normal size at last;
When suffrage bills have ceased to be
The politician's text;
We ask the question shudderingly,—
What next?

When the Napoleonic craze,
A fevered dream, is o'er;
When tales of gold-bought titles daze
Our weary eyes no more;
When the New Woman and her sphere
For strife have no pretext;
When hats theatric disappear,—
What next?

She at the window and he outside;
I see them whenever I go down town;
Fair and smiling and azure-eyed,
She poses there in her Paris gown.

He stares all day at her form divine,
Yet no blush mantles her waxen cheek;
For he is an "ad" on a swinging sign,
And she is a dummy that cannot speak.

A robin left her cosy nest
High in a live-oak tree
To gossip with a meadow lark—
A meadow lark
Sedately drest
With coat brown-dark
And yellow vest—
"Good-morning, friend," chirped she;
"Somehow it seems to me
The world looks brighter, east and west.
Now, pray, why should that be?"

Her neighbor trilled a roundelay,
A merry, merry tune;
His joyous notes rang sweet and clear—
So sweet, so clear,
Across the way
I leaned to hear—
"The world looks gay
Because," sang he, "'tis June.
The sun, the stars, the moon
All told me, Robin, that to-day
Would be the first of June!"

Fair woman says she wants to vote:
Her sphere of usefulness
She fain would widen. Man may quote
Objections, but—she wants to vote
(Hold office, too, I guess);
But I, who've seen her parcels fall,
And pitied her distress,
Know that she wants most, after all,
A pocket in her dress!

The bud of a tender little romance out in the Western Addition has been cruelly nipped, and two hearts that might by this time have been beating as one are at present doing their physical duties in the ordinary way. It all happened through one of those miserable botches that a man will make when pursued by some evil genius, and it has forever blasted his prospects as a son-in-law in the house which was, literally speaking, the scene of his downfall.

He had called, as usual, and she was pouring tea for him, clad in one of those enchanting things a woman calls a tea gown. She had just been showing him the exquisite collection of painted china that adorned her tea table. In leaning forward to take the dainty egg-shell cup that was about to cheer but not inebriate him, the rocker of his chair gently collided with an onyx table behind him. Its spindle legs gave way beneath it, pitching its marble top to the floor *via* a handsome swinging mirror, with the shivered fragments of which mingled the remains of an elegant Cloissone vase. Terrified and confused, the visitor rose to gaze upon the ruin he had wrought, when his cuff link caught in the cobweb that served as a tea-table cover: and, horror upon horrors, over it went with a crash louder than the crack of doom in his agonized ears. He fled like a madman. He has mortgaged his salary to her irate parent, and estimates that, by living on crackers for a year to come, he will be able to liquidate his indebtedness.

Silk hats are wonderful civilizers. They have played a silent but important part in masculine history. Men thus adorned, whose angry passions have risen to degrees beyond thermometrical reach, will rage inwardly, will glare wildly at each other, but lo, the talismanic *chapeau* prevents bloodshed. No head is ever hot enough to willingly sacrifice a ten-dollar tile, even for the bliss of smashing the other fellow. That the silk hat has saved human lives, fostered self-control, averted Police Court fines, controlled innumerable destinies, protected life insurance companies, and mutely advocated the universal brotherhood of man, no one who has observed its career, and noted its power over the wearer, will deny. Silk-hatted men may heap contumely upon each other, may meet in wordy combat, may mutually writhe under torturing insult, but jeopardize their ebony crowns of glory by fighting? Never.

Wanted: An American heiress whose American dollars, yielded from American mines, shall be expended in America.

Wanted: an American heiress to whom the honest love of an honest American citizen will be dearer than a coronet of baubles, and to whom the sacred word "wife" will be an all-sufficient title.

Wanted: An American heiress who will give us another Girard College, rather than restore the faded splendor of a debauchee's palace.

Wanted: An American heiress with heart and brain, realizing that the possession of vast wealth is also a great trust, to be used wisely and well; who prefers relieving destitution, misery, infinite wretchedness among her own people, to scattering millions among foreigners in the gratification of a silly, selfish ambition.

Wanted: An American heiress in an American home built by American hands, who, looking over her broad acres tilled by American labor, will see the Stars and Stripes floating, and thank God that it is so. An American heiress—oh, how we shall love and bless her!—whose womanhood is worthy of the flag that protected her cradle.

If balloon sleeves and flare skirts were here to stay, hotels would have to be enlarged for the accommodation of patrons who employ dressmakers by the day. At a Sutter Street hostelry a young lady, who was to have an eight-yard skirt built around her, appealed to the clerk for the freedom of an unused dining-room, her private *suite* being quite out of proportion to the space requirements of her dressmaker. His consent let down the bars for others, and now that dining-room, once the scene of banquet revelry, is an established petticoat factory.

There is a lad, perhaps a dozen years old, employed by H. S. Crocker Company, who has a gratifying spirit of manliness in his sturdy young body. It being considered good form now-a-days, by the average knickerbocker wearer, to refer to his paternal in terms of condescending familiarity, a boy acquaintance of this youthful employee said to him the other day, "Hello! How's your old man?"

"I want you to distinctly understand," he replied, straightening back his shoulders and eyeing the offender with juvenile severity, "that I have no 'old man'—I have a father."

His companion changed the subject.

It may be news to many people that there can be a nearer family relation than that of brother and sister, but a little miss gave this information to the world on the first day of her attendance at the public school.

Accompanied by a small boy she appeared in the schoolroom, and the teacher proceeded to take down the new pupils' names, which were given as Ralph and Edith Johnson.

"Brother and sister, I suppose," said the teacher, pleasantly.

"Oh, no, ma'am, we're twins!" was the little girl's reply.

ITEMS.

The Yost-Falcon Bicycle is the wheel of the season. As to speed, lightness, perfection of mechanism, lasting qualities, and neat, artistic appearance, the Yost-Falcon wheel is not to be surpassed by any wheel in the market. The lady's wheel made by the Yost-Falcon is a little beauty, and combines all the requirements for beauty, speed, lightness and durability. Geo. W. Alexander & Co., 401 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

READING, PA., April 29, 1895.

Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan, "The Traveler,"

DEAR SIRS: As I have not received the April number of your periodical I presume my sub has expired. I inclose U. S. currency for one dollar, as each number I get recalls to my mind the pleasant but hurried trip of the Ticket Agents' Association to your wonderful State just one year ago. These monthly reminders, so delightfully picturesque in their presentation of the many beauties of your southern country and California in general, bring back pleasant recollections of a trip that was enjoyed from the hour we were awakened at Colton by a delegation of railroad men, and a carload of luxuries to which we did full justice, until we got back to the chill winds of Chicago. We were so thoroughly well treated by all we came in contact that the memory of their hospitality is an exceedingly pleasant one. At the "Hollenbeck" at Los Angeles, mine host Bilicke took excellent care of us; and the genial paternal of the inn, Grandpa Bilicke, with his fund of good stories, and apt quotations from sacred and other authors, good advice, etc., made the time too short, but very pleasant. The ladies all said he was a darling.

The pleasantest of our side trips was the sail across the channel to Avalon, by the courtesy of the Banning Bros., whose magnificent hospitality will always be held in grateful remembrance. Long life, health, wealth, and all the good things of this world, attend the Banning Bros.

The trip over the kite-shaped track was a revelation to all of us of what must be the most beautiful country in the world. In fact the whole of the time spent in your State seems to-day like a romance. Some day I hope to repeat it at my leisure; in the meantime I will take THE TRAVELER to recall the scenes you give us in such a thoroughly artistic way.

Yours truly,
F. S. JACOBS,
City Agent, Penna. R. R.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

There is some pleasure in coming upon an anecdote in which the barber does not have the last word. *Judy* relates this dialogue:

"Hair's very thin, sir."

"It was thinner than that thirty years ago."

"Indeed, sir! You surprise me. Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir!"

"Thirty yesterday!"

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 277 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One hundredth of an inch (0 01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre. The measures are English.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

There are so many true stories of heroism on the battle-field that an occasional incident not quite heroic may be forgiven human nature.

It is said that when a famous French general was obliged to retreat, as he and his aide-de-camp were fleeing before the enemy, he breathlessly inquired, "Who are the rear guard?"

"The men that have the poorest horses, general," replied the aid, who was making good use of his spurs.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

"No," said the weary housewife to the minister on his sick call; "there ain't no use talkin' of rest everlastin' for the likes o' me. 'Pears that other folks git luck like that, but I don't. I've been stumping 'round on my feet ever sence I was born, an' t'aint likely to let up. 'f I was put under ground on a Monday, don't you forgit the resurrection would come along o' Chewsday and hustle me out. I know what to look for! How's your Mehitable's jam turned out this spring?"

NEW GOLD.

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is spilling the ink;
While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry's beginning to think;
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry is stringing his bow;
While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick at the end;
Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins many a friend.
—*St. Nicholas.*

Said little Miss Nancy,
"I've taken a fancy
To go to the woods for some flowers;
I really am pining
Green leaves to be twining,
While sitting in wild woodland bowers."

So she donned her sunbonnet
With white frills upon it,
And took up her basket and spade;
And off she went skipping,
A wood-nymph a-tripping,
The dear little, sweet little maid!

Red berries she found
On the soft, mossy ground,
Arbutus 'neath sweet-scented pines.
Her basket o'erflowed,
Her cheeks how they glowed!
As she gazed on her rootlets and vines.

Then she heard the birds sing
About "Spring, gentle spring,"
As she rested under the trees;
But the truth must be told;—
She contracted a cold,
And has done nothing since but just sneeze,
A-kee-choo!
—*E. Louise Liddell.*

Low burned the fire; the room was dim;
We heard the warning clock strike ten—
And by the message, stern and grim,
Knew parting-time had come again.

"I had a dream last night," I said;
"I'll tell it to you ere I go:
I thought, my dear, your little head
Was lying on my shoulder—so.

"'Tis time to go," I said; "and you—
You kissed me twice upon my cheek.
Now tell me, love, do dreams come true?
How archly did my darling speak!"

"Why, some come true and some do not;
In dreams like this I quite believe"—
And then she kissed me twice, and got
Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

Why is it that to say good-night
Must take so long a time? I know
When lips are sweet and eyes are bright
One can but linger, loth to go.

But, somehow, ere I went away
That night, the clock had struck elev'n—
So long it takes, you see, to say
What seemed an easy task at seven.
—*Eben E. Rexford.*

Little Bessie's papa
Is an advertising man,
Who talks his business everywhere,
Everywhere he can.

Little Bessie heard him,
Heard him talking ads,
And became a loyal convert
To that theory of her dad's,—

And, like her good papa,
Believed that anything desired
Could be had by advertising
When properly inspired.

One day there came a babe
To fill the house with joy,—
A great big bouncing baby,
A ten-pound baby boy.

And when Bessie saw her brother,
As she tip-toed on the mat
And saw the babe, she said, "Mamma,
Did you advertise for that?"
—*Printers' Ink.*

I had a lovely pearl—a wondrous one—
The rarest, purest pearl in all the land.
Oh, my dim eyes that saw not how it shone!
I dropped it in the dust, nor mourned it gone,
But kissed the flaunting flowers in my hand.

To-day—oh, late and vain or tears or prayer!
Oh, late and vain, lost pearl, my fondest quest!
Though now, at last, I know thee radiant, fair,
And now I know thee sweet beyond compare,—
Now that thou shinest on another's breast.
—*Katherine E. Conway.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

A little child was imagining that a row of chairs was a train and was pushing them backward and forward. A lady caller sat down in one of them, remarking, "I will be a passenger." The little fellow did not relish the accession, but was too polite to say so. At last he came to the unwelcomed incumbent as politely as a first-class conductor and inquired, "Let's see, you were going—how far, madam?" "To Canandaigua," she replied, at a venture. The little fellow gave a Chesterfieldian bow and said gently, "*This* is Canandaigua, madam."

Mistress (angrily)—Bridget, I find that you wore one of my decollete ball gowns to the drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Bridget (meekly)—Oi wus, mum; Oi wus! And me young man said as if Oi ivir wore sich an indacent dress in public ag'in he'd break our ingagement.

There is a tender connection between the railroad engineer and his passengers.

Customer—Have you a copy of "Fifteen Decisive Battles?"

Bookseller—No, sir; we are sold out. But we can give you "Reflections of a Married Man."

A woman can adapt herself to circumstances more readily than a man. She will drive a nail with a poker or a hair brush, take out a cork with the scissors, no matter if it is pushed in, and sharpen lead-pencils with her husband's razor.

The owner of a menagerie which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."

One of the proctors of the Dublin University had a dog whose eyes were very unequal in size. A friend once expressed surprise at this peculiar characteristic. "Yes," said the owner, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed on one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to the other side and pretends to be a different dog."
—*Tit Bits.*

A—I was never worse fooled in my life than I was last night.

B—How so?

A—I had been on a spree and went to bed late. When I woke up my feet were on the pillow, where my head should have been.

B—That *was* rather strange.

A—But that wasn't all. During the night I suffered with headache, when really there was nothing the matter, except that my corns hurt.

It sometimes happened during the era of "Reconstruction" in South Carolina that the quondam slave was promoted above his former master. So it happened that Pompey Smash, a coal-black negro, became a "Trial Justice."

It was not long before Pompey had a case before him. When the jury arose and began moving toward the adjoining room for consultation, one of the lawyers interposed and said, "May it please your honor, you have not charged the jury."

Whereupon Judge Pompey gathered himself up, and with all possible dignity said:

"Gen'men of dis jury, as dis is de fust time I have had you befo' me, I cha'ge each one of you one dollah and a half."

A lady very fond of cats and a man devoted to dogs fell into a controversy over the merits of those animals. In the midst of it the lady said:

"So you really think that dogs sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?"

"Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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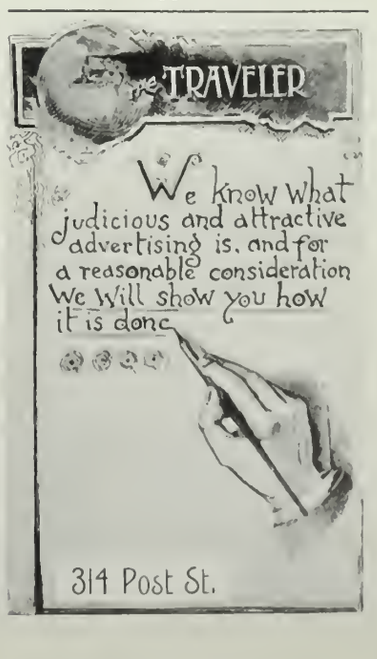

BICYCLING

The general use of the bicycle has of late years given rise to complicated questions of the rights and privileges of their riders. As a result these rights are now fairly well defined, and the pedestrian and horseman are willing to concede the courtesies and privileges of the highway. Whatever antagonism now exists toward cyclers is the fault of a few arrogant and selfish members of the class who, when mounted, forget all courtesies and respect due the public. Numerous instances of late in which pedestrians have been run down and seriously injured arouse the ire of the citizens who rely on nature's method of locomotion. Naturally the whole cycling fraternity comes in for the general condemnation of those who in their calmer moments can see "good in everything." Of course the majority of wheelmen cannot be held responsible for the carelessness of a few, yet, in the case of pedestrian vs. cyclist, the blame rests upon the wheelman for riding on the sidewalk where he does not belong and at a speed which imperils the life and limb of citizens. It is not much of a hardship to a wheelman to ask him to do his riding in the road with an easy-running machine of modern construction, and it would raise him mightily in public favor if he would do a little missionary work among the thoughtless and overbearing members of his fraternity, and inculcate notions of unselfishness and a regard for the rights of others.

President A. L. Peters, of the Union Manufacturing Company, Toledo, proposes to test the reliability of the fifty cents per annum tax on bicycles. He has purposely caused the arrest of two riders of his wheel, the Mohawk, in order to make a test case. Mr. Peters is wealthy, and will spend considerable money in order to get rid of the tax nuisance.

The bicycle fury has now spread itself over the Northwest, and rages with wonderful intensity. Word has come long ago from the East that all sorts and conditions of men, and women, too, in that progressive region, had begun to yearn for the bicycle. Especially among the fair sex had the inclination spread, until not only young girls and maidens, but ancient spinsters and comely matrons, and even an occasional grandmother, were to be found among the devotees of the wheel. There is no abatement of the passion there. The safety has almost superseded all other means of locomotion for short distances. Women crowd the streets upon their bicycles in all the cities. The firms which make the wheels put out regular roadsters for women's use, and the factories are so crowded with orders that it is difficult to obtain a machine at all without long delay. The passion for riding has spread now to the West. Women in all the ranks of life are learning to ride, and the social leader takes her spin on the avenue where the employees from the down-town stores and offices are returning to their homes. There has been no such universal interest so widely awakened among women in a new feature of their lives for many a year.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller, who claims the honor of introducing the big sleeves, is by no means favorably impressed with the present style of the bloomer costume, though she does not think the new order of things will have a tendency toward the masculine, "because women are too sensible." "There are women," she says, "who are the slaves of fashion and who will wear anything from a butterfly to a head of cabbage." Mrs. Miller's idea of the correct costume for the wheelwoman is not one which in any way resembles the attire of man. She thinks the average bloomer suit, as now made, hideous. She believes, however, that a skirt is not quite the thing for cycling, that a combination of full Turkish trousers, reaching somewhat below the knee, there to be met by gaiters, and worn in conjunction with a cutaway coat, will meet every demand and look better. This design, she says, gives free movement to the woman without making her outlines conspicuous. The point particularly well taken in Mrs. Miller's argument is made in the last five words of the preceding sentence. The present cycling suits for women are not designed in a manner to improve the appearance of the wearer. While such costumes are seen daily, not one woman in a dozen is apt to cause a favorable impression to be made. As the *Referee* has before stated, the average suit contains too much covering at and below the knee and too little on the hips. It will doubtless take time to do away with the defects in the present costume, but when they are eliminated it will be found that the *Referee's* ideas are nearly correct.

BOSTON, May 22, 1895.

Fifteen thousand wheels, representing at least $1,125,000, were stacked around the watering trough of the reservoir grounds yesterday morning while their owners exchanged words of greeting and reminiscences one with another. And this figure is by no means an exorbitant one, but the conservative estimate of a man whose duties in the reservoir grounds for the past few years have made him a competent judge of the number of wheels stacked there from day to day. The slight rail fence was crowded with them, and stacks upon stacks of wheels lined the roadway almost from side to side, giving the drivers of vehicles and riders of wheels but little opportunity of passing that point without fear and dread of accident.

In order to reduce his weight,
He purchased him a wheel:
Before he'd ridden it a week
He *fell off* a good deal.

The rubber bands around bicycle wheels are called tires. If they are blown full of air with a squirt gun, they are called pneumatics. The word comes from the Greek word *pneuma*, to blow air. There is an advantage in not understanding the etymology of words, for one might think it meant solid when it is the opposite.

The bicycle craze is at least a sensible one, and is likely to retain a long and a strong hold upon people. As a means of locomotion bicycling is delightful, while it gives far greater opportunity than walking for the proper development of the muscles of the body. The stooping posture is neither necessary, nor is it affected by any but those who find this position necessary to develop great speed. To enjoy thoroughly a ride on a bicycle, however, great speed is by no means an essential point. The motion, even at moderate speed, is of the same nature as that experienced in sailing over calm waters,—a gliding motion which, like the supposed sensation derived from flight through the air, creates a mild exhilaration of spirit which repays even the laziest for the exertion required. And this exertion is now reduced to a very small expenditure of energy. The latest models of wheels weigh but twenty-one pounds. They are marvels of strength and lightness, and make bicycle riding far easier than any other known method of propulsion, either on land or water. The habit, or craze, would seem also to have come to stay. In cities where bicycles can be used in the streets, the enormous increase of wheels has seriously affected the revenues of the street-car companies. The horse itself has lost its former market value through the combined introduction of trolleys, bicycles and other mechanical methods of locomotion, while a sudden and widespread demand for macadamized roads has completely transformed the suburbs of our large cities within the last half-dozen years. The ideal roadway for the rubber-tired wheel is one made of asphalt. Upon a surface of this kind the bicycle can compete with anything short of an express train. As a piece of machinery it is a most perfect thing, for its special merit is that it reduces friction to the very lowest limit. This has been brought about by the most perfect adjustment of the frictional parts. The wheels and pedals are all hung upon ball-bearings, and these are constructed with such nicety that there is little hope to-day of being able to reduce the friction to a smaller amount. The only wonder is that the same development has not taken place in the construction of other kinds of vehicles. Applied to the sulky, this change of construction has brought the speed of the trotting horse within appreciable range of the two-minute mile, and might possibly work equal wonders with the speed of our railways, which, no matter how fast they go, will always be too slow for us. Meanwhile the bicycle itself may have a future before it of which we do not yet dream. If capable of such easy propulsion by human beings, may not a time come when it will displace the horse altogether, and be driven by a motive power which will carry each one after his own sweet will across endless asphalt roadways traversing the country in a network more intricate than that of the railways of to-day?

THE SNOW-PLANT.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

The snow-plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*) is a distinctively Californian flower found only in the higher altitudes of the Sierra Nevada just after the melting of the snow. In shape it is pyramidal, consisting of fleshy bracts and short, thick stems having small, pendant, bell-shaped blossoms, bright carmine in color; the average height of the plant is about a foot. Though so brilliant in hue, the whole plant is like ice to the touch, and, while specimens have been secured and carried to a warmer clime hundreds of miles from their habitat, with careful treatment retaining their vivid hue for many days, yet they never lose the coldness that is peculiar to the plant.

The beetling crags that mark the rugged peak
Are clothed in fleecy robes of dazzling white,
From which gaunt pines arise, like arms that seek
To catch the sky and rob it of its light.
No sound the stillness breaks, save from the trees,
Where clustering tufts of needles bend and sway
When rudely brushed by every passing breeze.
And moan a requiem to the dying day.

Here, to this ragged, battlemented height,
By mountains guarded, Nature fled for rest,
Till found by Winter, pausing in his flight,
Who rudely clasped her to his icy breast.
He threw his mantle down, and face to face
He held her fast, and kissed away the tears—
That turned to ice beneath his chill embrace—
Oft crooning low, the while to quell her fears.

When Spring's late call upon the air was borne,
They woke; then Nature felt her bosom bound
With throes of joy and pain, and in the morn
This blood-red flower upon her breast I found.
The vivid, carmine bells so fragile seem,—
A touch of splendid color on the brown
Of dampened earth, an almost startling gleam,
Like drops of fresh drawn blood, slow trickling down.

Dame Nature loved her child, and so, with care,
To hide it from the gaze of passing throngs,
She found a shady nook and placed it there
To woo the breeze and list to wild-bird's songs
Grim Winter, lest the plant forget its sire,
Bestowed a parting kiss that froze its breath,
Then left it there, in color so like fire,
But to the touch it gives a chill like death.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JULY, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SANTA CRUZ WATER CARNIVAL. Taber photo.

Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1895. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE, - - 314 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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IS THERE any possible means of abolishing, to some extent at least, the infernal noises incident to railroad travel. The engineer takes a delight in cracking the atmosphere for miles and miles around with a shriek that Dante's demons would envy; his assistant, the fireman, loses no opportunity to pull the bell rope, whether the engine is in motion or not; then comes the baggage man: he never makes a noise, except when he slips in behind the brakeman and yells a note that would wake the dead, "Baggage Checks, Checks for Baggage, Checks for the City." The conductor and the brakeman divide honors in closing the car door so that the concussion resembles the premature discharge of a Winchester. In these days of improved appliances to reduce friction, it does seem as though the ears of passengers might receive as much consideration as the running gear of the train.

BEING a novice in wheeling, it might seem imprudent that we, the editors of THE TRAVELER, should venture any grave opinions upon this popular pastime, but there are a few points that in our fresh and verdant experience seem pertinent to the question, and the following advice is given gratis. Of course, buy the best wheel you can find. Modesty forbids us mentioning which one that is. Exercise moderately on the wheel, as you would in any other way. There are only a very few persons who make any noticeable speed records; therefore, instead of making a hundred-mile record or taking a run for the purpose of bragging about the distance you wheeled, would it not be better to take just as long a run, and no longer, as would enable you to enjoy life and assist you in performing your every-day duties. No man can wheel fifty or a hundred miles on Sunday and expect to do a good day's work on Monday. This is simply too much of a good thing. The temptation to take a long run is very great, and the outward trip is almost always enjoyable. Instead of going thirty or forty miles down the road and the same distance back, would it not be better to cut the distance in two and arrive home unexhausted and ready to engage in your regular duties with more than your accustomed vigor? Because you have but an hour in the day or a day in the week to ride, it is no reason why you should overdo the matter. If you have only a day to spare at the springs, it would not be advisable for you to drink several gallons of water. Moderation, my friend, moderation in everything, eating, drinking or wheeling, is the sermon we would preach to you first, last and all the time.

A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE.

THE Santa Cruz Water Carnival closed in a blaze of glory on the fifteenth ultimo that not only surprised the traveling public but the good people of Santa Cruz themselves; it was a gigantic project, and was carried out in a masterly manner in all its details. The people of the central portion of the State are slowly awakening to the fact that they are in possession of the facilities for competing with any other section respecting fiestas, fetes, etc.

THERE are a few items of interest to be gleaned from the seventh statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Committee for the year ending June 30, 1894.

Total railway mileage in the United States on June 30, 1894, was 178,708, an increase of 2,247 miles.

Number of locomotives, 35,392, an increase of 704.

Number of cars, 1,278,078, an increase of 4,132.

Number of employees, 779,608, a decrease of 93,994.

Number of passengers carried, 619,688,189, an increase of 26,127,587, occasioned by travel to the World's Fair.

Gross earnings were $1,073,361,797, a decrease of $147,390,077.

Net earnings, $341,947,475, a decrease of $50,883,100.

During the year 1,923 railway employees were killed and 23,422 were injured, as compared with 2,727 killed and 31,179 injured in 1893. This marked decrease in casualty is partly due, the report says, to the decrease in the number of men employed and the decrease in the volume of business handled. The increase in the use of automatic appliances also may have rendered railway employment less dangerous. The number of passengers killed was 324, an increase of 25, and the number injured was 3,304, a decrease of 195. One employee was killed out of every 428 in service, and one injured out of every 33 employed.

Prince Poniatowski's Franco-American Magazine.

72 Rue Blanche, Paris, May 28, 1895.

Even in Paris, where scores of books are published daily, where new political organs grow like mushrooms and spring up like the men whose politics they are called upon to defend, where an exposition of painting is inaugurated almost every other day, the advent of a magazine with so commonplace a title as "Franco-American" is not allowed to pass by unnoticed. "Revue Franco-Americaine" is the name, and it is printed in pale blue letters on a pale yellow ground, with a floral decoration, beneath which it is discreetly announced that the literary management of the magazine is in the hands of Prince Andre Poniatowski. The "Revue" is supposed to be of interest to Californians, as it is to Parisians and New Yorkers. So formidable an array of French writers as is supplied by the Prince in his first issue has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in any periodical.

In the magazine, which is endeavoring from the start to be of interest from its international character, the following lines are intended to give Europeans an exact idea of what Californian society is doing.

"In California, the William Crockers are back from a tour in their private car through Mexico, where they took their friends, the Nutalls and the Carolans, for a month. They have recommenced the series of those little 'diners intimes,' which are the charm of this model home. A few new marriages, Robert Colman, Elliot MacAllister and James Tucker, rouse the married element of San Francisco. Many Californians are in Europe and in Egypt, seeking a climate that Europeans will soon be going to ask of Santa Barbara and Monterey."

Europeans truly must be delighted to learn the latest news of Californian aristocracy through the "Revue Franco-Americaine." And this interesting paragraph finds a home between a few lines devoted to Chicago society (the only event of importance there having been a dog show), and a long anecdote about Washington society, which winds up with an anecdote telling how Miss Leiter, whose recent marriage to the honorable George Curzon has been so talked about, was once asked to wave (instead of wear) — well, the unmentionables that belonged to an attache of the English embassy, and that were left at the young lady's house by a stupid valet, instead of a boquet of flowers. The good taste of the anecdote is decidedly doubtful. In the opening pages of a magazine that is destined to create a sensation in the two hemispheres, and copies of which have been most respectfully addressed to the sovereigns of Europe and two score of royal personages, it is certainly out of place.

The effort, however, is noble, and one cannot but applaud the endeavor of Prince Poniatowski to create an "intellectual connecting link" between the old world and the new. It must not be judged upon its first number, which is a curious departure from trodden lines. In future numbers "youth and vitality" from America will probably make their appearance, for so far there is but little to justify the title of Franco-American.

FREDERIC MAYER.

WM. V. BRYAN.

From June eleventh to the fifteenth inclusive, one of the most beautiful, original and entertaining fetes took place at Santa Cruz, California. We had had our "fiestas" at Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, etc., and each one of them displayed a novelty and enjoyment peculiar to itself; but it remained for Santa Cruz by the sea to give us an evolution in the carnival business that none of its predecessors could produce,—a combination land and water fete, still further subdivided by the unusual opportunity of a display both on the ocean and the river.

Some interest naturally attaches to the projectors of this remarkable show. The full credit of the idea belongs to the wife of the Hon. J. P. Smith of Santa Cruz, the Director-General of the carnival. These genial and public-spirited people are abundantly endowed with this world's goods, and have enjoyed the advantages of many years of travel abroad, so that in a patriotic moment Mrs. Smith conceived the idea of a water carnival at Santa Cruz—something on the line of many she had witnessed at Venice and elsewhere in Europe. The suggestion was echoed and actively fostered by Mrs. Lucy Underwood McCann, a progressive lady of the city; and, after a ringing call for a mass meeting of the citizens had been issued, the project took form in fact. Once under way the movement was heralded by the Hon. J. P. Smith, and to his untiring efforts and ingenuity, as well as those of Messrs. Chas. B. Tidball, Major Effey, J. F. Coope, Jno. T. Sullivan, Jno. R. Chace, T. V. Matthews and others, the brilliant success of the carnival was mainly due.

The most striking feature of the fete was the novel display on the lagoon. The cry had been, "Dam the river!" and so, at an expense of over three thousand dollars, a splendid dam was constructed almost at the mouth of the San Lorenzo River where it rushes into the Bay of Monterey. The result was a beautiful lake or lagoon over a mile in length, navigable for the entire distance by the curious craft and gondolas that participated in the display, and averaging in width perhaps five hundred feet. It took five days only to complete the dam, something over eighteen thousand sacks of sand being used in the undertaking.

Along the banks of the lagoon, tiers of comfortable seats had been erected, accommodating about seven thousand persons, and each night and afternoon saw them filled to their utmost capacity.

I shall never forget the first impression I received as I entered the inclosure leading to the river bank on the evening of Thursday, and to describe the display of this beautiful river tribune covers, with the exception of minor varieties, each of the evenings so pleasantly remembered.

Our seats were just at the right of the Queen's throne, so that a most excellent opportunity was afforded for viewing every feature of the entertainment.

In the center of the lagoon were erected a number of lofty poles stretching some distance apart, and from pole to pole were suspended in graceful festoons hundreds of incandescent lights. These festoons draped the entire distance in front of the spectators' seats. From various points of vantage, calcium lights were placed and threw their rays the entire length and breadth of the lagoon, so that the intensity of the luminations gave the most brilliant and beautiful effect imaginable. Nearly in front of the Queen's throne, a handsome platform draped in yellow and white (the carnival colors) had been built in the center of the river, whereon was stationed the immense Roncovieri band, while just beyond them, on the opposite bank of the river, a huge white screen had been erected for casting the views from the stereopticon at the grand stand used to illustrate the special pieces of music of historical and allegorical character. The night was perfect,—not a breath of wind, clear, calm and starlight. All is stillness and expectation, when softly comes floating over the waters the first notes of a violin, gradually increasing in beauty and intensity until at the last every instrument in the band leads forth its harmony into one grand stirring prelude, and the fete has begun. Now may be seen floating lazily on the waters hundreds of barges, floats, canoes, rowboats and other odd specimen of craft, each and all of them brilliantly and beautifully decorated with various colored Japanese lanterns and incandescent lights. Their occupants—young men and pretty girls—were gayly draped in carnival colors, and the life and beauty of the occasion made it one long to be remembered.

Suddenly the music changes to a grand reception march, and thousands of eyes turn in the direction of the river's mouth, from which point it is known that the Queen and retinue are to make their appearance. We do not wait long, for shortly looms up in the shadow the stately barge of Queen Anita. It is a pretty conception. The Queen rests conspicuously upon the apex, surrounded by a well caparisoned guard in royal uniform, while the oarsmen, screened from view, propel the craft near the water's edge. Slowly the majestic procession floats toward the royal seat on the bank where the landing is to be made. Anita looks every inch a queen with her gorgeous robes and dignified carriage. Now sounds the music with redoubled intensity, and, as the cavalcade stops at the great throne, cheers upon cheers ring out from the loyal subjects on shore. With the chivalry and pomp of a Raleigh, the Queen disembarks and ascends the grand throne, and once more the attention is centered upon the scene on the river.

The illustrated concerts by Roncovieri's band were unique and beautiful, the stereopticon views adding greatly to the effect of the music. At intervals was heard a swish and a roar, and rocket after rocket followed each other into the skies; colored bombs, special pieces and other eccentricities came in close order, so that the *tout ensemble* almost carried one back to the gorgeous spectacles of kings and queens of the olden times whose gatherings have been so elaborately depicted by the historians of later days.

The grand ball at the pavilion on Friday evening was a memorable occasion. If you have ever seen a royal gathering pictured on the modern stage, brilliant and resplendent as tinsel and art could make it, the ballroom and its occupants were in no wise its inferior. It is not too poetical to term it a "dream of loveliness and grandeur." The entire canopy was festooned with the carnival colors, underneath which was suspended a delicate piece of network interstrewn with loose roses, pinks and other floral products of Santa Cruz. The throne at the end of the ballroom was almost pure amber, so that the entire effect was most delicate and rich. Due homage was paid the Queen at the pedestal, Mayor Sutro leading the list, and, though her Majesty condescended to trip the light fantastic toward the close of the festivities, her honored and *only* partner was Mr. Henry Crocker who even then had the selfishness (or fascination) to secure two dances in succession.

The grand mask ball on Saturday was no less a success and gave rise to many a funny combination. The daylight entertainments were unique and highly interesting. The grand military parade—national, civic organizations, societies, clubs and school children—was elaborately outlined, perhaps the most attractive feature being the quaint vehicles of the children and the battle of flowers. On other days the time was divided between recreating on the river, surf-bathing, boat-rowing and swimming matches on the bay. The bicycle races at Vue de l'Eau Park formed a most interesting feature of the closing day. The track was not in the best condition, but nevertheless some excellent records were made.

CARNIVAL SCENES.

The riders of the Sterling, Columbia and Stearns bicycles were in good form and cast no discredit upon these wheels. The extensive decorations of Pacific Avenue should not be lost sight of. From one end to the other was a continuous display of white and yellow bunting, the Pacific Ocean House being particularly noticeable for the generosity of its drapery. Surf-bathing received its share of attention, and each day, between eleven and two, saw the beach strewn with light calicoes, knickerbockers and otherwise, enjoying the discomfort of the more nervy visitors who dipped their Trilby feet into the cold waters of the Pacific.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of those visiting Santa Cruz during the carnival. Suffice it to say that every available room seemed occupied, and the main thoroughfare of the city was akin to Market Street, San Francisco, at the busiest hour of the day.

CARNIVAL SCENES. *Taber photos.*

I have yet to hear aught but praise for the great entertainment, which is saying a great deal for a public enterprise of this character. It was chiefly conspicuous for its novelty and unquestioned success, financially and otherwise. Further, it was strikingly characterized by the strictly first-class and lavish manner in which every feature was conducted, from even the elegant printed matter, ball programmes, souvenirs, etc., to the splendor and elegance of the various displays. The motto was "first class or nothing." So prominently was this exemplified that it received an unsolicited compliment from not only the guests but many of the daily papers.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of June 16th lays special stress upon the character of the printed matter used (and which, by the way, we might add, was designed and published by THE TRAVELER), and says: "The souvenirs were free from all advertising, and the result was one of the prettiest mementoes of such an occasion ever issued."

The following is a portion of Senator Bart Burke's address of welcome to the Queen:

"By magic sway the majesty and beauty of old Venice has been transported to our shores. Here is the low lagoon and yonder Venice, that proud queen of the Adriatic, which rises vision-like from the unsubstantial sea. Behind us lies the glory of fourteen centuries of Venetian pride; and now, after a hundred years of slow decay, we feel our pulses quicken with new life, and a future stretches out before us which promises to be as bright as Isis ever saw. To me, a proud old Doge, has been assigned the hardest task of all,—of yielding, of surrendering our fair city, which never yet has yielded to woman's hand. And canst thou know thy power, Oh! Queen? It took a Napoleon to bow our heads after fourteen hundred years of freedom and prosperity. It was no Venetian who fell a victim to that bright Serpent of the Nile; no Venetian who, 'drunk with her caresses, madly threw a world away.' No Semiramis has shared our power or lent Assyrian luster to our authority. No Maria Theresa, with her babe, could move the Doge's breast to war. Yet have we reverenced women always as the blind Othello did, but our conquerors have been made of sterner stuff.

"Our city was Europe's gateway to the East. Through us has flowed the commerce of the world. We snatched the great bronze horses from Nero's golden chariot of the sun. We stretched our dominion as far as the realms of Constantine, and held back the tide of the Saracen. Saint Sophia yielded the treasures of her sanctuary to beautify Saint Mark's. The plunder of a thousand cities lent beauty to our ducal palaces. We forced Frederick Barbarossa to his knees. The very sea belonged to Venice by right of conquest, and was subject to her as a bride to her lord. Each year she was wedded with a ring, and for this did our bidding.

"But now what do we see in Venice? The glittering spires, the lordly palaces, the marble bridges, all are there, but the gondolier is sadder than he used to be. The brilliancy of pageants is no more. The gondolas —those dusty spirits of the canal—are all in somber black as for a funeral. The fete days and the festivals are all dwindled into days of grief. Only the sunset in its golden glory remains to remind us of the splendor of the past. And why this change? It staggers beneath despotic sway. Its freedom and its pride are now no more. A hundred years ago we recoiled from our first defeat at the hands of the great Napoleon, and since have lain stunned, waiting for a new lease of life to stir us to new deeds. And now it remains for us to call the Venice of those grand days across the waters to these Western shores. And I, an old, old Doge—imagine if you can my joy in finding here, in this land of liberty, this promise of new Venetian splendor. Venice shall live and thrive once more in this new Italy of the West. As in Italian Venice, so here we shall gather the dark-eyed Spaniard, the smiling Turk, the Indian Mystic of the East, all the nations of Europe and the Orient to smile on thee, the Queen of Carnival. And now, while Italian Venice is wrapped in the pathos that ever must attend a queen uncrowned, our City of the Holy Cross witnesses the coronation of another Venice. Here shall come the flower girls and the low-voiced gondolier; here shall be the thronged cafe and the bright salon; here the far-off music of the harp and lute, the pageant and the masquerade. All come in thy train, Oh! Queen of Carnival. Welcome."

B. H. SANTFORD SMITH.

Mother Nature must have smiled rather than frowned when the wrinkle that formed the indention known as Big Tree Canyon spread over her seared but kindly face.

At all events it is a wild and beautiful valley-like gorge, walled in by the Marin County mountains, ten miles north of San Francisco.

The distance from Mill Valley, where one leaves the railroad train, is about three miles, they will tell you, as per the flight of the crow; but, as I made the journey by the donkey route instead of that of the ebon bird, it struck me very forcibly as being seven miles if it were an inch. It was a very enjoyable jaunt nevertheless.

The donkey, or burro, the genuine Mexican importation, is the most popular means of transportation after reaching Mill Valley. There are a few travelers, however, foolish enough to drive over in a buggy or carriage. But our party—two ladies and two gentlemen—being all very sensible people, and with possibly a taste for the romantic and an adventure in a small way, declined to accept a wheeled conveyance. Accordingly, upon our arrival at the station, we went direct to the donkey farm.

Here we chartered four specimens of those meek-eyed little creatures that cannot be induced to change their gait for love or money, profanity nor the spur or cudgel. They were all named and bore up bravely and without evident ostentation under the following titles: Bob Ingersoll, Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane; but, with all the evident meekness of their soft brown eyes and expressionless faces, each had a healthy olive complexion and strong Roman features that suggested strength of limb if not of character.

When I saw the hostler drawing the creaking double cinch around the ungainly form of Bob Ingersoll,—Bob was the first to be saddled,—I mildly protested.

"Niver d'ye moin' it a hurtin' av the wild baste," said the son of Erin, who was fairly lifting the animal from the ground. "Thim foin burreds do be oop to thricks av the'r own, entoirly. Jushst kape yer oi on the nixht wan whin Oi tro' the saddle achrost the back av 'im."

The next victim was Henry Ward B., and I acted on the Irishman's suggestion. No sooner was the girth swung under the woolly belly than H. W. B. humped up his back and puffed out his ribs like the jaws of a blow snake. I then turned to Robert G. and was astonished to see that the cinch was no longer eating its way into his vitals, which was the alarming condition that had aroused my sympathy, but that it would be necessary to take up the side straps an additional two or three inches in order to make the saddle secure.

I was assigned to the tender mercies of him who bore the name of America's eloquent agnostic, while, by a strange coincidence, the lady who was to ride by my side mounted the beast that had been christened for the dead and gone divine, our friends riding Injun Jim and Calamity Jane.

After all was in readiness and the names of the two male excursionists and those of the four donkeys had been enrolled on a soiled leaf of the great book of the ranch, our caravan was headed westward ho and put in motion. We crossed a little creek on the outskirts of the village, and, after passing the ruins of an old mill, commenced to climb the dusty trail that wound up the mountain-side.

In order to reach the top we found it necessary to tack back and forth like a ship beating before the wind, and making equally slow progress. Many picturesque cottages peeped up at us from the tree tops as we looked down on the quiet valley. But why any sane man should select such an eyrie retreat for a permanent habitation, I do not pretend to understand. After half an hour of this heavenward journeying, passing through heavy timber and deep cuts made in the rock and clay, we reached a high, level plateau of bare, brown prairie. The only incident that occurred on the upward passage was when Calamity Jane, as if to prove that her front title had not been given her haphazardly in an idle moment, made a misstep and nearly spilled the lady who was riding her down the gaping mouth of one of the cottage chimneys. From the upland, where we again gladly renewed our acquaintance with the warm sunshine, we paused to gaze upon a scene well worth a whole day's journey to feast our eyes on, a scene that, once beheld, must ever remain in the picture gallery of the traveler's memory.

The tranquil waters of Sausalito Bay lay far beneath our feet, a trembling sheet of molten silver. The speck-like ferry-boats and other craft resembled, for all the world, painted ships on a painted sea, as they plied to and fro, scarcely seeming to move, or rested at anchor between Oakland and San Francisco, farther away; while the latter city was cooling its brow in a great frosty looking fog bank that hung like a mystic curtain from Twin Peaks to Telegraph Hill. To the north,—but, when we turned our eyes in that direction, a great surprise awaited us. From that great height above the waters of the bay, it seemed as if we had reached an elevation from which one might look down on all else in California, were it only near enough; but the point of vision met the grayish green of the chaparral that cloaked the side of Mount Tamalpais as it loomed skyward, a veritable prop to the heavens. We were at an altitude probably less than one-half the height of the towering peak of that silent sentinel,—that majestic guardian of Ross and Mill valleys.

After a halt of twenty minutes we again moved forward. The donkeys seemed to be in as good spirits as ever, keeping up the same steady pace with which they had climbed the hill. Bob Ingersoll never looked to the right nor the left, but would occasionally tilt one ear forward and the other in the direction of my head, as if in gentle remonstrance at my folly when I would knock my heels together beneath him. Henry Ward B. was inclined to take the lead, with my steed as a close second, while Injun Jim and Calamity Jane were content to sleepily bring up the rear.

In half an hour we reached the western limit of the little barren plain. Here the trail made an abrupt curve round a small knoll, and another scene of rare beauty and striking interest, but one far different from that which I have just made a poor attempt to describe, spread out before us. A vast panorama of chaotic splendor unrolled itself as if by magic, stretching away two or three miles in every direction. In the foreground, descending from our very feet, was the steep declivity of the mountain, far too precipitous to be traveled in anything like a straight line, even by the tireless and surefooted Bob Ingersoll and the other members of his tribe.

Farther down, a verdure-clad canyon ran diagonally across the scene, starting from the right. On the north and south towering battlements of red-brown rocks or rugged banks of gravelly earth appeared, while the bluish timber line of Big Tree Canyon, and the overhanging misty purple of the mountain tops above it, framed the variegated picture. In the middle distance, in striking contrast to the sober sameness of the prairie from which we had just escaped, the dark and shady dells, the still darker but less inviting depth of gorge and glen and wooded gulch, formed a spectacle at once startling and admirable, and one that the traveler would scarcely expect to find within a few miles of a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The windings of the trail were longer between turns and curves as we began to descend in the direction of our destination, still a mile away, than those on the route by which we had reached the table-land. The trail was also narrower, and in many places the space between the brink and the rocks would not permit the passing of a vehicle unless we backed up into a sort of pocket and waited till they flashed by, too eager to reach the promised land to jog along at our slow pace. Before coming to the last curve, where the road makes a short cut across a spur of the hill and strikes the heart of the canyon, we passed for half a mile along the dangerous brink of a deep ravine. The trail at this point, as at many others, is cut and blasted from the shale-like rock with an average width of not more than six feet. For several hundred yards the steep bank descends to the left at an angle of forty-five degrees, and ends in a dense thicket of underbrush and stunted oaks. At the bottom the copse is apparently as impregnable as an African jungle—a retreat as quiet as the grave and giving no sign of having ever been tampered with by the subduing and devastating hand of man. Here a few well-armed bandits could hold the fort against a regiment; but I doubt if its sacred precincts were ever trodden by any living being save the savages in the long ago, and the rabbit and the mountain lion, which are said to lurk and have their lairs in its primeval fastnesses at the present day.

Finally we entered the redwoods and soon found ourselves in the bottom of the great canyon—not great, of course, when compared with the Yosemite or the National Park, but by its proximity to the metropolis of the Pacific Coast and the ocean on the west. Here the trail runs right along the margin of—to use the enthusiastic expression of the lady who rode Henry Ward B.—"just the *dearest* and *sweetest* little brook in all the world!"

The solemn shade of the big trees was more than welcome to the little cavalcade after being two hours under the broiling sun. Its very quiet was refreshing.

Robert G. drew a long breath, closed his eyes piously and gave thanks after his own peculiar and original fashion. This manner of offering up his praise or adoration, or whatever it might have been, was quickly imitated by Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane, whose melodious voices echoed and resounded throughout that great tabernacle without interruption. No doubt it would have been more appropriate if the great doctor of divinity had led the sylvan service, which my gentleman friend was pleased to irreverently term "a jackass camp-meeting," than for the daring agnostic to have done so. But such was not the case, and I feel in duty bound to chronicle the incidents of the excursion just as they occurred. One can never understand a Mexican burro any more than one can understand a woman. Not that there is any affinity between the two, but simply because one can't.

We dismounted at once on reaching the brook, and listened, I may say, to the very stillness that abounded in that deep and silent retreat. Our own voices were hushed with awe and admiration. Scarcely a sound disturbed the solemn quiet that seemed to have reigned there unmolested since the dawn of creation. Nothing could be heard save the low and soothing murmur of the clear waters of that mountain rivulet as they plashed languidly over bright pebbles, winding in and out among ferns and other luxuriant vegetation that lined the banks or welled up from beneath a prone monarch that formed a huge foot-log, a rustic bridge, strangely out of proportion as it spanned the diminutive river with a hundred feet to spare on either side. And while those drowsy murmurings could hardly be recognized as perceptible sounds, no song of siren, no merry laugh rippling from the happy heart of innocent childhood, ever fell on human ear with softer or more pleasing cadence than the music born on the restful flow of those cool waters.

For an hour we wandered along the tiny stream, beneath the shade of those towering trees. And such a shade! An ambient light, a pearly, emerald-tinted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

MADAME MODJESKA'S HOME.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

THE picturesque home of Madame Modjeska is situated in the heart of the mountains that skirt the eastern edge of Orange County, and at the head of the long wide canyon of Santiago. It has been named the "Forest of Arden" by the fair owner, after Shakespeare's "As You Like It," in appreciation of the character of "Rosalind," which is the favorite of the dramatic artist. The ranch, for that is what the Madame and her husband, the Count Bozenta, insist that it shall be called, lies twenty-one miles from Santa Ana and seventeen miles from the nearest railroad station, El Toro. Here the famous actress spends her long summer vacations. Here she came to find a home in the seventies, when fleeing from political persecution in her native Poland, and here, she always declares, will be her permanent abode when she bids farewell to the stage. In a recent letter to a friend in Los Angeles, the Count Bozenta wrote: "The Madame and I have been having a royal time among old friends in Italy and Hungary, but no spot can be so dear to our hearts as our secluded mountain home by the Pacific shore, to which we look with unspeakable fondness."

The drive to the "Forest of Arden" is one of the most entrancing of the many of that sort in Southern California. It is over a smooth and hard road in some places and gravelly in others. It leads past thousands of acres of waving barley, through thickly planted orchards of oranges and lemons, across great fields of poppies, marguerites and blue-eyed daisies, now in the shade of live-oaks centuries old and towering eucalyptus, and then out across ragged washes among tracts of shrubs until the foothills are reached. There the road becomes suddenly romantic and picturesque.

It is about ten miles farther on to Modjeska's home, and the route is through Santiago Canyon. A good part of the way is on the Count Bozenta's private estate, and with skill and taste, that only ardent lovers of Nature possess, he has created a roadway that is alluring at almost every foot of the way.

The road winds slowly up the canyon to the ranch home. For a mile the way is canopied by spreading sycamores and tall, heavy shrubbery, just as they have grown for ages. Mossy banks are passed at the sides of the turbulent little stream, and through the openings in the copse the undulating ground is seen carpeted with a rolling, waving mass of bluebells, wild violets and golden eschscholtzias. Up above all, and rimming the low walls of the canyon, overhanging boughs of massive trees add their fresh green to this scene of natural beauty. The sun trifles with the fluttering foliage, playing hide and seek amid the leaves. The fresh scent of wild herbs and flowers from the adjacent lazy mountain slopes in the fresh morning sunshine comes to the nostrils, and the fluty notes of flocks of meadow larks or the twittering of hundreds of wrens in the chaparral enhance the pleasures of the drive.

An hour has been spent in the canyon ride. The road turns abruptly past two mammoth boulders and a heavy thicket, and the home of Madame Modjeska comes into full view. The house itself is of wood—one story, broad and deep, painted white, modest, cosy. But, oh, what artistic arrangement! The very house and the outbuildings are blended in the landscape. The beauty of the low, rambling white house amid a shade of great spreading live-oaks and palms, surrounded by closely cropped lawns of blue grass, beds of luxuriant flowers of every hue, climbing vines about the piazzas and over trellises, and environed by walks and driveways as smooth as asphalt, that curve in south of the lawns and flower beds, is difficult to tell. Rearing their shaggy sides away up two or three thousand feet above this home scene are the peaks, adding their qualities of repose and calmness to the landscape. And this is Modjeska's "Forest of Arden."

The bungalow—that is what the Count Bozenta says the house is—was built under the supervision of the Count and the Madame about ten years ago. It was planned by an architectural friend of theirs, who gave much study toward making complete harmony between his building and the wild mountain scenery. There are in the house eleven rooms. Most of them are comparatively small, but the living rooms were built on a generous pattern. The windows are tall and wide. In several rooms they are of French style and open out upon broad verandas. Hammocks, awnings, big porch chairs and inviting recesses abound.

The dining-room is the largest apartment in the house. It is lighted on two sides and has a huge brick chimney and mantel across one corner, a deep seat about a recessed window of diamond-shaped and colored panes of glass. The furniture is of very heavy oak and embossed leather. About the walls are pictures in oil and water colors, for the Count Bozenta avers that his weakness is for pictures in color. He has trophies in art of his capture in every city in Europe all over the house. There is a quantity of bric-a-brac on the dining-room walls—quaint swords, ancient cutlasses, crude battle axes and historic javelins, short knives and scabbards. Some have been the property of famous actors and actresses, and have a little story connected with them.

Of course, every one wants to know all about Madame Modjeska's own part of the house—her den, her workshop if you please—where she reigns in autocratic supremacy, where she studied and prepared those characters that have thrilled and delighted countless thousands of people, and where her individuality has been shown in the decoration and arrangement. Madame Modjeska's "den" is the library of the bungalow. It is some sixteen feet square. It has a triple-mullioned window looking up amid the overbranching oaks, and a long French window that opens upon a porch shut in by ivy and other vines, and looks out across the lawn and beds of heliotrope, poppies and roses. There is a wealth of bric-a-brac on all sides in the "den." Engravings, etchings, sketches and light water colors hang in every possible spot on the walls, and rugs of Indian, Arabian and Turkish handicraft lie in studied negligence upon the polished floor. At one side stands a huge stone fireplace, with heavy brass andirons on the hearth. Four oak and mahogany bookcases are arranged here and there. Near the window is a heavy table. This is the Madame's work-table, and close to it is her favorite deep-seated leather-covered easy-chair. There are books of plays in paper and in covers; great volumes with colored pictures of costumes and stage settings, and scrapbooks of dramatic criticisms and theatrical events on the table, under the table, on stone mantle and on the floor. Above the large window hangs a large and finely worked portrait in water colors of the Princess Louise, with a note of hers in the frame stating that the picture is a gift to Madame Modjeska. The most valued article of bric-a-brac at the "Forest of Arden" is a little black-colored tea-table with brass legs, in one of the quaint corners of the library. It is known to have been in use in London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was presented to Count Bozenta by Joseph Jefferson. A beautiful miniature on porcelain of Marie Antoinette hangs on the wall, a gift from Mary Anderson some years ago.

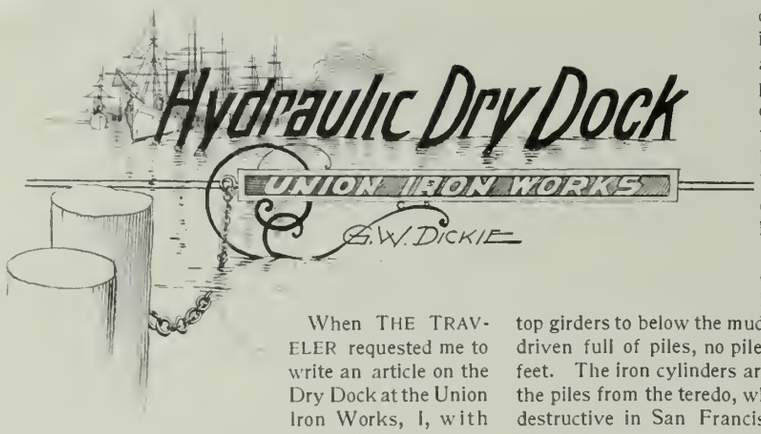
In the little parlor at the front of the bungalow there is an evident desire to avoid conventionality. Easy-chairs are in profusion, and a big Wedgewood tobacco jar, with convenient cigarette papers, stands on a table. A piano, zither, harp, flute, violin, cornet and banjo occupy one corner in the apartment. The walls are lined with pictures in oil, crayon and engraving, and in all sizes and variety of framing. They have been gathered by Madame Modjeska and her husband in Paris, London, Brussels, Cracow, Moscow and Berlin, and the delightful hosts never tire in telling the little stories and histories attached to each of their art treasures.

The practical work of ranching that Madame Modjeska personally engages in is in the hen yard and among the domestic animals. No one ever had more devotion for dumb beast or fowl. When at home on a long summer vacation, after months of theaters, hotels and railroads, Madame Modjeska's greatest comfort is in her hen yards, among her horses and with her prize cow. Every day she visits her hens and chickens, watches with eager interest the development of each new brood of chicks, carries tempting sweetmeats to her saddle ponies and calls often several times a day upon her Jerseys out in the cow corral. Several residents of the Santa Ana Valley tell of their visits at the "Forest of Arden" at some time in the summer season, and of having seen the ravishingly beautiful Juliet of their early theatrical recollections metamorphosed into the domestic and rural Modjeska engaged in throwing a pan full of corn, ear by ear, to the big black swine at the rear of the ranch.

THE HOME OF MODJESKA.

"What do I do when at my mountain home?" said the famous actress to a reporter some time ago. "Why, I do just what I like. The Count and I live as near Nature as we can. For days at a time we have all our meals served in the arbor. We climb over the mountains, have calls from our friends and go down to Santa Ana and Anaheim on short visits. I spend some time every day in dramatic study and many hours each week in sketching. We never grow weary of the landscape, but I have long since abandoned all hope of ever doing it full justice in my sketches. Nowhere can there be more gorgeous scenery than we have among the mountains and in the canyons of Southern California."

In her pleasant home at the head of the canyon of Santiago, Madame Modjeska enjoys the climate and scenery of that favored section unannoyed by any espionage from the agents of the great white Czar.



When THE TRAVELER requested me to write an article on the Dry Dock at the Union Iron Works, I, with some reluctance, consented: not that I did not want to write such an article, but simply out of respect to the feelings of the readers of THE TRAVELER, as, from the nature of the subject, an article on this dock must, of necessity, be very dry.

With the advent of iron and steel as a material for building vessels came the question of how to prevent the under-water portion of the hull from fouling, and thus retarding the speed of the vessel. Inventors and chemists have spent much time and labor in attempting to produce a coating or paint that would be fatal to marine animal and vegetable life, and at the same time preserve the iron or steel of the hull.

The success attending their efforts has not been very encouraging, and the necessity for docking and cleaning iron and steel vessels confronts the shipowner as much to-day as it ever has done. The necessity for docking every six or nine months, against which inventors have labored so hard, is one of those natural conditions that sometimes forces the selfish man into doing what is right. The periodical inspection of a ship's bottom forced upon the shipowner by the persistent and rapid growth of marine life, in spite of all his pains, is a great safeguard provided by Nature for the traveler who "goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters." So that, while the teredo eats up our wharf supports, making us no end of trouble and expense, his little brothers and sisters attach themselves to the iron or steel skin of the ship, retarding her progress so that the lost time and big coal bills force her owners to patronize the dry dock, bringing us the wherewithal to buy food for our ever-hungry teredo.

When the Union Iron Works of San Francisco moved their works from the old location in the heart of the city to a block of land on Mission Bay, some twenty-two acres in extent, the object was to be in a position to take advantage of the increasing steamship trade of the port and provide facilities for carrying on a business, the principal item of which would be marine engineering and shipbuilding. Chief amongst the requirements of such an establishment is a dry dock.

Various forms of dry docks were considered in deciding what would be best adapted to the conditions of the business and the nature of the ground upon which the dock would be built. The principal part of the docking business at San Francisco is for cleaning and painting, and most vessels are on the dock only for twenty-four hours; and, for that reason, the getting of the dry dock and the vessel dry in the shortest possible time is a matter of first importance. The site of the dock being on a mud flat, with a depth of mud of from eighty to ninety feet, would render the working in a graving dock very disagreeable, as such docks, where much mud is carried in with the water, require a long time to clean and dry out. The Union Iron Works therefore resolved to build a hydraulic lift dock from the designs of the manager of the works. This dock, which we illustrate, consists of a platform built of cross and longitudinal steel girders, sixty-two feet wide and 435 feet long, with keel blocks and sliding bilge blocks, upon which the vessel is lifted. The lifting power is obtained from a set of hydraulic pumps working through a weighted regulator, the weight on which is increased as the load increases on the dock. There are eighteen hydraulic rams on each side of the dock. These rams are thirty inches in diameter and have a lift of sixteen feet. As the platform rises two feet for each one-foot movement of the rams, the platform can be lowered thirty-two feet. This gives twenty-two feet of water over the keel at high tide.

The foundations consist of seventy-two cylinders of iron, which extend from the top girders to below the mud line. These cylinders are driven full of piles, no pile being shorter than ninety feet. The iron cylinders are to protect the piles from the teredo, which is very destructive in San Francisco harbor. The hydraulic cylinders are carried on girders resting on the foundation piers, the cylinder passing down between each pair of piers. On top of each hydraulic ram is a sheave or pulley, six feet in diameter, over which passes eight steel cables two inches in diameter, making 288 cables. Each cable has been tested with a load of eighty tons. These cables, which are anchored in the bed plate supporting the hydraulic cylinders, pass over the pulley and are secured to the side girders of the platform. In lifting a vessel, the load, of course, is not evenly distributed on the platform; there are, in fact, often three ships on the platform at once, so some rams may have a full load while others have no load at all. To preserve a true plane, a special valve gear was designed to make the action of the dock perfectly automatic. Down each side of the dock a shaft is carried, operated by an engine in the power house. At each hydraulic ram this shaft carries a worm gearing with a worm pinion, on a vertical screw. This screw works in a nut on the end of a differential lever. This lever operates the inlet and outlet valves of the hydraulic rams, the valve box moving up or down with the rams, the inlet and outlet pipes sliding in stuffing boxes.

To lift the dock, the engine operating the shaft is started, and, with it, the operating screws. These, through the levers, open the inlet valves. The rams then begin to move up. If any one has a light load it will go up ahead of the others; but, in doing so, it lifts the other end of the lever and closes the inlet valve. In fact, the screws are continually opening the valves, while the motion of the rams is continually closing them, so that no ram can move ahead of the screw. To lower the dock the motion is simply reversed. When the dock is up, a line of locks on top of the foundations, seventy-two in number, is pushed under the platform by a hydraulic cylinder, and the platform lowered onto them, where it rests until the work is done on the vessel, when the dock is again lifted, the locks are drawn back, and the dock with its load is lowered.

Where extensive repairs have to be undertaken on iron or steel vessels, the fact that this dock forms part of an extensive shipbuilding plant, and is located right in the shipyard, enables such repairs to be executed with dispatch and economy. Several vessels have had the under-water portion of their hulls practically rebuilt on this dock lately. The steamship *Columbia*, of the Oregon line, has just had virtually a new bottom, including the keel, put in in the short time of twenty-seven days. This is possible because every facility is alongside the dock, and the bottom of the vessel is on a level with the yard. This being the only hydraulic dock controlled automatically has attracted large attention from engineering experts in this class of work. English, French and German engineers have visited the Union Iron Works to examine this piece of engineering work, and have reported to their governments on its successful working. The French engineer at the head of the Bureau of Docks and Waterways made a special visit, and his report gave an elaborate account of the work. It is work of this character that makes us known abroad, and we trust our fine harbor may soon be known the world over as possessing every help to commerce that engineering skill can produce.

The construction of this dock was begun in the early part of 1886, and the first vessel was lifted on the 15th of June, 1887. The work done is shown in the following table:

END VIEW OF DOCK.—P. M. S. S. "COLON."

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.—P. M. S. S. "CITY OF PUEBLA."

In 1887, from June 15th to December	31st.			47	ships.	55,560	tonnage.
In 1888, from Jan.	1st	"	"	117	"	114,494	"
In 1889,	"	"	"	120	"	131,381	"
In 1890,	"	"	"	133	"	135,275	"
In 1891,	"	"	"	136	"	137,385	"
In 1892,	"	"	"	138	"	142,600	"
In 1893,	"	"	"	134	"	140,900	"
In 1894,	"	"	"	130	"	153,400	"
First four months of 1895,				45	"	61,000	"

Making a total of one thousand ships lifted, having a total tonnage of 1,071,934 tons, without any accident whatever, being an average of ten and one-half vessels per month. We doubt if any dock can show such a record of work.

THE BICYCLE.

From the time of my early childhood I have had the notion that flying must be the height of bliss, and not even the example of Darius Green and his mishaps deterred me from an attempt at a flying machine. When I was nine years old I constructed a pair of wings. Nevertheless, like the small boy who defined faith as "believin' a thing that you knew wasn't true," I had faith in my flying machine, but an innate conviction that it might not work. So I fastened it to the arms of a younger brother before pushing him off the roof of our wood-shed. I had assured him that with those wings he could fly in a manner that would surprise him. It did surprise him. He came to the ground in a condition that resulted in a sound thrashing for me. Having always had this mild mania for flying, I was much impressed a few years ago when some one said to me: "If you want to come as near flying as we are likely to get in this generation, learn to ride a pneumatic bicycle." Then I began for the first time to take a serious interest in the bicycle, upon which my eldest boy was so fond of scurrying around the country; and to-day I am only too willing to say all that I can in its favor. When one begins to tell why the bicycle is one of the great inventions of the century, it is hard to begin, because there is so much to say. A bicycle is better than a horse to ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred, because it costs almost nothing to keep, and it is never tired. It will take one three times as far as a horse in the same number of days or weeks. In touring with a bicycle, I can make fifty miles a day as comfortably as twenty miles on foot, and I can carry all the clothing I need, beside a camera and other traps. The exercise is as invigorating as walking, or more so, with the great advantage that you can get over uninteresting tracts of country twice as fast as on foot. In fact, as any bicyclist knows, walking seems intolerably slow after the wheel; even easy-going tourists, with women in the party, can make forty miles a day and find it play. Perhaps even greater and more important than its use as a touring machine is the bicycle as an every-day help to mechanics, factory hands, clerks and all people who live in or near small towns. Thanks to this modern wonder, they can live several miles away from their work, thus getting cheaper rents and better surroundings for their children; they can save car fares and get healthful exercise. For the unfortunate dwellers in cities it offers recreation after working hours, and induces thousands who would never walk to get out into the air and find out for themselves that life without outdoor exercise is not living.

INTERIOR DOCK.—ENGINE HOUSE.
MEXICAN CRUISER "ZARAGOZA" IN DOCK.

How tremendous has been the change in the fortunes of the nickel-plated steed within the last five or six years can only be realized by those who remember the first bicycle exhibitions of a few years ago, and can compare them with the wonderful show held last January in the Madison Square Garden, in New York. The early shows were held in dingy little halls, and attended by a few thousand persons who were looked upon by the majority of other people as grown-up children. The bicycle was still a toy five or six years ago. Half a dozen manufacturers exhibited their wares, and the pneumatic tire, then a curiosity imported from England, was viewed with interest, but much doubt as to its practical usefulness. The wheel was still something of a curiosity as a machine for grown men, while women who braved public opinion far enough to ride one in public were looked upon with suspicion.

The high fifty-two-inch wheel, upon which the rider perched himself at the risk of his neck, was still the only one in common use, and, had the "safety" pattern not appeared, it is pretty certain that we should see but little more of the bicycle now than we did then. When I look at the high wheel to-day I rather wonder that any one was ever reckless enough or skillful enough to ride it. It was a matter of weeks to learn to get on it at all, and of months to ride it well; many persons who tried gave it up after a few bad falls. At best the big wheels of a few years ago were fit only for athletic young men; they were out of the question for all other persons and, of course, for women. The pneumatic tire has been credited with the rapid growth of the bicycle craze, but the introduction of the "safety" pattern has had much more to do with it. The pneumatic tire adapted to a high wheel only made it higher and heavier. When a wheel was offered that any one—man, woman or child—could learn to ride well within a fortnight, that exposed the rider to no dangerous falls while learning, and that possessed all the speed of the high wheel with none of its dangers, then, seemingly, every one began to talk bicycles. Now no one is too old or too young to ride a "safety," and the woman who objects to bicycling is soon likely to be looked upon as more eccentric than her sister who skims along the road in bloomers.

Never did an athletic pleasure, from which the other half is not debarred, come into popularity at a more fitting time than cycling has to-day, when a heavy burden of work is laid on all the sisterhood, whether to do good, earn bread, or squander leisure; no outdoor pastime can be more independently pursued, and few are as practicable as many days in a year. The one who fain would ride, and to whom a horse is a wistful dream, at least may hope to realize a wheel. Once purchased, it needs only to be stabled in a passageway and fed on oil and air.

The first women cyclists of New York City seemed to rise in a heroic handful from the earth near Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. They ride from the first day of spring to the last privileged days of frosty winter. They ride from morning to high noon, and their lanterned wheels purr by with the gleam of a cat's eye through the dark. A moon sends hordes of their queer, cobwebby shadows scurrying over the ground. In the revolving years, to the eyes of those whose windows overlook the wheelways, the woman cyclist has ceased to be a white blackbird. The clear-eyed, vivified faces that speed by give no clew to the circumstances of the riders, but inquiry shows that many callings and conditions love the wheel. The woman of affairs has learned that an hour, or even half an hour, may be stolen from the working day, with profit to both woman and affairs. Now and again a complaint arises as to the narrowness of woman's sphere. For such disorder of the soul the sufferer can do no better than to flatten her sphere to a circle, mount it, and take to the road. An hour of the wheel means sixty minutes of fresh air and wholesome exercise, and at least eight miles of change of scene; it may well be put down to the credit side of the day's reckoning with flesh and spirit.

The eye of the spectator has long since become accustomed to costumes once conspicuous. Bloomer and tailor-made alike ride on unchallenged; tunicked and gaitered Rosalinds excite no more remark than every-day people in every-day clothes. No one costume may yet claim to represent the pastime, for experiment is still busy with the problem, but the results are in the direction of simplicity and first principles. Short rides on level roads can be accomplished with but slight modification of ordinary attire, and the sailor hat, shirt waist, serge skirt uniform is as much at home on the bicycle as it is anywhere else the world over. The armies of women clerks in Chicago and Washington who go by wheel to business show that the exercise within bounds need not impair the spick-and-spandy neatness that marks the bread-winning American girl. On the excursion a special adaptation of dress is absolutely necessary; for skirts, while they have not hindered women from climbing to the topmost branches of the higher education, may prove fatal in down-hill coasting; and skirts, unless frankly shortened or discarded, must be fashioned so as to minimize the danger of entanglement with the flying wheel. Knickerbockers, bloomers and the skirt made of twin philabegs, all have their advocates. Pinero's youngest Amazon has set a pretty fashion for the cyclist, and many of the best riders make their records in a conventional cloth walking-dress, with cone-shaped skirt worn over the silk trousers of an odalisque, or the satin breeks of an operatic page. This sounds costly, but it need not be. Here and there a costume strikes the spectator as an experiment, but the sincerity of all is unquestioned; for absence of self-consciousness has characterized the woman cyclist from the outset. The pastime does not lend itself to personal display, and in criticism the costume must be referred, not to the standards of the domestic hearthrug, but to the exigencies of the wheel, the rider's positions to the mechanical demands of the motion; accordingly, the cyclist is to be thought of only as mounted and in flight, belonging not to a picture but to a moving panorama. If she rides well the chances are she looks well, for she will have reconciled grace, comfort and the temporary fitness of things.

Regarding bicycling purely as exercise, there is an advantage in the symmetry of development it brings about, and a danger in riding too fast and far. The occasional denunciation of the pastime as unwomanly is fortunately lost in the general approval that a new and wholesome recreation has been found, whose pursuit adds joy and vigor to the dowry of the race.

Scribners for June.

ABOUT CLOCKS.

F. H. M'CONNELL.

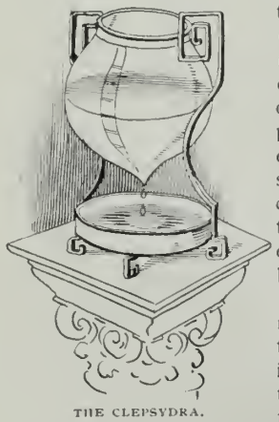
THE readers of THE TRAVELER may be interested in knowing how we came by our present very exact timepieces, as exemplified in the regulator clocks which are to be found at all points where exact time is necessary, and which are in their best make and form really wonderful examples of exactness and reliability. They have not come to us by any sudden discovery or invention, but by the slow process of evolution, the various steps of which are herewith briefly described.

The first time recorder or instrument by which it was possible to tell the time of the day was the sundial, which was in use among the Romans, and there are evidences of their having had some knowledge also of the clepsydra, or water clock, and of a style of timepiece consisting of a candle in which were placed, at

SUNDIAL.

certain distances apart, small metal balls which dropped into a cup as the candle burned down and released them, thus indicating the hours or other periods of time, as desired.

Of course these rude contrivances were not in any true sense timekeepers, and it is somewhat surprising that it was not until the fourteenth century that any attempt was made to construct a mechanical timepiece. In the year A. D. 1370 an order was given to Henry de Vick, of Wurttemburg, by Charles V., King of France, to make a large tower clock for Paris. It took him eight years to complete the work, and, as the pendulum and pendulum spring were unknown at that time, it is safe to say that it was a very poor timepiece. The only thing it had in common with the clocks of the present day were the weights which propelled it and the train of toothed wheels and pinions. The escapement of this clock consisted of a wheel called a crown wheel and a staff having two pallets or projections on it called a verge (from the Latin *virga*, a rod), hence the name verge escapement. On the top of this verge or rod was placed a crossbar, on either end of which were suspended weights, which could be placed at any distance from the center, thus ergulating its rate of vibration.



THE CLEPSYDRA.

The greater part of the next hundred years seems to have been occupied in inventions connected with the striking mechanism of the clock, in constructing contrivances for working automatons and figures of all kinds, and also arrangements for showing the motions of the planets and other celestial phenomena.

About the year 1500 Peter Hele invented mainsprings, which marked a distinct advance in the timekeeping part of clocks and was the first step toward making portable timepieces.

Horology now had to await two notable inventions or discoveries, viz., the pendulum by Galileo and the anchor escapement by Dr. Hooke. Huygens adapted the pendulum to clocks in 1656, and Dr. Hooke, Secretary of the Royal Society of England, invented the anchor or pallet escapement ten years later. This ushered in a new era in the timekeeping qualities of clocks. Dr. Hooke invented and adapted the balance spring and made the first timepieces that could be carried on the person. The anchor escapement, as now made, differs from that first invented in the respect that the pallets do not cause the 'scape wheel to recoil or give a small backward motion at each beat, but the tooth now remains perfectly at rest during the swing of the pendulum, the face of the pallet forming a perfect segment of a circle. This improvement was made by Graham, a London horologist. The escapement is called the deadbeat or Graham's escapement, and has about superseded all other forms and is the basis of the lever escapement for watches.

In the year 1648 Godefroi Wendelinns, Canon of Conde, in Flanders, observed that different temperatures caused a change in the length of metal rods, and that different metals were affected in different degrees. John Elliott, a London watchmaker and a Fellow of the Royal Society, invented in 1736 an improved pyrometer or apparatus for testing the effects of heat and cold on metals, and published in 1751 his results in a paper read before the Society, entitled, "Contrivances for Preventing the Irregularity of Pendulums Arising from Temperature."

Further investigation on this point led Harrison to construct the compensation pendulum known as the gridiron pendulum, which consists of a number of steel and brass rods so placed and connected that the difference of expansion (steel 49, brass 80) would neutralize each other. If we take a jar partly filled with

CANDLE CLOCK

mercury, and suspend this on a steel rod, they can be so proportioned that the mercury in the jar will expand upward in exactly the same proportion that the steel rod lengthens by a rise of temperature and vice versa, thereby keeping this point or center of gravity stationary, although the pendulum has changed in length. This form was adapted to clocks by Mr. Troughton of London about the year 1840, and has almost superseded every other kind, although some good timekeepers are still made with the gridiron form. However, I may say that the clock of precision at present consists of the Graham deadbeat escapement, mercurial compensation seconds pendulum, which is propelled by a weight.

Some astronomical clocks and also some tower clocks are supplied with the gravity escapement invented by Sir Edward Dennison, for which invention he received the British Government reward of £40,000 and the honor of knighthood. It was first applied to the tower clock in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. But, all other things being equal, I believe the Graham deadbeat escapement will give as good results, and it has the merit of being much simpler.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A good stout Indian baby would seem to be load enough for one woman to carry any distance; but, as may be seen by this picture, the Indian women of

Arizona, beside carrying a baby or two, can trudge along under a burden of jars, baskets and other curiosities that one might suppose would tire a horse.

A man who knows all about ants says that no one has ever seen a quarrel between any two of them that lived in the same nest. If a great many children were put together in one big house, do you think that could be said of them? Some of the ants guard the home, some feed the babies, some make roads and new rooms, while others go out to get food. Each one seems to do its little duty without fuss or fretting. Once an ant found a big fly that was dead. The ant pulled and pulled, but could not carry it off. After twenty minutes of hard work it went to the nest and came back with twelve others to help it. How did it let them know about the fly? There are big ants and little ants, white, black and red ants,—a thousand kinds in all. One kind has servants to wait on and feed them. Other ants keep cows! You have often seen these cows, but you did not know they were cows because they have no horns and long tail. They are the little green bugs that spoil our rosebushes in the summer. The ants are very fond of their milk, which is what we call honey-dew.

A little maid on crabs intent
Down the slippery sands she went,
Her figure reflected in the sea;
But never a glance she gave at me.
A camera fiend on mischief bent
As loitering along the shore I went,
A glance of the eye, a single twist
Of the supple photographic wrist.
As quickly down the beach I pass,
Her Image fast on the telltale glass. —*Myra E. Sperry.*

AMONG THE RESORTS.

CALIFORNIA is a State of diversified climate and scenery. Almost every one knows that the region in the vicinity of Mount Shasta is one affording the most complete change for those resident by the seashore or on the lowlands. Perhaps the most attractive resort in this section is that known as Sisson's Tavern, located at an altitude of nearly four thousand feet above sea-level. It is at the base of Mount Shasta, 14,440 feet in height, and is in full view from this beautiful resort. Sisson's Tavern is the oldest and best-known resort on the Shasta Route. The site was chosen about forty years ago by the late J. H. Sisson as being in every way the most desirable scenic point from which to view the grand old mountain. Shasta is perpetually covered with snow, and, especially on the clear July mornings, is one of the finest sights that one could wish to cast his eyes upon.

Mrs. Sisson, who now conducts this famous hostelry, is the wife of its founder, and still extends to visitors that old-time cheer and hospitality which characterized the place in early days. If one wishes to enjoy a really comfortable, restful and homelike time, he will never make a mistake in going to Sisson's Tavern. It is easily reached from San Francisco. Taking the train at 7:00 P. M. there is a pleasant night's ride up the Sacramento Valley, reaching the Tavern about eleven o'clock the following morning; so that it seems almost profitable to spend a Sunday there, for the business man can return to his desk early on Monday morning. In the way of amusements there is no greater variety than is found at the Tavern. Beautiful and picturesque walks abound; there is an excellent swimming-pond; and, as for fishing and hunting, it is hardly necessary to add that there is no better place in the State. The drives are also a feature of the place, and one can find ample livery accommodations on the grounds.

"Golden Clouds and Silver Linings" is the title of a new little brochure recently issued by C. M. Hill, manager of the Windsor Hotel, Denver, Colorado. It contains quite a fund of information concerning Denver and vicinity, and tourists who contemplate a visit to that locality should obtain a copy of this pamphlet before taking the trip. Mr. Hill is continually getting up something unique in this line, and one will never regret a stop at the Windsor when passing through the Great Divide.

The Hot Springs Hotel of Elsinore presents the best facilities to those who avail themselves of the wonderful healing properties of these hot springs. They comprise electric baths, mud, hot mineral water, hot and cold shower, oil, alcohol and plain massage. The bath-house is supplied by springs of hot mineral water which run direct to the various baths at a temperature of from 98° to 110°. The paramount excellence of the climate of Elsinore renders the springs vastly superior either as a summer or winter health resort. The accommodations of the hotel are excellent, and the table is supplied with the best of everything the market affords.

Since N. H. Mitchell assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Balmoral at Pasadena it has experienced a most gratifying popularity. It is one of the pleasantest and neatest hotels in the South and no doubt this season will secure a goodly share of the tourist traffic. We wish Mr. Mitchell every success in his new venture.

The Lakeview Hotel of Lakeport, Cal., is an ideal place to spend a few days' vacation. Its situation is only a hundred feet from the lake and commands an excellent view of the surrounding country. Mr. A. H. Spurr spreads an excellent table.

When deciding upon a resort for the season, one should not lose sight of that pretty watering place, Paraiso Springs, situated only six miles from Soledad, in the Santa Lucia Mountains. Many changes and improvements have been made, and Mr. Robertson is now prepared to take care of a larger number of guests than ever. To those who have ever visited these springs no eulogy is necessary.

The Glenbrook Hotel at Glenbrook, Lake County, is now ready for business. This is a quiet little nook that should not be lost sight of; and if any of our readers desire further particulars about it we should be glad to furnish it at THE TRAVELER'S Bureau.

Vichy Springs, about fifteen minutes' run from Ukiah, has one of the finest mineral springs in the world. Whoever has been there will never forget the delightful sensation of a bath in these waters, similar to what one might imagine were he immersed in a tub of champagne. Those who have not been there will never regret a trip to this pretty place, and it is one of the most accessible to reach of any of the resorts.

MISS ANITA GONZALES. *Taber photo*

Queen of Santa Cruz Venetian Water Carnival.

Notwithstanding that the cream of the tourist season in Southern California is now over, we understand that the Hollenbeck Hotel at Los Angeles is still doing a healthy business. It certainly deserves it, for Messrs. Bilicke & Company are of the kind who believe in putting a goodly share of their profits into improvements, and each season sees some extensive change with a view to keeping up to the times always. This fact, coupled with the most central location in the city, accounts for its phenomenal popularity and success since its occupancy by the present proprietors.

Among the recent arrivals of Californians in Paris are: from San Francisco—Hugh McDonnell, Julius Leszynsky, Miss A. Leszynsky and Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Madison, who are staying at the Grand Hotel; Charles S. Givens, Marshall Hale, M. H de Young and family, Hotel Continental; Charles Adler, Miss Aline Adler, Miss Irma Adler, 37 Avenue Marceau; Mrs. Edith Cook, Miss Ethel Cook, Master Clifford Cook, 24 Rue Boccador; Mrs. G. L. Colburn, Miss M. Colburn, 69 Boulevard St. Michel; Mrs. E. R. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, 45 Rue de Clichy; Misses Younger, H. L. Younger, 123 Avenue Wagram; Miss Camille Gros, 40 Rue du Luxembourg; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Hotel Binda; Mrs. F. F. Johnson, Hotel de l'Arcade; A. Koenig and wife, Hotel Violet; Mrs. A. L. Day, 37 Avenue Marceau; Mrs. Lawton, Hotel Byron; Mrs. Frys, Hotel Chatham; Mr. and Mrs. P. Priest, Hotel Terminus; J. F. Myrick, Ed. R. Myrick, Mrs. E. Myrick, Mrs. M. Barrett, Miss H. Weaver. Oakland—Dr. and Mrs. Ed. von Adelung, Mrs. Archie Borland, Miss Borland, 4 Rue Marbeuf; Miss P. T. Watkins, Miss Little, 37 Avenue Marceau. Miss Wolters, Los Angeles, and Lester L. Morse, Santa Clara, Hotel Normandy.

"Starting a week ago from the Victoria Station of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway," writes Mr. G. W. Smalley, "I chanced upon a striking illustration of the magnitude of American travel from England to the continent. On the platform was an American agent of this English railway company, Mr. Thorne, to whom Mr. Green, the station superintendent, introduced me. I had never heard or guessed that there was in London an American representative of an English railway company, nor could I for a moment conceive why there should be, or what occupation such a functionary could have. But there he was, in the flesh, American all over, with that air of alertness and of being—I was going to say ready to shoot at sight, but perhaps that is because I have been reading Paul Bourget's cowboy story. There is not much shooting at sight in London, but there is none the less room in this staid city for some of the energy and quickness which are so distinctively American and can be shown in other ways than with a finger on the trigger. It was at any rate a pleasure to meet a countryman in this unexpected way, and the more so because of his official relation to an English corporation. His presence and his official relations to the London, Chatham & Dover meant clearly enough that, for the particular work he had to do, an American was better fitted than any Englishman could be, as no doubt he is. He knows his own countrymen and their ways, and what they like and do not like, and what inducements to offer them to travel by a particular line. It takes an Englishman a long time to find out these simple things." According to a fine photograph lately taken of Mr. Thorne, by the famous Walery of London, he is a hearty, genial gentleman, of prominent, regular features, full beard and fine head of hair, with a tinge of gray in it. He seems to do nothing but care for his friends and the patrons of his line. His influence unlocks all doors to them, and he is known everywhere in and about London. Indeed, both personally and officially, Mr. Thorne is a unique figure, and probably does more for the L. C. & D. than all their other advertising outside of the newspapers. He would seem to be invaluable to the company. Mr. Smalley estimates that we send sixty thousand travelers to Europe every year.

Salmon fishing is now on at Santa Cruz, and reports of forty-pounders are already coming to us, with the best liars to hear from. Of course, Sullivan of the Sea Beach Hotel is never forgotten when such items as fishing and lying are mentioned, which reminds us of a rather good one on John T. that came to our notice the other day.

An enthusiastic angler, who lately made a visit to the "Sea Beach," said that all Sullivan gave him for lunch was a fish story and a draught from an open window; but he says that Sullivan took him to one side afterward and said: "Say, old man, I'll do better when it comes dinner time: I'll close the window."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Absent-minded people are prone to conversational errors. A stranger entered the dining-room of a down-town hotel, and gazed inquiringly about him. "Do you wish to see some one?" asked a man standing near. "I am looking for my wife," was the reply. "Ah," responded the other, dreamily, "would you know her if you saw her?" The remark, however, did not fall so far short of appropriateness after all, for the stranger was a Chicago man on a honeymoon tour, and he had been through the divorce mill no less than four times.

An editor's resort that is open the year round: the waste basket.

When the fire insurance war raged with such vigor, what a pity it was that, in view of future liabilities, some of our local sinners did not insure their souls!

It is stated that, with a population of 400,000,000, China has only one hundred physicians. Is there anything significant about this?

All through the week the kitchen grate,
Cold, comfortless, without a scratch
Upon its side of any match,
Stood blackly on its throne in state.

All through the week the pantry shelf
With cheese and cracker crumbs was strewn;
Here hubby dear dined all alone,
And shifted bravely for himself.

All through the week the empty house
With shades drawn down, in silence vast,
Each door and window bolted fast,
A playground for the festive mouse,

Mourned for its mistress. Wretched men,
You cannot check our mad career;
When Congress comes around next year
We'll do the self-same thing again!

People who live aloft, and are therefore compelled to do their gardening on window sills, should be careful that their Babylonic system of floriculture be not also a means for exterminating the unwary pedestrian below. A green plant outside the window; a bit of brilliant coloring against a background of boards—evidences of somebody's love for flowers. All these delight the appreciative passer-by, but, alas, they likewise menace his skull. A plant should never be thus placed without a protecting railing. Our winds blow recklessly, and the law of gravity never fails. One would not like to be cheated out of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by a flying five-cent flower pot or an earth-filled oyster can. Granted that these fatalities are rare, the danger is ever present. Please, Oh! dwellers on high, fence in your cherished blossoms lest some one of us come to an untimely end.

Everybody looked up when they entered the car. The lady was stylishly gowned, elegantly wrapped and bonneted bewitchingly. Her husband and child were also expensively attired. Everybody was duly impressed with their grandeur. Presently the gentleman was seen to search his pockets anxiously. Then he leaned over and whispered in his wife's ear. She hastily opened her purse, which was flatter than a dried apricot, and shook her head—a picture of distress. Their hasty exit from the car ended the pantomime. And, of course, everybody smiled.

It was sad, very sad, and frightfully unfortunate, but it happened, nevertheless. One thing certain, she will never, never again as long as she lives, so help her gracious, make the acquaintance of strange, swarthy-skinned Apollos on the road, however debonair their appearance, however gracefully they may manipulate a wheel. But to begin at the beginning of the story. Miss—never mind who—suffice it to say that she is young, pretty, devoted to cycling, and incidentally is an heiress. Well, she is in the habit of riding daily in the park in costume befitting a maid of social eminence. Almost daily she observed another rider, a handsome, romantic-looking fellow, also exercising himself and his safety. For a long while they did not speak as they passed by, although burning glances from his black eyes were cast upon her alabaster skin with the warmth of Italy's sun. She was certain he was some titled foreigner, sojourning doubtless at the Palace; any one with half an eye could see that he was of noble lineage. It was just as well for her to be a trifle coy. Coyness always fans love's flame.

But fate stepped in and broke the ice, which was getting very thin anyway. Her wheel and herself got mixed up one day, all on account of a peacock that ambled bunglingly athwart her path. In trying to avoid mangling the reckless fowl, she precipitated herself to the highway. The stranger rushed to her rescue, quite like the hero in the play, who always arrives at the scene of disaster on schedule time. There were a few murmured words in the soft Italian tongue, her heart went pit-a-pat, and presently these two souls whom a bicycle had united were skimming merrily along together. On the way home they passed a number of her girl friends, who were duly impressed with her escort's distinguished appearance. Of course she told the secret of their meeting to the most intimate dozen of them, else it would never have leaked out. Last Saturday morning they were in the back yard of her aristocratic papa's mansion, examining their wheels preparatory to a matutinal spin. A shadow fell across the grass-lined marble walk. It was the ashman on his weekly rounds. He made a reverent salaam, his dark orbs beaming adoringly upon Miss Blank.

"I cannotta rida the wheela to-daya," fell in soft regretful accents from his sooty mustache.

N. B.—Miss Blank is ill with nervous prostration.

We women know that skirts impede our progress on the street. We know that pedestrianism in petticoats is a difficult and a clumsy exercise when a high wind encounters the yards upon yards of stuff incasing us. But when we are told that we must don the bifurcated garment if we would secure freedom of motion, we prefer to bear the ills we have rather than fly to the hideous alternative. The ideal dress for woman, the dress in which she may be as untrammeled as she already is charming, has not yet been evolved from the brain of any reformer. The Jenness-Miller costume comes nearer to it than any other, but it still leaves the skirt problem unsolved. The world will get along very well if it never is solved. Clear-headed women will always modify fashion's decrees to hygienic principles; will avoid wearing an uncomfortable corset or tight shoes; will be careful not to overburden themselves with heavy skirts. Such women are in a fair way to lead healthful lives and be mothers of a healthy race. The woman who tortures her anatomy with tight lacing does so from choice, not necessity, and is mentally quite as unfitted for motherhood as she is physically. In the interests of society in general, and posterity in particular, it is to be regretted that there is no law to prevent silly women and silly men from marrying.

The man who always has a tale of woe,
Abhors a joke, and chides you when you laugh,
Would better leave this vale of tears below—
We want a chance to write his epitaph.

Pale, pasty complexions are out of date. Since the bicycle became a factor in civilization, the languishing maiden has disappeared, for which heaven be praised! In her stead is a lithe-limbed, young goddess who counts her freckles as so many beauty spots, and who wouldn't for the world use any horrid lotion to obliterate them. Outdoor exercise promotes health of mind as well as health of body, and any recreation that develops common sense should be encouraged.

The car was filled with discordant sounds—
"My turn!" "No, mine!" "I'll pay!"
"You shan't!" The conductor made his rounds
In a sphinx-like sort of way.

They shrieked till you couldn't have heard your name,
These ladies of high degree—
"You horrid thing!" "It's a perfect shame!"
"You're as mean as you can be!"

I rose from my seat in nervous haste,
And out to the platform fled;
"To quarrel in public is *such* bad taste—
Pray stop them at once," I said.

The knight of the bell punch turned to me
With a weary, *blase* air;
"O, that is the usual way," said he,
"That women pay their fare."

Mayor Pingree of Detroit, Michigan, builded better than he knew when he set in operation a method of relief for the unemployed poor, by utilizing vacant lots as garden patches for them to cultivate. The idea has attracted the attention of people in many portions of the United States, and much practical good may be the result. In no sense is this almsgiving. It is a plan, feasible and humane, by which the deserving poor, denied the possession of ground and the opportunity to labor, may be enabled to help themselves. The tilling of the soil is a grand industry. Mother Earth is not to blame if her children starve. Responsive to their care, she gives forth nourishment, and when their days are done she folds them in a lasting embrace. The tendency of the American people to congregate in cities is detrimental to their interests. If outside lands were not held at prices that make ownership impossible for the average husband and father, there would be less misery in this fair land; and crime, fostered by poverty, would decrease accordingly.

Who is it that in traveling gown
Stands on her trunk to jam it down
And buys a ticket out of town?
The summer girl.

Who is it flirts the long days through
And smiles when rivals fiercely woo,
Encourages and jilts them too?
The summer girl.

Who is it that in scant array
Strolls by old ocean's salty spray,
Expecting you to look her way?
The summer girl.

Who, on the gleaming, moonlit strand,
Sometimes will let you squeeze her hand
And kiss her without reprimand?
The summer girl.

Who, when the season gay is o'er,
Forgets the very name you bore
And recognizes you no more?
The summer girl.

This mundane sphere is haunted by apparitions more or less disturbing to flesh and blood tranquillity, but the most restless wraith of all is the Superannuated Jokelet. Up and down the newspaper column it wanders, guised variously as the mother-in-law joke, the small-boy-and-his-sister's-beau joke, the bride's-cake-and-biscuit joke. Many indeed are its aliases, but to the weary reader the original skeleton is always recognized with pain and commiseration. Would that the Superannuated Jokelet might be decently interred in the potter's field of journalism, its moth-eaten garments and travel-worn anatomy placed forever beyond the jurisdiction of printer's ink, its tattered reputation no more to be pieced together in cold type. *Requiescat in pace*, thou unhappy relic of newspaperdom!

When for two mutes of kindred mind
Peals forth the joyous wedding bell,
We know that Love, forever blind,
Is sometimes deaf and dumb as well.

The time-table had been changed the day before, but nobody seemed to know it. A railroad time-table is subject to vagaries that are all its own, and it behooves the traveler to keep up a friendly acquaintance with his guide book. The street car deposited a cargo of people in the various stages of trepidation that beset the average man and woman when they are fearful of getting left. The big depot was as empty as a dude's cranium and as decorously silent as a church o' week days. The ticket window met their gaze with a wooden stare. Down by the closed gateway that led to traindom, a lone official stood guard. Forthwith the entire multitude rushed upon him like a "Roman populace" engaged to roar savagely for twenty-five cents apiece per night.

"Went three minutes ago," was the laconic reply to their wild-eyed inquiries; "next train goes in one hour."

The crowd fell slowly back in the direction of the waiting room, and distributed itself variously. A dashing drummer pulled his hat over his eyes, deposited his valise in the farthermost corner, sat upon it, and swore softly to himself. A meek-faced little woman in black who looked as though getting left had been her lifelong fate, gazed patiently out of the window. A fat man with a large voice and puffy, gesticulating hands, struck up an animated conversation with a cadaverous neighbor, and laughed vociferously at the situation. A stout lady with very short hair, wearing an alpaca ulster and comfortable, ugly, square-toed shoes, frowned in professional displeasure, for she had been sent for to assist in a surgical operation. A little man who sat near her glanced toward her with a gentle, deprecating air, then covered his forehead with a handkerchief and sought repose. A tall, clerical-looking individual compared his watch with depot time, then formed himself into a procession of one and nervously paced the platform. Two precocious infants, presumably twins, simultaneously set up a howl that their nurse speedily quieted by stick candy, with which they ecstatically besmeared themselves, attracting the immigration of an enthusiastic fly colony. A stoical man in a tweed suit went into partial eclipse behind his favorite newspaper. The hands of the depot clock moved with majestic slowness, but they ticked sixty golden minutes of grace for a sick man at the other end of the line; and somebody in search of an "item" found it.

Impatiently, from cushioned, low divan,
He watched the clock five minutes, more or less;
"I wonder," mused this inconsistent man,
"Why women take so very long to dress?"
He quite forgot (I fail to understand
The reason why) that he, an hour before,
Spent nineteen minutes on his four-in-hand,
And, curling his mustache, just fifteen more.

A lady furnishing the motive power that propelled a godet skirt of marvelous proportions boarded a cable car, and, in seating herself, swung the unyielding folds, stiff and uncompromising with their haircloth lining, across the knees of a mild old gentleman next her. He looked up from his evening paper in spectacled dismay; then, seeing that he would either have to stand or submit to the situation, he folded his paper with injured dignity and retired to the platform. "Why don't women hook those things on some way so they can unhook 'em and hold 'em on their own laps?" he muttered in aggrieved tones to the conductor. But the latter, who was at that instant skillfully dodging the point of an umbrella aimed thoughtlessly at his left eye by an alighting passenger, and assisting a fat woman with tive olive branches to reach the crossing, rang up three fares by mistake, and heartlessly recommended his questioner to tell his troubles to a policeman.

There is no predicting to what lengths the bicycle craze will go. An Oakland man desires to exchange an out-of-town lot for a wheel. Now comes a San Francisco girl with a generous supply of jewelry and a dearth of pocket money, who wants to trade a marquise ring for the universal steed. At this rate personal property would change ownership with confusing rapidity, and a unique industry be built up by some enterprising individual. One obstacle, however, seals the doom of this new system of brokerage: nobody who owns a wheel will part with it.

Trim a straw; upon it sit;
Smash it very flat;
Whack it endways; label it
"Napoleonic Hat."

Hitherto the barber's trade and the dentist's profession have been as widely divided in the business world as are the poles in geographical history. It remained for a thrifty citizen down on Davis Street to combine these vocations, both of which he is plying industriously. The customer who wants to be relieved of a jumping molar and a straggling beard can be accommodated at prices to suit the times. Truly it is an innovation, this affiliation of dissimilar pursuits, an appropriate sign for which would be

Tonsorial emporium.
Teeth pulled while you wait.

Much has been said for and against the appearance of the bloomered rider awheel. Bloomers are not a thing of beauty, but they are a joy forever to the wearer thereof, who invariably claims that skirts are a menace to life and limb. One thing apparent to the observer is, that the awkward and sometimes immodestly constructed bicycle costume is a sermon in dry goods compared with the average bathing suit.

She paused beside her trusty wheel
With calm, impressive mien;
"We women everywhere," quoth she,
"Should strive to be serene;
Because we ride, we need not lose
Our dignity," she said—
And fifteen minutes afterward
She stood upon her head.

Ideas pay—sometimes. A certain manufacturer in the East, wishing to place an article upon the market, vainly searched the nooks and corners of his brain for a word of medicinal import that would render his product valuable in the public eye. One of his factory girls, unexpectedly equal to the occasion, supplied the word which proved to be a mascot and has made a fortune for the owner of the lucky trademark. To his everlasting credit be it said that he lost no time in settling a monthly salary of seventy-five dollars upon his employee, who, engaged elsewhere at another business, continues to draw a regular income for her timely idea.

If thou art hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to a cyclery; no tear
Dims the sweet look that bloomers wear.

ITEMS.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that California has at last been able to enter the field of manufacturing fine printing inks. Heretofore the Pacific Coast has had to depend on the different Eastern cities for its supply of fine inks. The ink used in THE TRAVELER is a specimen of fine work done by a product of California industry.

The aim of THE TRAVELER has always been to use the finest materials necessary to produce the high-grade journal which our paper has always been. The California Ink Company's ink, which is used on this paper is, in our judgment far superior for high-class printing to anything ever imported into this State.

[Woe for coming generations.]—*Tommy*—What you cryin' about, cry-baby?

Jimmy—Aw! You'd cry, too, if your pants was made outer yer sister's old bicycle bloomers!

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

"To make a long story short," observed the city editor to the young reporter, "you may as well hand your stuff to the copy-reader. That's the man over there in the corner. He has a blue pencil."

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Mogntomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "plum duff," the great holiday dish of sailors. No feast on shipboard is considered perfect without it. According to the story given in the history of the British navy, an English brig in the South Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator Islands.

Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hencoop containing a few chickens. When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers, and in danger of going overboard, he made a gallant charge down the slippery, sloping deck to recover it; but at that moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but without any one to prepare an ordinary meal.

The sailors were heartily sick of "hardtack," and remembered with longing the famous plum pudding of Merrie England. They determined that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding, and drew lots as to who should be cook.

The choice fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookbook. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, but, for lack of skill or materials, found nothing he dared venture upon.

At last he settled upon a recipe which began, "Make a stiff dough." When he reached the word *dough* he said to himself, "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, d-o-u-g-h spells duff."

So he made the pudding, putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and served it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The sailors hailed it with delight and appreciation.

"What d'ye call it?" they asked.

"Plum duff," said the proud cook.

And plum duff it has remained from that day to this.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"I saw a cool deed his morning," remarked Fangle, at the supper table.

"What was it?" asked his wife, with interest.

"The title to an icehouse," replied the wretch.

The Yost-Falcon Bicycle Is the wheel of the season. As to speed, lightness, perfection of mechanism, lasting qualities, and neat, artistic appearance, the Yost-Falcon wheel Is not to be surpassed by any wheel in the market. The lady's wheel made by the Yost-Falcon is a little beauty, and combines all the requirements for beauty, speed, lightness and durability. Geo. W. Alexander & Co., 401 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"You were always a fault-finder!" growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly, "I found you."

Major Handy, who always has a good joke to relate, recently met an old dame of the Mrs. Malaprop-Partington type, who remarked that she and her family had so long resided in Paris that they all began to *feel like parasites.*

NEW GOLD.

We never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do;
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never beards me in my den
(My study, I should say);
She vows I am the best of men,
But then—she has her way!

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a check
Wherewith to buy some costly dress
Or jewels for the neck.
My little witch ne'er asks from me
The value of a pin—
She is so good and true, you see,
But then—*she* keeps the tin!

"'Twas not!" "It was! It was!" "'Twas not!"
Thus ever scold and fight
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er *we* have a word or two
The skirmish soon is past.
The words are mild and very few,
But then—SHE *has the last!*

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth, and fair!
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades, standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy
As he stood there, so young,
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say,
"He never told a lie!"

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did unchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong;
And with a something of regret
I wished that he were I,
So they might look at *me* and say,
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son! what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin-pie?"
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand;
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that boy was dumb*
Who never told a lie!

My autograph she begged, the night
When first her beauty filled my sight;
"Not just your name, you know," quoth she,
"But something nice beside; maybe
A poem or a maxim trite."

I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes, and did indite,
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.

She perches on my knee to-night,
And in her eyes so clear and bright
The old light dwells. Ah, woe is me!
My check-book in her hand I see
And once again she begs me write—
My autograph.

—*Clarence H. Pearson.*

If I had a girl with golden hair,
And teeth of exquisite pearl,
And eyes that were gems, resplendent, rare,
Do you know what I'd do with that girl?

I'd carry the beautiful, precious thing
Right down to a jeweler's place,
And I'd sell her quick for what she would bring
As an ornament to her race.

—*Arthur Grissom.*

Pretty malden, debonair,
Eyes of blue and auburn hair—
"Pinafore?" How could I see!
No! My gaze could ne'er pass thee.

Long I looked, the whole play through;
Naught saw I, not e'en the crew;
Naught—ah, how my heart relieves—
Naught I saw save surplus sleeves.

—*T. A. S. in the Sequoia*

THAT REMINDS ME.

A noted evangelist, having stayed over in one of those southwest junction towns where the hotel-keeper depends upon the disconnection of trains for a livelihood, fell into the following table talk with the landlord:

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?"

"We think so," replied the host, diplomatically.

"Business seems to be lively."

"Yes; we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what!"

"You don't have any more lynchings here, do you?"

"Not like we used to."

"I've heard that it was once very bad in that line."

"Well, yes; we used to have a hanging now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one."

"When was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said at last, "but I think it will be two weeks day after to-morrow."

Dolly—The wretch! And so he has been proposing to both of us?

Polly—It seems so.

Dolly—I wish we could think of some fearful way to punish him.

Polly—I have an idea.

Dolly—What is it?

Polly—You marry him.

Few things make a man more agreeably independent of other people's opinions than a lofty estimate of his own abilities. Cæsar Payson, a middle-aged negro living in a small Massachusetts town, possessed this soothing quality of self-esteem to a remarkable degree. He was what is called "a good hand at odd jobs," but his principal occupation was that of a wood sawyer.

One day he was sawing wood in the side yard of a favorite "customah," and the ten-year-old son of the house was watching him with much enjoyment, listening at the same time to the words of wisdom which Cæsar was always letting fall.

"I tell yo' w'at, Mas'r Ned," remarked Cæsar, "I'se paid a high compullment to yo' ma, comin' hyar to-day, as I done—a high compullment. I'se done gone lost more'n fifteen dollahs comin' hyar to-day, Mas'r Ned!"

"Why, how's that, Cæsar?" inquired the boy, much impressed.

"W'y, yo' see, dah was six oder people w'at wanted me. I reckon dat 'ud make fifteen dollahs, Mas'r Ned. An' I dis'pointed ev'ry one of 'em, jest fo' yo' ma!"

"But, Cæsar," said Ned, "you never earn more than two dollars and a half in a day; and you couldn't have worked for but one of them, anyway, could you?"

"How old is you, Mas'r Ned?" inquired Cæsar, pausing for a moment.

"Ten years old last November," said the boy.

"An' yo' expects to un'erstand all de ins an' outs ob arit'metic at yo' age, sonny! De chil'en ob de present age is simply s'prisin'!"

And Cæsar resumed his work with an air which discouraged further questions.

Irate Landlady—I want you to take back that folding-bed you sold me, and I want my money back. One of my boarders smothered to death in it, and he owed me a week's board.

Furniture Dealer—Madame, you have no business sense. If you were in the habit of making your boarders pay a month in advance, you would have been away ahead.

In a recently published volume of essays of unusual brightness and interest, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells a tale of a former Earl of Mayo, who had imported some emus, and, going to London, left strict orders that he was to be informed when they began to lay. In a few days he received the following letter from his bailiff: "My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that one of the emus has begun to lay. In the absence of your lordship, I put the eggs under the biggest goose we have."

Hotel Manager—I see you have given our best suite of rooms to a man named Jones. Are you sure he can pay the price?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; he is immensely wealthy.

Hotel Manager—How do you know?

Hotel Clerk—O, he is very old and very ugly, and his wife is very young and very pretty.

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homœopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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OFFICE 33 GEARY ST.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4⅘) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1st, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, corner Webb.

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight-tenths (4⅘) per cent on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, the 1st of July, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4⅘ per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight tenths (4⅘) per cent per annum on Term Deposits and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1895.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Of the million bicycles, or thereabouts, in use in the United States during the summer of 1894, some hundreds were ridden on the road or race tracks by amateur or professional racing men. Many thousands were used, wholly or in part, in the business of their owners, that is, in going to and from offices, shops or factories at morning and evening, carrying messages, taking orders, visiting patients and making pastoral visits. But probably three-quarters of the million wheels were devoted to pleasure riding; and, if the use of the bicycle for this purpose increases, as it seems bound to do, cycling is to become distinctively our national sport. It may not become, or may not long remain, popular with the class which seeks only those sports that are made impossible to others by reason of their expensiveness or the need of special surroundings for the practice of them, but the inherent delight of riding is too bewitching to be abandoned by most of those who have once experienced it.

What is baggage? Sooner or later this question is going to be brought before a jury for decision in New York. The plaintiff will be a wheelman, the defendant a railroad company and the "baggage" under question a bicycle. The courts have decided that anything carried by a passenger on a journey, either with reference to the immediate needs of his trip or the ultimate purpose thereof, according to the particular class he belongs to, is baggage. For example, a jury has decided that a lawyer and a minister, taking passage on train for a hunting expedition, are entitled to have their guns and hunting equipment transported free as baggage. A reasonable application of this rule is, of course, always a question for a jury to decide whether the particular article in dispute may be reasonably regarded as baggage. In the case of a wheelman traveling with his bicycle, it seems hardly possible that the machine might not reasonably be considered as baggage, and, as such, entitled to free transportation as a right, not as a favor, on the part of the transportation company accepting him as a passenger.

Is cycling exercise for woman injurious to her beauty?

It is an important if not capital question. The gift of beauty is precious and should be preserved; and if we cannot, alas! change our face, we should try to keep its grace and freshness as long as possible. Age, what a frightful thing! Is not old age the end of some pleasures and the beginning of many others? To be admired and sought for is certainly sweet, and we like to make it last as long as possible; but a sensible woman knows how to become old and console herself by devoting herself to those she loves. Riding the safety is so fashionable she can initiate the children into its mysteries. When the hour comes, we will wear the frosty hair which becomes us so well and will not revolt at the thickening waist. The safety is the only remedy for this.

Does a woman appear old on the safety?

Exercise will always preserve the freshness of the face and a Svelta waist and all the things which not only belong to youth but to well-preserved old age. Life seems empty through idleness, and we can say like Mme. de Sevigne, "What troubles me is that in doing nothing the days pass and we become old and die."

They tell us that we do not look as well upon the wheel as upon the horse; but it has only been a few years since we dared ride the bicycle; and to-day, fashion assisting us, we are counted by thousands during the fine summer days,—fashionable women and their children. It is a pleasant sight. I recommend to you, wheelwomen, much moderation; all violent exercise is injurious to the visage, and causes too much color. A poor digestion gives to the handsomest drawn features, despite the treatment and prescriptions of the physicians. There is no beauty without health, and we digest with the limbs, as was said by a great scientist. Walking is always monotonous, while with our safety what a pleasure it is to devour the space and breathe the fresh, restorative air. So, then, amiable wheelwoman, pedal, pedal, and have no fear of injuring your beauty. To the contrary, it will improve by this exercise; do not hesitate to use your safety for your promenades. What your color loses in whiteness you will gain in health. A little counsel to terminate: Do not be masculine in costume or manners; remain womanly and you will be charming. Laces and ribbons for you and leave the stiff collars for the gentlemen. This year the sailor hat safely trimmed is charming. It is simple and in good taste.—*Cycling West.*

The performance of Maddox on his Sterling at Brooklyn, when he made the ten miles in competition in twenty-one minutes, thirty-nine and three-fifths seconds, is the most noteworthy performance of the season. In cutting the big slice off the record Maddox was compelled to ride at an average speed of better than two minutes and ten seconds to the mile.—*The Bearings.*

In his book on "Cycling for Health and Pleasure," Mr. L. H. Porter says: "When mounted, sit up straight and well back. Unless for special cause, like racing, riding against a high wind, or mounting a hard hill, it is best to sit erect. Do not grasp the handles like a vise, but hold them lightly. When you can steer with a light grasp, practice steering with only one hand until you can control the wheel easily in that way. When that is acquired, remove both hands from the handles for an instant, taking care to press evenly with the feet. If the wheel swerves, a little pressure on a pedal will right it. Practice this a little at a time, but often, and you will soon be able to ride hands off. This accomplishment is not for show, but to give a good control of the wheel, and will teach you quickly the importance of even pedaling. Most persons pedal more or less unevenly, exerting greater pressure with one foot than with the other, and this, of course, tends to deflect the wheel from a true line. Steering with the hands counteracts this tendency more or less completely; but a man who does all his steering with his hands rarely, if ever, rides as true and gracefully as a man who can steer perfectly with feet alone. By practicing diligently, hands off, a little at a time, perfectly even pedaling can be acquired, and a man can ride long distances on good roads without touching his handles."

The plant of the Sterling Cycle Works, now located at Carroll Avenue, Chicago, is to be largely augmented and removed, some time in August, to Kenosha, Wis., where excellent facilities have been obtained. Mr. Moore, the new general manager of the company, before deciding to go into the bicycle trade, took a course of several months of hard thinking. He visited both the Chicago and New York shows, and what he saw there was a revelation to him. He next crossed over to England, and examined very closely into the business in that country, and then traveled through France, Germany, Belgium and Spain. All this traveling was done for one purpose, and what he saw convinced him that the bicycle had come to stay and that for years there would be a good market for the wheel. Mr. Moore is one of Chicago's successful manufacturers, and the Sterling Company is to be congratulated upon securing him. He brings into the company both money and brains. The new factory in Kenosha has already been started, and one hundred carloads of stone have been shipped to be used in the new building. Over eight hundred thousand brick are also contracted for. The main building will be five hundred by one hundred feet, one story high. Two or three smaller buildings will be constructed, giving a floor space of about seventy-five thousand square feet all on one floor. The offices of the company will remain in Chicago, and it is probable that they will be located near Wabash Avenue, where a retail store may be opened. It will be observed that in the building of its new factory the Sterling Company is following closely the lines laid down in *The Referee's* articles on the construction of a cycle plant. All of its space will be on the ground floor. We are indebted to President Dickerson for an interesting trip through the present factory and a glance at some of the secrets for '96, on which the mechanical genius, Mr. Timms, is at work. The general belief among the people connected with the company is that next year's machine will be so good a thing that it will almost push itself along.—*The Referee.*

"It's a joy to be up in the morning when the dew is still on the clover,
When the air is full of sweetness that seems like a draught divine,
To mount one's wheel and go flying away, away like a rover,
In the wide, bright world of beauty—and all the world is mine!

"I sing in my care-free gladness; I am kin to the wind that's blowing;
I am thrilled with the bliss of motion like a bird that skims the down;
I feel the blood of a gypsy in my pulses coming, going;—
Give me my wheel for a comrade, and the king may keep his crown!"

BIG TREE CANYON.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

atmosphere, filled the space about us, from the ground to the nearest intermingling branches, fifty feet above. We seemed to be reveling in an enchanted bower, a massive arbor whose leafy covering was supported by lofty pillars of living redwood, with never a glint of sunshine to mar the intensity of its translucent depths.

In the meantime we had drank long, deep draughts from the clear, cool stream and watched the small trout and minnows as they sported or rested in the waveless pools, or shot a mimic rapid, or floundered for a moment in the shallow water where we had caught them napping. The only unpleasant feature of the canyons was the painful absence of birds and small animals. We saw only one or two harmless and badly frightened green snakes and a stray lizard or water dog that now and then crossed our path and scurried to the friendly shelter of a moss-covered boulder or a bunch of branching fern.

The most interesting portion of the canyon is about half a mile in length, and from one hundred to three hundred feet in width, with the ever-restless brook flowing on and on between its steep but verdure-clad walls.

Big Tree Canyon is the reserve of a San Francisco sportsmen's club. It is free to the public, however, with the restrictions that no fires be lighted nor guns or pistols discharged within its limits. It starts from the timbered side of the mountain on the north, and ends at the southwest in a beautiful valley that leads to the sea, the terminus being at Willow Lake, a few miles north of Golden Gate.

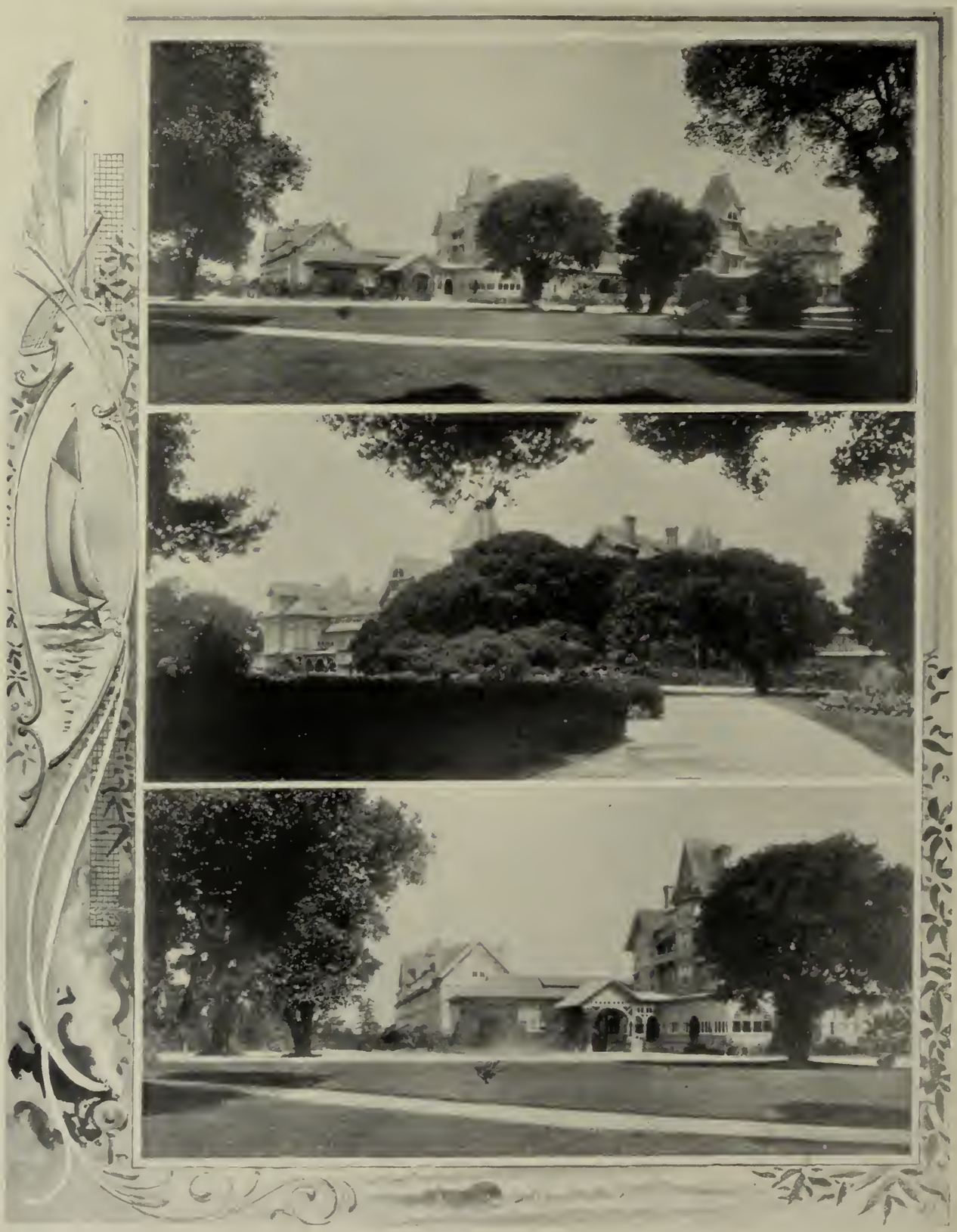
After devouring the last of the lunch we had taken with us, we talked and read and sang and lounged about to our heart's content. Then Bob Ingersoll, Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane were gently awakened from the peaceful slumbers they were enjoying, and the homeward journey was commenced.

We reached Mill Valley in time for the five-thirty train, and arrived in San Francisco early enough for dinner, tired and dusty, but pleased withal.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. AUGUST, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ON THE SAN LORENZO RIVER. *Taber photo.*



Hotel del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1895. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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WHAT effect bicycle riding will have upon the coming man and the new woman is at present conjectural. Generally speaking, however, it seems safe to predict that it will be of a beneficial character. It should develop stronger limbs and a larger lung power, that is, provided the present crook-back fad dies out, and may it not stand upon the order of its going but go at once; else we may look for contracted chests, spinal difficulties, impaired eyesight and stomach troubles.

WE HAVE a large sympathy for the man who sighs for the good days of the auld lang syne, when every thing was plain, old-fashioned, hearty and genuine, especially in the matter of travel. Where are now the inns that graced the mountain stage roads twenty years ago? Perhaps their signs did not have any new-fangled wrought-iron trimmings, but they always bore that honest, cheery token of "entertainment for man and beast." Around their ample, wholesome fireplaces there were gathered the bravest and simplest collection of liars that our State has ever produced. Of course they chewed tobacco, and occasionally broke their good resolutions "never to drink another drop of whisky," but they always stood ready to furnish the stranger with a choice and variegated assortment of unreliable information in the matter of fish, game and scenery; and what they didn't know about the country was given away with a hearty recklessness that is now, alas! quite unknown.

Those ancient and respectable prevaricators didn't work very hard it is true, but they knew the gulches where gold was to be found, and they managed by some means to gather together enough of the precious metal to keep body and soul together; how they did it no mortal man will ever know.

All is different now. The old taverns, those emblems of genuine hospitality, have been superseded by what are known as modern structures; instead of the wide-mouthed lava fireplaces, where the great back log reflected its cheery glow upon the drowsy wayfarer, we have an up-to-date brick grate upon whose stingy hearth there stands two brass andirons that support a feeble flicker, which compared with the old fire light is as a rush to a bonfire. The mountain sheep's horns, the bears' claws and the deer's heads are gone, and what is known as bric-a-brac has taken their places; the old well pole has gone, too, and curiosities from the plumbers' hands have taken its place. Instead of hot biscuit and hash, baked apples and venison, wild blackberry preserves and sockeye, we have French and Italian dishes, desserts and what not; instead of the old prospector with his bronzed face and homespun garb, we have the summer girl and the bicycle; instead of the hop vines, choking the sunlight on the old porch, we have the "la France" or the "Duchess" rose, and so, altogether, things are not what they used to be, and we old settlers simply shake our heads and sigh, wondering what the world is coming to anyway.

THE office of THE TRAVELER is picturesquely situated on Post Street between Stockton and Powell, just opposite Union Square, a public park covering one square block adorned tastefully with palms, evergreens, quaint shrubbery and green lawns. The outlook therefrom in the heart of a bustling business center is cheerful and refreshing to say the least, so that now and then, when our thinking caps are adjusted and we have settled down to diagnose a real intricate manuscript of some romantic maiden, we find ourselves unconsciously relieving the strain by casting our eyes out of the window on the oasis across the street. Talk about a study of human nature in its various form,—is there any better opportunity than in a public park? We often wonder what the various patrons of the wooden benches are thinking about, what they do, if anything, and, if not, what they are trying to do. We can just now observe two well-dressed young fellows, nonchalant in demeanor, apparently engaged in some frivolous conversation concerning the girl they took out last night or the one they are going to escort to-night. Next to them sit two middle-aged men of anarchistic visage. They appear soured on the world at large as plainly evidenced by their world-owes-me-a-living expression upon their foreign countenances. Passing on, one sees almost every variety of beings from the vagrant and professional loafer to the country hayseed in his Sunday best. What differences there are in our relative situations in life. Some of us toil perpetually and consider that we are struggling for an existence, while others with no visible means of sustenance and no apparent effort to help themselves, float lazily and contentedly along the great stream of humanity. And who shall say they are not as well off as we who consider ourselves their superiors because we work for a livelihood? They gain the same end as we strive for,—relief from toil, contentment and supreme satisfaction with themselves. We do not miss nor yearn for what we don't want, and, while the circumstances of the lowly do not permit indulgence in what *we* would term enjoyments, they have their own definition of what constitutes diversion, and, no doubt, are correspondingly happy.

SHE'S M' HONEY.

OUR frontispiece this month shows a characteristic scene on the line of the San Lorenzo River, which formed the famous lagoon during the recent Water Carnival at Santa Cruz. Its waters empty into the bay just two hundred yards beyond the dam. It is the picturesque stream of Santa Cruz County. No prettier trip in this section can be taken than over the Narrow Gauge Route. At Los Gatos the road leaves the valley and plunges into the Santa Cruz Mountains through a gap, out of which flows the Los Gatos Creek, a famous haunt for trout fishing. Instead of the fierceness and boldness of the Sierra Nevada, one finds in the Santa Cruz Range gently rolling mountains covered to the summit with rich verdure. Running devious ways are beautiful streams filled with trout. Wild-flowers of varied hues and in bewildering plenty tempt the traveler at every turn. This section is likewise the home of the famous redwood, and here may be seen the famous Big Tree Grove, one of the wonders of California, beside being the most accessible from San Francisco of all the forest giants of the State. The trout caught in the San Lorenzo are somewhat smaller than those found in many other streams in the State, but they are quite as gamy as those so frequently landed at Lake Tahoe and its sister lakes.

A PAGAN INTRUDER.

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON.

HAD it not been for the idol—however, it is useless to quarrel with fate. I saw it for the first time the day that Henderson took me into his "den." Henderson, I should explain, is a staid, respectable man of family, diligently winning his way to fame and fortune as a lawyer. We were classmates at Berkeley, but he has outstripped me in the way of subsequent success, as he had the good luck to be born poor, while I unfortunately inherited wealth.

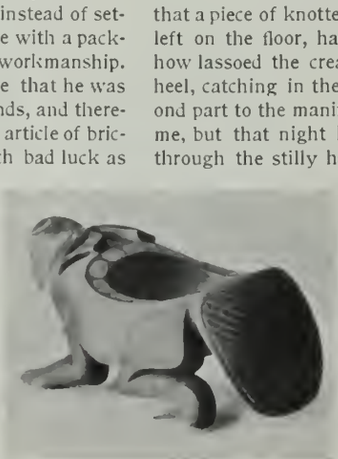
"It's the only room in the house that escapes the spring-cleaning fever," remarked my host, as we lit our cigars. "When Mrs. H. has receptions and other social tortures below, I escape to this haven of refuge, lock the door and smoke the pipe of peace undisturbed by sounds of drawing-room revelry."

In truth, the floor was so littered with papers that only at intervals was the matting that covered it visible to the naked eye. The curtainless windows let in a flood of California sunshine. In an upper corner a spider's web festooned itself fantastically. I glanced at the roomy writing desk, the comfortable chairs whereon no tidy lurked to attach itself to the masculine back,—and then I beheld the idol. Like unto nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, grotesque, evil eyed and grinning, it seemed to gloat in a senseless, metallic way over the effect that its appearance produced. There are various degrees of ugliness, but the idol was by all odds the most infernally hideous thing that I have ever seen.

"Where in the name of all that is villainous did you get it?" I cried. Henderson laughed a hollow laugh, so unlike his usual audible mirth that I could not but notice it. Then he suddenly became grave. "That," he replied with profound seriousness, "is the bane of my existence, the hoodoo of this house, the jonah of my domestic bliss."

"Why in the world don't you rid yourself of it then?" I asked. He regarded me with a singular expression.

"You think I'm joking, Weston," said he, "but I'm not. Let me tell you the story. Three months ago I sent to a client of mine for the payment of his bill. He had always managed to elude the collector, so, being rather exasperated, I wrote him a peremptory letter. I suppose it angered him. At all events, instead of settling, he sent a messenger boy to my office with a package containing this specimen of heathen workmanship. A note tagged to its neck informed me that he was about to go East, that he was out of funds, and therefore sent me, instead of cash, a valuable article of bric-a-brac; hoped it would bring me as much bad luck as it had brought him. Not knowing what else to do with it, I carried it home. The baby went into spasms at sight of it, my wife fell ill from care and excitement attendant upon nursing the little one, and I had a good-sized doctor's bill to pay. Next day Bridget got drunk, and when I discharged her, abused me like a pickpocket in the choicest of brogue epithets. That week I fell off my wheel on my way to the office, and was laid up for ten days. Since that confounded piece of satanic impudence came under this roof, I've been through a series of vicissitudes calculated to make any man believe in the occult power of inanimate things. From the spilling of ink on the parlor carpet to the annihilation of my wife's best china, not a day has passed without some sort of casualty. Call it superstition if you like; facts are facts."



He paused. Obeying an impulse, I reached for the object of our discussion. An exclamation from Henderson startled me. "Don't touch it!" he said, excitedly, but I already had it in my hand. He took it from me, and, inverting it, showed me an inscription upon its under surface.

"Whoso shall touch me, let him fear the worst;
Whoso destroys me, shall fore'er be cursed."

I deposited it in its place beneath a small table. Henderson the victim of a hallucination! It was pitiable.

"My friend," said I, in the soothing tone with which we address children and lunatics, "you are overworked. You need rest. Take your family and go up to Vichy for a fortnight. My word for it, you'll come back a new man. I'll stay here and stand off the hoodoo; might just as well guard your goods and chattels as knock around somewhere else. The idol can transfer its machinations to me for a change. Take my advice and go."

"By jove," said he, "I believe I will. I'll fix matters with my partner and start to-morrow." And he did.

The day succeeding their departure passed uneventfully. Wun Lung, who had been installed in Bridget's place, served me with savory dishes, and noiselessly shuffled about his duties with the ease of a well-regulated machine. On the morning of the second day, however, Mrs. Henderson's pet canary, for reasons which a *post mortem* failed to reveal, turned up its tiny toes, and my celestial comrade fell from a window which he was polishing, breaking his arm. I bundled him off to the hospital, and had settled down to bachelor seclusion when a telegram came, announcing the destruction by fire of a valuable collection of oil paintings that I had stored as trophies of my travels. That evening I sought Henderson's den for a quiet smoke after the disturbing events of the day, and sat in the moonlight, looking out over the city's twinkling area. Concluding to turn in, I started for the door, when I heard a creeping sound behind me, and beheld something glaring fixedly at me in a patch of silvery light that touched its uncanny outlines with weird effect. It was the idol. I again stepped toward the door. The thing slid after me. I stopped short; a cold chill traveling up my vertebræ, my hair tingling at the roots. I am no coward, but I confess my weakness at that particular moment. How could I have known that a piece of knotted twine, left on the floor, had somehow lassoed the creature's claw-like foot? That my heel, catching in the other loop, was party of the second part to the manifestation? The discovery calmed me, but that night I dreamed of hobgoblins, and all through the stilly hours frightful shapes perched on my bed, mocking my efforts to snatch repose.

Next day the ashman, in removing the family barrel, toppled over a handsome jardinière containing a rare plant that Mrs. Henderson had placed on the back porch in order that it might get the sun. As I sadly gathered up its shattered remains, a fiery wrath took possession of me. I resolved to bundle up the idol, cross the ferry, and drop it into the cold waters of the bay. Accordingly I boarded the *Piedmont* that evening, feeling very much like a man contemplating infanticide, but my courage failed me at the crucial moment when, leaning over the railing, I suspended it above the rushing tide. A hand upon my arm caused me to start guiltily.

"My good friend," said a voice, "do you not realize that suicide is a crime? No matter what misfortunes have brought you to this step, trust in Providence, and all will be well. If you are in want, here is a quarter,—go and get yourself a square meal."

I mechanically took the proffered coin, and, thanking my would-be rescuer, slunk aft, leaving him, doubtless, to the comfortable reflection that he had saved a lost soul. As the gong sounded, I cautiously laid down my charge and sought the moving crowd. A lady stepped up to me. "I beg your pardon, sir," said she, "you have forgotten your package." Raising my hat, I savagely resumed possession of the idol, and conveyed it homeward. If I had hated it before, now that it had triumphed over me I positively loathed it.

The doorbell was rung the following morning by the prettiest girl in all Christendom. "Is Mrs. Henderson in?" she inquired in the most musical of voices. I explained that lady's absence. She blushed deeply. "I really do not know what to do," she said; "Mrs. Henderson was surely expecting me. I wrote her some days ago. I am her sister, Miss Allyn. I hardly like to go to a hotel." The situation was embarrassing to both of us, and I was uncomfortably conscious that her letter, which I had forgotten to forward, was at that instant reposing in my pocket. We talked the situation over, the result being that Miss Allyn, pink cheeked and charming, gave me her baggage checks. I hurried to the nearest employment office, and, later in the day, a stout Swedish woman presided over the Henderson cuisine, a bewitching young lady played hostess, and my breast filled with pride as protector-in-chief of the newly-ordered establishment.

Miss Allyn would not hear to my suggestion that I go to hotel quarters. "I should be frightened to death in this big house," said she. One day she asked me about the locked room in the west wing. "That is Henderson's den," I explained. "I would like to see it," she remarked. "Oh, but you can't," I responded hastily, "it would never do." She laughed mischievously.

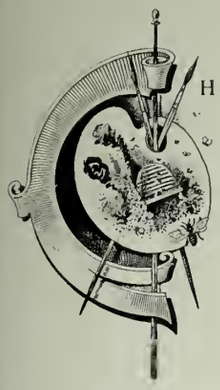
Upon returning home one evening, I picked up a note, part of which had been torn off, lying on the front steps. "This afternoon," so it ran, "Mr. Weston will be away. If you see me at the window, you will know the coast is clear. Bessie." My heart sank within me. It is a terrible thing to lose faith in the woman you love.

Henderson came back the personification of sound health. Wringing his hand fervently, and bidding Miss Allyn a courteous adieu, I rushed off to Alaska, with misery in my heart. A letter from Henderson later informed me that Miss Allyn had gone with her parents to Japan. Yesterday we repaired to his den for an after-dinner smoke. My eyes searched the room for a familiar object. "Where is the idol?" I asked. He laughed heartily.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he replied. "Bessie declared you were so mysterious about denying her admittance to this room that she determined to gain access to it. She found a key, and was cultivating the idol's acquaintance when she dropped it, and off went its head. She wrote a note to an old friend of the family requesting him to call when you were out, and get it mended. Well, on the way down town he slipped on the cobbles, sprained his wrist, and the idol, rolling under a cable car, was smashed to smithereens."

I rose. "Henderson," said I, meekly, "I am a fool." We shook hands silently.

I sail for Japan to-morrow.



MAZATLAN.

JAS. A. RICHARDSON.

CHIEF of the towns of Sinaloa is Mazatlan. Sinaloa in area is the thirteenth State in the Mexican Republic, containing 25,927 square miles. It is bounded by Chihuahua on the north, or the second State south of Arizona on the Pacific Coast. Mazatlan (meaning in Indian "of the dear") is the largest seaport on the west coast, containing about twelve thousand inhabitants.

The approach from the sea is very attractive and pretty, apparently being in a dense grove of cocoanut trees, but which really are only found along the shore. The interior of the city is like all of the Mexican towns, with very narrow streets and sidewalks and no shade trees. The city is built on an astillero or estuary, furnishing a narrow but deep harbor. Mazatlan is almost directly opposite the southern extremity of Baja California, 150 miles distant.

Mazatlan has two extremes of climate,—the winter being delightful with no rain and a soft sea breeze all day long; in summer rains fall constantly. California climate cannot compare with the winter climate. No fires are necessary except for cooking. The summers are sultry and muggy, and almost unbearable to people accustomed to a temperate climate. People from a temperate region should take exceeding care of themselves when sojourning in Mazatlan in summer—say from May to October inclusive. The town is entirely without a sewerage system, and the condition of things is not pleasant. But for the supply of an abundance of exceedingly pure mountain water pestilence would reign supreme. The water is obtained from springs and living streams some thirty miles inland and conducted by a pipe line to large reservoirs above the town. The water rates are not high. The poorer classes buy water at the "corner of the street faucet" at so much a bucket. Water for irrigation, per 264 gallons, can be had at the rate of three cents in silver, equal to twelve cents in United States coin.

The two articles of food, tortillas and frijoles, are eaten at every meal with other food. Mezcal is the whisky of the country, and is a distillation of the century plant.

Silver mining is one of the chief industries. There are not many mills, consequently the ore is shipped out of the country to a great extent to Denver and San Francisco. It is brought into town on the backs of burros a distance of from one hundred to two hundred miles. It is a peculiar and interesting sight to see one hundred of these patient little animals coming into town, staggering under their heavy burdens. Aside from silver mining one might ask what the industries of the country were. With few exceptions they are dead and buried. There is but one tax—tax on industry. There is no tax on land if not improved. This discourages industry and farming. Coffee is grown in the foothills to some extent. Corn, a staple article of food, is cultivated along the river bottoms, and the conditions are such that planting and harvesting can be carried on continuously. The largest and best-equipped foundry in Mexico is in active operation in Mazatlan. A carriage factory, a large match factory and an ice plant, all under the ownership and management of W. W. Felton, an enterprising and wealthy resident of the city, are in operation and doing a good business. The canning of sardines could be extensively carried on if some process of instantaneous preservation of the fish as they leave the water could be discovered. These small fish are wonderfully abundant along the coast in this vicinity. There is a remarkable variety and abundance of fish, in the waters off the coast, of fine quality and firm flesh. The natives do not appreciate the wonderful supply of delicate food at their very doors, and much prefer tortillas and frijoles. They consume an immense amount of lard for a people living in a warm climate. This article is worth thirty-five or forty cents per pound in Mexican silver; hams are worth seventy-five cents per pound, and bacon is not to be had.

A party of us took a trip several miles up the estuary, seining, three or four Mexicans accompanying us, doing the work. The trip is very interesting, and we added several species of fish to our collection. After making a haul and the two hundred or more fish were jumping about on the sandy beach, a flock of hundreds of birds was attracted to our immediate vicinity—seagulls, pelicans and other varieties—waiting for a feast. They would come within twenty feet of us. In tossing a fish to them they would often catch it. I noticed a lot of buzzards along the beach, and among them were several pigs and dogs on the happy family order. As we approached they were not disturbed, and we passed through their midst. There was a fish called a burro, so named from the grunting noise it makes; a number of them making as much noise as a lot of little grunting pigs. There is another fish called the *spheroides lobatus* from its habit of puffing out like a sphere on having its stomach scratched. It is repulsive and flabby looking when not distended and is not used for food.

Catfish abound in the tropics, and have strayed into the temperate regions by chance, fourteen species being found in the vicinity. The waters abound in sharks which are understood to be dangerous—at least the natives refrain from going in bathing for fear of them.

THE CITY OF MAZATLAN.

A great curiosity to people of the North is the porcupine fish (*tetrodontidæ disdon holacanthus*). Doctor Jordan in his trip to Mazatlan in December last obtained one hundred and eighty species of fishes twenty-four of which were new to science.

We sighted Mazatlan one lovely day at 11:00 A. M., and dropped anchor two miles out. Government officials first came aboard, and soon the steamer was surrounded by rowboats which were to take us ashore. The steamship company does not land passengers, there being no wharf. The company commenced to build one, but the natives destroyed it as they wanted the patronage or labor of carrying the freight ashore on their backs.

The harbor of Mazatlan is not very extensive but it could be improved. Several islands, the size of our Goat Island, are in the vicinity of the harbor. I expected to see a bold coast with the mountains in the immediate vicinity. On the contrary, the mountains are forty miles away, and the surrounding country is comparatively flat, consisting of rolling, brushy hills, uncultivated. I expected to see beautifully kept orchards of tropical fruits, but they were a myth. Cocoanuts, oranges and a few tropical fruits grow spontaneously. A most delicious fruit is brought from the interior, characteristically named *chirimoya*, or custard apple,—pear-shaped, with a rough, greenish exterior. As the two halves of the fruit lie before you on your plate the contents appear like a custard and has the same consistency. There are thirteen seeds of the size, shape and color of pine nuts. The flavor of the fruit is slightly on the pineapple order, neither sweet nor sour.

The estuary to the south of the town is twenty miles long, and from one-fourth to two miles wide, with a great stretch of flat country around. It is a few feet above the level of the water. This land is adapted to the growth of the cocoanut tree of which groves were being planted. Rolling hills covered with scrubby undergrowth seem to be the makeup of the country for miles and miles around. Snow-capped mountains can be seen at a great distance.

The history of bullfighting in Mexico is but another chapter in this strange and singularly fascinating sport, for there are ladies who dream of it, ministers who neglect their affairs for it, laborers who sacrifice their cigarritos to save a few reals for the day of the fray. It begins at three o'clock, but long before that hour the amphitheater is completely filled. The utmost animation prevails, men and women greet one another joyfully, frantically, after the fashion of the effusive Southern race; fans are fluttering, heads are nodding, arms are gesticulating—the varied colors, the mantillas, shawls, zarapas, parasols, the murmur of many voices, all contribute to the general gayety. Cockfighting is a regular Sunday pastime.

Mazatlan is without a fire department, and when fires occur, which is but seldom, they burn themselves out.

Insect life is said to be abundant, such as mosquitoes, cucarachas, etc., but we were not interfered with, having secured admirable quarters on the Olas Altas overlooking the ocean and its ceaseless roar. We felt safer and were safer than we would be in San Francisco. The people were quiet and orderly, still the town was well policed at all hours of the day and night.

It might not be amiss to add that during the season there is no more delightful sea-voyage than from San Francisco to Mazatlan. The distance is 1,350 miles and the trip requires from five to six days. Stops are made at the principal ports en route affording a pleasant succession of changes. The officers of the steamers plying between these ports are known as the most affable and entertaining on the Pacific routes. It is a case of keeping busy about nothing, and if there is any seaman who is not ready to devote his time to a pretty girl I have yet to make his acquaintance.

OVER THE RANGE ON A WHEEL.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

MY FORTUNE it has been at last to have achieved a certain distinction, and I feel as though six inches have been added to my five feet of femininity. I am, so they tell me, the first woman to have crossed the Sierra Nevada on a bicycle. Though the pleasures of the trip were manifold yet the difficulties to be overcome were many and varied.

Since the editors of THE TRAVELER have taken to cycling and are likely to become quite as enthusiastic as the rest of us, a brief description of the route may be of interest; the distances are from the cyclometer on my better half's wheel.

It is best, if one can stand the expense, to take the train as far as Truckee, though there is an excellent road via the old Placerville stage route; the one known to pioneers as the "Sacramento, Placerville and Virginia stage road," but the grades are so long that it is pleasanter to return that way. The road from Truckee to Lake Tahoe follows the windings of the mad Truckee River for nearly the entire distance of fifteen and a half miles, and an expert wheelman will find little difficulty in riding nearly all of it. This river is the noisiest, the swiftest and yet the most charming in the State. Its water is a deep, clean green in hue, and in places the rapids are so swift that the river is churned into a seething whirlpool of foam. All along its banks are evidences of days gone by in the shape of abandoned flumes, wrecked dams and the ruins of sawmills through which thrifty pine trees have pushed their way. About eleven miles from Truckee a road branches off to Deer Park—two miles from the fork a charming and restful resort right in the heart of the Sierra.

The five miles before Lake Tahoe is reached are a dream of delight. The upward grade is very gradual, the scenery increases in beauty and grandeur, the air is sweet with resinous odors and musical with the songs of wild birds, and, as a fitting finale, when the summit of the last grade is reached, the lake bursts unexpectedly into view, and calls forth subdued exclamations of admiration. If the day be a quiet one, its surface glitters like a blue diamond in the opalescent sunlight, and its encircling mountains are soft in tone; even the shadows seem like the twinkles of a smile. If, however, the day is somewhat fresh, little ripples cover its breast, darkling here and shimmering there, and the mountains look down grim and unsmiling, and somehow you feel as though you were intruding on one of Nature's confabs.

There is a good road down to the boat landing, for you must cross to the other side on one of the lake steamers that are awaiting the arrival of the stage. You can wheel as far as McKinney's from Tahoe City over a delightfully shady road which follows the shore line, but you will be obliged to take the steamer there if you desire to reach the other resorts.

The especial points seen from the steamer in its circle of the lake are: first, Rubicon Point, a dark, uncanny-looking bluff in front of which the water has never been sounded, so deep is it; Emerald Bay, with its seemingly enchanted green water, its beautiful Eagle Falls and its rocky islet, called Fannette Island, containing a tomb hewn out of solid rock by a sailor who desired to be buried beside the water, but who was drowned and whose body was never recovered; Cave Rock, an immense cliff which towers several hundred feet straight up from the water, near Glenbrook, and which is penetrated by a deep cave; and Shakespeare Rock, a bald peak on the side of which a facsimile of the poet's head is apparently painted, though the effect is due to varicolored mosses. A fissure, or natural tunnel, extends through the peak, opening on its perpendicular face; a young girl fell through this crevasse to her death, some years ago, while exploring the vicinity in company with a party of picnickers from Carson City.

The objective point is, of course, Tallac. The places of interest which can be reached by wheel from here are many, and it would be difficult to decide which one takes the palm for beauty or grandeur.

The road to Cascade Lake, three miles from Tallac, crosses Taylor Creek which is here filled with water-lillies, and passes the attractive summer home of Dr. Brigham, of San Francisco, who has a private wharf, bath houses, etc. This lake is a picture that must charm even the most prosaic individual, lying as it does at the foot of Mount Tallac. Its chief glory is its waterfall, but what lake, creek or bay in this enchanted region does not possess its own cataract?

The White Cloud Falls are of unusual beauty, but you must climb up beside them to thoroughly appreciate their magnificence and your own insignificance. At the top there is one sheer descent of about two hundred feet, and then a series of bumps and tumbles and dashes for several hundred feet more before this scurrying stream pours into the lake, and immediately becomes quiet and impassive. This description fits any of the numerous cascades in this lake country; some of them are a little grander than others, that is all.

Higher up on this side of Tallac you will come upon Floating Island Lake, but you must leave your wheel behind when you undertake to find it, for the climb is a hard one, though the result will well repay the effort. Floating hither and yon, as the breeze sends it at will, is an islet; at first the limb of a tree drifted out on the water, then pieces of debris became attached to it, and thus this little verdure-clad island was formed.

Fallen Leaf Lake, four miles long, lies two miles west of Lake Tahoe, and two hundred feet higher, and is a favorite resort for boating and fishing parties. In fact, all these lakes afford unexcelled opportunities for the finest trout fishing. A good road crosses Taylor Creek, the outlet, near the fish hatchery, and follows the west shore, ending in an easy trail to the summit of Mount Tallac. On the east side of the lake is the road to Glen Alpine where the celebrated Gilmore Springs are situated.

Heather Lake is so named because its shores are lined with real Scotch heather—both the pink and white varieties being found in their fullest perfection; and the bosom of Lily Lake is one mass of exquisite yellow water-lillies.

The road to Gilmore Springs is, most of the way, practicable for bicycle riding, and amid such wild scenery and ever-changing views one does not mind pushing his wheel up a couple of very steep and exceedingly rocky grades, particularly, as half way up each of them, in the noisy creek beside the road, is a magnificent cataract which forbids the thought of difficulty or fatigue.

Overlooking this whole region, like a stern sentinel, stands Mount Tallac, dark, somber and rock bound; even the shadow he casts in the different lakes rarely looks cheerful, but from his summit a scene of unparalleled beauty meets the eye. People learn to love the grim old mountain, though, and feel a sort of protection from his very ruggedness.

Glenbrook, nineteen miles by the road from Tallac, is the oldest settlement on the lake shore. It is here that the sawmills are situated, and here that the stage from Carson City connects with the steamers. Another railway runs from this point, through some of the finest mountain scenery in the West, to the summit, for the purpose of conveying the lumber to the V-shaped flume, which carries it fourteen miles to the company's yards in Carson.

I wish to give a word of advice to any wheelman who wishes to make this trip, and that is: Do not attempt to ride down the grade from Glenbrook to Carson, for it is next to an impossibility. Take, rather, the one which leads over the Kingsbury Grade and known as the Genoa road; it branches off from the Glenbrook road at Edgewood, three miles from Bijou, and, though it is several miles longer, the descent is very gradual, shade and water are plenty, and the scenery is worth seeing.

Carson City has good roads, and several places of interest are to be seen here; for instance, the United States mint which has lately come into notoriety; the famous pre-historic footprints found under thirty feet of solid rock while excavating for building stone at the State's Prison, and the hot springs, of which there are several different kinds.

Virginia City is fourteen miles by road and twenty-one by rail from Carson, and while wheelmen make the trip, the descent, or return trip, is much easier than the ascent. While here one may descend into the lower levels of the famous Comstock mines and come into daylight again through the Sutro Tunnel.

At Reno the train may be taken for home, though there is an excellent mountain road to Truckee, thirty-five miles distant.

FALLEN LEAF LAKE.—CASCADE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

THE TROUT STREAMS OF OREGON.

E. L. CALDWELL.

CAPPED with snow for a large part of the year, the mountain ranges of Oregon are the source of hundreds of fine streams, swift and cold, the ideal home of the trout. Bounded on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the great Columbia River and the Snake River with its principal branch, the Owyhee, forming the eastern boundary, the State of Oregon may be said to be bounded on three sides by water.

Two mountain ranges—the Coast and the Cascade—cross the State from north to south, each having a width of about fifty miles, and separated by the great Willamette Valley, while the Blue Mountains and other short ranges extend nearly the whole length of the State in the eastern part. Between the Coast and Cascade ranges runs the Willamette River, and through Eastern Oregon, between the Cascade Range and the Blue Mountains, run the Des Chutes and John Day rivers, each carrying the waters of scores of fine mountain streams into the Columbia. The streams from the west slope of the Coast Range flow directly into the Pacific, and those from the east slope of the Blue Mountains, into the Snake River. A glance at a good map of Oregon will show that no other region on the continent—perhaps no other in the world—is so lavishly supplied with streams, and certainly no other has streams so well adapted to the nature of the trout, nor so well stocked with that prince of game fishes. To attempt any detailed description of the trout streams of Oregon would require a large amount of space, but, as a guide to sportsmen intending to visit this region, the following list of a few of the most celebrated of them may be of interest.

The Trask and Wilson rivers, which rise among the eastern summits of the Coast Range, and run parallel with each other and empty into Tillamook Bay, have long been known as *par excellence* the finest trout streams on the coast. At the first of the season they swarm with mountain trout, and specimens weighing two to three pounds are no rarity, while a fisherman of ordinary skill has no trouble in filling a good-sized creel with fish of a pound or more in weight during a morning's or evening's fishing. Later in the season the run of fall or salmon trout comes up, and fish of three to four pounds' weight are common. Away up in the head waters and branches of these streams, as in most others in the State, the trout are smaller but more plentiful and afford fine sport with less exertion.

Scarcely inferior to the Trask or Wilson are a score of other streams along the coast, in nearly all of which there is a run of sea trout late in the season, and in the estuaries of most of which fine sport may be had trolling for sea trout or salmon in the proper season. A few of such streams are the Nehalem, a dozen or more branches of which are fine trout streams; the Big and Little Nestucca, flowing into Nestucca Bay, Salmon River, the Alsea, Siuslaw, Siletz and others whose branches are quite large streams and in the cold upper waters of which the salmon have their breeding places, and the trout his home. The Siletz is a favorite stream for elderly or lazy fishermen as they can take a canoe and Indian at the agency, have good fishing for seven miles round a circular valley, and, at the end, land within a hundred yards from where they started and a little higher up the river.

The Willamette River, which is navigable for steamboats 125 miles, has many tributaries coming in from the Coast and Cascade ranges, and its forks, which head in the Calipooia Mountains, are splendid trout streams.

The McKenzie, which rises among the glaciers of the Three Sisters, and joins the Willamette below Eugene, must be classed as the next best trout stream in Oregon after the Trask and Wilson, and many will place it before either. It is a very swift and cold stream, and is well stocked with rainbow trout. Dolly Varden trout are also taken here, as well as in several other Oregon streams, weighing six to eight pounds. Owing to its swiftness and depth, the McKenzie is a difficult stream to fish; wading being, except in a few places, out of the question. The head waters of the stream are almost inaccessible, but the accessible branches are alive with small trout which are often taken two or three at a cast and are as gamy and vigorous as the large fish.

The Clackamas River is the main branch of the Willamette, joining it about twelve miles above Portland. It rises well up among the eternal snows of Mount Hood, and its head waters are the favorite breeding grounds of the royal Chinook salmon, and near the government hatchery, about ten miles above its mouth, Rudyard Kipling and his friend "California" enjoyed the days fishing, which he has immortalized in his "American Notes." The Clackamas has a number of branches, any of which furnish many miles of good trout fishing. The principal of these is Roaring River, a swift and icy cold mountain torrent, accessible with difficulty, but abounding in trout.

A run of a few hours from Portland up or down the Columbia by rail or boat takes the trout fisherman to many streams where good sport can be found. The Sandy, which rises in a glacier of Mount Hood, and in summer runs milky with volcanic ashes, is early and late in the season a fine trout stream, while its branches, Alder Creek, Salmon Creek, Little Sandy and Bull Run, from which Portland receives its water supply through a thirty-mile main, all swarm with trout, and, all being cold, swift mountain streams, furnish the best of sport for the angler.

Halting at the cascades of the Columbia, the sportsman has a number of good trout streams to choose from. Going down the Columbia between Portland and the sea, a score or more fine trout streams are passed.

In Eastern Oregon are hundreds of well-stocked trout streams of which the Metolius, an icy stream, flowing through the Warm Springs Indian Reservation, is one of the most noted. In the southern portion of the State the Williamson River, draining the great Klamath Marsh into Upper Klamath Lake, justly claims the honor of producing the largest mountain trout in the State of Oregon; fish of six to eight pounds being numerous.

Trout fishing begins in Oregon April 1st and lasts till the winter rains set in. Of course the best time for fishing in the larger streams varies according to the amount of snowfall in the mountains, etc., and a stranger before visiting any of these streams should take advice from one familiar with it. He should also be well supplied with good stout tackle. As to flies, hackles, coachmen and professors of various kinds will be about all that are really necessary, but other varieties will be found useful at times.

THE CONQUEST OF A TYPICAL SPORTSMAN. Miss M. L. Sperry phot.

EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE.

FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

THE normal male or female resident of the civilized world who is not at the present time a bicycle rider, either in fact or in intention, is very much like the individual who, to his great disgust, found himself "on a jury with eleven obstinate men." Bicycling is the "fad" of the moment, but it is a fad which will of a surety crystallize into a custom, since no one who has entered into the enjoyment of the larger, fuller, freer life, to which the ownership and mastery of a bicycle is the key, will ever consent to give up that key or allow it to rust in the lock. True, there have been *furores* over wheeling in times past which have died away as quickly as they arose, and left little save memories behind. But the bicycle of the present—that marvel of mechanism, strong, light, graceful and thoroughly practical—has most decidedly come to stay.

There will be improvements and changes, of course, for humanity is never satisfied short of the perfection which is unattainable; but the cycle—the softly, swiftly rolling wheel which has brought health and happiness to uncounted thousands—will, without doubt, abide with us through all the years to come.

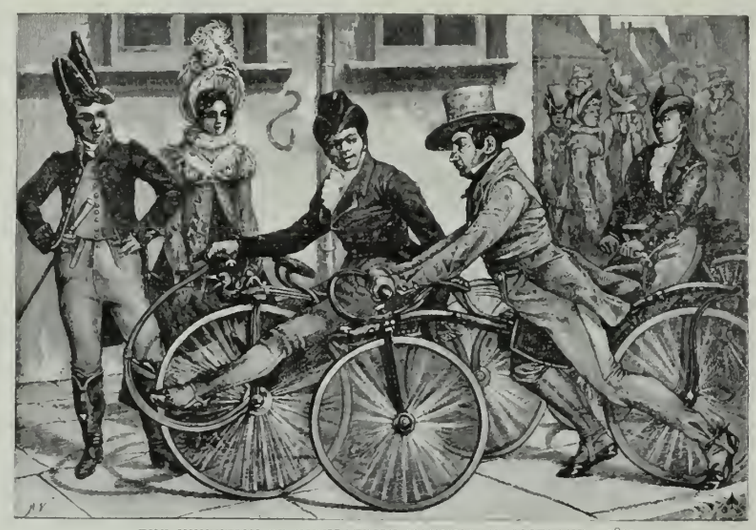
Careful research shows that, indispensable as the bicycle seems to us now, it is, even in its most primitive form, a comparatively modern invention. It is only a little over a century and a quarter ago that anything in the faintest degree resembling it made its appearance. Authentic records give to a certain Richard Lovell Edgeworth the credit of having, in the year 1767, put together a wheeled manu-motive machine, which was "an astonishment to the beholder" in that it was so contrived that the person seated therein was able to propel himself without extraneous aid of any kind. Concerning this curious contrivance—this bicyclian patriarch—we can glean very little definite information; the idea, however, once having been put into shape and beheld of mankind was never again lost. This "chaise to go without horses" was rather vaguely described by John Vevers in an article published in the *London Magazine* in 1769. During the succeeding ten years different modifications of this "chaise" were in occasional use, but they were all looked upon as curiosities rather than as real helps to locomotion.

The best one of these vehicles was one exhibited in Paris in 1779 by Blanchard & Maurier (variously written "Masurier" and "Magurier") under the name of a "vélocipéde." This was a three-wheeled arrangement, and, although it attracted much attention and was described at length in the *Journal des Paris* in July of that year, it was, in reality, very little superior to its predecessors.

In 1808 a "strange machine," consisting of a seat placed on a bar of wood with wheels at each end, was exhibited in the gardens of the Luxembourg, in Paris, to the great wonderment of the crowds which daily gathered to behold the marvelous thing and its intrepid rider. The vehicle was propelled by the rider who sat astride the beam, and kicked out vigorously backwards. This method of getting over the ground was, however, far more tiresome than ordinary pedestrianism, and the machine was intended only for exhibition purposes, in which line it proved to be a signal success.

Seven years later a certain nobleman, Baron Charles de Drais, or von Drais, who was Master of the Forests for the Grand Duke of Baden, and resided at Mannheim-on-the-Rhine, invented, to assist him in his duties, a pede-motor machine which possessed some of the elements of utility. The first one which he made was an extremely complicated piece of workmanship and required the assistance of two servants to make it work properly, but the Baron worked at the problem of simplification until he evolved a machine which was of real practical value. This invention, which he called a "célérifère," is generally known as the "Draisnene" in honor of its maker—the Germans calling it the "Drais Laufmashin"—and is, without doubt, the first practical two-wheeled machine which was ever made. It consisted of two wheels, about thirty inches in diameter, connected by a beam about five feet long and six inches wide, midway of which was a saddle or perch with an "arm rest" at a convenient height and distance from it. The mode of propulsion was as simple as was the mechanism of the contrivance, for the rider merely seated himself in the saddle astride the beam, leaned forward in the attitude of running, and, resting his forearms on the support, struck the ground with his feet, alternately.

We are told that a person who understood the art of balancing himself could, after proceeding in this manner until he had imparted a sufficient degree of momentum to his wooden steed, raise his feet, and proceed for quite a distance without further personal exertion, resuming his kicking as the speed slackened, and so travel "by fits and starts" until his goal was reached or his legs became overweary. On this most primitive machine the veracious Baron claims to have gone from Mannheim to the Swiss relay house,—a distance of four hours' journey by posts—in "one short hour," and so delighted was he by his achievements thereon that, in 1816, he exhibited it, or caused it to be exhibited, in the garden of the Tivoli, a favorite public resort of Paris. The simplicity of construction and demonstrated



THE INVENTION OF KIRKPATRICK MAXMILLAN, SCOTLAND.—1839.

utility of this novel creation took the Paris people by storm, and almost immediately the Draisnene became the rage in pleasure-loving France. It was not long before many improvements were made on the rude and rather unmanageable original, and when, in 1818, it was introduced into England by a speculative coach-maker, named Denis Johnson, who patented it under the name of the "pedestrian curricle," it was far better in every way than it was when first presented to the admiring public. The chief improvements were the addition of a steering handle by means of which the machine could be guided with something vaguely suggestive of certainty, a padded "chest cushion" which took the place of the "arm rest," and devices whereby both saddle and cushion could be raised and lowered at pleasure.

The *European Magazine* speaking of the "patent accelerator," in 1819, says gravely: "This instrument appears to have satisfied a desideratum in mechanics: all former attempts have failed upon the known principle that power is obtainable only at the expense of velocity. But the impelling principle is totally different from all others: it is not derived from the body of the machine but from a resistance operating externally and in a manner most comformable to Nature,—the resistance of the feet upon the ground."

The popularity of the Draisnene—variously called "hobby-horse," "dandy-horse," "bi-vector," "swift-walker" and "manevelociter," besides the other names previously mentioned—waned early in France, for all the newspaper wits, caricaturists and professional humorists united to ridicule it and its riders until the ridicule became unendurable. In England, George Cruikshank and his contemporaries satirized it most cruelly, and finally succeeded in making the pastime unpopular; although they could not kill it off entirely. In the United States, whither the "curricle" came in 1819, it made very little stir, although it was for a time quite popular in New York, where a riding-school was opened in Bowling Green, and did an excellent business for some months.

The immense weight and general clumsiness of the "dandy-horse" militated greatly against it, and its total absence of springs made a ride on the ordinary road little short of absolute martyrdom.

In 1821 Louis Gompertz, of Surrey, made an "improved accelerator" in which by an ingenious arrangement of small cogwheels connected with a movable handle, propulsion was somewhat aided. John Dumbell, a shoemaker of Newark-on-the-Trent, Nottinghamshire, made, in 1822, a "mechanical horse," applying the treadmill principle quite cleverly to a modification of the Draisnene idea. In 1825 there appeared a "velocipede" in which one foot alone supplied the motive power while the other rested, and in 1830 M. Dreuze, a Parisian public functionary, "published" a velocipede in which, for the first time, power was communicated through the axle.

In 1833 a Mr. Baddely invented a machine in which the frame was suspended from the axles of two driving-wheels, and the motive power was supplied by cranks turned by hand; and, in the same year, a man named Merryweather put together a novel affair in which the axle was turned into a three-throw crank, the treadles being suspended therefrom, and the fulcrum being at the back of the seat which was placed on springs.

For the next thirteen years no real advance was made in this special line, but in 1846 the first really practical bicycle appeared. Gavin Dalzell, a Scotch cooper, residing in Lesmahagow in Lanarkshire, is credited with the invention of this machine, which was known as the "wooden horse," and differed from all its predecessors in that the "pedal mounts," or stirrups, moved backward and forward alternately, and were connected by iron rods with the cranked axle of the driving-wheel. In this "horse" for the first time the essential point of bicycling, i. e., propelling by means of the feet without bringing them in contact with the ground, was recognized and attained. So clumsy and awkward was the huge wooden affair, however, and, because of its weight and general ungainliness, so difficult to master, that it soon fell into comparative disuse.

At the Great Exhibition of 1862 there was shown a three-wheeled vehicle in which the true crank principle was for the first time made use of. P. W. M'Kensie in this same year patented, in Washington, D. C., a "cantering propeller" which was a slight improvement on the Dalzell "horse," but attracted very little attention.

During the year 1866 a certain Pierre Lallement, a French mechanic whose business was the making of children's carriages and the velocipedes of three and

THE DRAISNENE.—1815-19.

more wheels then in use, came to New Haven, Connecticut, and made, for his own personal use, a two-wheeled vehicle propelled by cranks on the front wheel.

Although he claimed this as his own invention, and, aided by a Mr. Caroll, took out a patent therefor, it is quite evident that he must have appropriated the idea from Messrs. Michaux & Company of Paris, who, just previous to the enterprising carriage-maker's departure from his native land, fitted out the old "wooden horse" of Dalzell with a pair of pedals attached directly to the front wheel, and affixed to this wheel a traverse handle which admitted of being turned even at right angles, thus changing the base of the machine at pleasure and aiding the rider most effectually in preserving his equilibrium.

Before the close of 1867 the Michaux firm had so improved their "velocipedes," as they were then called, that they were considered models of lightness and elegance, and the pastime of bicycling became entirely revolutionized. Expert riders began to give exhibitions and run races, and the general public became as fascinated by the new velocipede as their fathers had been by the "dandy-horse" of half a century previous. The records made by some of the velocipede riders are really surprising in view of the fact that even the best wheels then in use were heavy,—weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds—clumsy, and difficult to manage. David Stanton, who rode one hundred miles in seven hours and forty-three minutes (they did not count fractions of seconds in those days), and J. T. Johnston, who made 132 miles in twelve hours and fifteen minutes, were deservedly proud of their achievements.

Early in 1868 the new velocipedes crossed the ocean and took the United States captive. The Hanlon brothers, who patented an improved machine of their own, did much to popularize the sport by giving exhibitions of trick and fancy riding in all the large cities, and velocipede schools sprang up like mushrooms all over the land, while the velocipede manufactories could scarcely supply the wide-spread demand for their stock in trade. For nearly three years in Europe, and over two in this country, "velo-mania" raged unchecked. From the Prince Imperial at the Tuileries to the ill-paid clerk, who, by pinching and saving during the week, was able to hire a cheap machine to "show off" on for

THE CRANK-ROD IDEA.

a few brief hours on Sunday, nearly every youth and young man was riding or learning to ride the bicycle of the period.

After a time, however, the craze began to abate almost as suddenly as it had sprung into being. Eminent physicians declared that bicycle riding was injurious to any but the strongest organizations, and that the machine—which had already earned for itself the name of "boneshaker," by reason of the fact that it was made of wood and shod with iron, and, save in the most expensive styles, was practically springless—shook and jarred the internal organs to an extent which, in many cases, did serious mischief. Besides this the manner in which the velocipede was mounted—the rider grasping both handles and running along beside his wheel until it "got a good start," and then making a clean vault into the saddle—often resulted in grave accidents. Perhaps the dictum of the doctors would have had less weight had not experience proved that the velocipede was of little use save on smooth and level roads and specially prepared tracks, and that velocipede riding was an amusement hedged about with annoying restrictions. So strong was the revulsion of feeling in regard to the matter, that even when, a little while after and public sentiment had changed, M. Majee of Paris made a model machine composed entirely of steel and iron, little notice was taken of the fact, even by those who had been most enthusiastic concerning velocipede "points" a few months previous.

After a time, however, a wheel invented by the indefatigable Michaux succeeded in attracting public attention because of the radical change which he had introduced therein. Reasoning that the body of the rider should come more nearly over the true center of the machine, and that the action of the feet should approach as nearly as possible to that of walking, Monsieur Michaux fashioned the driving-wheel with a diameter of from thirty to sixty inches, with a rear wheel one-third the size. Various pedal improvements were made in this machine, and, although it was somewhat difficult to learn, and extremely ungraceful in appearance, it was received with much favor by a large

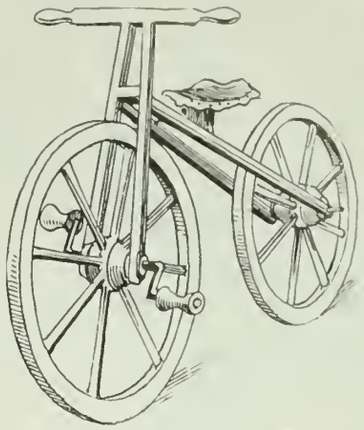
AMERICAN STAR.—1880.

proportion of those who had tried the "boneshaker" and found it lamentably wanting in many particulars.

In England, until the beginning of the "safety's" present reign, bicycle riding, both public and private, was far more popular than in this country. The British public, though somewhat slow to take up new things, are equally slow to relinquish them after they have once won favor, and even when the sport was languishing on this side of the water records and races were of much moment in that country. The famous fourteen-day ride made in June, 1873, from London to John O'Groat's,—a distance of over eight hundred miles over an exceptionally rough and hilly road—is still, considering the kind of a wheel then in use, something to be proud of; as is the 1876 record, on a cinder track, of 100 miles in 7 hrs., 33 min., 43 sec., and 106 miles in 7 hrs., 58 min., 54½ sec.

In 1877 several Bostonians imported some greatly improved English machines, and bicycling made a new start among us. By this time some English genius, whose identity is in dispute, had thought out a method of obviating the jars which had heretofore tortured the nerves and lamed the muscles of all bicyclists. This unknown benefactor's remedy was as simple as it was effectual: he merely coated the iron or hickory tires with hard India rubber, and, although the work was done in the most primitive and clumsy manner, the improvement marked the beginning of a new epoch in bicycle manufacture.

After this, improvements in this direction came thick and fast, for it is always easier to amplify an idea than it is to originate it, and one change after another was made until at last the almost ideal creation of our time was evolved. Of course, during the interim, numerous 'cycle "freaks" were constructed and given more or less hopeful trial. The "American Star," patented by G. W. Pressy in 1880, can scarcely be classed among these as it really had many excellent points, and was for a time quite a favorite with a large number. It was, however, radically different in appearance from the Michaux bicycle, which was its immediate predecessor, in that the position of the wheels was exactly reversed, the small wheel taking the lead. An unfortunate habit which this "Star" had of "rearing" viciously on up grades, combined with several other minor faults, resulted in its relegation to obscurity.



PIERRE LALLEMENT'S PATENT.—1866.

The Gooderich machine, brought out in 1864, was a great novelty in that the motive power was the motion of the rider's body; the seat being fixed on an oscillating shaft communicating with the crank axles beneath. As the mechanism was somewhat complicated, and the necessary muscular effort very fatiguing, the career of the "Gooderich" was extremely brief.

In 1866 Ulrich Zuinglius of Birmingham constructed a "crutch velocipede" which consisted of two parallel wheels, one at each end of a light shaft, in the center of which was a ring or frame large enough to admit the rider's body. On this ring two uprights with crutch-like tops were fastened to support the arms, and the mode of propulsion—the rider standing upright in the ring—was a reversion to the old Draisnene method of striking the feet against the ground. It is scarcely necessary to say that this invention met with little favor.

The idea of a unicycle is one that has for years been endeavoring to express itself in available form but without even comparative success. One of the oddest of these contrivances was made by R. C. Hemmings in 1869, and was known to the limited number who knew of it at all as the "Flying Yankee" velocipede. In this novel vehicle the rider sat in the hollow axle of a wheel, five feet or more in diameter, which had two wide concentric rims. This was literally "a wheel" or, rather, wheels "within a wheel," for the power was furnished by cranks which were worked by the hands and communicated with double pulleys, one of which was toward the front of, and the other beneath, the seat.

The next problem to be solved in the bicycle world is propulsion without personal exertion. Wind velocipedes, on the boat principle, have already been tried,

THE MICHAUX BICYCLE.—1869.

but have not been successful, and the solution of this problem undoubtedly can and will be found in the domain of electricity. At the present time, however, those of us who have the privilege of riding any one of the highest grade machines, such as the Sterling, Columbia, Stearns or Victor, are well pleased with existing conditions and trouble ourselves little concerning possibilities not yet realized.

SIDE LINES

TALES TOLD BETWEEN STATIONS

A PLACID CLERK.

The receiving clerks behind the desks at the telegraph offices are cool, placid fellows. They take your message of life or death with perfect indifference, mechanically count the words, and look a bit bored as they reply:

"It will be sixty-five cents, please."

I had my eye on a certain chap for several weeks before I humbled his pride. He insulted me. He insulted me by softly whispering to himself as he counted the words in the following message:

"Grandmother died last night very suddenly. How many of you can attend funeral?"

When I handed in that message, I expected him to exhibit a little emotion. While he could not have been personally acquainted with my grandmother, he must have suspected that she was a nice old lady, and that her sudden death had greatly overcome me. Why didn't he look up with a bit of sympathy in his eye, and say:

"Too bad! I know just how you feel, and I'm sorry for you."

But no. He whistled and counted, made a scratch or two with his pen, and carelessly remarked:

"Three words over—seventy cents."

And as he made change he told one of the boys behind the counter that he'd be hanged if he wasn't going to the dog fight that night. Then he picked up my dead grandmother dispatch and banged it on a hook, shoved me over some change, and turned away to resume the perusal of a sporting paper.

The next week I went in with a dispatch announcing that my grandmother's will had been opened, and that I came in for twenty-five thousand dollars. That man must have seen by my face that I was highly elated. He never had the fifth of that sum, and his salary had just been cut down ten dollars per month, but, when he had read the dispatch, he calmly announced:

"Forty cents, and you forgot to date it."

And then he began talking to one of his fellow-clerks about a slugging match, and how he won three dollars by betting on the right man. I don't say he ought to have swung his hat and cheered over my good fortune, but why couldn't he have extended his paw and said:

"Eh? Old boy? In luck, ain't you? Well, I'm glad on it. Send around the cigars, and we'll smoke to your good health."

I made up my mind when I went out that I would upset that man's equanimity or lose a leg. I'd tumble him off that pedestal of placidity if it cost a thousand dollars. I'd upset, unbalance and unhinge him, or die trying. I gave him two weeks to repent. It isn't right to rush a telegraph man out of the world on a day's notice. I went back one evening, and I felt a bit sorry for him as he glanced up. I knew that his wife and child were in Ohio on a visit, and I stepped to the desk and wrote:

DETROIT, MICH., June 6, 1885.

J. H. Smith, Columbus, O.: Please telegraph me full particulars of the accident by which Mrs. George Taylor and daughter, of this city, were instantly killed this afternoon. S. P.

I felt a bit sorry as I handed it in, not knowing but the man might faint dead away as he read the terrible news. Still, I had vowed revenge, and I would not forego it. He received the dispatch, whistled softly as was his wont, clattered the point of the pen along the words as he counted, and then drawled out:

"A dollar and twenty-five cents, and where shall I send the answer?"

"Did you read that dispatch?" I asked, after looking at him for half a minute.

"Yes."

"Do you know the parties?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't your name George Taylor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't the parties your wife and daughter?"

"No, sir. They returned home this morning.—here's your change!"

THE VOICE OF A WEDDING.

[ST. MAGGOG'S, 7:30 P. M.—Awning up and steps carpeted. Populace beginning to assemble without. Within, ushers struggling with new kids and nervously rearranging neckties.]

Head usher (flurried and perspiring)—Relatives there—first four rows, you understand—and for heaven's sake don't make any mistake, for they'll all be down on me if you do. Harry, don't stand in front of the couple, as you did at rehearsal—keep back. Charlie and Fred, you lead up the right-hand aisle, you know. Keep your eyes on me, and don't walk too fast. You made an awful mess of it this afternoon. And—quick, there's a party!—the Sachet girls. Remember to take the wraps—you're always forgetting that.

The above illustration is loaned to us through the courtesy of Mr. R. X. Ryan, General Passenger Agent of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway Company, to whom much credit is due for the cleverness and originality of the advertising of that road. The picture bears the title, "'Course I Caught 'Em!" being designed to call attention to the splendid trout streams tributary to the S. F. & N. P. Ry. Co.

[Guests arrive rapidly (all wishing a seat on the center aisle). Ushers active—tongues of guests likewise.]

Gushing maiden—Now, Mr. Clawhammer, do give me a nice front pew, won't you? I'm so anxious to see the last of dear Milly.

Friend of the groom—St. Harry! Give me a stall—no, no, I mean a pew—few rows back, opposite center of sta—there I go again!—chancel! Why, where's my check?—oh, no, I don't need any, do I?—beg pardon—little out of my line, this!

George—Confound the luck. All the pretty girls take Charlie's aisle, and I don't get anybody but old ladies and married people.

Sympathetic soul—Why, there's poor Bert! How could he bear to come here, feeling as he must? Ever since the cards were out, I hear, he's lived on nothing but seltzer and sandwiches—

Second sympathetic soul—And he's lost his situation at the railroad office just for writing a sonnet, "Another's Bride," on the fly-leaf of the oil and waste account!

Both (pityingly)—Poor fellow!

Slighted matron—Those Joneses have been put six rows ahead of me. Who are they, I should like to know?

Ancient person—I'm a relative? Yes; young man, I am! I knew the family long before Caleb went into pork—and glad enough he used to be to dine with his old aunt, and save a meal, when he— (Is left undisturbed.)

Miss Verjuice—It's reported that more than half the presents are her sister Mary's, lent for the occasion. Mrs. Pryer is sure she recognizes the French clock she gave Mary four years ago; while, as for Mr. Chine's one-thousand-dollar check, I don't believe it was ever meant to be cashed. And the groom's diamonds may or may not be rhinestones, but this much is certain—that seven different people claim to have seen them in Cohn's window, marked, "Your choice for ten dollars." I wouldn't insinuate anything for the world, but—

[Eight o'clock. Church crammed full and running over. Whereupon——]

Everybody— They say he's	got an awful temper. almost constantly intoxicated. lost all his money. some relation to Lady Simmery Axe. been engaged nine times. four wives living. worth a million. dead broke.
And she's	jilted a French count. never had an offer before. acted like a fool. crazy about Charlie. dreadfully extravagant. meaner than the meanest. done all the love-making. over thirty.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi! Here dey comes!

[In the vestibule. Enter bridal party, all more or less excited. Bride, carefully unwrapped, is smoothed and prinked into shape by family, who endeavor at once to lighten up her ruffles and spirits.]

The family—Come, dear, don't be frightened—it'll soon be over—and, whatever you do, don't bend too far forward, it'll muss your hair—it's a great trial, I know—and that's why I insisted on knife-plaiting—Augustus, keep your mind on the ceremony—and your feet off her dress, please—she's so sensitive—and the gathers may tear out.

The bride's mother—Now, Mr. Clawhammer!

Head usher—All ready, organ!

The bride's sister—Oh, stop, do stop a minute! Bertha, have you a pin? Just a second! There!

Head usher—All ready, or—

The bride's mother—Wait, wait! Good gracious, Milly, one of your hairpins shows as plainly as can be! It's right now!

Head usher—All read—

The bride—Oh, Bertha, I'm positive my train isn't straight—it pulls awfully when I move! That's better.

Head usher—All—

The bride's other sister—Oh-h-h-h-h! Milly, darling, here's your handkerchief—I almost forgot— and what if—

Head usher (desperate at last, and ignoring every attempt to stop him)—All ready, organ—ready, ready—go ahead there—start—begin—play up!

[Organ begins prelude to march. Head usher, unconsciously melodramatic, speaks through music, *videlicet:*]

Head usher (whispering)—George, keep step with me—left foot, when I give the word—not too fast, and look straight ahead. Now!

The organ—(Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Head usher—(For—ward!

[Enter procession, encountering cross-fire of stares, scandal, criticisms and comments.]

The ladies—Oh, isn't that dress——! Belle, she's certainly powdered—I'm sure of it. It's Alençon, isn't it?—the veil, I mean—no, Chantilly—it can't be Brussels—oh, tulle, after all. He's an older man than I supposed—handsome, don't you think? Why, he's forty if a day—and bold, too! They call that a Worth, but Lou says Snipper made it on the sly. She's cool enough, I must say! I wouldn't marry a man like that, if I never——. Poor fellow, he's yet to see her in one of her tantrums! Her mother looks pleased, doesn't she? Should think she would, after three years of struggle. How white she is!—not becoming at all. Well, she's disposed of, at last!

The gentlemen—Jove, she's a beauty! I could have had her, if I'd chosen. Rather a poor sort of chap for the girl. How he'd squirm if he knew the number of times I've taken her driving! Wonder if she remembers what a time we had together only last summer!—etc.

The clergyman—Dearly beloved—

The bride (sotto voce)—Augustus, you've the ring, haven't you? Now, don't drop it, when—

The clergyman—Take this man—to love, cherish and to—

The bride—Be gay!

The groom—And with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

The clergyman—Amen.

The organ—"Lohengrin" Wedding March.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Very few boys know how to run. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty of those who may read this who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping? It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us? Take the smallest terrier dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long, and then a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than 350 miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping. Then you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who cannot run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners. But, I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret: Breathe through your nose!

Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they cannot get air enough through their noses. There are many reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and create trouble are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then, the passages of the nose are longer and smaller and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that, as it passes through them, the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up. Keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this.

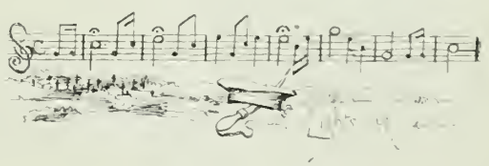
THE LAST OF POOR JACK.

"Oh, it's only a man-o'-war sailor that fell off the gang-plank, or something of that sort, and was drowned, poor fellow. He had planned to make a visit to his old mother in Scotland in a few weeks: he hadn't seen her for nearly twenty-five years," and the poor old soul impatiently awaited his coming.

This was all the information I could glean of the sailor's funeral as I watched the humble procession on a gray, bleak November day wending its solemn way around the brown hills of Mare Island to the cemetery: the band in advance, followed by a corps of marines, a carriage occupied by the Chaplain, then the hearse followed by a few surviving comrades of the deceased. The story though brief and apparently heartlessly told was a pathetic one, and, taken together with the impressive ceremonies of the occasion, made a profound impression on my mind. The fitful breezes from the bay, rustling up through the tules, caught the low voices of the tide in the marshy lagoons and the sad refrain of the dead march, and, sweeping on over the dunes, waved the half-mast flag on his ship, the *Bennington*, and then on to the far quiet hills against the eastern sky, for why should the breezes mourn for a poor man-o'-war sailor?

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

Only a man-o'-war sailor whose mission was to brave the "battle and the breeze," to fight and possibly die for his country; only a sailor, but gone where rank and distinctions between the admiral and the tar are not so sharply divided as they are on the hither side of the "lights out" boundary. A prayer at the grave, the falling of clods, a few manly tears shed, a fresh mound of earth, another wooden cross, and peace to the untitled ashes of poor Jack.



A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher of what the German Diet was constituted, replied: "Sourkrout, schnapps, lager bier and nix cum rous." That lad must be a cousin-German to the boy who, when shown a picture of "Luther at the Diet of Worms," said: "Papa, I see Luther, but where are the worms?"

Luke has it in the beginning; Paul has it at the end; boys never have it; girls always have it but once; a square never has it; an angle has it in one spot; and a parallelogram has it three times. What is it?

"Julius, what de debble you lookin' ober my shoul'er for when I read der paper? Go way, fellah!" "I can't read." "Can't read! you's big 'nuff for dat." "Dat ain't nuffin, a cow's big 'nuff to catch mice, but she can't do it."

EAGLE'S CLAW CAUGHT IN TRAP.

EAGLE'S CLAW AND TRAP.

DUNSMUIR, July 24, 1895.

EDITOR "TRAVELER."

Dear Sir:—The eagle's foot with trap attachment has been in my possessinn for over two years, and the tale is now an old one. Recently Messrs. Emeric and Murdoch paid me a visit, and expressed a wish to have this curiosity for their collection in the Fish Commissioner's office, and sn the matter was brought up again. The bird was killed "on the wing" in Shasta Valley on March 6, 1893. I was in a buggy with Mr. T. Autenrieth, of Yreka, and noticed a large bird sitting on the ground some distance ahead of us, but paid nn particular attention to it as it was close to a dead horse, and I took it for a turkey buzzard. When we got nearer the bird flew up and I then thought it was an eagle carrying snmething in its talnns. When it passed the buggy I gave it the contents of both barrels of a shot-gun, and, on gning up to it, discovered the trap on the fnot, cut off the foot, and brought it, with its accompanying ornament, home with me. The bird was a very large one, and, after a careful examination, I am cnnvinced that he had carried the trap in his flights arnund Shasta for at least a year and probably longer. Yours very truly,

H. COOLEY.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Shall not our streets, one day in seven, be free from invasion by the vociferous peddler? As a peace destroyer he has few equals. With a voice that tears vast holes in the atmosphere whenever he lets it loose, he breaks rudely in upon one's decorous repose. Should an entire community be thus bombarded because of over-ripe fruit that must be eaten to be saved? Away with the Sunday peddler and his anything but sacred music! Let us, upon the Sabbath day, have of his lamentations a sweet surcease.

Over the ocean's breast, in garments gray,
Ghostly and still, and damp with feathery spray,
Drifts the fog slowly down the city's ways
In August days.

Here may no scorching breath of noontide heat
Wither our gardens, cool and summer sweet;
Forth from the hilltops comes a hymn of praise
In August days.

Land of my love, thy influence, like wine,
Thrills to awakened life these veins of mine;
Deep in my heart contentment creeps—and stays
In August days.

Impulsive persons who, writing not wisely but too well, have unwittingly paved their way to breach-of-promise suits, should avoid future embarrassments of this particular kind by using "lover's ink,"—a preparation of starch, water and tincture of iodine, warranted not to last. No matter how vehement may be one's written declarations of undying adoration, no matter how indelibly one's utterances may burn themselves into the brain of the fair recipient, they fade from sight like the vision of an infant's dream if the pen of the wooer be dipped in this magic fluid. Love letters have made mischief from time immemorial, and will continue to do so as long as pen, paper and every-day ink are among the accessories of civilization. But, safe in the possession of this simple device for self-protection, the wary and up-to-date lover may give full rein to his galloping fancy, certain that later on there will be no change of venue for him from Cupid's court, serenely confident that experts can never wrangle over his signature, and that his tender protestations of affection will not ultimately be the jest of a cold, unfeeling world. A written line, be it never before penned in so fine an Italian hand, can stare back at the writer in characters bigger than a circus bill-poster's type, when in the hands of an attorney for the plaintiff. Haste, then, oh man of fickle mind, to the use of lover's ink.

She wears a sealskin—vain the sun's endeavor
To melt to earth her limp, perspiring form;
Then promenades *sans* any wrap whatever
When weather signs predict a dreadful storm.

He rides upon the dummy of the cable
Right in the teeth of every howling blast,
But in the house declares he isn't able
To stand a draught—and shuts each window fast.

She walks ten blocks to save a paltry nickel,
Buys candy on the way (French mixed) and then
Lunches upon a solitary pickle—
And pays M. D's to make her well again.

He crams his nineteen pockets full of papers,
Only to search them wildly, large and small;
Daily repeats the selfsame frantic capers—
And can't find what he wanted after all.

She laces tightly lungs and heart and liver,
And then to Europe for her health must go;
He smokes cigars whose price would make you shiver,
And wonders why the road to wealth is slow.

She says she thinks that men are horrid creatures,
Yet tries her best to lure them to propose;
He is not vain, yet hourly scans his features;
Why are these strange things thus? Dear me, who knows?

It is evident that theatrical people have forgiving dispositions, since actors and actresses are continually making up.

Once, upon a windy day, a pretty Oakland girl and her "steady company" came over to San Francisco to attend the matinee. In the interval that elapsed between lunch and theater time, her escort suggested a trip on the toboggan slide,—a Market Street attraction that lures nickels from the pockets of small boys and grown-up children. She readily acquiesced, never dreaming that in so doing she would lose both her lover and—but I am getting ahead of my story. As the toboggan car gained its maximum of speed, she clutched her headgear a trifle more frantically than the rest of the passengers, and became decidedly hysterical. Her companion, who was striving valiantly to keep his hat on his head, his breath in his body, and an arm around her waist, gave her a reassuring squeeze. Just then the car plunged spasmodically, the girl shrieked despairingly, something fluffy swept the young man's cheek, and daylight's pitiless rays put poor little Cupid's work to rout.

The match is off. One cannot adore a bald-headed girl, though she be as beautiful as an houri. Moral: maidens who wear wigs should avoid the treacherous toboggan.

Among many other astonishing devices in the labor-saving line upon the market is a patent dish-washer in which the weary housewife has but to place her china, press a button, and the machine will do the rest. The only objection to this marvelous contrivance is the manner in which "the rest" is performed. One cannot accurately judge of the merits of the invention as a cleanser because the dishes come to grief before the washing process has fairly begun.

A distant relation—an uncle in Europe.

A young man applied for a position at a Front Street business house. "No chance here," said the head of the firm, gruffly, looking up from the profit and loss account with a glance that was anything but encouraging. "Well," said the young man, "I am sorry you do not need a first-class salesman." "What can you sell?" queried the merchant. "Anything from a gnat's eyebrow to an elephant's ear," was the ready and cheerful response. He was immediately engaged.

He rode zigzag with sprits gay,
This cycler new;
His eyes, I plainly saw, were gray;
They matched in hue.
I passed him on his homeward way—
Their color then was (strange to say
How eyes can alter in a day!)
Both black and blue.

The clock that runs down, never to go again, surely comes to an untimely end.

Beer and profanity—profanity and beer; horrible combination, that. Two ladies were deluged with the one and horrified with the other, one day last week. Snuggly settled on the front seat of the dummy, they were being borne from the vicinity of Lotta's fountain parkward, when the venturesome driver of a brewery wagon attempted to cross the bow of their cable car. There was a collision and a pyrotechnical display of swear words, while a fountain of yeasty aroma played fantastically upon them. But, perhaps the one who sorrowed most keenly at the sight, and to whom no sense of its absurdity appealed, was a ragged being of the "Weary Waggles" type who, having wandered from somewhere south of Market Street, surveyed the catastrophe from the curbstone.

"Too bad, too bad," he muttered, "so much good material wasted!" He was not alluding to the dry-goods upon the dummy, but to the very wet goods that trickled over the cobbles.

"Well, how did the election go?" asked a gentleman of a lady who belongs to a prominent woman's club of this city, meeting her the day that officers of that body had been chosen for the ensuing year. "Did your favorite candidate get in?" "Yes," she replied, "but it was rather a close vote." "How did you manage it?" he further inquired, with the mild curiosity a man sometimes evinces in feminine methods of procedure. "Oh, easily enough," was the rejoinder, "I—what do you call it, bulldozed, yes, that's the word—bulldozed three or four votes, traded several more, and promised another a pair of gloves if she would support my candidate." "Great heavens!" gasped her companion, "and you women say you are going to purify politics!"

Man as a tyrant is nearly an extinct species. There never were very many of him, and he is getting scarcer every day, but he does appear at rare intervals, and San Francisco owns a specimen that ought to be stuffed and properly classified in the Academy of Sciences. Perhaps, he will be, some day. Last week I happened to be on the same car on which he was. A sad-faced little woman who evidently belonged to him sat beside his burly form. One did not have to be a physiognomist to see that, in the way of unadulterated meanness, Nature had done much for him. Finally he betook himself to the forward platform, transferring his scowls to the inoffending horizon. Presently the car slowed up. It was their corner, but the little woman, lost in thought, did not notice it. He glared so savagely in at her that it quite frightened me, and I was wondering whether I ought not to gently touch her on the arm when he roared brutally, "Well, are you going to sit there all day?" As she started up, her face crimsoning with mortification, I wished, for the first time in my life, that I were a man and big enough to thrash him. Ten dollars and costs seemed such an insignificant price to pay for that privilege.

I wonder why the boy who bangs
Behind him every door
Or leaves it swinging open; hangs
His hat upon the floor;
Neglects to black his shoes; forgets
To chop the kindling wood;
And in his clumsy way upsets
One's nerves as naught else could;
Should grow to be both wise and kind—
Pure gold without alloy—
And in life's race leave far behind
The goody-goody boy?

When, in dull times, business houses curtail expenses, and a nice fat salary shrinks like a flannel in the wash, or is lost altogether, it is well for the young man out of employment to consider whether he would not better quit hammering the sidewalk with his shoes in search of the evanescent and mirage-like "job," and betake himself to the country where he can at least work for his board.

Granted that toiling afield from break-o'-day to nightfall beneath a merciless sun be purgatorial service, is it not more honorable to dwell in the suburbs of purgatory than to incur debts that one cannot pay? Which shall it be, bodily comfort or the bread of independence? And is it not wiser for the stomach's sake to replenish one's interior with country boiled beef rather than with the wretched unsubstantials that city doughnutteries afford? Surely we are getting too civilized. Our boys are alienated from the hoe, and to most of them the shovel is an object of horror. Hard work, that is, a reasonable amount of it, develops muscle and brawn. Who would not rather see an awkward, healthy laborer any day than an attenuated, spiritueile clerk, to whom the wielding of a tape measure behind the elastic counter seems too fatiguing an exertion?

It is claimed that the employment of girls in stores has crowded young men out of positions. They ought to be crowded out of such positions. Girls are physically able to fill them. Men are physically able to perform work that girls cannot do. Too much nonsense prevails concerning the gentlemanly aspect of labor. No man was ever the worse for gaining his livelihood in the open air. If it be more "gentlemanly" to cling desperately to a scantily paid clerkship than to wear overalls and save money, pray let us drop the word from our vocabulary.

His character was very bad,
And yet this wicked one
A rare and noble virtue had—
He never made a pun.

Yogi breathing is the latest fad in the beautifying line. A native of India is teaching the mysteries of this new method of lung exercise to women who would be sirens at sixty. "Yogi" is occult enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, and the astute Indian is said to be reaping a harvest of substantial American dollars.

The Minneapolis man, who recently biked his way through a valuable plate glass window, may have been a well-bred individual, but on this occasion he certainly made a bad break.

She stood before the mirror's polished square,
Her collar button swiftly rolled behind it,
And fiendishly ensconced its small self where
She couldn't find it.

She didn't weep, or rave, or lose her head,
Or mutter things unfit for publication.
Oh, no. The only thing the dear girl said
Was "Botheration!"

Gallantry is not a dead letter in San Francisco. A few Thursdays since, a well-known journalist of this city, who is a native of France, and, like his countrymen, noted for courtliness and deference toward the fair sex, was walking on Post Street, when he observed a young lady on her way from the Fruit and Flower Mission. She was carrying a basket of choice roses, a number of which had fallen to the sidewalk behind her. Overtaking her, and lifting his hat, he called her attention to the fact. She blushed, saying, "Oh, dear! I have scattered them all the way." "Madam," said the journalist, gravely, "those flowers are monuments marking the path of an angel on her errands of mercy." The young lady acknowledged the compliment with a simple "Thank you," blushing still more deeply as she received a handful of the roses which he had picked up.

A bit of pasteboard made trouble for a San Francisco reporter not long ago. He had been out to the race-track on an assignment, and while there a sporting man of unenviable and wide-spread notoriety handed him his card. The young reporter tucked it hastily into one of his numerous pocket receptacles where it nestled with better company, namely, the cards bearing his own name. On his way home he had occasion to interview a society belle, and, of course, presented a card at the door. Above, the young lady gazed at the tiny square in horror. "What impertinence!" she gasped, turning to the servant with an indignant "not at home." A few hours later the reporter innocently reappeared at the mansion's stately portal. He was naturally somewhat surprised to hear the lady's rotund paterfamilias say, as the servant was about to admit him, "I'll attend to his case!" Then, glaring at the now astonished scribe, "What do you mean, sir," demanded he, "by addressing my daughter? I have a good mind to throw you down stairs, sir. Never dare to show your face here again!" Prudence being the better part of valor, the reporter beat a hasty retreat. As he leaned against the nearest lamp post, striving to make out the reason of this insult to his journalistic dignity, a bright thought struck him. He hurriedly searched his pockets. The sporting man's card was gone. Taking his life in his hands, he went back, explained, and white-winged peace settled down upon the scene.

A powder-burned and sorry-looking jacket;
Trousers to match; a perforated cap;
A restful silence from ear-splitting racket;
A sense of joy, and danger, and mishap.

An atmosphere surcharged with sundry vapors
Of drugstores, and of regions orthodox;
A yard and sidewalk strewn with bits of papers;
A solitary pinwheel in a box.

Some confiscated arms not meant to kill. Oh,
That each toy pistol made could thus be hid!
A flushed and happy face upon the pillow;
A sleepy prayer; a tucked-in coverlid.

Cannons in pairs; contrivances infernal
To trip the adult foot upon the floor—
Such are the signs whereby the fond maternal
Knows that the nation's "Glorious Day" is o'er.

People who dispense charity sometimes encounter cases of ingratitude that temporarily dampen their philanthropic ardor.

A restaurateur who fed a tramp recently was somewhat taken aback when the latter beckoned a waiter, and handing him a napkin that, though clean, was somewhat worn, indignantly demanded one that had no holes in it.

The Deming and Palmer Mills in this city have given away a great deal of meal and flour to the impoverished. In an unostentatious way they have kept whole families from starving. The other day one of these pensioners upon their bounty returned a bag of meal, requesting some of better quality. It was, by the way, the same grade as the foreman himself was using.

A Fell Street housekeeper, being importuned by an elderly mendicant for a meal, took her famishing caller into the kitchen, where she set before her a counterpart of her own lunch. The visitor, disdainfully surveying the freshly-cooked beef before her, asked for mustard. That article being supplied, she demanded a potato. "There are none left," replied the hostess, looking on in amazement as her guest toyed impatiently with a fork, and, critically examining the silver teapot, asked for a strainer. The lady of the house shook her head. "Sure an' I can't drink tea that isn't strained," was the haughty comment—"I don't suppose you have a bit of cake to give a poor woman, either? I can't abide cold bread." Being cordially solicited to vacate, she did so in high dudgeon.

It is well for our housekeepers to see to it that their larders are supplied with the proper delicacies for peregrinating epicures. Nor should they neglect to provide finger bowls and doylies for the tramp of luxurious tastes.

Ethel is a progressive Haight Street damsel, aged five. The other day she interrupted her mother so frequently at her writing that the latter finally threatened her with the usual form of corporal punishment if she again troubled her, whereupon the insubordinate infant subsided for a few moments. Presently she plucked boldly at the maternal gown. "Ethel," said her mother, sternly, "what did I tell you just now." "Well," replied this very new woman, desperately, "I'd ravver be spanked 'n not notticed atall!" Ethel is not without prototypes of a larger growth.

ITEMS.

Angel's Camp is one of the liveliest towns in California. The Utica, an exceedingly rich quartz mine, is the "Camp's" mascot. Its pay roll is enormous, and it is stated that two hundred thousand dollars are taken out of it monthly. It runs a forty-stamp mill night and day, and it is claimed that there is enough gold yet left in the mine to pay off the national debt. A neighboring mine has a forty-stamp mill, and there are also two twenty-stamp mills in steady operation in the locality.

The Yost-Falcon Bicycle is the wheel of the season. As to speed, lightness, perfection of mechanism, lasting qualities, and neat, artistic appearance, the Yost-Falcon wheel is not to be surpassed by any wheel in the market. The lady's wheel made by the Yost-Falcon is a little beauty, and combines all the requirements for beauty, speed, lightness and durability. Geo. W. Alexander & Co., 401 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A family residing in San Francisco has in its employ an elderly negress of whom her mistress tells the following story: Chloe, for that is her name, was, in her younger days, very devout, as is the case with the majority of her race. She also possessed a besetting sin—that of unlawfully appropriating sundry coveted articles from outside sources. One day she was discovered partaking of a roasted goose that she had secured by ways that were dark, very dark. The next Sunday, arrayed gorgeously, she started for church. "Chloe," said her mistress, severely, "you know you stole a goose last week. How can you go to church without a clear conscience?"

"Oh, pshaw now, Missis," responded Chloe, "you don't s'pose I'se gwine to let an old goose come 'tween me an' my Lord?"

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A traveler just returned from the southern mines in Mariposa, Stanislaus, Amador and Calaveras counties, relates an experience at Knight's Ferry that might have resulted disastrously for the community thereabouts had not good luck prevented an accident.

"I was sitting in front of the hotel," said he, "when a man passed by within ten feet of me, carrying a box upon his shoulder, filled with objects that resembled, at that distance, good-sized sweet potatoes. I took him for a farmer, in town to dispose of his produce, and was surprised to see him make for the nearest saloon, staggering as he went, and clutching uncertainly at his burden to keep it balanced. Two minutes later I heard sounds of excited voices within the place, and several men, looking decidedly rattled, rushed out and scampered away like scared mice. I strolled over to see what was up, but I lit out in a hurry. That box was full of giant powder. The fellow had stolen it, and plumping it down before the paralyzed proprietor, had wanted to trade it for a fiery decoction. He got it on condition that he would take himself and his booty off the premises double-quick. He stumbled away again, and I can assure you everybody gave him a wide berth."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The son of the late Ward McAllister has converted his father's picnic grounds into a potato patch, the scene of former swell lawn parties now being given over to the cultivation of that humble but necessary and succulent commodity. The young man's desire to follow the plow rather than lead the german cannot be accounted for on the theories of heredity or early training.

FIVE IGNORANT BANKERS.

A letter was recently received from a gentleman in Lowell, Mass., who asked for some light on the currency question, saying that the subject seemed to be very little understood in his section of the country.

He had called on five of the leading bankers in Lowell and asked them what was meant by "the free coinage of silver."

The first banker said he did not know.

The second said its meaning had not been defined, or, rather, that it was not settled just what it did mean.

The third said that if a person took 412½ grains of silver to the mint, it would be coined into a dollar for him.

The fourth said that any person taking one dollar's worth of silver at the market price to the mint could have it made into a dollar for him.

"The fifth," says the Lowell man, "was so muddled that I could not make out what he meant."

Finally he came into possession of a copy of the "New Silver Educator," issued by the Windsor Hotel, Denver, which fully enlightened him on the subject. Send for one. Free.

NEW GOLD.

Suppose the fish don't bite at fust,
What be yew goin' tur dew?
Chuck down yewr pole, throw out yewr bait,
An' say yewr fishin' 's threw?
Uv course yew hain't, yewr goin' tur fish,
An' fish an' fish an' wait
Until yew've ketched yewr basket full,
An' used up all yewr bait.

Suppose success don't come at fust,
What be yew goin' tur dew?
Throw up the sponge an' kick yewrself,
An' go tur feeling blew?
Uv course yew hain't, yewr goin' tur fish,
An' bait an' bait again;
Bimeby success will bite yewr hook,
And yew will pull him in.

—*Boston Sunday Courier.*

Mary had a little wheel,
With tires made to blow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That wheel was sure to go.
One day without formality,
She broke the Trustees' rule,
And promoted immorality
By biking off to school,
"Why does the wheel get wicked so?"
The eager children cry.
"'Cause Mary rides the wheel, you know,"
The Trustee did reply.
And so the Trustee turned it out,
The teacher shed a tear.
"Go be immoral somewhere else;
We want no biking here."

—*Brooklyn Times.*

I'se t'ought it over 'gane an' 'gane,
But somehow don' quite make it plain
W'y t'ings is as dey be;
No, I ain't makin' no complaint,
But simply sayin' that I kain't
See w'y dis is, an' todder ain't;—
But God knows better 'n me.

For 'zample, dere's ole Jacob Bean;
Dere ain't on yearth no man so mean,
So orfle mean as he.
Now, w'y should he have all de cash,
Eat 'possum fat w'ile I eat hash,
An' look on us as nigger trash?—
De Lord knows better 'n me.

Den comes my neighbor, Simon Bole;
Jess like a lump uv solid gol';
He's good as good can be,
For eighteen weeks he's ben in bed,
Wid shakes dat's shook him almos' dead;
But w'y, I don't git froo my head;—
De Lord knows better 'n me.

Well, I don' bodder 'bout it all;
De Lord's so big, an' I'se so small
I couldn' spec' to see.
So I jess stumbles 'long de way,
Bearin' my burden day by day,
An' smilin' cos my soul kin say,
De Lord knows better 'n me.

Away, where stretches that hazy line,
Where the town and country meet—
That line where the city's confines lie,
And begin the meadows so sweet—
It seems to me that a mystic spell
Possesses my heart and brain,
When I cross the boundary and enter a while
To walk in Nature's domain.

I feel, as I catch the first sweet breath
Of clover-scented air,
That a higher power my whole soul claims,
And I pause for a moment there,
And wonder if waiting at Heaven's gate,
With all life's battles complete,
I shall not feel as I do when I stand
Where the town and the country meet.

—*Modeste H. Jordan.*

I am weary of adoration,
And away from the throng to-night,
I sit, with my best beloved,
In the glow of the fire's red light.

He raises his dear head proudly
As his eyes look into mine,
And a world of love and longing
I see in their brown depths shine.

Of all the protesting lovers
Who have offered their hearts to me,
I have chosen my best beloved
My defender and knight to be.

For his faith and unselfish devotion
Are all I could ask to see—
He is only a tawny mastiff
Who stands at his mistress' knee.

—*Florence Elliot Moliere.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

"Waiter," he said, as he seated himself in a Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon, and drew off his gloves, "what kind of game have you got to-day?"

"I'll ask the chef," replied the waiter, softly.

Presently he tiptoed back. "There's beef and beans, wheat cakes, eggs and red napkins with fringe. We were to have turkey feet on toast," he added, apologetically, "but it looked so much like rain this morning that the boss thought that the young gents wouldn't care a straw to stir out."

—*Puck.*

"Pity a poor blind man with a large family!" cried a wayside beggar.

"And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked a lady, in great concern.

"How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."

—*The Waterbury.*

The cowboy was sitting in a chair tilted back against the shady side of the saloon, taking it easy, when one of his friends came by.

"Hello, Dick!" he said, "what's this story about the barkeep over the way calling you a liar yisterday and bullyraggin' you around for an hour or more?"

"That's what he done," admitted Dick, boldly.

"What did you let him do it for?"

"I had my reasons."

"'Fraid of him?"

Dick jumped up. "Hold on there, pard," he said, "you ain't in the same fix that the barkeep was, and it ain't safe."

"Don't you worry about me. What about the barkeep?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Dick. "The barkeep was negotiatin' fer a policy on his life fer ten thousand dollars in favor of his widder. The business wasn't settled till this mornin'. Now it's in working order, an' I'm going over after a while and give him a chance to bullyrag me some more. Then I'll go round and have a little talk with the widder. You must think I'm a chump that can't see past the end of my nose." —*Detroit Free Press.*

A boy at a crossing begging something of a gentleman: the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back.

"Your Honor," replied the boy, "you would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit that way."

"Waiter," said the guest, "I wish you would ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here that I really can't tell whether I am eating planked shad or a paper of pins."

New York Child (proudly)—My mother's been married ten years!"

Chicago Child (with a sneer,—Bah! That's nothin'. My mother's been married ten times.—*Puck.*

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.

Tommy—I'm only *holding* the tail, the cat's pulling it.—*Life.*

Aurelia—How many proposals have you had this summer, dear?

Jessie—Sixteen, dear.

Aurelia—What a terribly persistent fellow that Tommy Noodles must be!

Russia's chief exports to this country are a very superior quality of fur and a very inferior quality of anarchist.

"Charge of the light brigade"—a gas bill.

The young man had been to sea on a long cruise, and on his return was narrating to his uncle, an old Montgomeryshire farmer, an adventure which he had met with on board ship: "I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the ocean," he said, "when my gold watch fell from my fob, and immediately out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour, but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and, after a long search, found the watch, came up, and chased the ship, and climbed back to the deck without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, "I believe thee, but there's many a thousand would not."

"What!" exclaimed William, "you are politely insinuating that I'm a liar."

"William," said the old man, gravely, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but if the Mayor of Welshpool were to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Montgomeryshire, I would come to thee and put my hand upon thy shoulder, and say to thee: 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

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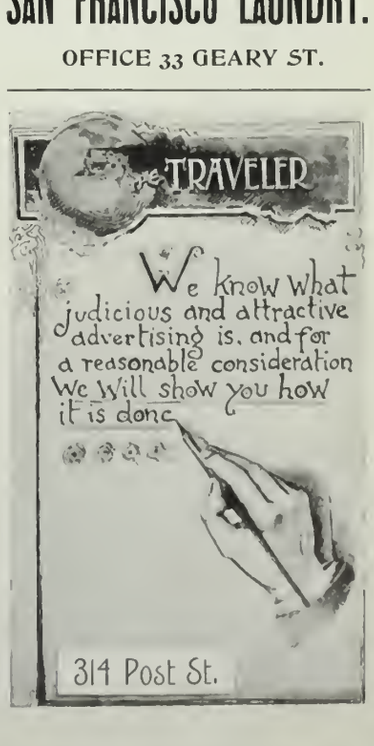

ORD AND ORT.

THE Windsor Hotel is in a short time to be extensively improved. Manager C. M. Hill contemplates expending upward of fifty thousand dollars in making the Windsor one of the best hotels in the country. The plan of the improvements is on an extended plan. The glass covering of the rotunda is to be raised one story so as to form a balcony which will be roomy and handsome, with the railing to be put in place. The position of the elevator is to be changed, the unsightly corner now occupied by it to be removed. The stairway now leading from the first floor is to be replaced by an elegant marble staircase. The office is to be moved and entirely remodeled, and a general renovation, including painting and papering, of the whole building will be undertaken on a scale of elegance, which will make the Windsor a most handsome institution. The work will be commenced so that all the changes may be completed before winter.

Residents of San Francisco might naturally suppose that as the Half Million Club is meeting with such hearty co-operation in its praise-worthy endeavors to increase the city's population, that some of the newcomers might, in the matter of restaurants, consider us somewhat behind. Such, however, is not the case. San Francisco is better supplied in this respect than any city in America, in proportion to the population. Among all the restaurants, the Grill Rooms of the Palace Hotel stand pre-eminently at the head. The opening of new ones does not affect the patronage of these in the least. Popularity in this case has been won and retained solely by serving at moderate prices the best the markets of the world afford. THE TRAVELER congratulates Manager Kirkpatrick upon the immediate success achieved by the Ladies' Grill Room upon its opening, and also says that the Palace Hotel in all its departments is conducted in a manner worthy this magnificent establishment.

UNCLE AARON'S RAT TRAP.

Uncle Aaron lived near Hartford, and was a matter-of-fact man. His outhouses and barn fairly swarmed with rats, and Uncle Aaron was telling a friend from another town, who was visiting at his house, how he was troubled with rats, and how he had seen a hundred at least at a time. The friend laughingly told him a hundred was a good many rats, and begged him to take off a few.

Uncle Aaron replied that he was fixing a trap, and if his friend would wait a few days he would show him a haul of rats which would convince him he was not lying.

"All right," answered his friend, "if you will catch anywhere near a hundred, just let me know."

Uncle Aaron, too, said, "All right," adding, "I'll let you know."

When his friend started for home the last thing he said was, "Be sure and let me know how many rats you catch. A hundred is a good many."

The trap Uncle Aaron was at work on was a sort of platform almost as large as a big barn door, and the plan was to weight it with heavy rocks, raise one end about three feet from the floor, and have it so rigged that the pull of a string would spring it and let it fall to the floor, making it decidedly uncomfortable for any living thing that might happen to be under it. After arranging it to his mind, he began to bait it. He threw meal all around and under the trap, and went to a place conveniently near and watched things. He did not have to wait long before he counted at least twenty rats busily investigating that meal. But they did not go under the platform. This was kept up for several days, and, after a while, the patient watcher, who spent an hour or two every day in seeing them maneuver, had the satisfaction of seeing several of the rats venture under the trap. Then he knew his plan would be a success. He could pull the string almost any time of day and catch a dozen or twenty, but he was "lying low" for a bigger haul. The upraised platform was no longer a terror to the animals. They took the bait from under it as readily as could be desired. Finally, Uncle Aaron thought the time was ripe to pull the string. He had not baited it the night before, so the rodents would have a keen appetite when he sprinkled the cheese crumbs and meal that morning. After doing this he took up his position and waited. First one rat—a sort of pioneer—came gliding out and began to partake of the feast. Next a pair came out, then three or four, then a dozen. They came from all directions. Uncle Aaron was actually trembling with excitement. He could hardly keep his hand from pulling the string. But he waited until the space under the platform seemed fairly alive with the creatures; and then—he pulled. Down went the heavy platform with a crash. A number of the rats were seen scampering off; but Uncle Aaron felt confident that he had nailed some of 'em. As he came up he saw heads and tails protruding, and he thought he would give them all a good square chance to die before he raised the trap. He waited till night, and then he lifted it. He counted one hundred and twenty-two dead rats.

A STUDY IN TRILBY. *Taber photo.*

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The housekeeper who is her own maid-of-all-work must do some dexterous planning if she would keep herself attired for parlor duty the while she is evolving family dinners in the kitchen. It isn't nice to have the bell bur-r-r shrilly at you when your hands are immersed in a pan of earth-begrimed potatoes. You may enjoy regaling yourself on boiled onions, but you really cannot enjoy tripping to your drawing-room with the odor of that partly-peeled and appetizing vegetable hovering tenaciously about you. It is not easy to preside gracefully over the stove and present a charming appearance at the front door whenever the bell summons you thither. But it can be done. How? By the dexterous planning aforesaid.

Early rising is the secret to the practical housekeeper's success. All the rough work that necessitates a sharp conflict with dirt and dust should be done in those hours before the world is wide enough awake to disturb one at her tasks. Vegetables and potatoes should be prepared, placed in cold water, and covered. Everything possible to be done beforehand should be attended to then. These preliminaries combine most of the terrors that beset the housewife, and they can be summarily dispatched if she have the courage to forego that last morning nap. Soap, water and a clean housedress destroy all traces of early battles with broom, dustpan and paring knife. The mere cooking of a meal is a simple affair if one adheres to a plain, nutritious régime, which need not lack delicacy because it is plain and is nevertheless palatable.

A TRICK WITH FIGURES.

The following mathematical trick, though not new, may be revived for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with it. It never fails to mystify those who do not understand it.

Tell a person to select any even number of figures, and, without letting you see them, to write them down and then place under them the same figures in reverse order. Thus, for example:

943518
815349

This done, ask him to add the two numbers, and to give you the sum less any figure which he may choose to reject, and the space occupied by which must be left blank or shown by a hyphen. For example, 17588–7.

Putting on an inspired air, you now assert that the figure omitted is 6. If you prefer, you can let the person subtract one number from the other, and then tell him the omitted figure with the same ease.

The trick is simple, and the explanation of it can be understood by any boy who has studied arithmetic. The sum of a number and the same number reversed is a multiple of 11, the sum of the even figures is equal to that of the odd ones. Applying this rule to our example, 17588–7, and, representing the unknown figure by *x*, we have *x plus* 8 *plus* 7 *equals* 1 *plus* 7 *plus* 5 *plus* 8 *equals* 21. A simple mental calculation gives *x equals* 6. Where the number of figures in the product is an even one, the sum of the first two or first three will equal the sum of the last two or last three, and so on.

Proceeding with the difference, which is a multiple of 9, the sum of the figures must itself be a multiple of 9. Taking our example, 1–8169, and adding the figures, we obtain 25, but, as this is not a multiple of 9, we have to add 2 to obtain the multiple, and this was the figure rejected.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SEPTEMBER, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1895. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE and WM. V. BRYAN,
Publishers and Sole Proprietors.
Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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OBITUARY.

Is there any more difficult and trying task in the journalistic field than to write an obituary on the departed? And, being so, how much more arduous is the duty of chronicling on our editorial page the passing away of a partner and associate for many years. On the nineteenth day of August, after an illness of but six days' duration, Mr. E. McD. Johnstone, the Editor and one of the proprietors of THE TRAVELER, breathed his last at his beautiful little home in San Mateo.

No man ever existed who had a more truly innate love of Nature in all her forms. To him the mountains, streams, forests, flowers, and birds "spoke a various language," and he was never happier than when communing with Nature in her manifold conditions. Can a man be lacking in morals, integrity, and conscience who can find solace, enjoyment, and enthusiasm in association with the glorious works of God? There is only one answer, and the character of the man throughout his life was ample evidence of the company he kept.

He possessed the rare faculty of uniform kindness and gentleness to all with whom he came in contact, and if he ever made an enemy in the world no one ever heard of it, for he would sacrifice his own interests, whether it affected his feelings or his purse, rather than part in enmity or even strained relations with any of his friends, though unquestioned justice might dictate otherwise.

Mr. Johnstone was generally, but erroneously, credited with being a Scotchman. He was a Nova Scotian by birth, having been born in the little village of Pembroke, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, on May 15, 1849, making him a little over forty-six years of age when he died. His schooling was not thorough as many of us now enjoy, and his first business experience was with a large dry goods house of Halifax, where he entered at the age of fifteen years.

In 1870 he imbibed the spirit of many of his contemporaries and struck out West, with a view to participating in the prosperity for which this section of the country had so long been noted. At Seattle, Wash., he engaged in a general merchandise business, and subsequently found his way to San Francisco, where he secured a position as bookkeeper for the Ætna Iron Works. His ambition shortly prompted him to strike out for himself, and a few years in the coal business was the result. It was at this point of his career that his talents in the humorous and artistic line were first noticed. In front of his office at the coal yard was a large blackboard which it was his custom to decorate daily with quaint, comical, and interesting drawings. Their originality and cleverness attracted attention, and in a short time his talents were recognized by the officials of the Southern Pacific Company, who, at that time, were just realizing the value of the services of such a man. Negotiations culminated in his enlistment with the Railroad Company, and he remained with them for about eight years. Like wine, his gifts and versatility improved with age, and in a short time he became by reputation, if not by title, "the artist and litterateur of the Southern Pacific Company."

THE LATE E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

By those who did not enjoy the pleasure of his personal acquaintance he will be better remembered and recognized as the author and designer of the several artistic pamphlets published under the auspices of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific, prominent among which may be mentioned, "The Southern Highway," "By Semi-tropic Seas," "Shasta," and "West by South, Half South." Both the literary features and the distinctively unique pen sketches depicted therein were the handiwork of Mr. Johnstone. Of late years, and during his connection with the Railroad Company, he branched forth in the role of a lecturer, and, in connection with Mr. H. C. Tibbitts, the well-known photographer, who joined him on many of his trips and explorations, and accompanied the discourse with appropriate and superb stereopticon views, rendered a most original review of his travels, brightening them at opportune moments with odd bursts of witticism in his own peculiar style. In the latter part of 1892 Mr. Johnstone and the writer resigned their positions with the Railroad Company, and founded THE TRAVELER January 1st following. The manner in which the paper has been conducted through his editorialship needs no encomium from me, for it stands itself a beautiful monument to the quality and exquisite taste of the man.

His private life was beyond reproach, and while he, as all of us, had his faults, they were few and trivial, and immeasurably overshadowed by the grander halo of his nature. He possessed a strong and striking personality, firm in his convictions, yet yielding gracefully at the convincing point. His was the Golden Rule always, and friends can testify that he practiced it.

His keen sense of the humorous was one of his most striking traits, and his dry witticisms and quaint anecdotes and tales were a never-ending source of enjoyment to those who had the privilege of his acquaintanceship and association. Some idea of the value of his companionship is attested by the fact that he numbered among his best friends such lovers of Nature as Joaquin Miller, John Muir, and Wm. Keith, the artist. Men of this kind have neither the inclination nor the time to mingle familiarly with those who can neither approach their own equality of mind nor appreciate the intellectual elevation to which they have ascended.

The last article from Mr. Johnstone's pen will be found in another part of this paper, descriptive of his recent outing in Shasta County, a section of the State he knew and loved so well. And now he will be missed, not only from his own fireside and by his many friends, but by the people of California as well; for his loyalty and patriotism for that State, which was his home for so many years, were exemplified at all times through the forceful integrity of his writings and the quaint, catchy, and artistic character of the illustrations which accompanied them. His handiwork all was stamped with his own image, and became his own forever.

THE BENICIA ARSENAL.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THE United States arsenal at Benicia is the storehouse and distributing point for all the arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and equipments of war of the United States army, west of the Rocky Mountains. It was established about 1849, under command of Major Allen.

The officers at present stationed here are Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Babbitt, commanding officer; Lieutenant Ormond M. Lissak, who has command of an ordnance detachment numbering fifty men; and the surgeon, Dr. Curtis E. Munn, whose official rank is that of Major. There are, of necessity, some civilians employed in a clerical and mechanical capacity on the reservation, among them being H. L. Thompson, chief clerk, who has held the same position for thirty-four years; G. H. Thompson, who has charge of the ordnance stores, and George Miller, recording and filing clerk.

With the exception of the machine shops, which are of brick, all the official buildings are of fine gray sandstone, which is quarried on the grounds, and the four-storied, castellated structure, used as an arsenal, which was built in 1859, presents a very imposing appearance, standing as it does on an eminence that makes the ivy-grown walls visible for many miles. In this building are stored the small arms, Gatling and Hotchkiss guns. The three magazines are situated some distance away beyond a hill; one is used for powder, one for shot and shell, and one for cartridges for small arms.

Besides the buildings mentioned, the arsenal comprises two storehouses; blacksmith and carpenter shops; laboratory where the cartridge bags for big guns are filled; the office, which contains the safes, telephone and telegraph instruments, and where general business is transacted; three handsome sets of officers' quarters; the barracks; quarters for married men; bake house; fire-engine house; guard house; reading-room; "canteen," and stables. The civilians also occupy houses on the reservation.

The arsenal gate is an object of much admiration, and cost about eight thousand dollars. A complete system of sewerage has been established, the whole cost of which was about fifteen thousand dollars. Gas is manufactured on the premises, and at the wharf a dainty little steam launch, for the use of the officers, is moored.

The appropriation for the maintenance of the arsenal, exclusive of officers' salaries, is from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars a year; and the amount of ordnance, stores, etc., usually on hand, amounts, in the aggregate, to about $2,500,000.

The principal objects of interest are, of course, the cannon, and not the least interesting of these lie in the "cannon yard," or hollow near the railroad station, where hundreds of unused guns are stored; for the broken or obsolete guns, and other equipments and accoutrements, from the whole Coast, are turned in here, and at intervals all unavailable material is sold at auction.

In this yard may be seen cannon dating back to 1842, and some perhaps earlier. They look strange compared with the rifles and mortars of later date. For instance, lying near the railroad track, where they were with great difficulty unloaded from the cars, lie a number of guns that have attracted a world-wide attention. Chief among these is the wonderful twelve-inch breech-loading rifle exhibited at the World's Fair. Its companion piece is now at the Presidio, in this city, and the difficulties that had to be overcome in getting it there are still fresh in the minds of the public.

These guns, the largest ever made, were cast at the Water Vliet (N. J.) Gun Factory, and required ten months in the making. They weigh fifty-two tons each, or two tons more than the "Big Betsy," of which so much was written when it was shipped to this Coast to be placed in position on the "Monterey."

Each shot weighs 1000 pounds and necessitates a charge of 450 pounds of powder. The life of the gun is but eighty shots; that wears the rifling out, and if re-rifled, it would be useless, as there is no ammunition of such caliber. Sphero-hexagonal powder is used in these rifles, but as they have not yet been tested on this Coast, the penetration is unknown, but the initial velocity is 2000 feet, and the range twelve miles.

The maximum charge for a 3.2-inch breech-loading rifle is 3¾ pounds of powder of the same quality as that used in the larger rifles. A 15-inch smooth bore, muzzle-loading gun requires 130 pounds of powder.

It may be said, incidentally, that it required five cars to carry 200 boxed solid shot for the 12 and 10-inch rifles—100 for each; the weight of one shot boxed, for the 12-inch gun, being 1400 pounds, and for the 10-inch, 875 pounds.

The other large guns are one 10-inch breech-loading rifle, initial velocity 2000 feet, range 10 miles, penetration, at 1000 yards, 12-inch steel; three 8-inch breech-loading rifles, initial velocity 2000 feet, range 8 miles, penetration unknown; one 8-inch muzzle-loading rifle; two 12-inch breech-loading mortars, initial velocity 1020 feet, range 5½ miles, penetration, at 1000 yards, a 6-inch steel deck.

A new explosive, known as "brown prismatic powder," made in cakes or layers, is used exclusively for the mortars.

In addition to these are the small breech and muzzle-loading guns, and the Gatling and Hotchkiss revolving (rapid firing) cannon, and the Hotchkiss breech-loading mountain gun, the latter being the pride of the artillerymen, for though so small, its bore being only 1.65, it is deadly in its work and is very easy of transportation. In fact, the gun is loaded on one mule, the carriage on another, and the ammunition on a third. They are used in mountain fighting almost entirely, having been first tested five years ago in the Pine Ridge war.

The guns at present here will, when the carriages are complete and the tests made, be used in harbor defense, though if one might judge from the array of cannon on the heights near the officers' quarters and the arsenal building, it would seem as if all available material was concentrated here. There are big, dingy-looking, black guns, and shining little brass guns, that look more like toys than deadly weapons, though it is said their work, in time of need, would be very effective. Some of these were also exhibited at the World's Fair, and one of them booms forth every morning and evening to announce the rise and set of sun.

Cannon and shells seem to "lie around loose" in the reservation, and enter, in some manner, into every form of decoration. "Old Glory" floats proudly from the top of a tall staff in the big square near the Colonel's home, and is raised and lowered each day with the booming of the cannon on the terrace below.

A fence divides the arsenal reservation from another government reservation, known locally as "The Barracks," where three companies of infantry are stationed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson.

All the powder for cannon used on the Coast is manufactured by the California Powder Works at Santa Cruz. It is thoroughly inspected, and if it does not come up to the standard it is rejected. The proving ground at the Presidio is now used for testing the large guns, but Congress has been asked to make an appropriation to start a satisfactory proving ground at the arsenal, as the one now in use is entirely too small for present needs. A chronograph is used for registering the velocity of the shot. An endeavor is also being made to establish a gun plant at this place, as it is certainly the most available site on the Coast. The guns are fired by electricity; and for shells either percussion or time fuse, or both, are used. The smaller arms consist of the United States magazine rifles (Krag-Jorgensen rifle), caliber 30, model '92, weight 9 pounds, initial velocity 1960 feet; 45-caliber Springfield rifles, initial velocity 1270 feet; and Colt's new revolvers, caliber 38, model '93. The bayonets on the new rifles are sword-shaped and are used both for making thrusts, and for the less deadly, but no less necessary, work of throwing up entrenchments. It has been found that guns of smaller caliber are more deadly in effect because of their deeper penetration, and the tendency is to adopt arms of this kind.

All small arms are made at the armory in Springfield, Mass.; the cartridges for these guns are manufactured at the arsenal at Frankfort, Pa. The only construction arsenal in the United States is that at Rock Island, Ill., and it is here that all equipments and accoutrements of war are made. No manufacturing is done at Benicia, but guns are reconstructed and repaired. A pneumatic gun carriage is being built by the Fulton Iron works for use in the proving ground.

12-inch Mortar. Three 8-inch Rifles. Arsenal. 12-inch Rifle. Scenes at the Arsenal.

ATLANTIC CABLES.

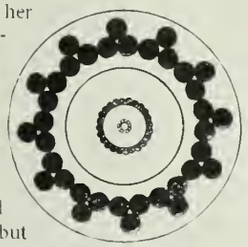
We are indebted to Mr. Leonard W. Storror, Superintendent Pacific Postal Telegraph Cable Company, for the following interesting items on the above subject.

LAYING OF THE COMMERCIAL'S THIRD ATLANTIC CABLE.

JULY 2d, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the cable steamer "Faraday," having completed the third Atlantic cable for the Commercial Cable Company, anchored off the port of Canso. The new cable is of the heaviest type, with the largest copper conductor and the speediest ever laid for the length. The "Faraday" has broken the record in Atlantic cable laying, the actual time engaged in the operations being twenty days. Laden with the balance of the shallow water and the whole of the deep-sea portion of the new cable, she sailed from Woolwich, England, on Tuesday, June 12, 1894, at eight in the evening.

OPENING OF THE MOMENTOUS VOYAGE.

In the early morning of June 13th, chilled by a northerly wind that savored more of January than of June, anchor was weighed and the ship left Gravesend on her momentous journey, her immediate stopping place being the buoyed end of the 143 knots of cable stretching west from the cable station at Waterville, Ireland. The weather changed as the English Channel was reached and became delightfully warm, but when Land's End was well astern it set rough and foggy. Observations for position were impossible, but on Saturday afternoon it was calculated by dead reckoning that the vicinity of the buoy was reached.

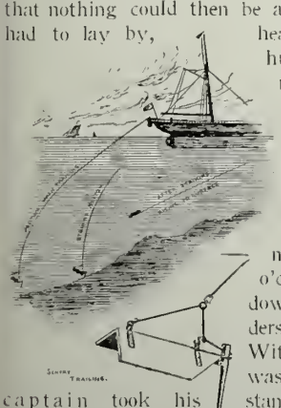


CABLE.

A sounding was taken with a 56-pound sinker on a piano-forte wire and gave bottom at 300 fathoms, and a little later another gave 263 fathoms. These depths satisfied the officers of the proximity of the buoy, but as the fog precluded a search, it was determined to lay by till the morning. During the night a stellar observation was obtained, and the ship found to be fourteen miles too far north. The course was at once made to the southward, and at daylight a buoy was sighted.

It proved to be a mark buoy that had been anchored close to the buoyed cable to doubly mark the spot, but the cable buoy itself had totally disappeared.

The only recourse now was to rake the ocean's bottom with a grapnel to recover the sunken end, and preparations were at once made to this purpose. The sea, however, was so rough and the swell so heavy that nothing could then be attempted, and the ship had to lay by, heaving and rolling like a huge floating log, to await more suitable conditions. The morning of the eighteenth broke with the same rolling, white-capped billows, but the weather was fine and looked like moderating. By nine o'clock the swell had gone down considerably and orders were given to grapple. With rapid action the gear was got into position. The captain took his stand on the platform over the picking-up sheave at the bows to direct the vessel's movements, and Chief Cable Engineer Brittle, from the same point, took charge of the grappling operations. The heavy grapnel, attached to six hundred fathoms of chain and rope, was passed over the bow sheave, and when it fetched bottom the ship moved slowly ahead.



SCHOOL TRAINING.

THE CABLE RECOVERED.

Twice the grapnel was thus dragged across the cable's path. The third time it was hooked. Eager faces hung over the ship's bows to watch the hauling in. In due course the grapnel, clutching the cable, appeared, and immediately after two men were lowered to it, seized a chain stopper on each side of the bight, cut this in two, and both ends were hauled on board.

This done, the second end was put to the steam winch and the piece pulled aboard. It was about two knots long. The buoy rope at the end looked as though it had been wrenched from the buoy by the propeller of some passing steamship. The piece of cable was then immediately spliced to that which was on board.

A HARD DAY'S WORK.

The morning of the nineteenth opened foggy and chill. Three buoys had to be picked up and the cable end brought aboard and spliced to the cable in the tanks. Two of the buoys bore only a small flag on the top, but the third (that which held the cable end) was much larger and fitted with top gear for carrying lanterns as well as a flagstaff.

A FEARFUL SIGHT TO LANDSMEN.

At four o'clock the work began, although the sea was rolling heavily. A boat, ready at the davits, was manned by eight sturdy fellows wearing cork jackets, and rapidly lowered to the water. The small craft pitched and tossed on the swelling, whitecapped waves, in a manner terrible to a landsman's mind.

The nearest buoy was pulled for, and, when reached, the first opportunity offered by the turbulent sea was seized to fix a rope to it, by which the boat was steadied, while another rope from the ship was attached to the tackle connected to the buoy's anchor chain and rope. The buoy was then released from its moorings and the whole drawn on board.

This was the mark buoy. The next was released in the same smart manner, and the boat hauled up, while the ship was headed for the third one, about a mile off. This was the large buoy, with top lantern gear, etc. When reached, the boat was again lowered and tossed about as mercilessly as before; but nothing seemed to shake those men. They got to the buoy, attached the steadying rope as before, and then one of the men, watching his opportunity, sprang upon it with monkey-like agility.

THE BUOY.

NEARING THE END OF THE TASK.

At half-past ten P. M., June 27th, when 1585 knots were between the ship and the Irish coast, a sounding was taken, giving bottom at 891 fathoms. The lighter or deep-sea portion of the cable was here terminated and spliced to the shallow water type and paid out in a dense fog, till there were out 1627 knots from Ireland and the vicinity of the Canso buoyed end was reached.

The cable was then cut and buoyed in 102 fathoms to await till the ship's actual position could be obtained, the Canso end found, and the final splice made. As the fog remained as dense as ever, clearer weather had to be waited for. In the early hours of the twenty-ninth a wind sprung up from the north, bleak and piercing, but it cleared off the fog, and the morning broke with glorious sunshine to discover no less than seven large icebergs slowly on their way to the south.

The ship's position was obtained and showed her to be some thirty-two miles from the buoyed end. A start was made at once, and Chief Steam Engineer Fortune astonished everybody by covering the distance in three hours, a wonder for the "Faraday," whose speed is not equal to that of the "Campania."

The buoy sought for, however, was nowhere to be seen. Telescopes and binoculars swept the sea in every direction, to no purpose. A couple of soundings were taken, marked buoys were put down, and then it was decided to grapple.

The weather, meanwhile, had become hazy, and although the horizon remained visible, the sun was obscured, and it was bitterly cold. Every one donned the warmest clothing he had. Those who had heavy ulsters and fur caps managed to keep themselves warm, but some who had nothing but light summer overcoats shivered with ill-disguised distress.

PAYING OUT.

The end to Canso was found to be in order. The other piece of cable was picked up, and the sought-for buoy found securely attached to the end. The night was now closed in, and steps were taken to complete the gap of thirty-two miles between the two ends on the following morning. But, baffled by fogs, the work could not be completed till nine o'clock of Monday morning, July 2d.

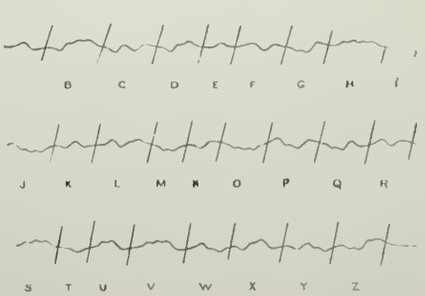
TIMING AN ELECTRIC MESSAGE.

Telegraphers have never made but a single series of tests for the purpose of determining the actual amount of time which elapses while a signal is being flashed from America to Europe along the Atlantic cable. The tests referred to were made at the McGill University, Montreal, Canada, in June, 1891. In carrying out these experiments a duplex circuit was arranged on both land and sea along the entire line, which connects Montreal with Waterville, Ireland. When the line was "cleared" a chronograph was attached to the observatory wire at Montreal, and everything declared to be in readiness. The instrument clicked off the signal, while the experimenters watched the chronograph with breathless interest. It did not seem "like an age of suspense," however, for within 1⅛ seconds the chronograph recorded the return of the signal, while it slowly dawned upon the interested scientists present that the flash had actually made the round trip from Montreal to Ireland in a period of time but little greater than one-sixtieth of a minute. In that very short space of time, infinitesimal and almost unthinkable, that electric message was flashed a distance almost as great as one-third the circumference of the world, or, to be exact, 8022 miles. Other experiments made the same day showed a variation of from 1 to 1.1 seconds for the signal to make a round trip.

GREATEST DEPTH OF THE SEA.

The greatest known depth of the sea is in the South Atlantic Ocean, midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or 8¾ miles, exceeding by more than 11,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic Ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to a depth of 4580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet, while depths equaling 34,000 feet, or 6½ miles, are reported south of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean between Japan and California is a little over 2000 fathoms; between Chile and the Sandwich Islands, 2500 fathoms; and between Chile and New Zealand, 1500 fathoms. The average depth of all the ocean is from 2000 to 2500 fathoms.

CABLE ALPHABET



TRENTE-ET-UN; OR, THE TWO RIVALS.

ACQUAINTANCE MADE IN THE TRAIN TO BADEN.

WE HAD just stopped at Epernay to take the customary glass of champagne.

"Wretched stuff, isn't it?" said my sole compagnon de voyage.

"Abominable! As bad as the worst gooseberry ever palmed off with an unblushing Sillery seal and an exorbitant price," I answered, laughing, and looking at him for the first time.

He was a fine-looking fellow, probably about thirty, with golden-colored hair, and regular features, that would have charmed Lavater save for a something, one could hardly say what, that told a physiognomy of irresolution.

"You're going to Baden, I suppose, as I am?"

"Yes; it's the Queen of Bads, isn't it? One can't tire of Baden; those two poplars at its entrance are two sentinels who won't let in the worry and boredom of the work-a-day world into its Armida's gardens."

"Are you in a hurry to get to Baden?" I asked, innocently.

He smiled, a little consciously, I thought.

"Oh, no; but I am expected there at dinner at seven, that is all, at the Badischer Hof."

By some fair lady, no doubt, or you wouldn't be in such a deuce of a hurry to get over the ground so fast, thought I, as he lapsed into silence, smoking his Manila, and turning over the leaves of a "Galignani."

It was one of Baden's fullest seasons. Royal princes were as plentiful as trout in April, and cabinet ministers in degage morning toilettes took it easy for once in the year.

Baden was full, and I met plenty of people I knew in the Conversation the morning after I arrived. Almost one of the first I saw was my fellow-traveler, whom I encountered on the staircase, with the lady of whose welcome of him I had caught a glimpse, and in whom I recognized Eva Boville, an intimate friend of my sister's, a daughter of old Trevanion's, who, it seemed, was just recently engaged to the man whom I had met in the train. He was one of the Chesterfields of Dorset, a family as proud as Lucifer but as poor as beggars, who had lost their coronet fighting for the "White Rose and long heads" with Derwentwater and Dundee. He was an attache to one of our legations; a fellow that won on you strangely, I couldn't tell you why; a mixture of sweetness and recklessness, of gay spirits and extreme depression, that never made you certain of what mood you would find him in, and yet made you like him in all, against your better sense, and be as tender over and as tolerant of him as you would be of a woman. His was a love engagement, that was plain to see. He loved Eva Boville, I believe, as dearly as man could; he was proud of her, of having won her, with her beauty, her grace, her birth; he was never weary of her society; he cared for no other woman, and the greatest beauties of Baden passed by him unnoticed. But there was one thing, I fancied, he loved as dearly—perhaps more dearly than he did her—and that was the fatal syren, the charmed Circe, the resistless fairy, who beckons us to the green tables, and hands us a cup that, if we taste it, we cannot set down, as delicious as brandy, as seductive as opium, as dangerous as absinthe—the Circe that lies in the whirl of the Roulette and the chances of the Trente-et-Un. She had no rival in her own sex, but I fancied she had one in the all-seductive syren of Chance, that sits behind the croupier's elbow in the gas-lit saloon of the Kursaal. I was but too right!

"Don't go to the gaming rooms, Cyril," I heard her whisper to him, that night, in the ballroom at the Kursaal.

He laughed. "Why, my dearest?"

"I don't know. I can give you no good reason, perhaps, but I have a horror of them. One of my uncles, years ago, when there were hells in James Street, gamed away all his fortune at Rouge-et-Noir, and shot himself in despair."

"I won't make so tragic an ending," laughed Chesterfield, though he gave a half shudder as she spoke. "He hadn't what I have to bind him to life. I could never despair while I have you."

"But do promise me—do. I never tease you about anything—but if you would promise me this!"

He looked fondly down into her eyes, but shook his head, laughingly. "No, I am not fond of promising. I would never break promises, and one can never be sure how far any one may be able to keep them. There is the music again—are you ready?"

He whirled her round in a waltz, and I dare say soon made her forget her refusal. Women, at one kind word, forgive us fifty unkind ones, and, like spaniels, lick our hands for a single caress, and pass over all the blows before it.

II.

HOW THE TWO RIVALS FOUGHT FOR EMPIRE.

Trevanion himself was an agreeable fellow, who lived more than up to his income, which was limited for a peer's; his wife was equally pleasant, to my taste at least, though some did say she was horribly proud; and Eva I had known ever since she was a child, and there was about her something so soft and spiritual that you would no more have thought of using her roughly than of taking a hatchet to cut down a harebell. Chesterfield wouldn't, at least. Gentle to everybody, inexpressibly so to her. There was but one thing that rivalled her, and held sovereignty with her over him—his other idol, Trente-et-Un. He was a great favorite of his chief—he was the darling of a very exclusive society; nobody in Baden would have shared my presentiment, I dare say, who saw him talking and laughing in the Conversation, exchanging mots with wits, or looking into his fiancee's eyes as he whirled her round in a waltz, though they might if they had noticed him when he was backing the color, his eyes dark, his lips white with feverish excitation, spurred to greater recklessness if he lost, tempted to further risk if he won; never tired of the delicious excitement, forgetting one love in another for the beckoning Circe that lured him in that syren refrain, "Make your game, gentlemen!" Luck began to run against him; he lost more at the Baden tables than even a rich man could well have afforded, and a rich man he was not.

"He had a fine fortune ten years ago," said a man I knew, Powell of the Carbineers, one day in the Kursaal.

"Who had?" said I. "Chesterfield?"

"Yes; but he's made ducks and drakes of it. His uncle left him a good lot of tin, but I don't fancy there's much of it now. You know he's such a shocking fellow for play; games away no end. *It is* deucedly tempting, but there's a medium in all things."

"What a fool I was ever to come into this accursed place!" I heard Chesterfield mutter to himself one morning, after the run of luck had been dead against. "If I hadn't come where gaming was, I might have kept to my resolve."

"Why did you, then?"

He turned quickly; he didn't know I was near him.

"The Bovilles were coming—Eva bade me meet her here; could I tell her I was such a coward that I dare not venture within reach of temptation?"

"Unpleasant, no doubt; but mightn't there be equal cowardice—excuse the word—in *not* telling her?"

His face flushed.

"May be; it would be right that she should know all my weaknesses and follies; perhaps I deceive her in concealing them, but I cannot destroy her ideal of me—I cannot be the one to tell her how weak a fool is the man she loves."

"And it's as difficult to forswear the green tables."

"Yes," he said, with a bitter intonation, that spoke more than fifty asseverations; and then he laughed, his gay, musical laugh. "Plato says the gods created us to be their playthings; if so, ninepins and kites may surely be allowed to be unstable."

"But you've lost no end, haven't you?"

"Twenty thousand francs this morning, but the run of luck must change. Cassagnac won his bets one after another last night—why not I to-morrow?"

"O, Cyril, they tell me M. Toralhier lost his last florin at Trente-et-Un, yesterday," said Eva Boville to him in her innocence, when they were alone. "He was a rich man when he came to Baden. What a strange infatuation to risk beggary on the color of a card, the turn of an ivory ball; to spend a lifetime waiting on the caprices of Chance; to lose wealth, time, peace, sometimes life itself, following the fickle changes of accident! It is an insanity, surely! I watched you to-day at the table, and I wished you would not go there. It is foolish of me, I dare say, but you are so altered when you play; your lips are white, your eyes feverish, your face so worn and haggard, I wonder you find pleasure in it."

He held her closer to him, kissing her fondly and passionately with lips that trembled upon hers.

"You would wonder at much that is in *my* heart; better for your own peace that you should never know it. I love you dearly, you know, though I am little worthy of you. But if any one can save me it is you alone. I promise you, on my word of honor, I will not stake another farthing at those accursed tables."

III.

HOW CIRCE CONQUERED.

One night we were gathered in the Kursaal as usual, I had just put three Naps a cheval on three chances of the Roulette, when I saw Chesterfield standing by me. Others might look impassive, he didn't; he was pale, and his lips worked, and his eyes had a wild, longing look in them, like a dog's thirsting for water. He pushed his way to the Roulette table, and staked upon the red. Absorbed in my own game, I did not heed his, till, having given the bank its gain in zeros to the amount of twenty Naps loss on my side, I retired from the game with a prudence I hope you will vote highly commendable, and then I noticed Chesterfield. He was a strange contrast to the laughing, impassive, and controlled people round him; the veins were swelled out on his forehead, his lips parched and drawn tight across his teeth; his eyes glittered unnaturally, as if with delirium or madness, and his hand trembled as he put down his stakes. His system was to double always when he lost; that system he had pursued now. Black had appeared eleven times—the color surely *must* change! He waited, his breath coming short and thick in the agonized impatience of his suspense. A twelfth time, black!—a thirteenth, black! He lost! The croupier raked away the seven thousand florins to which his stakes had swelled. Without a word, without looking to the right or left, his face more the hue of a dead than of a living man's, he pushed his way out of the hall.

"There goes a poor devil who is leaving hell, in order to seek an asylum, not quite so hot, in purgatory!" said Clos de Vougeot with a laugh.

It was only a heartless jest, but some way it chilled my blood as if it had been a prophesy, and I followed him out of the Kursaal. I lost him in the shadows of the night, grayer and more confusing still after the gas glare of the gilded halls I had left, for there was but little light from a new moon, and the stormy clouds drifting over the sky hid the stars from sight; but I guessed he would have gone on to his hotel after leaving the Roulette table so abruptly, and, impelled by a sudden impulse, I went there, too,—why, I could hardly tell you. Monsieur had just entered, the porter told me, and I ran up the staircase to Chesterfield's rooms. The door was shut, but not locked. I opened it without knocking. Again, I could not tell you why, a horrible, feverish, unreasoning anxiety possessed me, and I saw the glitter of a pistol barrel as he raised his hand upward to his head. Clos de Vougeot's devilish jest was a prophetic one. With a spring as though he was my murderer, and it were my life that hung in the balance, I crossed the room and struck his arm upwards with a jerk that discharged the pistol in the air.

"Chesterfield, good heaven! what are you about?"

He turned to me fiercely, his eyes glittering like a madman's, wrenching his arm from my grasp, he who was generally gentle as a woman.

"Who told you to come here? Get out, and let me be!"

"You are mad, for the time being, and I shall treat you as though you were, till you listen to reason. Calm yourself, for heaven's sake—for the sake of your manhood, your courage, your honor—for the sake of the woman you say you love. Your life is not your own to throw away like this."

The best spell that I could have used was her name. The feverish glare faded from his eyes; his lips quivered painfully, and his head sank upon his arms.

"My God! do not speak to me of her."

"And why? Is she not your promised wife? Has she no influence on your fate, no claim to your remembrance?"

He signed me to silence.

"Every title, every claim. I have loved her dearly, but I have loved play better. Barely a week ago I promised her, as solemnly as a man could, never to go to the Roulette again. She did not know the extent of my losses, nor did I tell her then, but I gave her my word of honor, and I have broken it!"

"You will not tell her, then?"

"No, no," he said, persistently, "I could not tell her—I could not. You do not know what it is to be loved by a woman, noble, pure, guileless herself, and to have deceived and wronged her trust in you. That I am beggared for the time they must learn, if I cannot in anyway retrieve what I have flung away. How I can I do not see as yet, but some way I will find, so that I need never wring her heart by telling her I betrayed my word."

"You are wrong, to my mind," said I. "A sin confessed is half atoned, and more than half; and, were I you, I should not be afraid of trusting Eva Boville's mercy. I should fear infinitely more living with her day after day with a wrong untold and a secret, like Luther's devil, everlastingly between us. Besides, if you tell her, you can leave Baden at once, for I am certain she will not urge you to stay."

It was forty-eight hours after that when I drove back to Baden; the days were sultry, and I chose a night drive rather than the train. As I drove past the Kursaal, I saw a crowd gathered a few yards from it—a crowd that swelled and grew as one by one the people left the gaming tables and came out into the gray air of the coming dawn, some going to their carriages, some lounging carelessly away, others joining the little group.

In the midst of them lay the dead body of a man, his face white and calm, save where the brow was knit as if with pain, his lips blue and slightly parted, his right hand clenched upon a pistol butt, and on his left temple, from which they had pushed the silky, golden hair, a dark, round orifice, through which the ball had entered to the brain. And through the crowd ran a whisper: "Lost at Roulette—shot himself!"

"Chesterfield! Why, I lent him a hundred Naps only an hour ago," said Cassagnac, lounging up.

"Ah! he has gone to purgatory, as I told you he would," laughed Clos de Vougeot, as he passed by.

For the devilish jest I could have knocked him down, but a mist came before my eyes. I turned sick and faint. I knelt down by the dead body, and I could have wept like a woman, though I had seen dead and dying men enough before then. I guessed well enough how it was; his old delirium had come upon him; he had borrowed, hoping to retrieve his shattered fortunes, hoping to recover his ruin before the woman he loved could learn it. He had lost again, and honor, peace, all gone, he in despair had fled, in a madman's haste and agony, from the life which now was tainted with dishonor. I guessed the story easily, but the white, cold lips could never move again to tell it. There he lay in the soft, silvery dawn dead, while the green woodlands stirred with awakening life, and the birds sang under the forest leaves, and the river glanced in the morning light, and the world roused, laughing, for another summer day, and the woman who loved him slept, dreaming golden, innocent dreams of a future that never would come.

ROADSIDE SCENES, SAN MATEO.

In driving or wheeling from San Francisco to San Jose the choicest bits of scenery, of which the country is full, are not appreciated because they are not seen. These picturesque nooks are to be found on the side lines of travel, noticeably on the roads to Pilarcitos, the lakes, Pescadero, Woodside, and La Honda.

PICTURESQUE SAN MATEO.

Ordinarily in the great valleys of California there is little of scenic interest to attract the eye, it is only where small valleys impinge upon the wooded foothills that the landscape partakes of a picturesque character; of such is the Valley of San Mateo. Its oak groves are its distinguishing feature, and they are scattered promiscuously through the country from the hills to the marsh lands along the bay. Next in importance after the oak comes the bay or California laurel, which flourishes in clumps of heavy foliage near the streams, forming a shade which in other than the warmest weather is almost too cool for comfort. The former have been likened to the brave old oaks of England and in massiveness and strength of limb and trunk they certainly compare favorably with their brethren in any country.

The small canyons that cut their way through the low foothills on the border of the valleys are niches of surpassing beauty and interest to the artist. Where they broaden out upon the level lands a prominent feature of their bottom-land foliage is the stately alder maple and the umbrella-shaped buckeye, under whose grateful shadows full-fed cattle and sheep seek their noon-day rest. Farther up, where the walls grow higher and more precipitous, they are covered with the velvety chaparral and ceanothus, and along the streams a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns and flowers, and still farther up, near the place of their birth, their walls are steep, rocky, storm-worn declivities, where only mosses, lichens, and hardy vines cling and eagles build their nests, and every mile of the way has a beauty distinctively its own.

There is a restful stillness in these quiet nooks, unbroken save by the splash of sparkling cascades over rocky walls, the occasional note of the lark in the treetops, or the plaintive call of the mourning dove for its lost mate.

The light landward breeze turns the scalloped edges of the maple leaves, and goes singing on through flower-strewn, vine-clinging corridors, fanning the cheek of the angler, brushing the perfume from the azalea and the down from the lilac blossom, and, finally, for lack of breath, dies amongst the high solitudes of the crags. The beauty and interest of this valley and foothill country are greatly enhanced by the charming vistas of bay and distant mountain scenes on the east and the blue, hazy stretches of the redwood-crowned mountains on the west. The statement that the climate of San Mateo varies quite a deal from that of San Francisco is correct, and we not only propose to reiterate the statement but to explain why it is so. Every one familiar with the topography of San Francisco and vicinity knows of the current of cool air that rushes in through the Golden Gate to fill the vacuum caused by the rising of the heated air in the interior valleys. In summer afternoons this breeze is strong, bracing, and very frequently fog-laden. It is not what may be termed a deleterious wind, but there are many persons who avoid it when it can be done conveniently.

Leaving San Francisco on summer afternoons, one passes almost immediately into the fog after leaving the water front, which increases in density until Ocean View is reached. All the way down Colma Valley the outlook is obscured by the dense fog banks that pile up against the San Bruno Mountains, and not until San Bruno is reached does one ride out into clear sunshine. There are no obstructions to the fogs in the northern end of the peninsula until they reach the San Brunos; and, if this range had extended as far as San Mateo, we should have had fogs in abundance, but where this range diminishes on the east there arises the Santa Morena Range on the west, which attains an elevation of two thousand feet. This range, lying near the ocean, catches this great wall of fog, and as it rolls over into the warm foothill valleys it is dissolved.

There is but a slight difference between the temperature of San Francisco and the district in question, but there is a large difference when it comes to salubrity.

AN OUTING IN SISKIYOU COUNTY.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

LEAVING the railroad at Montague, and taking a private conveyance for Butte Creek, thirty-eight miles distant—nearly due east from the railroad—you find yourself in one of the most delightful mountain regions of California; the first few miles is a flat alkali plain, hot and dusty, but when you reach the foothills the character of the country is completely changed. You follow the Little Shasta River up a gradual ascent of about twenty miles, skirting along what is known as the Goose Nest Range, the summit of which, by the way, is an extinct crater, extending to the depth of 150 feet; it is partially filled with ashes and has not been active, so the scientists say, for centuries. You reach the summit at an altitude of 5000 feet, and then descend gradually to an elevation of about 4000 feet to the lower meadow of Butte Creek, where Bray's Ranch, our objective point, is located. This meadow is separated from the upper meadowby a volcanic formation of about an eighth of a mile. Strange to say, this ledge is covered by a vigorous growth of pine trees that spring right out of this rocky belt. The meadow, with its delicious warm green, affords a pleasant contrast to the darker tones of the surrounding forest. Butte Creek rises in Shasta Buttes about forty miles distant, and sinks in some subterranean cavern near Mt. Hebron, about eight or nine miles further north. Antelope Creek, some six miles away, rises in the same place, runs almost parallel to Butte Creek, and disappears in the same locality. Both these streams are celebrated trout streams, particularly the last mentioned, which derives its name from the great number of antelopes in the vicinity. It is an ideal stream, a clear pebbly bottom, limpid and pure, fringed with aspen and pine, then a clear grassy sward for a hundred yards or so, enabling the angler to cast in the most scientific manner. The climate is simply delightful; cool mornings and evenings and warm during the middle of the day. The twilights are very long, lasting till nearly nine o'clock. Bear and deer are very abundant. Mr. Bray, the owner of these beautiful meadows, and his son Walter, are both famous hunters. Quite a touching incident occurred during our visit: A doe and fawn had been attacked by a couple of dastardly coyotes (they hunt in pairs, the miserable wretches). One compelled the attention of the mother while the other attacked the fawn. They were about to get away with their plunder when Mr. Bray, who was attracted by the cries of the fawn, dropped in on the scene, unobserved by the coyotes, and shot them both dead. The doe was within forty feet of Mr. Bray and did not seem disturbed by his presence; the fawn was mortally wounded and had to be killed, and so found its way into camp. The air here is full of the aromatic odor of the pine forests, balmy and invigorating, and is a splendid place for those suffering from weak lungs. Mt. Shasta is seen about thirty or forty miles distant in a southeasterly direction. One does not fully realize the grandeur of this mountain until seen from this locality; there is nothing to obstruct the view. As seen from the meadows, it rises in all its grandeur, snow-covered and conical, giving the full height in an unbroken outline, and showing the glow of departing day in a way that cannot be equaled from any other point of view with which I am familiar.

Mt. Shasta is probably the most interesting and picturesque of all the mountains in North America; but one arrives at this conclusion only after a study of years, and after a careful comparison with other great peaks of California, Mexico, Oregon, and Washington. In some respects Orizaba and Rainier are more impressive, the latter especially from Puget Sound, and the former from the coffee districts of Cordova; but neither of these mountains conveys such an idea of immensity as does the isolated cone of Shasta. Mt. Whitney, in the southeast central portion of California, is several hundred feet higher than Shasta, but it is so bulwarked about by ranges and ridges of nearly an equal altitude that there is nothing especially imposing in its appearance. This is also true of many other lofty peaks of the high Sierra to the east and south of Yosemite, which reach far above the perennial snow-line, yet, on account of their surrounding grandeur, lack the strong individuality of the Monarch of the North.

What the railroad traveler sees of "Tshastl, the White-robed," as the Indians called the great white Butte, from the Sacramento Canyon, or from the Strawberry or Shasta valleys, gives but a faint conception of the colossal strength and majesty of this old volcano that rears its icy cone nearly two perpendicular miles above the surrounding landscape. It is only when one climbs to some considerable elevation in the neighborhood that the grand proportions of this huge bulk of earth dawns upon the mind, and at each successive visit one is more and more vividly impressed with its immensity and the wonderful influence it has had in the molding of the country for scores of miles around.

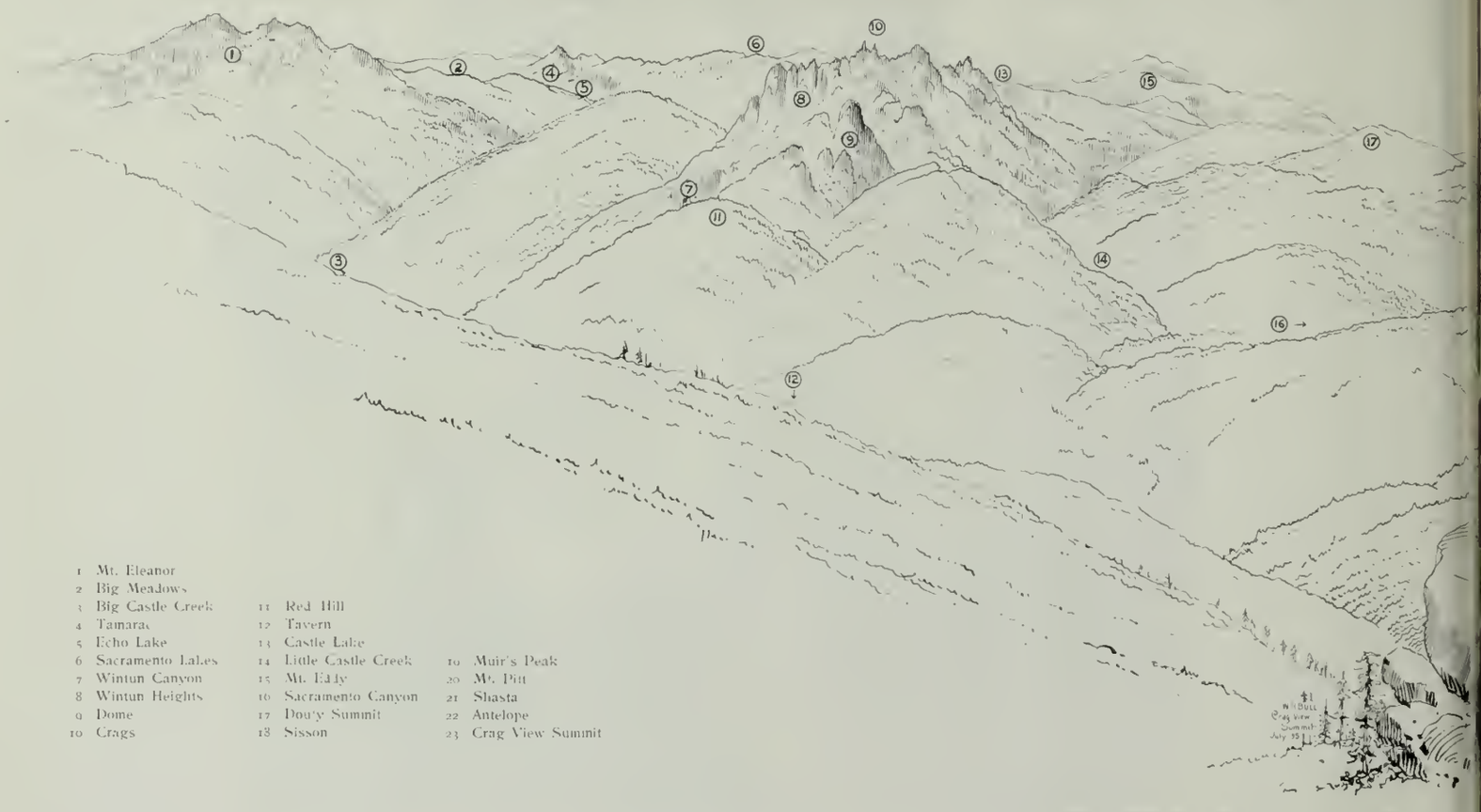
Of all the points of interest—and their name is legion—from which to study Shasta, there is none so favorable as "Crag View Summit," which lies about two miles in an air line to the southeast of Castle Crag Tavern, the highest point of the south wall of the Sacramento Canyon.

Its altitude is about 5200 feet, or a little over three thousand feet above the river, and its peculiar situation renders it exceedingly favorable for a grand panorama clear around the horizon.

The accompanying cut includes the view from Mt. Eleanor on the west, to Antelope Peak on the east, and it may be safely asserted that there is not such another view to be had from any height in California, or, perhaps, on the Pacific Coast.

Of course the all-absorbing point of attraction is Shasta, which looms up in its naked, solitary grandeur to the exclusion of all other objects. The view is unobstructed and sublime. The northern slope swings down from its lofty elevation of 14,440 feet for sixteen miles into the Shasta Valley, a descent of over 11,000 feet; the southwest slope reaches Elk Flat and descends over 10,000 feet in eight miles, and its southeastern line dies away in the blue forest of McCloud River Valley.

All its moraines, lava gulches, and ice gorges are exposed to the eye of the observer; there is nothing



concealed; there is nothing more to be desired, save, possibly, the wings of a dove, or of some larger bird, to transport one across the intervening chasm to explore the vastness of this great pillar of God. Shasta has no rival within a radius of fifty miles. It stands supreme, solitary, and alone, the embodiment of eternal strength, of cold white desolation, like some remnant of a burnt-out world; and yet standing there in its death-like shroud, exposing here and there a lava rib, this monster draws your attention from every other object; it fascinates you, charms you, and compels you to gaze upon it until the eye is dimmed with tears and one is almost ready to cry out in agony that the spell may be broken.

There is a cold gray light upon this mountain on winter mornings, that, even to look upon, sends a chill to the very marrow, especially if the snow banner be flying; yet, perhaps, at evening tide, when twilight shadows have darkened the valley below, its vast hoar-frost and storm-swept ridges are transformed into a beacon-light of glory, where the warm, mellow light loves to linger, where the last and best treasures of the declining sun are poured out in a wondrous profusion, until it is driven by the night lavenders and grays beyond the horizon; then the faint light of the stars sends their shining avenues of flame down its furrowed, hoary slopes; soon there comes out from behind the night, first a faint flash of radiant silver that gleams across the sky and dims the light of the stars; the higher peaks are aflame with St. Elmo fire, and slowly from spire to spire and from ridge to ridge this incandescent flood sweeps on until the whole mountain glows and gleams with a light supernal.

While Shasta is the *piece de resistance* of this grand outlook, there are scores and scores of lesser but still important points of interest.

The Castle Crag Tavern lies half a thousand fathoms deep, almost under your feet, and the granite pinnacles from which this famous hostelry takes its name stand squarely in front of you across the canyon, perhaps not less than four miles away, but in the clear mountain air the distance does not seem half so great. The Dome and Wintun Heights that seem so lofty from the floor of the canyon, fall far below the higher spires that lie a mile or so back towards Castle Lake. The strength and beauty of this cluster of rugged gems is nowhere seen from so comprehensive and satisfactory a standpoint as Crag View. Douty Summit, which lies a mile or so east of the Crags, and which is reached by the Castle Lake trail, is a close rival of Crag View as to its scenic advantages, and many persons claim it to be superior; but the view is not so comprehensive and far-reaching as from the latter point.

From this famous summit of Crag View I once witnessed something altogether unique in the way of a thunder storm.

The day broke down in the canyon at Castella, hot and silent; the shining black oak leaves lay motionless in the clear early light; gradually the thermometer crept up from 80 degrees to 90 degrees, and by ten o'clock the unusual degree of one hundred in the shade was recorded. Occasionally during the forenoon fitful breezes swept up the canyon, singing their way through the pine tops, followed suddenly by the unusual stillness that had characterized the early morning.

I had to make a trip over to Tom Neal Creek that day, and, looking back from the summit about noon, saw nothing ominous in the sky save a few thunderhead pillars back of Castle Crags, and a white scraggly haze to the southwest that was moving slowly northward. After leaving the summit the trail drops suddenly into a deeply wooded ravine which affords occasional glimpses of the snowy Sierra in the neighborhood of Lassen Butte, sixty or seventy miles away to the southeast. Along their blue and white summits the wild-fire heat shimmered and wavered, and though there were no signs of clouds in that direction, yet there was in the air a feeling of oppressiveness, as though it seemed impossible to draw a full, long breath. The birds were unusually silent; even the note of the scolding jay and the robin's chirp were wanting. Once, in a deep wooded glen, an oriole sang his brief song in a half frightened way, but it was soon hushed, and it seemed as though a spell had been temporarily placed upon animated nature. Down in the wild depths of Tom Neal Canyon the thought of any atmospheric disturbance was lost sight of; the air was deliciously cool and soothing to the nerves.

After a lunch of cold beans, coffee, and hardtack, at a prospector's cabin, a smoke and a short siesta, I mounted my faithful "Old John" and started back up the trail, occupied mainly with the thought of a possible shot at a deer.

The sharp high mountain ridges of California are peculiar in the respect that one may climb their steep sides as he would ascend a ladder to a house top, coming abruptly upon what is to be seen on the other side. There is something remarkably exhilarating, yes, one may even say exciting, in climbing one of these great ranges, in coming so abruptly upon a grand panorama where one-half of the horizon circle bursts suddenly upon the eye.

Upon this occasion the effect was unusually striking. There was a thunderstorm in "full bloom," as John Muir would say, that reached from Tamarac Peak clear around to Antelope, beyond Shasta, the seat of war being located between Mt. Eddy and Shasta Valley. This was the first opportunity I had ever had of looking over, under, before, and behind a great electrical storm. I say under, because near Muir's Peak there was an avenue of light that stretched away to the Siskiyous, under the huge base wall of the storm that bridged the distance between the Scott Mountains and Shasta. Here was a profile of the beginning, middle, and end of the storm. It had evidently been brewed in the wild volcanic region where the Trinity and Scott ranges meet, and would soon exhaust itself on Shasta, as many, or, indeed, most of the local storms in this neighborhood do.

The cloud effect was something altogether glorious and magnificent, especially over and around Shasta, and along the Trinity Range to the west. The effect was heightened by the fact that the sun was low down in the sky and the shadows were strong and startling. The heavy, gold-rimmed clouds rolled slowly away to the east; night with her mantle of gray soothed the rebellious elements; and, before I had reached my journey's end, the Queen of Night had climbed above the pine hills on the east, and cast a tranquil radiance over the cloudy wrecks of what had been the most magnificent storm I had ever beheld.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

MR. W. S. CONWAY of Castella, as has been stated before in the columns of this journal, is the best-posted guide in the neighborhood of Castle Crags and Shasta. He can throw a fly across the Sacramento at its widest point and draw a bead on a deer with unerring accuracy, but this has nothing to do with a little episode that occurred the other day down on Tom Neal Creek, and a dollar for a front seat to this little side-show would have been counted dirt cheap to any lover of genuine sport.

We had whipped the stream carefully for over a mile with but fair success, landing a few ten to twelve-inch trout and receiving a good number of bids for our feathered goods with varying success.

Conway climbed around a rocky ledge where the underbrush was dense and almost impenetrable, and landed upon a rocky cliff, at the farther side of which was a dark green pool with a foamy ripple at its head, and altogether such a spot as delights the eye of the angler. The opposite shore was shaded by the broad-leafed saxifrage and the branches of a wide-spreading maple; the afternoon sun was just casting his last feeble shadows on the hither side of the stream, and, indeed, it was in every respect an ideal nook, and one where fish were not only liable to linger but to bite.

The illustrious Castle Crag guide did not hurry. He waited for a few minutes to gloat over the prospects and examine his tackle; then he tossed one of Benn's Royal Coachmen over his shoulder, in that elegant way that is known only to the expert angler—but it did not return—it caught in an alder leaf twenty or thirty feet away. The experienced hand never pulls very lustily at first when he finds a bite in a tree top; he turns his pole carefully first to the right and then to the left, and then possibly he gets mad and tries to pull the tree down.

THE DIVING GIRL.

Now, it so happened that adjacent to the leaf that the Royal Coachman caught upon there rested a wide-awake family of what Webster calls "an hymenopterous insect of the genus Vespa." "The mouth," Webster says, "is horny, the upper wings plicated, the abdomen joined to the thorax by a thread-like pedicle, and the sting concealed," which, in plain language, means yellow jacket. "I watched him but a moment, but methinks I see him yet." He waved his hat and dropped his pole and executed one of the neatest little war dances that it has ever been my good fortune to witness (but he didn't know that I was looking). He plowed swaths in the atmosphere with his arms, his hat, and his legs, and finally slid off the rock into the underbrush and made his way to where I was standing. I asked him where his pole was, and he simply remarked that he had left it up on the rock. Then I asked him if he had had a rise. He said, "Yes, I had one of the most interesting rises I have ever had on this stream." He then borrowed a Royal Coachman and a leader, remarking that he guessed he would rest a few minutes before he tried the pool again, and then he asked if I had that little vial of ammonia in my pocket. And as he lifted his hat I saw several reddish lumps with little white spots in the center clustering around his forehead and one on his nose.

After he had rested awhile he insisted, in an off-hand way, that I try the pool; my tackle was better than his, and, anyway, he had about come to the conclusion that I was a more skillful angler than he was. I simply replied that I was not acquainted with the Wintun contortion dance, and, besides that, I had barely escaped sending a Coachman into the same yellow jacket's nest myself not many minutes before. And then Conway said something that I could not hear distinctly, but I am quite certain that his remark would be better left out of this story.

Whether traveling sharpens the wits or not is not for me to say; but if a man "out on the road" will keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, he is likely to pick up much useful information and have a good deal of fun in a quiet way. He will at any rate pick up texts for sermons that he may grind out in a dismal way to his hearers when he reaches home again. One may walk down Market Street a hundred times, and, being absorbed in thought or abstracted by business cares, will not notice a hundred and one queer phases of character that would interest him if he had the leisure to note them. But once on board the train, with his cares locked up at home, the rest-seeker will find the time and the opportunity for studying the various aspects of humanity.

Did you ever notice in traveling the partially bald-headed man and take heed of the various devious ways to which he resorts to make himself and the public believe that he is not bald? If he has a fertile hirsute patch on the sides of his head, just above his ears, he gathers up the straggling ends and mingles them in a French curl along his bump of self-esteem and veneration, giving the casual observer the impression that there is no place for flies to sit and study their reflections while they sharpen their hind legs or try to push their heads off preparatory to seeking other forms of deviltry.

There is another device that is resorted to by this class, and the deception is perfect as long as the subject wears his hat—that is to cultivate the fringes of his hair that linger about the outskirts of the back of his neck and brush them up in a sunburst fashion to do duty in the less productive regions of his skull.

Then, like the man who rolled up his pants because they were too short, there are a few persons who keep their remaining locks as closely clipped as possible, and occasionally there is to be seen a man who has given up all attempts at dissimulation and simply "goes it bald-headed," and there is possibly more wisdom in making the best of a bad bargain than in attempting to cover up a head that Nature intended should be left bald.

The cut near the top of the last column on this page represents the head of the famous American bison, now almost extinct. This species of the bovine animal is commonly and more popularly known as the buffalo, but, strictly speaking, the genuine buffalo is found only in India and South Africa, the bison differing most strikingly both in character and appearance. Forty years ago the region on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains abounded with thousands of these animals, but as civilization advanced, together with the inroads of soldiers and Indians, they were wantonly slaughtered by thousands, until now they are rarely to be seen; and those that still do exist are safe only within the confines of the Yellowstone National Park, under control of the United States Government.

At some seasons of the year the bulls are aggressive and troublesome, but, generally speaking, are timid and fear the approach of man, and when wounded or cornered they become maddened and are exceedingly

AMERICAN BISON.

dangerous, requiring all the dexterity of the skilled hunter to effect his retreat.

The Indians capture them in various ways by hunting on horseback and shooting them from the saddle with bows and arrows or rifles. Sometimes they ensnare them with enclosures of snow which the bisons are unable to overleap, or by attracting a large herd toward a precipice and then starting them from the rear so that those in front are irresistibly forced forward and over.

The only possible salvation for the American bison is the possibility of domesticating it, otherwise it will soon share the fate of its European cousins.

"LOVELY AT HIGHLANDS."

The following letter has been turned over to us as evincing the deserved popularity of the famous Highland Springs of Lake County. It has been requested that the writer's name be omitted, but the contents of the letter will, nevertheless, carry its weight.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS, August 1, 1895.

My Dear 'Bess:—You will think I am never going to keep my promise and write, but I find it a very difficult thing to do, for this beautiful spot makes me so lazy it seems an exertion to move. If you want a rest, come up at once, for I shall be here a month more at least, and just see the good times we will have in a month. We can play tennis here, and I'll wager we will beat the boys.

Truly I will never say I am to leave here again. Next time I will quietly slip out with no one knowing it. Truly, Bess, I have been packed three times to go home, and at the thought of really leaving this fascinating place, I have decided to remain longer.

Now let me tell you something. Your first impressions on arriving here may not be satisfactory. I imagined I was to see a Hotel del Monte—I felt it must be such a hotel from the manner in which everybody I met would say: "Oh, it's lovely at Highlands." Do not expect as much as I did, but look for a comfortable, home-like place—the best place in the country to have a genuine rest. It is a long, dusty ride from Pieta, yet you will never mind it at all; you will even forget you see dust on all sides, for the scenery is beautiful, and you will thoroughly enjoy the ride.

I never was in a resort where so many people make such long stays. I used to think two weeks a long stay at a resort, but here—well, here whole families come and stay two and three months.

We have had a great many cyclers here this summer, the young gentlemen enjoying it here immensely.

Oh, Bess, we rest during the day, but at night we all dance. We have a fine dance-hall and a good musician, and we dance and enjoy life, I assure you; so hurry and come up. Mr. Craig is awfully kind, and he never says a "no" when we want an excursion.

I'll expect you on Tuesday, and, I'll promise you, you will greatly benefit by the change, for I have decidedly.

Sincerely, ——

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, August 12, 1895.

THOUGH Emile Zola spends a few hours daily on his wheel along the charming country roads of Medan and Poissy, and on the pretty banks of the Seine, it is not true that he has broken down mentally, and that he rides a bicycle in order to repair his mental forces. Zola rides a "bike" because he enjoys the exercise and has found it most beneficial to his health. He is in splendid form, both intellectually and physically, and says that his faculties for "turning out copy," or for whirling rapidly along on his wheel, were never better. The fact is, Parisian novelists and journalists have taken to the bicycle with astonishing alacrity, and men of letters, who never ventured further along the boulevards than from Tortoni's in one direction to the Madeleine in the other, are now to be seen covering space all over the beautiful suburbs of Paris.

Henri Bauer, the leading dramatic critic, the valiant and dauntless *chroniqueur*, has just published the "Memoirs of a Young Man." These memoirs are, naturally, his own, and they are well worth reading. Bauer's life has been a turbulent one. He was still in his teens when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and he tells, after a few chapters on his life as a student, how he stood up for the ideas he thought were the best for the good of his country. He possessed all the enthusiasm of a Rochefort, and, like the editor of the "Intransigeant," was transported to Noumea. The finest chapters of the book are the ones wherein he pictures all the sufferings endured by those "convicts,"(?) men, innocent of crime, condemned to the infernal frigate and to the iron cage in which they were transported from the country they were always ready to die for, to the Island of New Caledonia, where their hardships were even more awful than all the misery they had supported during a voyage of several months' duration. Finally pardon arrives. Pardon, for no crime, after six years' captivity. One would think that after such a period of incarceration, life would be found hardly worth living. But Henri Bauer is not a man of the ordinary type. At the present day, although he has relinquished politics, he has, nevertheless, attained a most enviable position in modern journalism. He still continues the struggle, but now only in favor of true litterateurs, and les belles lettres.

Of an equally realistic nature, though by no means a volume of the same robustness and puissance as the preceding book, is "En Plein Faubourg," by Henri Leyret. The author of this study of the life and condition of workingmen and women of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, Paris, had the novel idea of establishing himself as a *marchand de vin* in the Faubourg itself. In other words, in order to observe the persons about whom he was going to write, he opened a saloon for the working classes. He has, as one may easily imagine, a curious tale to tell, both about the dramatis personæ and the wines and other liquors consumed on his premises. The writer has made a good study of the Parisian workingman, who is not the fiery rioter pictured in so many volumes on Parisian life, but who, on the contrary, is a hard worker, content only when he is at work. As to the "trade," he lets out a secret or two—he did not go into the business to make money. The book is interesting from many points of view, and Zola's ride on an engine, his visit to Lourdes, or his stay in Rome, are cast into the shade by the author who condescended for several months to wear a blue apron behind the counter and pour out four sous of absinthe hundreds of times daily. Notwithstanding a little faulty judgment here and there, the book is decidedly one of the most curious published in Paris this year.

A SAN FRANCISCO TYPE.

By the admirers of Gibson's famous sketches in "Life" and other well-known periodicals, the above portrait will be recognized as strikingly characteristic of his conception of "The American Girl" that he has so well depicted. The grace, the dash, and the tilt of independence are all exemplified in the pose and expression.

Another type of romancier altogether is Maurice Montaigut, the author of "Dernier Cri." Poet, dramatic author, short story writer, novelist, M. Montaigut has been successful as one and all. As its title indicates, his latest effort is a book of the times, and coming out as it did on the morrow of the æsthetic troubles in England, it was certainly "up to date." The plot contains nothing remarkable, but the portrayal of the hero, a modern æsthetic young duke, is, indeed, cleverly handled. The volume is decidedly Parisian, and very fin de siecle, but it is written in masterly style. The moral, too, is not, as one expects to find usually in books of this kind, a bad one, for the duke who cared but for Wagner's music, incomprehensible poesy, pale looks, and everything that was out of the ordinary, is vanquished in the end and becomes a rational being. Montaigut is one of the finest pens among our "modern young" writers, and his "Dernier Cri" deserves all the success it is meeting with.

The Parisian book market is not only crowded with productions of all kinds from the pen of romanciers and literary tradesmen, but others, whose professional duties call them elsewhere than in the field of literature, do not hesitate to enter the arena of deception—either by writing and publishing a novel, or by inflicting their memoirs on the general public.

Ex-Deputy Paul Lengle, a politician of note, has written a book called "Therese." It is a powerful novel and, in these troubled political hours, is especially interesting. In the most innocent manner imaginable this ex-member of Parliament introduces the reader to the hidden life of the parliamentary world which, for so many years, he was at liberty to study. Contemporaneous "workings" are exposed fearlessly. The author makes a powerful novel by bringing fatherland, duty, love, and humanity in close contact with each other. Starting at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, during which many a brother was compelled to fight brother, the author has no difficulty in showing the terrible ills that the great conflict brought about, and to conclude in favor of peace upon earth. For analysis of sentiments, and purity of expression, M. Lengle's "Therese" may be considered a masterpiece.

The few books I have noted above are among the best literary productions of the day. Lovers of the French novel who so often experience an *embarras de choix*, will find them all very readable.

FREDERIC MAYER.

SACRAMENTO'S CARNIVAL.

We have received an invitation to be present at the grand electric carnival to be held in Sacramento on September 9th. It is to be a most novel and interesting demonstration, and is the more important because it celebrates the transmission of almost unlimited electric power from Folsom to Sacramento. This will admit of the city's being transformed into a blaze of light on the night of the carnival, and arrangements have been made for electric arches, electric floats, and brilliant illuminations that will be gorgeously beautiful. In the parade at night will be floats, bearing designs in lights of every color. The railroad shop employees alone will provide twelve grand floats. The Native Sons and Daughters, who will be in Sacramento by the thousands on Admission Day, will participate in the parade, as will also the military and many civic societies. It is to be a grand affair, and will, we believe, mark a new era in the history of the Capital City.

An Executive Committee of prominent citizens has been appointed, with Hon. Joseph Steffens as Chairman, and J. O. Coleman, Director-General, and extensive arrangements are being made for the affair.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

The gradual disappearance of Telegraph Hill from San Francisco's rugged environs is an affair mainly of topographical importance. To the community at large its disintegration is a matter of indifference. Even the "old-timers," who are generally loath to see a landmark tampered with, betray no sentiments of regret, and the work of razing goes on without protest, save from the few inhabitants who still cling to their old haunts. Exposed to danger, yet too poor to get away from the fast crumbling hill, they divide their waking hours between the day's routine and preparations for the anticipated crack of doom. One cannot but be sorry for them, and wish that some provision could be made for their removal by a gentler means than giant powder transportation affords. The latter method is sufficiently efficacious, but it lacks the element of safety.

Her summer wardrobe? Six trunks bound with rope
Will scarcely hold the stuff.
But for her bathing suit an envelope
Is large enough.

A countryman wandered down Geary Street, a few days ago, with a postal card in his hand. He looked inquiringly about him, as though searching for something. Up and down, to right and to left he gazed with the air of a man who knows what he is hunting for, but cannot tell where to find it. Presently he halted, and an expression of relief came over his face. Stepping to the closed door of a store, he carefully inserted the postal in the aperture underneath the sign, "Letters," and went on his way rejoicing, confident that the mail box he had been seeking had at last materialized.

All through the gentle springtime people hoard
Their cash to pay a two-months' summer board.
And tan their skins the regulation brown.
(You must, although the trip you can't afford,
Go out of town.)

A deep despair the milkman's bosom fills
When debtors linger by the rippling rills;
He sadly turns his profit-loss page down;
His customers, alas, can't square their bills—
They're out of town.

The patient grocer sighs for them to pay
For things that they devoured from day to day.
Even the butcher wears a martyr's crown,
For creditors must work while debtors gay
Are out of town.

And this is why the faces that we meet
In summer-time upon the noisy street
Are shadowed by a gloomy, darksome frown.
But what of that? The world must, I repeat,
Go out of town.

Who was to blame, the linotype, the operator, or the proofreader? The intelligent "comp" can prove an alibi this time. An esteemed contemporary across the bay gives us the news, in a recent issue, in the following lucid manner: "—— the same boy that you used to be when you wore short cmfwyp cmfwyp cmfwypp." This is really unintelligible to the ordinary understanding. What *did* that boy wear? In the next paragraph we are informed that he was "speechlessly reproofful of her onsault." Again is the reader plunged into a state of hopeless mystification. Is it merely Volapuk, or a merciful desire to withhold some painful truth? Surely it is mistaken kindness upon a newspaper's part to leave *too* much to the imagination of the public. One would better know the worst at once than be tritled with like this.

I talked with a man the other day who is so prejudiced on the coinage question that he frowned disapprovingly at me when, in the course of conversation, I said something about every cloud having a silver lining.

Saint Barbara, I cannot, will not, believe this of you. Tell me it is only a wicked, ghoulish canard. Refute the slander that, to attract a few miserable dollars your way, you have lowered yourself to dime-museum methods, to the cheap, catch-penny allurements of the vulgar. As well might one expect to stumble upon a tamale stand in the Garden of Eden as to look for such a demonstration as this! Santa Barbara, the home of my childhood, the dream of my youth, a sawdust ring for the antics of an uncanny clown? Perish the thought!

Good Rip Van Winkle roamed the town
Serenely, till he caught
A glimpse of something down the street.
Then fled as one distraught.

His frantic terror at the sight
Poor Rip could not conceal;
How should he know 'twas but a girl
In bloomers on a wheel?

All the way from Hanford, in "baby Kings County," comes a turtle story. I cannot vouch for the story, but the young man who related it to me has hitherto borne an unblemished reputation for veracity. Kings County is the place where you can plant a tree in the morning and climb a stepladder at nighttall to pick fruit from it, so wonderfully productive is the soil. Said this traveler, just returned from there: "They have an excellent hotel down in Hanford, with a court in the center, and in the middle of this court is an artesian well over a thousand feet in depth. It sends up a constant stream of clear water, forming a very pretty fountain, the water falling back into a basin around it, after the manner of fountains. This basin is full of turtles, the most intelligent things you ever saw in the turtle line. They are fond of music, but, unless it is first-class melody, they do not keep their heads out of water to listen to it. Fact, I assure you. Why, when I was there, a girl stopping at the hotel, who thought she could play, would hammer away on the parlor piano like mad, and every turtle in the pond would scurry under the water, and stay there until she quit. When somebody who really did know how to manipulate the keys struck up a tune, you ought to have seen the way they would poke their heads out and listen entranced until it was over." Assuredly an entranced turtle would be a sight worth contemplating.

There is a startling incongruity between the Lick Statue and its immediate surroundings. The once green grass that made an oasis of the spot is trampled and faded, and grows only in discouraged patches. It is a favorite rendezvous for vagrants who happen to be at large, and who sun themselves stupidly while leaning against the section of rough board fence that stands on the Market-street side. It is most unfitting that this beautiful monument should have the grass at its base trodden under foot by a graceless horde of tramps. Every Market-street cable car but one passes it, and it is viewed by thousands daily. What must be the impression made upon strangers who see a point of interest thus neglected? It certainly cannot be a favorable one.

Whenever a maiden's footsteps pass
Within two feet of a looking-glass,
One hand goes up to her forehead fair
To rearrange, with an anxious air,
Her various frizzes or bangs or curls,
And she lingers there. 'Tis the way of girls.

Whenever a man comes face to face
With his mirrored self, he slacks his pace,
Frowns at his necktie, jerks his wrist,
And gives his collar a sudden twist,
Then crams his hat to his head again,
And passes on. 'Tis the way of men.

One learns from a society column that Mrs. John Doe is summering at the beach, and intends wintering in the mountains. Whereat one's thirst for knowledge leads one to speculate as to the possibility of Mrs. Richard Roe's springing at the seaside, and falling in the interior.

The sailor hat is very chic and fetching upon a certain type of girl—the saucy type, with a straight little nose, rose-bud lips, oval face, and bright eyes—but horribly unbecoming to half the women who persist in wearing it. The sailor is the most democratic form of headgear yet affected by local femininity. The Pacific-Heights belle, the factory girl, the obese matron, the spirituelle spinster, all surmount their tresses with it. It prevails at the theater, at church, on the bicycle—everywhere. The south-of-Market girl wears it sometimes a la aureole, sometimes over her nose; in either case the effect is rakish. The severe outlines of the sailor do not soften the features as do the bewildering bits of millinery evolved from a remnant of lace, a flower, a sparkle of jet, encased in a veil of filmy texture—a combination that can make a plain woman charming—the sailor accentuates the beauty of the few, and destroys the prettiness of many, but it is universally in vogue, and will died hard with the winter rains.

She was so thin, she scarcely seemed opaque.
I pitied her, but then
Such is the fate of those who try to make
Their living by a pen.

She was so thin, so very, very thin,
That, up among the stars,
Saint Peter did not have to let her in—
She wafted through the bars.

A San Francisco dentist whose reception-room is always crowded, and who appears to be acquiring wealth, is really not the affluent personage he is thought to be. "I have to take so much of my work out in trade," he said by way of explanation the other day; "am obliged to, you know. Why, only yesterday I took a set of harness for a set of teeth. Fellow didn't have any ready money, so I was compelled to accept leather or nothing. I have no more use for harness than a Hottentot has for a derby, but I'll sell it. I carry on a regular brokerage business out of office hours. Sometimes I'm lucky enough to dispose of an article for more than my bill would have come to. I have a room in there that looks like a junk shop—full of stuff of every description—and every now and then I hold little auction sales on the quiet. The other day a man offered me a monkey in payment for three gold fillings, but I draw the line at live stock; can't run a menagerie, by Jove, so I had to let both man and monkey go, and put it down to profit and loss. Never saw anything yet that I couldn't trade for teeth. Last month's rent was paid that way. Even landlords must have molars." Which reminds me that a country editor, whose subscriptions are usually paid by the farmers in produce, and whose sanctum frequently resembles a vegetable stand, told me that he once had to pay off his foreman with a load of squash, and the printer's devil with a box of cucumbers.

From Santa Barbara, sweet Santa Barbara by the sea, comes a grewsome tale, as little in keeping with the surroundings of that elysian spot as a skeleton in a conservatory. By press dispatch is received the dreadful tidings that one Tyndall of mind-reading fame has hypnotized the proprietor of the lovely Hotel Arlington, and thus secured his consent to convert the hotel's lawn into a temporary cemetery for the Tyndall anatomy. It appears that Mr. Tydall, who aspires to be the entire cast of this graveyard drama, does not intend to shuffle off the mortal coil upon this cheerful occasion. He purposes being interred for a period of ten days only, after the manner of the Indian fakirs, resurrection to take place with due ceremony. Meanwhile the whole civilized world is to be telegraphically informed of the interesting event, the interment will be consummated with fitting accompaniments in the way of slow music and blue lights, the hallowed spot will be planted with daisies, and the morbidly curious flocking thither will swell the city's coffers in general and the Arlington's in particular.

When at your side devotedly he lingers,
Quotes sentimental verses by the score,
And tries, perhaps, to captivate your fingers,
Oh, keep him at a distance, I implore.

When in the moonlight he assumes the tragic,
Tells you the kind of girl he thinks you are,
Don't be alarmed. Men's hearts can heal like magic,
And never leave the atom of a scar.

When at the last he talks of matters bridal,
Say "No" with all the firmness that you can,
Believe me, he'll do nothing suicidal,
Because, my child, he is a summer man.

Query: Has a man a right to build any sort of habitation for himself that he may choose upon a city lot owned by him? Is he at perfect liberty to erect a dwelling that, defying all laws of uniformity and beauty, shall not only be an eyesore to the passer-by, but, by reason of its ugliness, a direct injury to the value of adjoining real estate? May or may not a man build the kind of house he pleases to build?

A choice block in a fine residence district here was recently subdivided and sold. The lots were eagerly secured by prospective house builders anxious to locate permanently in so desirable a neighborhood. Almost over night, so quickly did it seem to take shape, a house went up in the block's center—a cheap wooden structure that grew so grotesquely under the hammer one might easily wonder whether it had been designed by an architect in need of the Keeley cure, or a man with the nightmare. The other owners, not anticipating such speediness, in due time conferred together. They planned an elegant row of residences, at uniform distance from the street, a block that should at once adorn the city and increase their property's value. To their subsequent rage and despair, they discovered that their neighbor had gotten ahead of them, the result being that every lot but his upon that block is now for sale, while his domicile holds the fort, and effectually proves its power as a real estate hoodoo. To proceed further, several contractors are out of engagements, workmen are minus wages, the lumber trade has been defrauded, and all on account of the house that Jack built.

ITEMS.

To bloom or not to bloom—that is the bicycle question. Already the much-criticized costume has been the direct cause of domestic infelicity, and a divorce case is to be the tragic sequel. The affair savors of absurdity to the disinterested observer. One's sympathies are about evenly divided between the irate husband and his wheel-smitten wife. It must be, indeed, dreadful to have your better half gown herself in a way that sets your teeth on edge, and it must be equally dreadful to have your husband furnish you with a list of "don'ts" like the rules and regulations on a hotel door. After all, the one who really needs sympathy is the judge who will try the case.

A fashion item states that next season the plain coat sleeve will be in vogue. There never has been a time when the plain coat sleeve was not in vogue. It is most popular when worn around the waist.

The mania for collecting things finds expression in various forms. Stamps, autographs, pitchers, photographs, tea-cups, pipes—these are among the more common fads of the day. A lady in this city has a unique collection, in which she takes much pride. She owns a bottled array of sand specimens. Sand is her particular hobby, and she has sent all over the world for samples. It is really interesting to note the different shades of gray, ranging from almost black to perfect white, that she has placed to advantage in glass jars, all labeled and properly tagged—a study in sand. While the subject may not at first thought seem to be a very thrilling one, it is, nevertheless, instructive, and has a certain scientific value.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Woman may, as the world advances, do many things heretofore conceded to be man's special prerogatives. She has become versatile in science, art, and letters. From babies to Blackstone, from the tapestry frame to the framing of laws, from the crochet hook to the notary's pen, from patchwork to parchment—these are some of the steps she has taken in the march of progress. Even the masculine shirt, the gentlemanly four-in-hand, the manly collar, are no longer sacred to the lord of creation. She can "scorch" with the fleetest rider in the realm; she can swim with the most expert; she can beat the world at tennis. She is everywhere. She can perform astonishing feats in mathematics; she can scale the Matterhorn and come back alive. But there is one accomplishment that she cannot acquire. Man, dismayed, has seen his laurels, leaf by leaf, plucked to adorn the feminine brow. One alone remains to cheer and comfort him, and convince him that all is not lost. Exulting in a consciousness of superiority, he knows that he can sharpen a lead pencil without gouging it out.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

A medical journal is authority for the assertion that moonlight is injurious to the complexion. It is doubtful whether the announcement will have a perceptibly terrifying effect. Girls the world over will probably continue to recklessly expose their features to the effulgent rays of the moon, and front gates will creak as of yore. A realizing sense of dangers epidermic lurking in the path of a silvery moonbean is unlikely to impress itself upon the mind of the modern maid, and the man in the moon will find as much to amuse and divert him in the future as he has in the past.

NEW GOLD.

OYUCHASAN.

To be sung to the tune of "Rosalie."

I call her the belle of Japan,
Her name it is Oyuchasan;
  Such tenderness lies
  In her soft almond eyes,
I tell you she's just ichi ban.

Artistic, indeed, is her pose,
And quaint is the style of her clothes,
  From the ornaments rare
  In her glossy black hair,
To the clogs on her dear pigeon-toes.

Perhaps she's too thick at the waist—
You see, she has never been laced;
  But her figure divine
  Would a Venus outshine,
And she dresses in exquisite taste.

She looks so remarkably sweet
As she waddles along through the street,
  With fan and umbrella,
  Alas! for the fellah
By chance she may happen to meet.

I call on this dear little miss,
She welcomes me something like this—
  Bows down to the floor
  As I enter the door,
Then draws in her breath with a hiss.

I try to make love, but in vain;
My language, I fear, is not plain;
  Whenever I try
  She says, "Gomen nasai,
Watakshi wakarimasen."

You call this a Japanese craze,
You say a weak mind it displays;
  Just go to Japan,
  See Oyuchasan,
You'll have it the rest of your days.

Find all the dear girls in Japan,
Go seek them wherever you can;
  Yes, search the world over,
  You'll never discover
The peer of sweet Oyuchasan.

CHORUS.

I care not what others may say,
I'm in love with Oyuchasan.
  Ichi ban!
  In Japan!
I'm in love with Oyuchasan.

—*F. M. B., U. S. N.*

THE NEW WOMAN.

I wonder if, when woman has her rights,
  And holds at last emancipated sway,
She'll let her legal partner out o' nights
  In quite the same old way?

I wonder if, when down the curtain goes,
  His ancient privilege will be denied,
Of treading lightly on her cringing toes
  To see a man outside?

Do you suppose for written words of love
  She'll hunt his pockets daily through and through?
I wonder much if she will rise above
  Such weaknesses, don't you?

And do you think, when she's allowed to vote,
  It seems the least bit likely she will care
To scrutinize the lapel of a coat
  For unfamiliar hair?

I wonder if she'll lose her beauty sleep
  Election nights, to know the late returns?
Will questions grave, political and deep
  Distract her while she churns?

And will she never, never any more
  Say no when she means yes? Or coyly don
A glove too small? Or sit upon the floor
  To put her hosiery on?

Oh, with her entrance to her proper sphere,
  Will she of all her charming faults be rid—
The inconsistencies that make her dear?
  May gracious heaven forbid!

THAT REMINDS ME.

"Please, sir," said the bellboy to a Texas hotel clerk, "Number 40 says there ain't no towel in his room."

"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't no pillows."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

"Suffering Cyrus! But he is the worst kicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail."

"He wants to know if he can't have a light."

"Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it tried on only one side or turned over." —*Texas Siftings.*

Tourist (who cannot get a bed in an overcrowded village hostelry)—Haven't you at least a bundle of hay to give me?

Landlady (out of temper)—There's nothing left, I tell you, but a bit of cold roast beef. —*Deutsche Warte.*

He—French enables one to express such delicate shades of meaning, you know.

"Yes, I know. And such indelicate ones, too." —*Life.*

Hacket (gloomily)—I tell you, Charlie, this is a hard, hard world.

Sacket (interestedly)—So you have bought a bicycle, have you? —*Life.*

"I read the other day," said the shoe-clerk boarder, "that New York Italians actually turn out counterfeit pennies."

"A man who would do such a trick as that," said the Cheerful Idiot, "must be lacking in sound cents."

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Nell—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

Belle (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them; my dear. —*Somerville Journal.*

The Member for North-South Blankshire—Gentlemen, you twit me with having turned my coat. Years ago I supported this measure. Then, I had a reason, but now, gentlemen, I have lost my reason!

And he wondered at the deafening smile that pervaded the meeting. —*Fun.*

Husband (late at dinner)—There's one thing I must say, Maria, when Jane was alive, if I were late she had things kept hot for me.

Wife (sarcastically)—That's probably what she's doing now, John.

Tomkinson was absent-minded. He was out shooting, and ran over what he ought to have with him to make sure that nothing was missing. "Let me see," he said, "here are my cartridges, there's the pointer, my flask is in my breast pocket, and my sandwiches are in my side pocket, and the game bag's here. That's all right." He had done four miles before he had a chance of a shot, and then a bird rose. "Bless my soul, if I haven't forgotten my breech-loader!"

Since women have bicycles on the brain, will the coming generation have wheels in its head?

The newspaper advertisement, "Proposals Wanted," has nothing whatever to do with the summer girl.

Henry Irving, the famous actor, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at him hxedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," was the shy answer.

"Well, who am I, then?"

"You are one of Beecham's pills."

And, indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the widely advertised pills.

—*Exchange.*

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 110 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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OUR SPECIALTY is PRESCRIBING and making glasses to correct COMPLICATED Cases of Defective Vision. SKILLED OPTICIANS with the latest appliances known to science for testing the eyes enable us to give our patrons superior service.

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SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY. OFFICE
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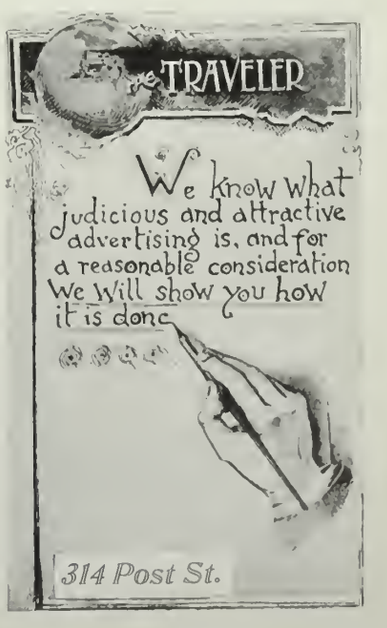

BICYCLING

For some time Harry Maddox has been considered one of the best handicap riders in the country, and most excellently has he sustained that well-won reputation during the past two months. The feat which entitled him to be classed among the leaders of the year, however, was the winning of the great ten-mile race at the opening of the Manhattan Beach track. The details of this race are too fresh in public memory to require repetition here. It is enough to say that that one race established Maddox's reputation as a rider of the first rank; and that at five and ten mile distances he has probably no peer in America, though Freddy Titus and W. F. Sims, his fellow heroes in the race above referred to, might press him hard.

So much has been written and said about the advent of the bloomer that it seems almost a chestnut to refer to it; but it may be interesting to know that facts and figures, if not actual observation, prove that it has not only come to stay, but that it is on the increase. The evidence of this is strikingly apparent in the decrease in the demand for the "drop" frame, and the increase in the call for the "diamond." It seems to have changed in an inverse ratio, so that while four or five months ago the proportion of sales between the drop and the diamond stood, perhaps, three to one, it is just the reverse at the present time, with the preponderance rapidly increasing. There is no question about not only the additional comfort, rigidity, and strength of the diamond, but also the increased safety for the rider.

"Are the prices of wheels coming down next year?" This is the question propounded to the bicycle dealers daily, but it seems to be easy of response. They are not, speaking advisedly; that is, as far as the strictly high-grade wheels are concerned. The term "high-grade" seems somewhat elastic in its application as used by the various agencies. It is a self-evident proposition in these times of severe competition in the wheel line, that it is not consistent to compare a low-priced wheel with the $105 quality. Neither does it follow that a cheap-priced wheel can be honestly termed "high-grade." There is a positive distinction, just as much as there is between different makes of watches. But the test and difference are only indicated by actual experience and trial. An honestly-made and really high-grade wheel costs more money than the novice is willing to accredit. Material in construction is the first element, but *labor* represents at least two-thirds of the manufacturer's cost. It is true that the prices of wheels have dropped materially in the past two years, but they can't continue dropping. There is a minimum to the cost of good workmanship, and, in my opinion, it has been reached.

It is a safe speculation that the *best* wheels next year will not be sold under $100, so that those who are waiting for '96, with the expectation of getting the benefit of the "drop," will be unquestionably disappointed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "I read that a party of wheel men and women had an impromptu dance at Chicago in the Jackson Park pavilion, and that the women appeared in bloomers. Why shouldn't they? Women's legs are very much more graceful and pleasing to look at than men's, so why should they not expose them if they care to do so?"

And now it has come to pass that the horse, driven to grass by the competition of locomotive, electric motor and bicycle, is finding his destiny in conversion into an article of food: so that the horse meat industry of Oregon has already grown important enough to demand and obtain a reduced carload rate on canned meats to Chicago and the East. The patient animal that has long been charged with "eating his head off," is now himself to be eaten, and having been the indispensable pioneer of railway building across the continent, he is now to ride back to the East and on to the old world in tin cans at specially reduced rates.

C. G. FIELD.

C. G. Field, more familiarly known as "Pop" Field, perhaps enjoys a larger circle of friends and acquaintances than any other man in the bicycle business. Mr. Field, for the past four years, has been connected with the Sterling Cycle Works, representing them in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and at present is lending his assistance to the San Francisco agency. He is a man of marked personality, and is celebrated for his unvarying geniality and kindness to all with whom he comes in contact. His abilities as a salesman are of the first order; and his natural suavity of manner, his forceful and convincing style, his perpetual urbanity, and his loyalty to the Sterling bicycle, have done much to push it to the front.

The following interesting letter came to our desk a few days since and evinces the extent to which the bicycle craze has permeated the civilized world. The record of the Sterling bicycle (one of our standard American wheels) is one of which we have good cause to be proud.

CITY OF MEXICO, June 30, 1895.

To the Editors of THE TRAVELER,
San Francisco:—

Believing you had no correspondent here, and the bicycle races in Puebla having taken place last Saturday and Sunday, I thought you would be interested in knowing the results, especially as all the high races were won by a Sterling wheel ridden by Gregorio Lecea, a plucky Mexican who did some very fine racing, beating his opponent Moran each time by the length of a wheel, after having allowed him (Moran) to pace him on the home run until reaching the grand stand, and then spurting out and crossing the line half the length of the wheel ahead. His opponents were not "in it" with him on the Sterling. He ran, as did also Eduardo Tregueras (who won the three kilometre race), for the C. U. C. of Mexico against the Puebla Club, on their track, which is a four-cornered track, very inferior to the new one here in Mexico. The second day, in the four kilometre race, which was paced by a tandem, Lecea was coming down the home run, behind the tandem, before the stand, when Moran spurted out and tried to cut him, and by miscalculation ran into his (Lecea's) front wheel, pitching him to the ground and wounding him rather severely. Moran continued and naturally won easily. The third, riding a Humber 120-gear, ran right over Lecea's Sterling, that is, over the hind wheel, while it was on the ground, and never bent a spoke.

Lecea rode an 80-gear wheel. After his fall the Mexican Club retired and refused to race any more, so the one-quarter mile record race did not come off.

Trusting this may be of interest to you, I remain, dear sirs, Yours truly, D. B.

Bicycle repairers are so numerous that startling advertisements are necessary to secure business. A handbill of this purport has been widely circulated within the last few days on the south side:

"Bicycle surgery.

"Acute and chronic cases treated with assurance of success.

"Languid tires restored to health and vigor.

"Tires blown up without pain. Wind free.

"We understand the anatomy, physiology, and hygiene of wheels, and give homeopathic or allopathic treatment as individual cases require. Sure cure guaranteed."

Crediting the bicycle with the trades, businesses and professions it has stimulated, and debiting it with those it has weakened, the account will be found to be something after this fashion:

CREDIT.

Clothing. (Hence wool and cotton growing and weaving.)
Express business, both local and rail.
Freight business, rail and boat.
Gold, silver, and diamond mining.
Leather. (Shoes, saddles, etc.)
Road building and street cleaning.
Sea Island cotton growing. (For tire fabrics.)
Lawmaking and lawyers.
Cement. (Track surfaces.)
Wood-turning. (Wheel rims.)
Rubber. (Tire makers using more of this material than any other one industry.)
Tinsmithing. (Lamps, oil-cans, etc.)
Oil drilling and refining.
Watchmaking. (Cyclometers and prizes.)
Messenger service. (Cycle mounted.)
Policemen. (Cycle mounted.)
Postmen. (Cycle mounted.)
Carpentering. (Track and grand-stand building.)
Newspapers and periodicals.

Dress reform.
Enamel makers.
Piano making.
Badge making.
Map making.
Jewelry.
Printing.
Steel and iron.
Pawnshops.
Bellmaking.
Nickel-plating.
Inn-keeping.
Soda Water.
Breweries.
Tube works.
Tax lists.

DEBIT.

Cycling has injured:

Passenger railways and trolley companies.
Baby carriages. (Kid carriers on a bicycle cost less.)
Shoemakers. (Less walking.)
Chairmakers. (Less loafing.)

Horseflesh. (In valuation thereof.)

Livery stables.
Carriages.
Doctors.
Undertakers.
Excursion boats.
Druggists. (?)
Billiard-rooms.
Barrooms.
Theaters.

—*The Wheel.*

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

OCTOBER, 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE and WM. V. BRYAN,
Publishers and Sole Proprietors.
Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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THE great international yacht race between the "Defender" and the "Valkyrie III" is over, and the latter has returned to her home with the record of defeat. Can any fair-minded American or true sportsman take any real consolation or pride in the result? I believe not, for it was certainly the most unsatisfactory and questionable contest that has ever taken place over the American cup. Justice, fairness, and consistency must have their sway, and who, in his own heart, judging, of course, solely from the newspaper reports, can congratulate himself that the outcome was strictly upon merit, superior construction, and seamanship? We cannot but decry the decision of the New York Yacht Club in awarding the second race to the "Defender" through the technicality of a "foul," as laid down in their code of rules; and, while we have the confidence in the prowess of our own craft, public opinion would have called it "no race," and set another day for the test. Lord Dunraven was not unreasonable when he requested a guarantee that the third race should not be handicapped by the presence of hundreds of pestiferous ferryboats, tugs, and other pleasure craft, that unquestionably hampered the manipulation of the two rivals. It was discourteous and ungallant, to say the least, and could easily have been suppressed by the New York Yacht Club, had they seen fit to waive the inconsistency of some of their rules. It is true that the annoyance was just as reprehensible for one as for the other, but herein comes the element of luck in the avoidance of obstructions, whereas the strife was purely a test of the superior workmanship, style of build, and manipulation, between the American and the British boats.

FOR the past few weeks much has been said and written concerning the harmfulness of the bicycle as a mode of diversion. The daily papers have published column after column of interviews and opinions, *pro* and *con*, both of the eminent members of the medical profession and also of experienced bicycle riders. The question arose through the death of a young man in Oakland from cerebro-spinal meningitis, said to have been superinduced by riding the wheel. But the preponderance of opinion and of evidence seems to indicate that this was not, directly nor indirectly, attributable to the bicycle; and, further, the large majority of opinions unquestionably uphold the wheel as a most beneficial source of exercise, when not carried to excess. It is a most significant fact to note that, almost without exception, every dissenting voice came from those who had never ridden a wheel, and, in consequence, were strictly incompetent to judge.

ROMEO AND JULIET. Sperry Photo

It is fair to estimate that something over three thousand people have become riders of the wheel, in San Francisco alone, during the past nine months, aggregating, perhaps, a total of over five thousand riders in all. The same proportionate increase will likewise hold good in other sections of the country. Is it not natural, therefore, that a larger proportion of accidents must necessarily result? In chronicling these mishaps we are prone to lose sight of the fact of the remarkable increase in the use of the wheel, and pessimists, cranks, and others, too lazy to indulge in the pleasurable exertion, at once set themselves up as censors, disgruntled at the enjoyment of others, and decry the advent of the safety as disastrous to both health and morals.

When we read of an accident, fatal or otherwise, from a runaway, cable or electric car, or railroad (and which, by the way, average fifty to one in comparison with the wheel), we never think of condemning their existence, but satisfy ourselves in deploring the fate of the victim, or in reviling the indifference and carelessness of some soulless monopoly.

Ninety-nine per cent of the accidents on bicycles occur through the recklessness of the riders. It is not the novice who meets with serious casualties, but the experienced wheelman, who either takes unwarranted chances or makes an exhibition of fancy poses and imprudent spurts.

Properly indulged in, there is no more beneficial and exhilarating exercise than on the safety of to-day; and it will as surely remain as the indispensable railways. Moderation and common sense are the watchwords of good results, and, when observed, the efficacy and safety of the bicycle will never be questioned.

OUR frontispiece this month is a most striking half-tone of the picturesque home of Shakespeare, on the banks of the River Avon. The views will, perhaps, be familiar to many, but the unusual excellence of the photograph warrants its reproduction. While there is much doubt as to the authenticity of this great man's writings, we know that he was born at Stratford, and lived there for twenty years. The town lies on the north bank of the river. During Shakespeare's time most of the houses were built with low gables, with gardens at the back, and many at the sides also, and the space between the houses, together with the broad roadways, gave a very pretty and cheerful appearance to the town. Near Stratford was the famous forest of Arden, the scene of "As You Like It," and, though now it no longer exists, traces of its beauty still remain on the hillsides near the town.

RATHER an underhanded proceeding that, when the camera fiend intruded upon the privacy of those two little dogs, and caught them right in the act of exchanging loving glances and plaintive whines. One can almost hear Mr Romeo say, "O, speak again, bright angel!" as he gazes with suppressed longing at the fair one above. The scene is indeed a touching one; but how soon it would be robbed of its sentimentality if that same snapshot individual should twist the little stubby tail of Romeo and break the spell. When you look at that little imitation of a tail, don't you feel as though you would like to cut it off, or take a mallet and drive it in? But let the good work go on. Most of us have been there ourselves, or sometime will be, and how would we feel if some mendacious intruder should pull our coat tails just as we were breathing the words that afterwards cost us two car fares instead of one? And worse still, supposing the ubiquitous dry plate and flashlight should perpetuate our images as we poised on tip-toe to seal the bargain. If the camera could be present to portray all the little situations in which we are placed by the frivolities of human nature, what a revelation it would make for the curious!

THE first of October will see the incipiency of the influx from the Eastern States to Southern California, and we prophesy a splendid season for our Southern friends. Perennial sunshine, balmy breezes, and first-class hostelries attract the multitudes.

BOATING ON THE BAY.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE interest in aquatic sports and exercises has somewhat revived during the past season, and the various clubs devoted to them have shown increased activity. Early in the year a new rowing association was formed and championship races were held.

The rowing and swimming clubs of San Francisco have their headquarters either on North Beach or near Channel Creek and Long Bridge. In the southern part of the city there are three clubs. The South End Rowing Club has a boat-house on the Third Street wharf, and side by side on Long Bridge are the boat-houses of the Pioneer Rowing Club, organized October 4, 1864, and of the Ariel Rowing Club, organized in 1877. The latter club owns several four-oared boats, and in its boat-house are to be seen several racing shells belonging to individual members; it also possesses one pair-oar lapstreak shell. Two, at least, of the racing skiffs are of considerable interest, one being the boat in which Teemer defeated O'Connor, and the other, built by Ruddick of Boston, being the property of Henry Peterson, the great sculler. Slung up to the roof-timbers of the boat-house is a paper four-oared shell, which is not used now, as the inter-club races are rowed in in-rigged barges, the waters of the bay being frequently too rough for shells. The crews of the South End, Pioneer, and Ariel Clubs usually row along the water-front, past the Sugar Refinery and the Union Iron Works.

The Ariel Rowing Club has about sixty-five members, who pay an entrance fee of five dollars, and monthly dues of fifty cents. The Pioneer has a somewhat smaller list of members, but it sent a four-oared crew up to the Regatta at Sacramento, on Admission Day, while the Ariel Club had only one representative, a single-sculler.

On North Beach, at the foot of Leavenworth Street, and partly sheltered from the westerly breeze

ERNEST R. FOLGER,
COACH OF COLUMBIA R. C. CREW.

by the projecting headland, Black Point, are the houses of the Dolphin and Triton Swimming and Boating Clubs. But the improvements lately made about North Beach have so much diminished the convenience of the location that it is likely that one, and, perhaps, both of these clubs will remove their headquarters. At the foot of Mason Street, one D. O. Connell lets out boats, but his supply of craft seems to be small, and hiring out boats is probably not very profitable, for the waters of North Beach are often too choppy to induce people to go out rowing for pleasure.

Most of the rowing on the bay is done in the suburbs of the city, and particularly at Oakland, Alameda, Belvedere, and Sausalito. At Alameda is the large and convenient house of the Encinal Boat Club, which, though it is primarily a yacht club, is a rowing club as well. It is essentially a family club, and a man's eligibility depends quite as much upon the desirable social qualities of his sisters, his

SOME MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BOATING ASSOCIATION. Taber Photo.

cousins, his aunts, and his wife, as upon his own. The Encinal Boat Club owns several Whitehalls, which are at the disposal of the members, and many private boats are kept in the boat-house. The club, unlike some of the yacht clubs not only does not discourage the presence of ladies at its outings, but rather prides itself upon the number of petticoats to be seen at its "functions," which, some ladies of my acquaintance tell me, are very pleasant.

On Session's Basin, near Clinton Station, East Oakland, are the quarters of the Oakland Canoe Club, of the Columbia Rowing Club, and of the Boating Association of the University of California. The Columbia Rowing Club is a sort of off-shoot of the old St. George's Club, and was re-organized in 1888. Its boat-house used to stand at the foot of Jackson Street, Oakland, and since its removal, in 1891, to Session's Basin, has been considerably enlarged. The membership of the club is limited to forty, and there are now thirty-eight members. The following are the officers: A. L. White, President; George Wheaton, Vice-President; George Greenwood, Captain; and Arthur M. Pope, Secretary. A former president is the well-known attorney, W. S. Goodfellow, who, at an early age, became an expert canoeist on the Waikato River, New Zealand, and at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, was known as a very quick sculler for short distances. Most of the members of the Columbia Rowing Club are collegians, and the club is intended for the purpose of pleasant society and good fellowship quite as much as for the furtherance of rowing. Until the present year, the Columbia Rowing Club could not find any strictly amateur crews with which they cared to compete, but in March, 1895, a match was arranged between the club and the Boating Association of the University of California. Both clubs built light, out-rigged, sliding-seated, four-oared boats, of the same type and measurement—forty feet long by two feet amidships—and both crews were carefully coached; that of the Columbia Club by Ernest Folger, who rowed in the Yale eight in 1894, and that of the University by E. M. Garnett of Harvard. Mr. Folger taught the Bob Cook stroke, which has won so many victories for Yale, and Mr. Garnett, a stroke very much like that rowed by Cornell.

Unfortunately, on the night of Monday, April 25th, the boat-house of the University Club, with all its boats and equipment, was totally destroyed by fire. The race was, accordingly, rowed in boats picked up hastily, to which the crews were unused. The Columbia crew, consisting of Leon D. Smith, bow, Paxton Howard, second, Alex. Rosborough, third, and H. H. Haight, stroke, won the race; but the trial was unsatisfactory, and did not afford a conclusive test of the merits of the two strokes.

The Columbia Rowing Club has one four-oared, single-streak, racing boat, carrying a coxswain, two coxswainless working boats, two pair-oars, and some single-sculling skiffs. The course is one mile out to a mark, turn, and one mile back to the winning line.

The Boating Association of the University of California was getting on well in the early part of this year, but the loss of its boat-house and boats by fire was seriously detrimental to the progress of aquatic sport among the Berkeley students. The club now numbers 59 life members, and 152 subscribing members; the latter must be graduates, students, or alumni of the University. The boat-house is near that of the Columbia Rowing Club, and contains a handsome, four-oared, out-rigged boat, built of sugar pine, smooth streak, and fitted with sliding seats and nickel swivel rowlocks—the counterpart of the boat lost in the fire. The club held a successful meeting on September 7th, and an "Opening Day" on the 12th. The crew of the University, in the race with the Columbia Club, consisted of Dwight Hutchinson, of '98, bow; William L. Cole, of '97, second; John L. Whittemeyer, of '96, third; and N. C. Trew, of '97, stroke. The stroke they rowed was the quick Cornell stroke, but the two-mile course is too long for it to be kept up. Even the Cornell representatives at Henley Regatta this year (who certainly ought to be the best exponents of the stroke) could not maintain it for more than a mile, and fell hopelessly to pieces before a mile and a half had been covered in the race

A YALE EIGHT.

for the grand challenge cup for eight-oared boats.

The deep-water sailor or man-of-war's short stroke has no catch at the beginning, but has a decided "hoick" at the end; the hands are got out slowly, the oarsman comes forward a very short distance, and leans back very far at the end of the stroke.

SIGHTS IN "LITTLE CHINA."

ABNEY DOWNS.

AN EASTERN visitor, on arriving in San Francisco, desires first to see the quaint Chinese quarter. So popular has become the desire, that several "guide agencies" have been established, where a "chaperon" may be had to pilot a party through this interesting quarter and explain many of the strange sights. Perhaps the visitor may get a glimpse of the Chinese in his native element—in a bunk, stupefied with opium, and dreaming that he is among the gods and fairies in the Celestial kingdom. The opium dens are mainly underground, and only well-known patrons and trusted friends are admitted. The opium habit has become so general that several of the enterprising and wide-awake Chinese have opened "sanitariums for the cure of the opium habit."

A Chinese drug-store may always be known by the display of bottles, jars, and skins of reptiles in the windows. In one of the windows is a small vessel of green stuff of about the consistency of paint. The ingredients are the skins of frogs and reptiles boiled down, intermixed with herbs. This is given for blood diseases, and, no doubt, it cures—or kills. On the shelves are species of herbs from which medicines are compounded. The herbs and roots are put on a wooden block and cut into pieces, about an inch in length, with an instrument like a butcher's cleaver, and the rough edges are smoothed off with a kind of jack-plane. These are put in bottles with liquids, and some are put up in small red paper packages, to be taken in the crude state. There are seen also small boxes of pulverized deer's horns—a sure cure for headache. The druggist fills the prescriptions, which are written by the doctor, in the back room. For a pain below the belt-line the doctor usually prescribes a compound of scorpion skins and sassafras-root tea, for which he charges fifty cents. The druggist charges what he can get. The Chinese doctors hold that the human system is subject to about 500 ailments; and the druggist says he has a certain specific to fit each disease.

The Chinese believe that their physicians have the power to keep away witches and to cast out evil spirits, and when a Chinese believes that an enemy has bewitched him, he applies to the doctor for medicines to expel the evil spirit. When his patients die, the doctor is on hand and assists the priest in the distribution of paper prayers to throw evil spirits off the track of the deceased.

The visitor will, perhaps, notice an open box-work arrangement at the mouth of a cellar, or in front of a small frame building. It is made of four posts, about two feet in height, and is riveted to the wall. The posts are painted green, with a red stripe extending lengthwise. This is the sign of the Chinese barber shop. It is noticeable that Chinese do not wear beards. The customer sits in an ordinary chair, without even a footrest. At his right on a stool is a bowl of water and a towel. Lathering brushes and soap are not used; soap hardens the skin. The towel is dipped in the water and applied to the patron's face. The barber then goes to work, and his victim is soon asleep, perhaps under the influence of his latest pipe of opium. After the face, the head is shaved. The "tonsorial artist" then sticks a half dozen needlelike instruments of various sizes in the back hair of the customer, using it as a pincushion. With the tweezers he removes the straggling hairs from the ears, after which a sharper instrument is sunk into the ear on a prospecting tour for what it may bring up. The shave and ear-burrowing cost twenty-five cents. If there is a mote or a beam in the customer's eye, the barber plucks it out also.

In Church Alley a Chinese soothsayer is found. This seventh son of the seventh son of a fakir sits on a three-legged stool behind a box, on which is a vase filled with tapers, about eight inches in length, and stamped with characters representing stars, dragons, gods, and demons. In an urn are blocks, half an inch square, on which are allegorical representations. In front of the soothsayer is a piece of tin about a foot square, also a pot of ink and a reed pen, or brush. The wise purveyor of the wisdom of the gods, regarding me as a possible victim, asked:

"You wantee flortune? Thlee question, ten cents. Me catchee money flirst!"

I drew from the vase three tapers, and asked: "Shall I become rich? Shall I marry? When shall I die?"

The fakir made notes on the tin, as if communicating my questions to the gods of fortune. He burned the tapers. I next took three blocks from the urn and placed them on the tin. He blew away the ashes, compared the blocks with the writing, and summed up:

"You never be rich; you no likee money. You no marry gal you like; next man get him, allee same. You no die now; you die byme-by. Good-by!"

This is as lucid as the forecasts of many of the Caucasian peepers into the dim and uncertain future.

SCENES IN "LITTLE CHINA." Taber Photo.

Sometimes the Chinese soothsayer warns his patrons against the lotteries: he can see no luck for them for "thlee month more." Then, after he has, perhaps, made friends with the lottery people, he sees money for them, adding: "Lottery good now for thlee month!"

A Chinese pawnshop is known by the display of the articles in pawn. They are placed behind a wire screen, so that they may be seen and yet be secure. Opium pipes and revolvers seem to be the principal articles pawned. When a Chinese wishes to drown his sorrows in a pipe of opium, try his luck at fantan, or go to the theater, the pawnbroker is his last resource. Money is loaned on things of the smallest value, and in the smallest amounts.

The Chinese restaurant of the first-class order may be noticed by its red and blue painted front, balloon-like lanterns, and large octagonal lamps. At evening, the scenic effect is beautiful, especially when there is a banquet. The Chinese merchants have a club, and they frequently give feasts, to which visiting strangers of consideration are invited. At these banquets, which last several hours, there is music to aid the digestion. The cymbal and the violin are the principal instruments. The violin is about a foot and a half long, and is played by placing the bow underneath the strings—the reverse of the Caucasian method. The motion is slow, and gives a harsh, squeaking sound, like one sawing wood. There is no professional joker or story-teller at a Chinese function, which is some relief. These dinners are said to be "swell" affairs, the tables being supplied with all kinds of game, fish, and the choicest of conserves, sweetmeats, teas, and wines imported from China.

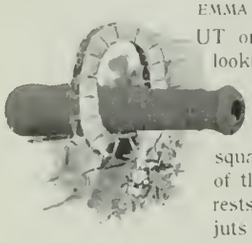
There are two theaters in the Chinese quarter, and they are well patronized by visitors, who, however, do not remain long. The beating of the drum, the clashing of cymbals, and the squeaking of the violin, seem to unnerve the sight-seer. He is surprised to learn that the female character is personated by males, and that the Chinese consider it to be disgraceful to a woman to appear upon the dramatic stage. The stranger also learns that it is not in good form to applaud. The Chinese see no reason for making an unnecessary noise merely because they have seen what they paid to see. The theaters have a sliding scale, beginning at fifty cents when the doors are opened, with a reduction of about ten cents an hour. But the Caucasian visitor is charged fifty cents, even though he may come in at the eleventh hour. However, there are no high hats and big sleeves to obstruct a view of the stage, for the women are in private boxes. There is no curtain or scenery, and the actors always enter by one door and exit by another. As a rule, Caucasian visitors are provided with seats on the stage, and it is almost as interesting to watch the upturned faces of the audience as the grotesque actors.

In a basement is a Chinese artist and decorator of table ware. His finger-nails are unusually long, not necessary in his business, but they are cultivated as a badge of dignity, and stamp him as a man of peace. "He no want to fight anybody," explained his friend. One of the nails is four inches in length. At night he wears gloves to guard against breaking them.

When a Chinese prays he takes off his shoes and keeps his hat on. He kneels on a mat before the altar and bends forward three times, almost touching his forehead to the floor. Then he puts on his shoes and ambles out—to sin again.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PRESIDIO.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.



UT on the hills of San Francisco, looking over the Golden Gate, is the Presidio, the principal military station on the Coast, established in 1847. Its big, square, massive-looking fort is one of the landmarks of the bay, as it rests on the low ledge of rocks that juts out into the water below the frowning bluffs. Every school boy and girl knows all about "Fort Point," though they may not be familiar with its environment, or be aware that one of the two largest guns on the Coast belongs to its battery. This big gun is the companion to the one in the Benicia Arsenal, described in the last issue of THE TRAVELER. Its very appearance is a menace, and woe to the invading craft that is struck by one of its thousand-pound shot. It cost the government two thousand dollars to place this gun in the position where it now stands, exclusive of the amount expended in shipping it to this Coast.

The soldiers belonging to the Presidio comprise Batteries A, D, F, H, K, and L, of the Fifth Artillery, under command of Colonel Graham; Troops B, C, I, and K, of the Fourth Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young. Troop I is at present performing patrol duty in the Sequoia National Park, and Troop K is doing the same thing at the Yosemite National Park. This leaves about seven hundred men at the station, to which may be added approximately a hundred officers.

Colonel William M. Graham is the commanding officer of the Post, and his staff consists of Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. Guenther, at present commanding Alcatraz Island, Major Tully McCrea, Major J. A. Darling, Major D. H. Kinzie, at present commanding Fort Canby, in Washington, First Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Regimental Adjutant (who is away on sick leave, and who is represented by Second Lieutenant J. A. Joyes), and First Lieutenant T. R. Adams.

I wonder how many citizens of San Francisco know that a grand military pageant is to be seen for the effort in their city at least once every month? There is nothing in the world that arouses the enthusiasm or the patriotism as much as the sight of soldiery marching and countermarching in the full splendor of rich regimentals, particularly when accompanied by a bold cavalcade of well-mounted cavalry, whose high-spirited, prancing steeds keep perfect time to the inspiring music, and several light batteries in which every man knows his duty and performs it with the rapidity of thought.

This is what may be seen at the Presidio on the last day of each month, and sometimes oftener, if the Commander of the Department of California, General James W. Forsyth, desires to review the troops. Two very beautiful silk flags are carried on these reviews, each of which is entrusted to the care of a soldier, who encases it in a canvas bag when not in use and is responsible for its condition.

A soldier's life in time of peace is considered an easy one, 'tis true, but it must be rather trying to the nerves to stand in position while the commanding officer and his staff inspect him front and rear, and pass mental and sometimes verbal opinions on the brightness of his buttons and the neatness and order of his whole outfit. The troops at the Presidio are well drilled, and if every man performs his part in a time of the nation's need as well as he does on dress parade, we may rest content in the consciousness that our country is quite safe in their hands.

This Presidio is a charming place, and it is worth while to be a soldier, or rather an officer, in order to live in one of the quaint, rose-girdled houses, surrounded by gardens where gorgeous flowers bloom and fill the air with perfume. It might be called a city of homes, with streets that are models of neatness, and beautiful winding drives environing it that tempt not only the horseman but the cyclist. There are ivy-grown walls and graceful foliage trees everywhere, and unless one comes onto the parade ground or wanders out on the terraced bluffs he would never dream he was upon a military reservation.

On the square in front of the officers' quarters, where the infantry parade, dumpy mortars stare heavenward, and a shining brass cannon inspires admiration for its perfect cleanliness, instead of awe at what it might do if occasion warranted; and around the tall, splendidly made flagstaff, from the top of which "Old Glory" woos the zephyrs that float in from the ocean, bright little brass mortars are used as ornaments, and the squares and avenues are bordered by empty shells. But out on the fortifications big rifles point seaward with a threatening air that makes the fact that we have had wars, and may have again, impress itself on the mind of the observer. They are great eight-inch smoothbores—small, 'tis true, when compared with the huge twelve-inch rifles down at the fort, but large enough to do deadly damage if need be. On the bluffs and the water front there are cannon everywhere, pointing toward all points of the compass, and in the gun-house, up in the yards, the light batteries are housed. Here are Gatling and Hotchkiss guns and heavier field-pieces. These are the ones brought out on review and whirled hither and yon, up hill and down dale, over the immense parade ground, according to the orders of the commanding officer.

This parade-ground is used only for the review of all the companies, when foot-soldiers, cavalry, and artillery are out, for here is ample room to maneuver. The reservation fence borders it on one side; and one may sit in the station at the terminus of the Union Street Cable Line and watch the movements, or he may recline on the ground under the shade of the pepper trees as he looks interestedly on.

There are guards and sentries everywhere, and if you enter the gate with a camera, or even an inoffensive kodak, every man of them will demand to see your permit to bring such an instrument onto the reservation. The reason for this watchfulness is obvious. The Presidio is really the watchdog of our city, and it behooves us to guard well its defenses. Were its ordnance and its position to be made known to the world, fair San Francisco would be at the mercy of the enemy, if we should ever be so unfortunate as to have one. Hence it is not permissible to photograph the permanent fortifications. The guns that are mounted on the crests of the hills, or in plain sight from all directions, are too much in evidence to make any difference whether their position is known or not.

Only one of the huge brick structures to be used as barracks is completed, and it is already occupied. It is the intention to build six of these barracks, and work on them is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The other buildings used as residences, barracks, offices, store-houses, stables, etc., indicate age and the fact that they have served for a long period of usefulness; however, as soon as the new buildings are finished, the old barracks, offices, and stables will be removed and the ground cleared and leveled for parade-grounds. Cleanliness is paramount, and it seems as though a leaf does not touch the ground in its fall before it is carried away. Up on the square near Assembly Hall rests a large cannon, corrugated with rust, of a pattern of days long past. It is broken and battered, and looks very weather-beaten and forlorn. It was excavated near the fort about two years ago, and research has failed to give it an authentic history, though it is believed to be a relic of the days when California was struggling to become American territory.

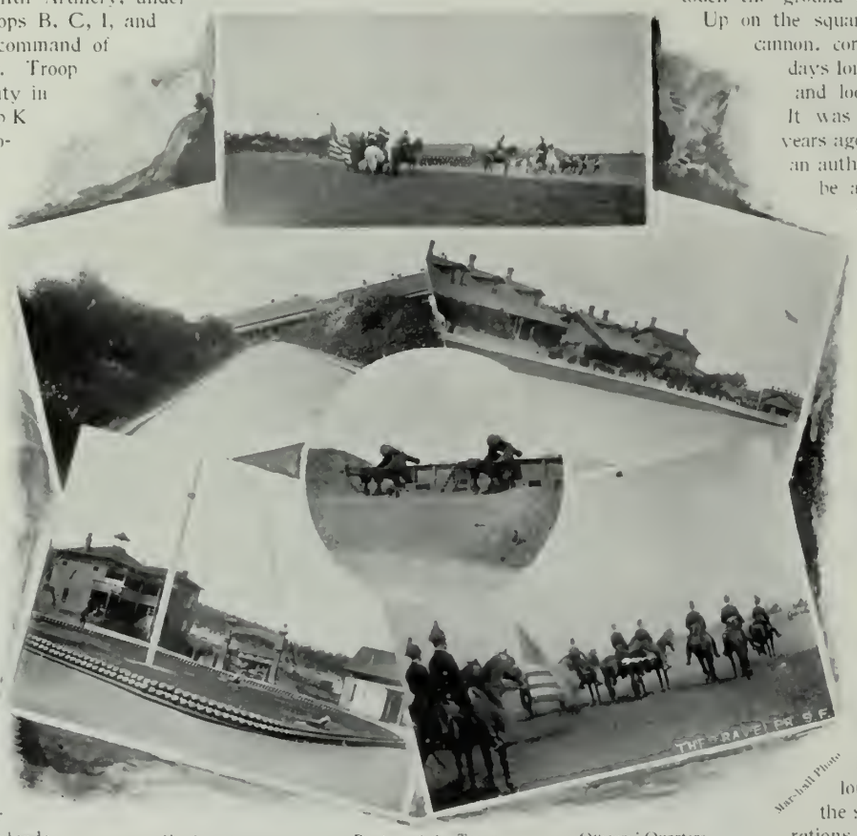
The guard-house does not look particularly imposing, save for the iron bars before its windows, but it is often full of occupants. Uncle Sam is very strict with his soldiery, and the sentry who sits down while on duty knows he will get "six months in the guard-house" if he is caught at it. Guard duty lasts only twenty-four hours at a detail, with two hours on and four hours off duty during that time, and it is expected that the men will be faithful to their task. The deserter, when retaken, receives a sentence of imprisonment at hard labor for a term of years.

The soldier is paid a certain sum, which seems small until it is considered that he gets his rations, and an allowance for clothing besides, and that he is well cared for when ill or injured. He is allowed frequent furloughs, and when away is credited with the sum of twenty-five cents per day for rations, in addition to full pay. He buys his own clothing, and hence is privileged to spend the allowance as he pleases so long as he conforms to the regulations, but he is not permitted to sell any article of clothing so purchased.

An excellent library is maintained, where the daily papers and the leading magazines are on file. Every man who enlists must be an American citizen, and able to read and write the English language. An enlistment is from three to five years, but a man may buy out before the expiration of that time if he desires. Examinations in heavy artillery practice are held at the Presidio, for excellence in which medals are awarded. These examinations do not consist in firing at targets, but in answering questions relative to theory and mathematics, such as the speed of the projectile, the force of the wind, and the distance a vessel would move during the flight of a projectile.

Strangers in San Francisco, and residents who have never visited these interesting grounds, should not fail to set a day apart for their inspection. Military tactics and modes of government defense are always interesting, and at no other reservation can these be seen to better advantage than at the Presidio.

Do not fail to include this in your itinerary.



Marshall Photo

Headquarters. Flag-staff and Guard-house. — Review of the Troops. Guardians of the Bay. — Officers' Quarters. Col. Graham and Staff.

OUR LATIN RESTAURANTS.

J. M. SCANLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO'S "Latin Quarter" is, in the opinion of many, by far the most interesting and picturesque portion of the city. This section begins at the base of Telegraph Hill, in the northern portion of the city, extending to the summit, and over and beyond to the ocean. Here are seen in their picturesqueness descendants of the original Spanish, Mexican, Portuguese, French, and Chilean settlers; also their places of business, those of each nationality differing in detail, but similar. Most peculiar are the "Market de Christofa de Colomba," "Il Flor D'Italia," "Hotel de Buno Gusto," "Restauranto de Mexicano," "Restauranto de Luna" (the moon), and "La Flor de Mai" (the flowers of May).

The restaurants and hotels in the Latin Quarter are prettily named, and as prettily and tastefully kept, each varying in style and service. But the Americano who takes a meal in the Latin Quarter, whether in a Spanish, Italian, or French restaurant, will soon realize that he has contracted for "hot stuff." In some of the restaurants the price of a meal is fifty cents, but in the majority twenty-five cents is charged. The service and the bill of fare are about the same, only that in a twenty-five cent restaurant the dishes are generally "cut," and one or two minor extras omitted. In each instance, however, there is the half-bottle of wine to begin with, and the "small black" to wind up on, without which a French, Spanish, Italian, or Mexican meal is incomplete. The difference in locality mainly regulates the price, as elsewhere. A twenty-five-cent dinner in the Latin Quarter would cost at least fifty cents in the American district, and a "repas, fifty cents," perhaps double that amount.

The restaurant of each nationality presents a different figure and has a different type of patrons, and the type varies with the style of the restaurant. As an illustration of the various types:

I began my investigation, or, rather, Bohemianizing, by dining *en famille* at a French restaurant. The floor is sprinkled with sawdust, and there are two tables extending the length of the small room. At these the guests were seated as they arrived, side by side, until there was no more room. Some were acquainted; others were not. A quart bottle of wine was in repose about midway in front of each two guests. This they were to share in common. There was also a dish of fruit, belonging to all within reach, as long as it lasted. While sipping wine, I looked and listened. A red-haired (something unusual) French lady sat behind a small counter, and, in addition to her duties as cashier, joined in the general discussion. She was broad in person, also in her communistic views. At the common table was the bewhiskered Frenchman with wrinkled brow, who spoke frequently of the "Revolucion"; and there was the long, angular Frenchman, more long than tall, whose clothes did not or could not fit him, who, between sips of wine, said France needed another Napoleon. Then he looked upon the wall at a picture showing a general in full uniform on a high horse, almost enveloped in smoke, with cannon-balls falling all around him, and with only one-half a dozen soldiers in the background for an army. I then thought of how little painters know of war, and of the lies that pass for history. A waiter with a waxed moustache and a gracious bow placed a large bowl of soup at my elbow, saying, "Monsieur!" I ladled out a plateful, and the bowl was passed around, and each guest took out two dipperfuls some three. The soup had for its component parts chunks of baker's bread, carrots, string beans, peas, and a bunch of onions, which was enough. Then came fish, after which two entrees, then a chop. After this, the guest helped himself to fruit *ad libitum* with no questions asked, and a small cup of black coffee, with cognac for seasoning, as the finale. This constitutes a twenty-five-cent French dinner, and from a half to one hour's time is used in consuming it and discussing the communistic issues of the day.

An Italian dinner begins with wine and soup also, but the soup is either macaroni or vermicelli. If vermicelli, the next dish is macaroni with cheese; and, if macaroni soup, it is vermicelli with cheese, sometimes varied with spaghetti, which is the same kind of stuff, but different in form. The macaroni, it seems, is cooked in a continuous string, and when a red-shirted son of sunny Italy lays to, he seemingly uncoils the stuff from his plate until he has reeled it all off into his capacious stomach. Others, less expert, chop it up, but all of them usually use their fingers after the ropes of flour and paste have somewhat cooled. This is the principal distinguishing dish of the Italian meal. The entrees vary from those of the French in that they are highly seasoned with garlic, but the similarity is renewed in the "small black."

The Mexicano restauranto has the distinguishing feature of a sanded floor instead of sawdust. The pint of wine is in evidence, a half loaf of bread, also the bowl of soup, from which each helps himself as it is passed around. In the soup one sees floating particles of red pepper, and he prepares to shed tears. Instead of fish, he leads off with tamales, said to be made of chicken, but tasting more like beef. Stewed rabbit comes next, punctured with bits of green pepper; then beef stewed with onions and peppers, after which fruit and cheese, and again the "small black." After this hot dinner a person feels like throwing himself into the ocean as a cooling process, or going up into the mountains and holding up a stage or a railroad train. The walls of the restauranto Mexicano are decorated with pictures of modern patriots and heroes—those who figured prominently in her war for independence. Diaz is the central figure, as Garibaldi is that of the Italian restaurant, and Carlos V. of the Spanish restaurant.

But the Spanish restaurant is, perhaps, the neatest of all in its general appointments, and the most liberal in its bill of fare, which, in every instance, is pronounced by the waiter never printed. Everything is oral in Bohemia. The floor is swept clean; the walls are neatly papered and ornamented with paintings representing fruits, flowers, rare dishes, Spanish grandees, fair Andalusian maidens, and battle scenes representing the expulsion of the Moors. As a "relief" to all these, there sat a pretty Spanish lady, dressed with "black over red," a red sash over her shoulder, looped at the waist, and her coal-black hair ornamented with a golden cross. Her eyes were of the kind that make men crazy. Her duties were to look pretty and collect the money, both of which she did successfully.

TYPICAL MEXICAN RESTAURANT.

The waiter places a small dish of chili sauce at the right of the guest, from which he can season the already hot dishes to suit his taste. After soup comes fish stewed with red pepper; then *enchiladas*, a mixture of onions, cheese, eggs, olives, and chili peppers; *chili vellenos*, a composite article of green chilies stuffed with chopped meats, olives, and raisins; *sopa de aroz*, rice fried in lard with spices; *chili con carne*, meat with red peppers, stewed; *carne asada*, dried beef cooked on the coals; *frijoles guizados*, beans boiled and afterwards fried with cheese. This is a delicious dish, and a favorite one with all classes of Spaniards. Another favorite dish is *picachio*, broiled dried beef, picked apart, then mixed with onions, tomatoes, and chili peppers, and fried in lard.

Chili sauce is composed of chili peppers, onions, tomatoes, salt and vinegar. Yet I noticed some of the dishes were not hot enough for some of the guests. I felt as though I had taken a Russian bath internally.

As an appetizer, a string band played "La Paloma" and other sweet, soft, sensuous Spanish airs.

The "small black" with the cognac ended all. Cigaritos were passed, but there I drew the line. The several senoras at the adjoining tables did not, however. It may seem strange to some to see Spanish ladies smoking cigarettes, but it is a Spanish custom, and is in good form in the Latin Quarter among the aristocracy and the lower class. The senorita with the eyes, who so charmingly presided at the cash counter, blew an arched line of smoke from her pretty mouth in a very scientific manner and in a "style all her own."

Taking a party of four or six to a Spanish dinner in the Latin Quarter, and then to the theater afterwards, is considered quite the swell thing to do among the society people.

The popularity of the Latin restaurants among all races and classes can be attested by the number in existence, all of them doing a profitable business. Americans and foreigners, both rich and poor, can often be seen enjoying a dinner in the same room, and not infrequently at the same table. Truly, San Francisco is a cosmopolitan city!

ALLEY IN LATIN QUARTER.

RESTAURANT, AND BROADWAY JAIL.

IN THE HEART OF JAPAN

W. V. BRYAN.

By tourists who visit the great city of Kioto, the descent of "the rapids" is considered one of the things to "do," and all but the extremely timid generally set one day apart for the accomplishment of this feat. The spice of danger in such an undertaking but evolves a latent interest and a fascination satiated only by its achievement, and one considers it almost a disgrace to depart and not be able to say that he descended "the rapids."

On a cool, cloudy morning, I leave my comfortable quarters in the hotel, and take a seat in a jinrikisha, manned by two powerful coolies who were previously hired to carry me to the headwaters of the rapids. We start, one man pulling in the shafts and the other running ahead with a rope thrown over his shoulder and tied to the shaft. In this manner they trot along for two hours and a half, the latter part of the ride leading through a very pretty canyon with green and luxuriant vegetation. In a short time we reach Yamanoto, the headwaters of the rapids, and, with some trouble, I succeed in hiring four experienced *sendos*, or boatmen, to carry us over. The boats used for this purpose are about thirty feet long, and five feet wide amidships, the sides being two and a half feet high. They are built of extremely light timber, not over three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and have no braces or knees whatever, thus making them very flexible. They are flat-bottomed, and, when loaded with twelve hundred or fourteen hundred pounds, draw but five or six inches, this light draught enabling them to glide over the rocks with comparative safety.

"*Yoroshi*" ("all right") cries the *sendo*, and we scramble into the boat—jinrikisha and all being taken aboard. All is ready for the start and we shove off. In the distance we see a large number of rocks, and the river seems to grow narrower. Slowly we drift along with the current. One man stands in the bow with a long bamboo pole to look out for hidden rocks, two on each side to row and keep her in place, and one in the stern to steer. We are approaching a long race, rushing between two rocky banks, not over fifteen feet wide, and at the end we can see a small foaming cascade. The "Japs" look at me for some sign of anxiety, but their own serenity is happily contagious and they get no satisfaction. Nearer and nearer we draw, with a gradually increasing velocity, till finally the bow enters the roaring passage, she receives the full impetus of the current, and with one shoot we are in the midst of the torrent, flying along at frightful speed. I do not feel alarmed, neither do I feel at home, but the instinct of self-preservation prompts me to hold on to the gunwale. Good gracious! I think; see those jagged rocks ahead, but a couple of inches under water! She will stave her bottom in, sure! But no; down she flies, slides over the rocks, each time bulging the pliant boards to an uncomfortable tension, and passes over them in safety. Again, it seems as though every minute we will dash head on onto some of the projecting boulders. We shoot along, and appear to be making directly for some large rock, until the final moment, when, her bow being within three or four feet of it, the *sendo* gives a quick and dexterous shove with his pole, and we pursue our flying course. The end is reached in a much briefer time than it takes to describe it, and we bowl over the cascade in high style, taking a little water in forward, and find ourselves once more in placid waters. In many places we encounter strong reverse currents which occasion some heavy work on the part of the *sendo*, and at intervals of a few minutes each we dash down another course—from placidity to fearful turbulence.

DOWN THE RAPIDS.

The scenery is magnificent. Mountains, green as emerald, from one thousand feet to two thousand feet in height, rise majestically on either side, and as the river is not over sixty feet wide at any point in the descent, their close proximity produces a sublime effect. Many natural curiosities are passed during the flying ride, the most noticeable being two gigantic boulders, one called the "*Biobu*," or screen, because it represents an immense Japanese screen covered with grotesque designs, and the other, "The Bookcase," because it appears like an immense library filled with hundreds of volumes.

RAPIDS—THE START.

For thirteen miles we continue our winding ride, through deep ravines and amid picturesque minarets, occasionally catching a glimpse of the valley beyond, until at last we reach Arashi Yama (Stormy Mountain), and our journey is at an end.

Here the coolies and I disembark, and, the jinrikisha being safely set on land, I settle accounts with the *sendos*, who proceed at once to engage in the laborious task of towing the boat up stream to the starting point. This they accomplish by putting one man in the boat as steersman, while the other three climb along the rugged banks with long ropes thrown over their shoulders, tugging manfully against the current; and yet, arduous as it is, they achieve this feat in half a day.

At a two-storied tea-house near by I obtain a rather meager repast. It consists chiefly of tea, without milk, as that article is comparatively unknown in the interior; of rice, *tamago*, or eggs, and boiled fish, the only redeeming feature of the repast being a pretty and polite little maiden of some seventeen summers, who graciously acts as waitress. A pleasant hour is spent at the tea-house, and as I am about to leave, imagine my astonishment when the old lady of the house inquires if I wouldn't like to *buy* the fair attendant who waited on me, and who, it appears, is her daughter. They are poor, she says, and if I desire to make the purchase she can let me have her cheap, only fifteen yen, or about thirteen dollars. Surprised at the barbarity of the proposition, I decline the offer with thanks and ride off. Slavery and the bargaining for human souls is a common occurrence in Japan, but the slave there is considered something more than a mere commodity. He is treated humanely, and may even be said to possess caste in society.

After a pleasant jaunt of some six or seven miles, I find myself once more at the hotel, where an excellent Japanese meal, cooked in European style, is done ample justice to. Many places of interest, such as gardens, theaters, juggling performances, and other curious street scenes, might be dwelt upon to the entertainment of the reader, but as there are other topics of equal attractiveness to introduce, I will leave the former for the subject of a future letter.

It is a bright, charming Sunday morning and I arise and dress preparatory to departing for Lake Biwa. It is one of those mornings characteristic of Japan in the month of August—cloudless sky, deep azure as the ocean, and a sultry, languid atmosphere, leaving just about enough animation to seek some cool, shady spot, and stay there in romantic pensiveness. At midday I ride to the depot. The thoroughfares are apparently just as lively and just as busy as on week days, all classes being engaged at their respective vocations, for Sunday to these simple people has no more significance than any other day in the week.

The depot is finally reached; it is a large, handsome stone building, constructed somewhat after the English style of railway stations. I purchase a first-class ticket to the lake, and pass through a small gate, finding myself in the middle of a noisy crowd of Japanese, running here and there, their wooden clogs clattering loudly on the hard pavement. After some searching I discover the carriage marked "first-class." A courteous official steps forward, unlocks it for me to enter, when the door is again closed and locked on the outside. The English system of railways is adopted in every respect. The first-class carriages are divided into two or three apartments, each supplied with two seats opposite each other, and capable of accommodating six persons with com-

fort. The cushions are soft and high, and when in full possession of an apartment one can adjust himself with the most luxurious ease. Behind these cars come the second-class accommodations, not so comfortable and secluded as the first; and, lastly, several third-class carriages, where the majority of the Japanese ride. The seats are parallel, one behind the other, uncushioned, and at right angles to the long side of the car.

It is sometimes amusing to notice the officiousness these Japanese will display on trifling occasions. A minute or two before the train starts the excitement begins. There is a louder bustle of feet; the bell begins to ring; little conductors run here and there with an air of great importance, shouting unintelligible orders and blowing an occasional whistle of warning. At last everything is ready. The conductor whistles to the cab drivers (it takes three "Japs" to run an engine), who respond with a vigorous dong of the bell and a few shrill toots of the whistle, when—

"She starts, she stirs, she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her *wheel*."

We move rapidly from the depot and the admiring gaze of a crowd of lookers-on, and are soon jogging along at eighteen miles an hour. The stations are numerous and near together, which occasion frequent stoppages, but the intervening prospect is delightful, passing as we do through acres of rich, green rice plantations. A small three-minute tunnel, deemed by the "Japs" a marvel of mechanical skill, is passed just before reaching the lake, and as we emerge, the lovely sheet of water bursts suddenly upon us, with its placid surface stretching calmly to the westward for miles, presenting at once a beautiful and enchanting spectacle. In five minutes more we are deposited at the little village of Otsu, on the banks of the lake. Passing through a gateway, where an official collects the tickets, I find myself in the village proper, and after securing suitable quarters in a Japanese lodging-house, stroll out to see the sights.

A jinrikisha is easily obtained, and a five-mile jaunt along the lake-shore brings me to a remarkable freak of Nature in the shape of a pine-tree. Its diameter at the base is six or seven feet, and huge branches shoot out in all directions, stretching their gigantic arms over an immense area probably one hundred yards in circumference, necessitating numberless props to sustain the immense weight, and giving it an appearance at a distance of a huge banyan tree. Its age is not authentically known, but the Japanese claim that the number of its years is enormous.

Another feature of interest near Otsu is the Temple of Mudera, founded over 1200 years ago. Adjacent to it is a large, granite obelisk, erected to the memory of

A REMARKABLE PINE-TREE.

179 soldiers who perished in the Satsuma rebellion eighteen years ago; and beyond the temple is a large bell-tower, containing a remarkable bell. A story of fabulous origin is related, which alleges that a certain individual named Benkei once stole this bell and carried it to the top of a high mountain near Kioto, and beguiled the time by beating it all night. The priests entreated him to restore it, which he agreed to do, providing they would make him as much soup as he could eat. This they did, and the iron pot they employed may now be seen near the bell-tower. Its diameter is five feet, and, as a writer has said, "satisfactorily testifies to Benkei's capacity for soup." Truly the human race must be degenerating, for could an individual of the present age, "Young America" not excepted, equal that astonishing feat?

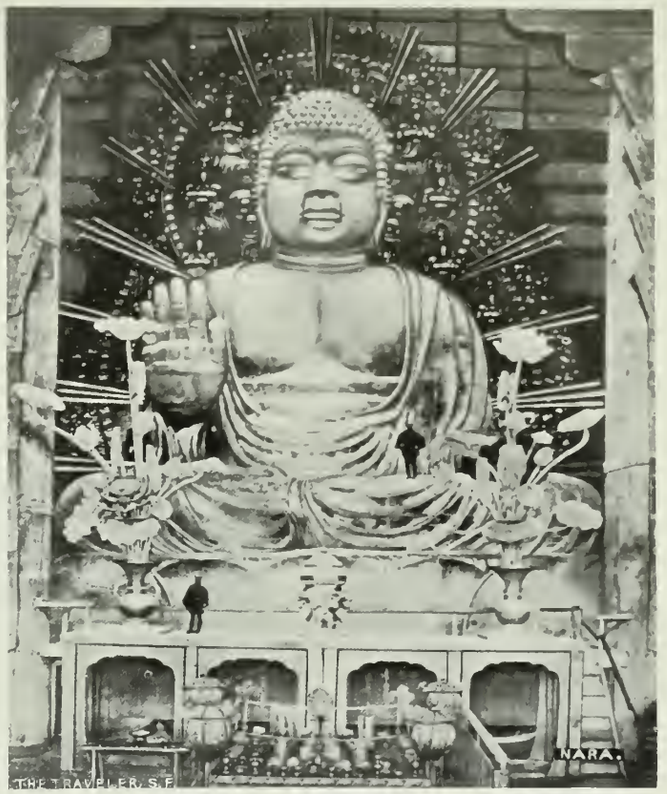
Leaving this lovely spot, the little train carries us to the small village of Inari, where a jinrikisha and a couple of sturdy runners are engaged to carry me twenty-two miles to Nara. It is wonderful what powers of endurance these fellows possess. It is an exceedingly hot day, yet these men maintain a continuous jog-trot for several miles. Occasionally we come to a wayside resting place, where we remain for a few minutes.

We pass through miles of rich tea plantations covering an immense area of level land, and here is the famous Uji district, celebrated for the finest brands of Japanese tea, the best varieties bringing from the bush from five to seven and one-half yen, or about four dollars to six dollars per pound. All along, the Japanese farmers are seen busily engaged on their plantations, and the results of their untiring industry are perfect models of neatness.

In six hours we arrive at Nara, a scattered town of some 21,000 inhabitants, and after depositing my baggage at a romantic little inn, I stroll about to see the sights. My rambles lead me first to an old Shinto temple, some 1100 years of age, but, as it is inaccessible, the journey onward is continued. Just behind this temple lies the unique trunk of a tree, upon which are growing several varieties of creepers, among them being the camellia, cherry, and wistaria; and further on, in an open space in the woods, are several tame deer gamboling about as unconcernedly as possible. Just beyond is a number of fine buildings of red lacquer, with gables in front and at the rear, and long eaves on each side. Passing through a large court, I come to the Kari-ya, where, every five days, a grand feast is prepared by the priests and brought in the front gate to be offered to the gods. The exteriors of all these structures are prettily ornamented with numberless brass lanterns. Upon each side of the path leading to these temples is a great number of tall granite lanterns, some of which are lighted every evening. It is said that years ago, when the religious contributions were bountiful, all were illuminated, and the effect among the dark groves of cryptomerias was strikingly fantastic.

Beyond these temples is a long building occupied by the priests and a number of Japanese maidens, the latter ready to dance the sacred dance, or *kagura*. Their dress consists of red trousers, white undergarments, and a mantle of gauze. The hair is allowed to fall behind, and their faces are thickly covered with powder. The music, rendered by drum, flute, and song, is furnished by three old priests. Alongside of the building is an albino pony, to which, for a small donation of two cents to a priest standing near, you are permitted to feed a handful of uncooked white beans, which are eaten by the recipient with the evident relish and appreciation of an experienced epicure.

Leaving these temples, a walk of several minutes brings me to the To Dai Ji temple, the most celebrated in Japan, because it contains the Great Daibutsu. Two gigantic wooden images, called Nio, guard the entrance to the court; inside, to the right of the entrance, is a large pond swarming with sacred carp.



DAIBUTSU.

A few moments' walk finds me within the temple, when one of the keepers steps up with a huge book, which he impressively presents for my perusal, without a word; but an explanation is quite unnecessary, as it is easily read in the expression of his countenance, "All donations thankfully received." The book is filled with names of tourists of fame and of celebrity, with the amount of their contributions attached. So, enrolling myself among the motley throng, I banish this irrepressible solicitor (who withdraws with grateful obeisance), and turn my attention to the interior.

Having engaged a jinrikisha for a journey of thirty miles over the mountains to Osaka, and having ordered an early start (4 A. M.), I am awakened at what is presumably that hour and told the jinrikisha is in waiting. It is quite dark, though the stars shine brightly; but of course, expecting daylight in an hour, I dress hurriedly, jump in, and we start. Without entertaining the least suspicion, I ride on until it strikes me rather forcibly that daybreak is some time coming, and then, by the aid of a lantern, I glance at my watch. Lo, and behold! It is 1:45 A. M., and we have been traveling about forty-five minutes. Astonished at this discovery, I can do nothing but give the "Japs" a piece of my mind, though inwardly laughing at my own thoughtlessness in neglecting to observe the time before leaving.

While jogging along the highway, we suddenly pass a Japanese funeral, the attendants being on foot. The dead man is clothed in his natural garments, and placed in a sitting posture inside of an open norimon borne on the shoulders of two coolies. It is a startling spectacle. The face is uncovered and ghostly white, yet with an expression of tranquility written upon it. The friends and mourners walk at the front and at the rear of the corpse. Did space permit, an account of their curious burial rites might be subjoined.

At 7 A. M. we reach Osaka, the Venice of Japan, so famous for its jugglers. Thirty miles, for the most part a very mountainous road, in six hours! Think of it! Does not such a feat merit the greatest respect and admiration, and convince us of the wonderful fortitude and endurance of the Japanese race?

SIDE LINES

The subject of the use of plug hats came up in the smoker. One traveler said that they were tolerable at funerals, and might be used circumspectly by men who had passed the prime of life. Another, who informed us that he had once been addicted to the habit of going to church, that the plug hat had been the means of his giving up his pew. He used to wear a fine ten-dollar silk hat to church, and if he placed it under the pew in front, some fervent worshiper would abstractedly put his foot in it; and if he placed it on the seat, a stout lady was sure to be ushered in and sit down on it, giving it the appearance of an antiquated concertina. The old beaver of the Lincoln campaign was generally denounced, not so much on account of its age, as of its style and usual depraved appearance, and it was voted that any one with whom the habit had become chronic should be refused the privilege of the tranchise.

A grave man who had not before engaged in the discussion, said that he didn't believe that the deacon of a church should wear a high hat on rainy, windy days; it was not compatible with religion. He had once seen a worthy and dignified officer of the church chase a recreant plug hat for two blocks, and after he had smashed it into a mud-puddle with his umbrella that had just been turned inside out by the wind, he felt certain, from the expression on his face and the movement of his lips, that the warm influences of Christian charity had temporarily fled from his bosom.

"No man with the slightest claim to gentility," another passenger said, "would come up behind a friend and, in a facetious manner, smash his high hat down over his face so that there was nothing visible under it but the back of his neck and his chin." This rude practice, he thought, had been the prime cause of the disuse of this once respectable headgear.

Brake-beam traveling is an humble but inexpensive mode of travel that, as far as we know, is not especially confined to any particular section of the country. It is not indulged in by the wealthier classes, nor, indeed, by the respectable classes of society. It is precarious both on account of accidents and the meddlesome spirit that characterizes the brakemen. If there is anything that gives the "brake" a full-hearted joy, it is to dislodge a dirt-begrimed hobo from his cross-beam seat, and fire him down a forty-foot bank into a nice clear-running stream, some brakemen even going so far as to throw a cake of soap after the retreating bum. He feels that he is doing a charitable act, for is not cleanliness next to godliness? With all the precautions taken by train hands, it is wonderful that there are so many of this class who are continually stealing rides up and down the country. We interviewed one of these subjects lately, who informed us that he had "bummed" it from Idaho to Sacramento, and he closed his brief story with the reproachful and almost angry remark that, "if it hadn't been for the dog-goned sassy 'brake' between Ashland and Hornbrook, I'd 'ev got through on schedule time."

But what a sight one of these clandestine travelers presents after a dusty ride of a hundred miles! All evidences of nationality or previous condition are obliterated, and how they ever manage to humanize themselves again is a mystery.

It is not the regular dyed-in-the-wool tramp that travels in this way, but generally the adventurous young rapscallion, whose residence in some other locality has been made unpleasant for him, and whose absence has been urged by an indignant community. It is only after the ordinary tramp gets about dirty enough to die that he resorts to the brake-beam, and then he knows that he will be under the awful necessity of performing what to him is next to death—the taking of a bath.

A POPULAR SOCIETY BELLE OF SAN FRANCISCO. Taber Photo.

The man in the smoker was a foreigner from "somewhere in Europe," and he made himself disagreeable by that rather too common custom of making unfavorable comparisons between "the way they do things here and where he came from."

Now, this is not altogether a reprehensible trait if it is done honestly and impartially; no doubt many glaring faults have been reformed by this means, but we Americans do not care about taking this medicine in too large doses.

There was one point that the "man from Europe" dwelt upon at some length that we were nearly all agreed upon, and that was the superabundance of eatables on our hotel bills of fare. He said it was like taking up a Sunday newspaper; you never knew where to begin nor end. Instead of a few dishes served tastily and hot, one or so at a time, the waiter spreads innumerable side dishes around you that no three persons could dispose of. And then the time and labor-saving waiter, he affirmed, wants to bring your meal to the table all at one time. Then he made another reasonable growl that your coffee, generally lukewarm, is brought on at the beginning of the meal, and is often unfit for use before it is needed.

Yes, the reasonable grumbler has a useful place in society, and we would do well, even suppose he is a foreigner, to give heed to his complaints.

Should the traveler to Paris select the London, Chatham and Dover Railway as the route by which he elects to visit the gay capital, he should not fail to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thorne of the L., C. and D. Railway.

In his desire to assist travelers, Mr. Thorne has become a great deal more than a representative of his railway, and, having done many courtesies for many people, he has secured an amount of general influence and good will which he is perpetually anxious to devote to the service of any wandering friend or patron of his line.

One of the most delightful entertainments of the season took place on Friday evening, September 27th, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, San Francisco. The spacious dining-room was thrown open for dancing, and both young and old disported themselves for three hours to the music of the famous Presidio band, which, by the way, tendered their services in honor of Col. Jos. Knowlton, Jr., the manager of the hotel.

Preceding the dance the band rendered a superb concert from 7:30 to 9. The dining-room was ablaze with light, and, altogether, the affair added another credit to this most popular hostelry.

Southern California hotels are already busily engaged in making their preparations for the coming tourist season. Last winter was an excellent one, notwithstanding the universal cry of "hard times," and the past summer has been the brightest in its existence. Messrs. Bilicke & Co., of the Hollenbeck Hotel, in addition to redecorating the entire house and newly carpeting probably one-half their two hundred and forty rooms, are preparing to install one of the most complete and elaborate electric plants on the Pacific Coast, and are also arranging to heat the entire house by steam—two modern advantages no other house in Los Angeles can boast of. In addition to this, another score of new bathrooms with porcelain tubs and handsome appurtenances will be added, the demand for the most superior class of accommodation being constantly on the increase.

In the neighborhood of $18,000 will be expended upon the Hollenbeck this year again. No hotel in Southern California has been improved and had such sums of money spent thereon during the past two years as the Hollenbeck, and the heavy business of the hotel would indicate the traveling public's appreciation of the earnest and untiring efforts of the management.

BICYCLING

One of the burning questions of the hour seems to be "Bicycles in Baggage Cars." Apparently no two railroads in the country have come to the same conclusion in the matter. One Southern road, the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, has positively declined to carry bicycles as baggage unless crated and having handles on the sides and ends of the crates. As a result the cyclists along the line are wroth, and are attempting to boycott the road. The *Railway Review* takes the stand that "from a broad standpoint of railway economy there would appear to be no good reason why bicycles should be accepted as baggage—a man might as well expect to have his horse carried free in the baggage car as to demand that his bicycle should be thus treated." The same paper thinks the matter should be relegated to the express companies, but generously suggests that "at way stations there are no adequate facilities for handling this traffic by express, and indeed it is at just such stations that the bulk of the bicycle business is done. Perhaps the most feasible as well as acceptable solution of the problem would be to provide suitable racks in baggage cars, and when necessary run an extra car, making a reasonable charge for the service."

It might not be out of place to again suggest that the road which caters to the cycling trade, will doubtless in a year or so reap its reward, while the company which expects to drive from the face of the earth the bicycle, in the hope that its earnings will be increased, is apt to be fooled.

It would, in most cases, more than pay a company to seek cyclists as passengers, and to provide suitable racks for their wheels, carrying them free. The company would create a traffic from this source, particularly on Sundays; week days the traffic would be so light as to require no extra baggage car room.

A bicycle repairing establishment issued a circular for general distribution which contained numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of the treatment given. Here are a few from the many:

"'My wheel had three ribs fractured and you cured it in one treatment.'

"'My tires were suffering with a case of acute aneurism, which had been pronounced fatal by other bicycle doctors, but you cured the disorder and I did not lose a day of my tour.'

"'I was troubled with varicose tires, involving frequent ruptures and incontinence of wind. You cured me.'"

What is wrong with the fake factories? Why this hitch in the output of bicycle rot? It is all of three weeks since the finishing touches and final polish was put on the "bicycle walk," and the pigeon-toe eccentricity, and they were dispatched on their journey on the press circuit. It surely cannot be that the halt is due to lack of raw material. The prolific and regular nature of the supply to date puts the quietus on that explanation. All through the season, until now, never less than a week has intervened between the appearances on the market of the literary idiocies that radiate from the wheel. The "hump," the "face," the "knock-knee," the "pigeon-toe," the "rotary walk"; the long line of those prostrated industrially by the bicycle; the Ben Harrison twaddle; the gallon after gallon of drivel on the new-woman-bloomer-knicker-bocker-skirt question; the buckets of medico-physiological swash; the Beelzebub element in the sport, mixed in a pint pot by Dr. Hawthorne, and diligently whipped in the machinery of the literary factories till a fifty-gallon cask could scarcely hold it—these, and many more, have been coming in so regularly and persistently, that the sudden stoppage of the supply is rather in the nature of a shock. It *may* be that the wonderful and inscrutable workings of Providence have wrought a change of heart in the weavers of literary lunacies about the frame-work of the bicycle, and that their cogs have been stopped by the visitation of high heaven. This is a happy thought; too happy, unfortunately, for use as a probable explanation. "Closed for repairs" is possible; "retired from business" is, alas, too good to be true. —*Referee.*

THE CYCLING PARSON.

All got 'em now. The first one, though.
Kem nigh to bustin' up the church.
How? Well, our preacher's young and strong—
A splendid fellow, Murch—
Fresh back from his vacation brought
The only one we'd seen,
An' Sunday kem a racin' up
To church on th' machine.

We all wuz thar to welcome him,
From timber, lake, an' farm—
A parson gentle as a girl,
But with a blacksmith's arm;—
But straddle o' that tew-wheeled gig.
'Twuz more nur we c'u'd stan',
An' everybody turned their backs
Agin his outstretched han.'

He preached, but we sat glum an' grim
(I own we done him wrong);
He had to sing the hymns alone,
For no one jined the song,
'Til when the benediction kem
His voice wuz like the moan
O' some poor critter struck tew death
An' dyin' all alone.

Nex' day the congregation met,
And we hed 'bout agreed
That Brother Murch wus tew strong
Fer home-spun sinner's need.
When Sister Jackson 'rose an' said:
"'T won't change your minds, I know,
But here's what Sister Willard writes"—
Then trem'lin'ly an' slow,
She reads: "'I'm strong and well—
What saved my life an' gave me health?
It wuz the bi-cy-kel.'
Now, Francis Willard tells us this,
'N if she thinks it right
Fer Christian folks to ride a wheel,
Why, I give up the fight."

Straight to the parson's house we went,
An' at a rapid pace,
We begged him in the humblest way
To stay and keep his place.
"The laubs are many," he replied.
"An' short the shepherd's day,
So he who bears the Master's word
Should find the quickest way."
Ye've herd a fiddler play "Sweet Home?"
That's how it made me feel,
And now the whole blamed neighborhood
'S gone crazy on the wheel.

—*Charles Eugene Banks, in Wheel Talk.*

WOMEN'S PRESS AT BELVEDERE.

LUELLA HOPE.

At the close of the Congress of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, it was our good fortune to take the trip to beautiful Belvedere, on September 5th. The itinerary outlined for us was promising so much that we were somewhat doubtful of its realization. As the steamer arrived on the opposite side of the bay, one hundred beaming faces anxiously scanned the pier for the host of the occasion.

MR. GEO. W. ADAMS GREETED US. Bushnell Photo

He stood in a white yachting costume, with a blue striped crape shirt of the negligee pattern, his cool attire and easy manner at once assuring us that he was no novice as an entertainer. Discarding wraps and shawls—for we were now in a new, balmy atmosphere—the party started by different routes for the much talked of Belvedere. The weather was as perfect as the most captious could desire, and it almost seemed that special dispensation had been granted us for the occasion, imparting to all a feeling of lightheartedness and joyousness. Riding along the gently winding roadway through a natural forest of oak, bay, madrone, and other trees, with woodland mosses, vines, and wild flowers of every conceivable variety nestling at their feet, we soon reached the summit. Here we obtained a superb view of the bay below us. The water was as placid as the mountain lakes of Switzerland, and resting lazily on its bosom could be seen a number of arks, or house boats—a strictly Californian conception. Disporting among them are endless numbers of row boats and sail boats, for there is no section of the bay where aquatic sports may be indulged in with greater pleasure than in this quiet little baylet. Northward the towering form of Tamalpais rises majestically above us, and seems to pose as a silent guardian of the little peninsula on which we stand; to the south looms up the City of San Francisco, overcast and smoky.

The collation served us was complete. The boat ride, too, giving us the opportunity of obtaining an excellent view of the many beautiful residences, was most enjoyable, and we returned home wondering why so many people could be contented to remain in San Francisco within only half an hour's ride of such a lovely spot as Belvedere.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Architecture in San Francisco is of a much-mixed character. The effect is undeniably diverting but not beautiful. Its chief merit lies in its lack of monotony. Wearisome sameness in style is certainly undesirable. No one cares to see block after block of dwellings as similar as peas in a pod, but the house that is neither one thing nor the other—a composite structure borrowed from the past and present centuries, a standing collection of incongruities, a combination of unsympathetic elements that appear to be holding themselves together under protest—such a habitation is not ornamental to the city, no matter how much money it represents. Out on one of our fashionable streets a mansion is being completed that looks like a cross between a country court-house and a Chinese pagoda. I paused to study it one day and a Hibernian who was mixing mortar near by must have divined my thoughts. Respectfully touching his hat he said, confidentially: "It's a divil of a quare-lookin' place, ma'am." And it was!

A penny—only a penny—made a sinner of a man who might (who knows?) have become a pillar in the church into which he wandered thirty years ago. "I've got no use for religion," said he to me. "I walked out of a place of worship once and never set foot in one afterward. You see I had just arrived in California and wasn't used to things out here, so when my first Sunday came and I laid a penny, according to my custom in the East, on the contribution plate, I was mortified when the usher looked at it and then at me as much as to say I'd made a mistake. The people around us all stared and I felt mighty uncomfortable. Then what did that high-toned usher do but take my penny gingerly off the plate, lay it on my knee and walk on to the next pew. That settled it with me. I dropped the copper into my vest pocket and took my leave." While I listened to this tale of prejudice I wished that a sweet-voiced Salvation Army lassie, whom I know, were there to convert that unforgiving man and bring him back into the fold.

Its presence is never quite out of my sight:
'Tis near me wherever I stray;
It crosses my path with the morning's first light:
It gleams in the moon's silver ray.

Anxiety, watchfulness, eagerness, woe.
On its agonized features I trace.
It is not a specter that worries me so—
It is only the bicycle face.

After all, the summer resort is not what it is claimed to be as a happy hunting ground for the marriageable maid. The latter does not tell a cheerful tale about her conquests when she compares notes with her bosom friend. Brownies and willie-boys there are in plenty, but the higher development of mankind is at a premium. This is easily explained. The former have bank accounts, inherited from a more or less noble ancestry, but the man of brains usually has to work for a living, and the vacations that he is privileged to enjoy are few and far between. He is not enamored of the hotel piazza, nor does he yearn for the seductive delights of tennis. He generally prefers to seek his pleasure in the "pathless woods," and he has a fondness for unfashionable places where he can doff the conventionalities of life and breathe the air of social freedom. Decidedly, the summer man, as discovered ordinarily, is not a creature to enthuse over. But what can one expect of any one whose existence has been marred by nothing more disturbing than an ambition to wear perfectly creased trousers and to carefully avoid the appearance of ever having entertained an original idea?

From every corner of my room they stare:
With frightful calm they mock my secret woe:
They leer at me from table and from chair;
What have I done that they should haunt me so—
These presents from the people whom I know?

That patchwork foot-stool, weak and wobble kneed;
The weirdly painted mug on yonder shelf;
This tapestry, with wild, cavorting steed
Against chrome-yellow background; bits of delf;—
All these were gifts to my protesting self.

Around, beneath, above me, everywhere
Are things in worsted, hideous and crude.
Whose colors at each other madly glare—
Mute objects of an endless, deadly feud.
Filling my soul with sad disquietude.

Each month adds some new horror to the list.
Is friendship, then, a slow, insatiate flame
To be thus fed? I'm powerless to resist.
Here is a picture in wrought-iron frame;
O Art, what crimes are sanctioned in thy name!

Some day, alas, to my abode they'll come
And see a sign—"For sale; house, contents, land."
Then, searching, they will find me, stricken dumb,
A green-and-yellow tidy in my hand.
But even then they will not understand!

Said a friend of mine the other day: "I've made a discovery in the perjury line. For some weeks past I noticed that my upstairs neighbor, a young lady, would trip down to the back-yard and sit there by the hour, hatless, with a singular disregard for freckles and sunburn. I, of course, supposed that she was indulging a sensible fondness for fresh air, but I was undeceived when, later in the season, I accidentally heard another girl say to her on the street-car: 'Why, Gladys, how tanned you are! Where did you spend the summer?' Whereat Gladys, to my amazement, replied with perfect *sang froid*, 'In the Santa Cruz Mountains, dear. Lovely place. Came home two days ago.'"

There is a constantly increasing demand for camphor, and yet it is a drug upon the market.

Rather odd that mosquitoes should be directly responsible for a fake press dispatch, but then these mosquitoes were of the San Joaquin variety, a tribe that cannot be excelled in point of size, voracity and general picturesqueness. A San Francisco young man en route for home stayed over night at a hotel in that locality, and was all unwittingly the cause of a sensation in consequence. It happened this way: Observing that the winged tormentors were camping on his trail and sharpening their apparatuses for the puncturing of his epidermis in the stilly hours to follow, he resolved to incapacitate the enemy by asphyxiation. He purchased a quantity of buhach, placed it on a soap-dish near his bed and touched a match to it. It smouldered, slowly sending its soporific influence ceilingward with the desired effect, and he went peacefully to sleep. At midnight he was rudely awakened by a loud report. The soap-dish had exploded with heat. Confused sounds came to him through the thin board partitions, and presently an excited crowd, headed by the landlord, burst into his room. It was some time before he could convince them that the report was not that of a pistol and that the smoke was likewise not a self-destroyer. They had mistaken him for a would-be suicide, you see. Meanwhile some inspired person telegraphed his name to a city paper and the suicide theory went in as news. He has been trying ever since to explain things to his city friends, and spends his spare moments in vowing vengeance upon the San Joaquin economizer of the truth.

Sacramento, so long asleep, has awakened from its perennial siesta, and is showing the rest of the State what can be done in the way of business enterprise and civic progressiveness. New buildings are going up, private residences are assuming architectural shape, and old houses are taking another lease of life under the rejuvenating influence of paint baths. An electric system, the power of which is transmitted from Folsom, thirty miles distant, is shedding light upon the Sacramentan subject, and a rival plant will soon be established, when consumers will reap the advantages of reduced rates. The Capital City is to be congratulated upon its energy.

Fighting through the telephone is a safe method of warfare. No black eyes, no physical encounters, no police-court fines result from these long-distance skirmishes. The 'phone receives and transmits the most incendiary language with no damage whatever to masculine beauty or to the set of a fellow's cravat. The cheerfulness with which one man can apostrophise another over the wire is truly remarkable. Oral encounters of this kind are apparently such an immense relief to the wrathful that the telephone may be said to serve a double purpose—that of an escape-valve and messenger combined.

Last evening when the curtain slowly fell.
A plaintive air the orchestra was playing;
She turned her eyes to mine. There's no gainsaying
That eyes like hers play havoc—sometimes. Well.
She used them archly when the curtain fell.

A fragrant spray of tender heliotrope
Upon her breast, where filmy laces bound it,
Softly uprose with her soft breath. Confound it
(Her eyes are brown), how could a fellow hope
To sit unmoved beside that heliotrope?

A glance, a sigh, a whispered word can tell
Such fatal things! I wake this foggy morning
To find myself engaged—tied without warning.
A dearth of coin love's dream will soon dispel.
Would I were elsewhere when that curtain fell!

What do you think of tule huts as summer residences? Primitive simplicity must be rather restful than otherwise, as a change from the conventionalities of civilization. During the five or six weeks of the hop season at Wheatland, Yuba County, people gravitate there in hordes to pick hops, erecting temporary dwellings of tules to shelter them. Wheatland is the summer Mecca of hundreds of men, women and children, glad to secure this form of employment, families by the dozen camping in the vicinity, which, for the time being, resembles a gypsy village.

Doubtless the man who has lately distinguished himself by throwing ink upon the dresses of lady passers-by, is a dangerous and malicious crank, but may he not possibly have had his mentality reduced to this peculiar monomania by harrowing experiences? There might be extenuating circumstances in his favor. Although the instances are rare of a man being driven sheer out of his wits by enormous drygoods bills, one can comprehend how such things might result in a desire to wreck the entire gown-building industry and to demolish every evidence of their handiwork in sight.

"Oh, trust in providence," say the wise;
But what are you going to do
If rents are high, and the well runs dry,
And providence won't trust *you*?

"There is no need of a teacher coming in personal contact with a lady pupil, except in case of a fall," lately said a bicycle teacher to an enquiring mamma. "The usual method of teaching," he continued, "is to have the pupil wear a belt with a handle attached, which the teacher grasps firmly to support the rider; the other hand controls the handle-bars that guide the wheel. When the pupil has learned to guide the bicycle the teacher only holds the belt-handle, and later, when there is more confidence shown, he attaches a strap, which enables him to get further away as her ability to manage the wheel increases."

So very brave she seemed—so level-headed!
Her self-control was wonderful to see.
She coped with situations all undreaded
That surely would have been the death of me.
Her sphinx-like courage never once forsook her.
Why, when the dentist firmly clutched her head,
And with his forceps picked her up and shook her,
Not even one small teardrop did she shed.
All vexing themes she met with cool, calm reason.
But when she found that she would have to make
Her last year's gown do for another season,
She cried and cried as if her heart would break.

Two San Francisco ladies, well known in church and philanthropic work, went to a summer resort not far away where the rules and regulations are especially strict. Upon retiring, one of them observed a printed list of these rules hanging on the door. Adjusting her glasses she read aloud: "Under penalty of being prosecuted to the severest extent of the law, occupants of this room must not indulge in spirituous liquors, riotous conduct, unseemly boisterousness of any kind, the use of profane language, tobacco in any form, opium or other noxious drugs, gambling"—here she paused, a merry twinkle in her eye showing that her devotion to charity had not eliminated her sense of humor, "My dear," said she, "if to remain here is to sacrifice all our pet vices, I think we would better go home!"

There is a radical difference between a woman's and a man's idea of dissipation. The other day I chanced to overhear two girls talking. "I had such a jolly time Saturday," one of them was saying. "It was what my brother would call 'a girl's spree.' Edith and I were just determined to enjoy ourselves, hard times or no hard times. What do you suppose we did? Went to the matinee at the Baldwin, then to dinner at the new cafe, just opened. After that we took a stroll up and down Kearny and Market, regaled ourselves with a couple of ice-cream sodas apiece, bought a pound of 'French Mixed,' and got home at 10:15. Only fancy what a lark!" Her companion sighed enviously, and I marveled at the varying conceptions of a good time, as evinced by the youth of both sexes. What a pity that matinees with ice-cream soda accompaniments do not limit the orgies of the brotherly contingent!

The trousers that paterfamilias wears
Can always be cut into smaller-sized pairs;
But to lie in the ragbag in useless state
Is the materfamilias bloomers' fate.

ITEMS.

The portrait of the young lady in this issue of THE TRAVELER is another testimonial of the artistic ability of Taber, the well-known photographer. The pose, the style of dress, the expression, and the cleverness of arrangement of the lights and shadows, are all due to the care and good taste of Mr. Taber, through his chief operator, Frank Davey. Most of the half-tones published in THE TRAVELER, both landscape and portraits, have been made from photographs taken by Taber.

That the management of the Palace Hotel filled a long-felt want by opening a Ladies' Grill Room in this house is daily proven by the increasing popularity of the new department.

At the lunch hour this magnificent room is filled to overflowing; during the entire afternoon and evening it certainly presents a very busy appearance, and the crowds that flock there after the theater certainly prove that, though Grill Rooms, so-called, have sprung up all over town with great rapidity within the past year, the Ladies' Grill Room of the Palace is by far the best of all. Truly, "Nothing succeeds like success," and Manager Kirkpatrick has excellent reason to feel proud of the well-deserved patronage here bestowed.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company had about the most striking and beautiful exhibit at the Mechanics' Fair this year—a glittering mass of borax crystals, set off with a profusion of electric lights. Their display was the center of attraction every evening, and they handed out over a carload of free samples of their new soap powders, Boraxaid and Boraxo, during the term of the Fair.

JACKSON'S NAPA SODA Mineral Water is on the boom in Southern California; although the agency in Los Angeles has only been established a few months, they are doing a large business already.

San Jose, pronounced "San Hozay," is rightly named the Garden City of California, and any person visiting our county (Santa Clara) will see at a glance that the orchards of prunes, apricots, and peaches, are model gardens and beautiful homes. Never, since 1886, have prices been as low as now, and W. G. Hawley & Co., at 17 S. First Street, offer orchards at $400 per acre; $180 was realized per acre on crops last year, so that these are facts worth investigating.

One frequently encounters contradictory evidence. A firm that extensively advertises the purity and general excellence of its Bourbon whisky is located at number —, Bible House, New York City. And the wealthiest, as well as the most aggressive, citizen of an Ohio town is known to the country thereabouts as Mr. Job Poor.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Probably there is not a place on the Pacific Coast more fascinating as a heathful or pleasure resort than "MOUNT VIEW," near Ross, Marin Co., Cal. Open May 1st to October 1st, and kept by Mrs. Leach, in connection with "The Oliver," 899 Pine Street, San Francisco, that has been and is still so popular as a HOME for all who desire the real *comforts of life*.

Retail coal dealers have all engaged the services of a rustler to solicit domestic trade. This rustler is called Southfield Wellington Coal. It sells itself.

NEW GOLD.

TOMMY'S TALE.

Mamma, does sister Anna know the captain *very* well?
I know just why I think so, but I promised not to tell.
Still, if you really want to hear, and won't put me away,
I'll tell you what I saw when you were out the other day.

The captain came and rang the bell and asked if she was in,
And when John Thomas said she was, you should have seen him grin.
And sister Anna sent me off to play with Bob, upstairs,
But I saw she was embarrassed, so I didn't mind her airs.

As soon as nurse had gone away, why me and Bob came back,
And underneath the parlor-door we found an *awful* crack.
So we just lay down quite quietly outside upon the floor
And glued our eyes unto the crack and

This is what we saw!

POETICAL PROPOSITION.

Electra once told the story of a widower named Little, who, after the death of his wife, sent the following proposal of marriage to Hannah More, who was a small woman:

"I lost the Little that I had,
My heart is sad and sore;
I'm sure I would be very glad
To have a little More."

To which Hannah More replied:

"I'm sorry for the grief you've had,
The pain you must endure;
The heart by Little made so sad,
A little More won't cure."

ALAS FOR PRIDE!

A swollen ear;
A crooked nose;
A feeling queer
From head to toes;
A bandaged knee;
Two blackened eyes
That look at me
With pained surprise.
Alas for pride!
These signs reveal
My friend has tried
To ride a wheel.

ARIEL.

A FANCY.

I.

Behold! my Ariel, with the dawn,
Comes swift in flight, a laughing sprite,
And rosy as the morn,
Dispelling gloom and night.

II.

'Tis fixed, his purpose to obey commands,
"What would my potent master say?"
My delicate Ariel, reins in hands,
This thy charge and then away!

III.

Go, little one, I give thee power;
Shoot folly as it flies;
Make happy hearts, show man so sour
This earth he treads is Paradise.

IV.

With skill thou hast, record all laughs
That thou canst find on earth,
Which hand to me as photographs
To make a TRAVELER'S mirth.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"Look here," said a stern-visaged lady, as she marched into the office of one of our railroad magnates, "I want a pass to Portland and back. Be sharp and give it to me."

"I don't know, madam," meekly replied this great railroad man, "what claim you have upon the company that entitles you to a free pass."

"Claim!" said the lady. "Claim! claim, is it, you are after? Did not your railroad break my leg at Red Bluff? If you don't believe it I'll show you the break."

"Never mind that, madam," hastily said the railroad swell, as he glanced nervously at the door. "To what place do you want the pass made out? You shall have it, madam. Indeed, you shall."

"Gracious!" said the railroad swell to himself, after the lady had left, "and I am expecting my wife every moment. What an escape I have had!"

"Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that yer has no use fer?" said Jim Webster to Sam Johnsing. "Certainly, Jim, I'se pleased ter accommodate yer," said Sam, handing him a dollar. Jim was so surprised at his luck in getting the money that he bit the coin to see if he was awake or merely dreaming, and in doing so discovered that the dollar was made of lead. "Dis heah is a counterfeit, Sam. I did not think you would do me up in that way." "I know it's a counterfeit, Jim. Yer asked me fer one I had no use fer, an' I give it to yer; I'se always kind to my friends."

A young globe-trotter was holding forth, during a dinner in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris, about the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti and the marvelous beauty of the women there. One of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to inquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with the island. Resenting the baron's inquiry, he replied: "Yes; what struck me much was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there." "Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, nowise disconcerted; "then if you and I go there together, we shall make our fortune."

He—Did you say the furniture was Louis XIV?
She—Yes. Why?
He—The bills suggest the Reign of Terror.

Prince Bismarck was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father; "he speaks seven languages." "Indeed," said Bismarck, who does not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements. "What a wonderful head-waiter he would make."

George—You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you?
Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden.

One of the large hotel restaurants being short of waiters the other day, the proprietor put an apron on Mike, the porter, and sent him into the restaurant to wait on customers. Mike was instructed to be sure to serve exactly what had been ordered and nothing more. Not long after Mike had taken his station, a gentleman rushed in, and taking a seat at Mike's table ordered a spring chicken, and added, "bring it lively." Mike hurried off, and after being absent some time returned with a young chicken which he held by the legs, and placing it before the astonished guest, he remarked, "that's the liveliest bird they had in the market."

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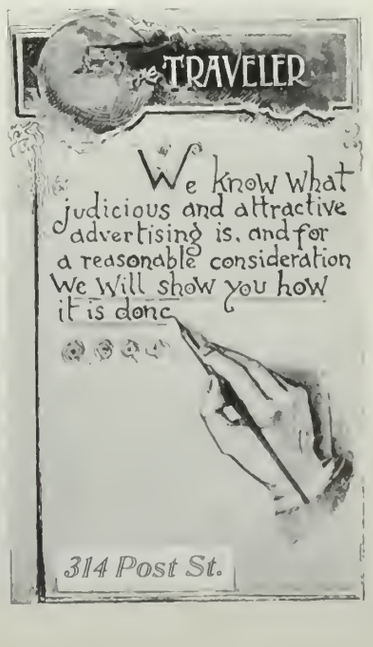

A FINNY CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is fast becoming recognized by lovers of the rod and reel as a legitimate field for sport, and at the present time a number of well-known sportsmen are fishing the waters of Santa Catalina Island with a view of breaking the record with a light rod and reel, which is now believed to be held by a lady, who, last year in Florida, succeeded in taking a 220-pound tarpon on a rod in about two hours' time—a feat which, up to this date, has not been equaled.

Santa Catalina is a *terra incognita* to most fishermen, and a word as to its location may be of interest. The island comprises about 50,000 acres of a beautiful mountain and park country, being, in reality, a partly submerged mountain range, a part of the spur of the Sierra that crops out thirty miles off Los Angeles County, Southern California. Santa Catalina is reached by a line of steamers which make the passage daily from San Pedro. The trip over the channel is delightful, the objective being the little town of Avalon, which is made up of hotels and shops, and is one of the most picturesque places in a picturesque country. Avalon is the Bar Harbor of the land of the afternoon, and in summer is thronged with Southern Californians, and in winter is the Mecca of Eastern tourists, who find pleasure in the hunting and in the delightful winter climate, which resembles that of Southern France.

One is not long at Avalon before the fishing fever seizes him, induced, perhaps, by the photographs of large catches, which are exhibited everywhere. The principal game fishes are the yellowtail, a gamy creature resembling the salmon, which reaches sixty or more pounds; the sea-bass, of about the same relative weight and importance, and the black sea-bass, that runs up to four hundred or five hundred pounds. The two former are caught by the true sportsman entirely on a rod and reel, and afford the greatest sport. It has been my good fortune to fish in nearly all American waters from Maine to Florida, and from the Gulf to San Francisco, and I have found more enjoyment in fighting a yellowtail of large size than in fighting any other fish. It is a magnificent creature, with eyes bright and lustrous; its upper portion is now a steel blue, again iridescent, flashing a hundred tints and hues; its lower surface a pure silver white; tip the tail and fins a bright yellow, touch the median line with saffron, and you have the yellowtail, which, when it strikes, is an aquatic whirlwind, only coming to the gaff after as noble a struggle as salmon ever made. The sea-bass will also afford good sport, though not quite so gamy as the yellowtail.

The piscatorial interest in fishing in this section is, at present, centered in the endeavor of sportsmen to beat the record, as indicated, with the rod and reel. The first attempt to take a large black sea-bass on a rod was made at Santa Catalina in 1894. I had taken several large specimens on a handline, one tipping the scales at 347 pounds, another at 300 pounds, and it was not supposed that a fish of the largest size could be managed on a rod; but, as the guest of Major Charles Tiele one day, I had the pleasure of timing him while he fought a black sea-bass, and saw the fish brought to the gaff, after a stubborn struggle lasting two and a half hours, on a sixteen-ounce rod and a twenty-one-strand line. As the result of the day's sport, we brought in three bass—two on the handline weighing 100 pounds and 250 pounds respectively, and one on the rod weighing 158 pounds.

During the present season I have hooked three or four large fish, and taken one, weighing 245 pounds, on the handline after the rod was broken. Mr. Carnes of San Francisco has taken one on a handline that weighed 345 pounds. Mr. Stuart Beard of the Canandaigua (N. Y.) Fishing Club has, during the present season, made a remarkable catch, and holds the championship for rod-and-reel fishing on the island. His first catch was a 95-pound black sea-bass, which he brought to gaff in half an hour. The second fish he struck at San Clemente Island, about twenty miles from Santa Catalina. This fish proved to be a regular sea lawyer, and towed the boat nearly three miles during the three hours of the struggle. The fish was hooked just at nightfall, and the sport was continued into the darkness, one man holding the lantern while Mr. Beard manipulated the reel, the oarsman keeping the boat in position. Probably no such struggle on a rod and reel was ever had, and when the monster was finally towed into harbor, the fishermen were greeted with loud cheers by the yacht's crew. The fish was hoisted aboard and carried to Avalon, where it was found to tip the scales at 200 pounds, but universally pronounced to be much gamier than many fish of greater weight. It may interest the layman in the piscatorial art to know that the rod on which these fish were taken was not much heavier than that used for black bass; the line, a fifteen-strand cuttyhunk, a little larger than an eye-glass cord.

There are now a number of New York fishermen in the field, notably W. L. Washington, H. O'Fallon, T. Neale Plumb of Islip, and Stuart Beard, and it is believed that a fish that will weigh over three hundred pounds will be taken on the rod.

The black sea-bass resembles the sea-bass in shape and features, and is a giant relative not so very distant; and if the reader can imagine a small-mouthed black bass enlarged to six feet or more, and weighing 250 pounds, he can form a fair idea of the appearance of this king of the deep-sea species of the bass.

CAMPING NEAR SHASTA.

The Sacramento Canyon from Castella to Sisson bids fair to become the great camping grounds of the Pacific. The scenery is matchless, wood and water are abundant, and the latter is the best in the world. The climate during the summer months is all that can be desired. During the mid-summer months the weather, for a few hours of the day, is quite warm; but as there is plenty of shade, and as campers have no call for a great deal of manual labor during those hours, the time can be spent in rest.

The first camp of importance is at Sweet Brier, a few miles south of Castle Crags, and half a mile south of the railroad station of Castella. All passenger trains stop at Sweet Brier during the camping season. The situation is a very charming one, and good river vistas, with the Crags and Shasta for a background, are to be had from all parts of the grounds. Streams of the clearest water burst from the mountain side, and tall forests of oak, pine, and fir furnish a grateful shade. The lay of the land is such that good sites may be found on the river bottom, or on the bluff that rises on the east side of the river, where fine views of Shasta are to be had.

Shasta Retreat is situated about two miles above Dunsmuir, and is under control of the Methodists. The grounds are being put into fine shape, and in another year there will be accommodations for several hundred visitors. The Chautauquans have a branch organization here which has attracted quite a number of visitors this season.

The land owned by the Shasta Retreat people lies on both sides of the river. The mouth of Bear Creek on the west side is supposed to be the center of attraction, but the plateau on the east side is quite as interesting and reaches nearly to Mossbrae Falls and the charming Hedge Creek country.

The Mt. Shasta Mineral Springs Camp is located a few hundred yards above Mossbrae, and is probably the oldest on the river. It has a charming situation a few hundred feet above the river, commanding superb views of the canyon, Douty Summit, Mts. Eddy and Shasta. A great attraction at this place is the fine mineral waters that gurgle out from the foot of the mountain near the bank of the river.

There is one feature of these grounds which is a never-ending joy, and one that is itself of enough scenic interest to attract visitors. This is the romantic trail that leads from the river to the Camp. It is an easy, shadowy trail, crossing and recrossing the bubbling streams that ooze out of the mountain side, fresh from Shasta. Glorious bunches of ferns and wild flowers deck the sides of these rills, and rustic seats are to be found placed here and there under the cool shades of the dogwood, maple, and giant firs that grow everywhere in wild profusion.

There have been, probably, considerably over five hundred campers scattered along the river this year between the points named, the larger proportion of whom having rendezvoused at one or other of the above camps.

And so it is that camping in Northern California offers perhaps as great attractions, if not greater, than any other part of the country. It is difficult to find a locality where so many conditions exist necessary to the comfort and pleasure of the angler and hunter. The only regret is that the season for enjoying an outing in this section is so comparatively short, lasting about from May 1st till possibly the last of October.

Those who have the hardihood to enjoy good sport under severe conditions will find that Shasta County affords every diversity of winter pleasure. Sleighing and snow-shoeing are favorite pastimes, while bear, deer, and other large game abound.

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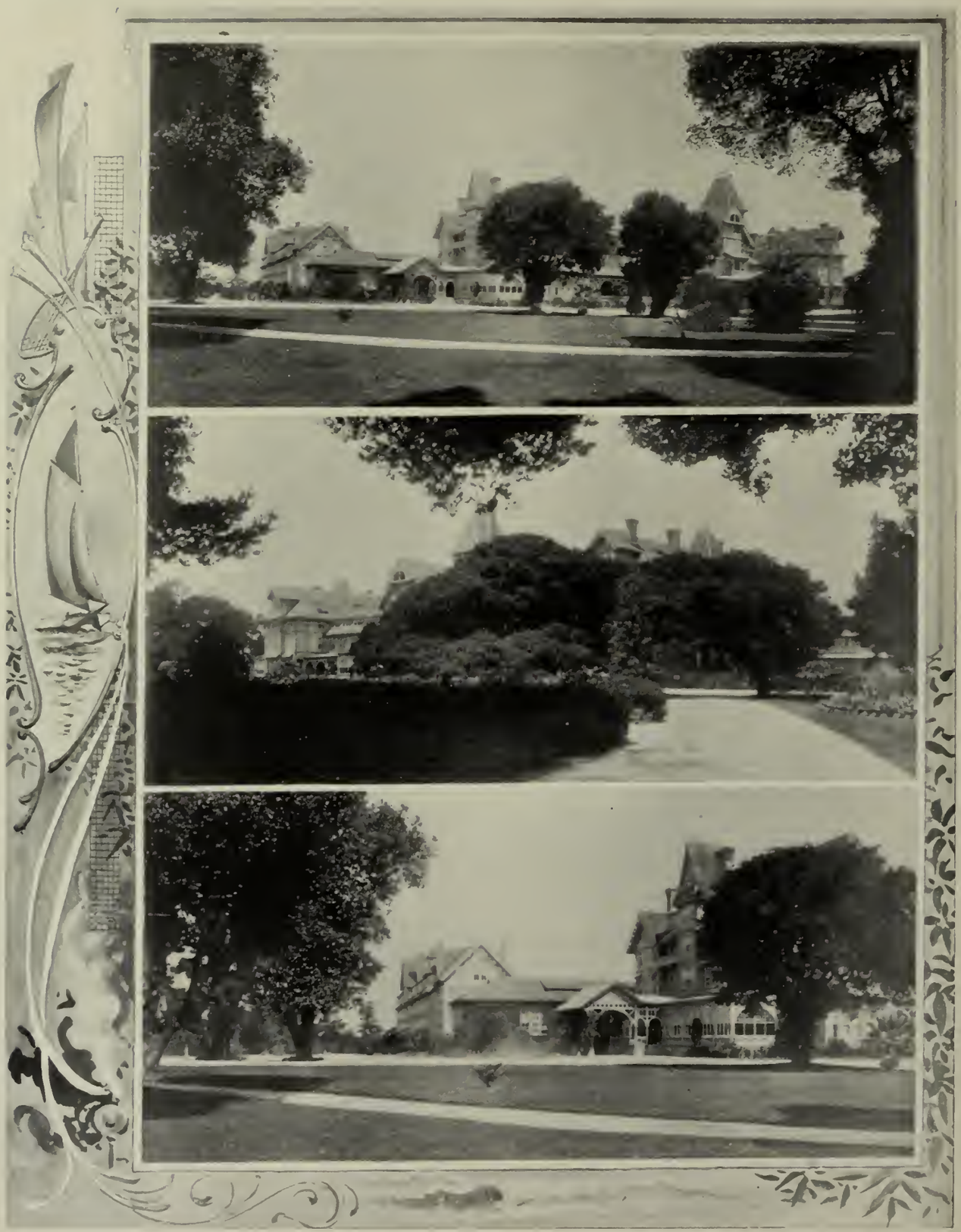

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME VI. *SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1895.* NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

The attention of our readers is respectfully called to our announcement on the first page of advertisements in this issue. This will be the first instance where we have ever deviated, even for experimental or advertising purposes, from our regular subscription rate of one dollar per annum. It will, likewise, be the last, so that those who are fortunate enough to take advantage of this opportunity will do well to act upon it at once, as the thirty-day limit spoken of will be strictly adhered to.

We make this exceptionally liberal offer for three reasons: First, because we wish to still further extend our Eastern circulation; second, because we desire to compare the cost of this method of advertising ourselves with that entailed through the use of other mediums; and, third, because we have some curiosity to know to just what extent the price of a periodical affects its circulation.

Perhaps ninety per cent of our readers have friends in the East or elsewhere, who would be more than delighted to be presented with a year's subscription to a beautiful journal like THE TRAVELER. What could make a more tasty and acceptable holiday gift in a small way than that? Just think! It comes regularly each month, replete with the finest illustrations in the world. It employs a staff of the best writers, and forms in itself a veritable album of beauty and art worthy of preservation for all time.

Those who take advantage of this offer can begin their subscriptions with the Christmas number, which will be published early in December. This issue will be sold for twenty-five cents a copy, and alone is worth the cost of a whole year's subscription offered under these special terms.

The cover of the Christmas edition will be printed in twelve colors. The issue will consist of about twenty thousand copies, and the illustrations and articles within will be of the most interesting and artistic character ever published.

Those who have friends whom they would like to favor with a yearly subscription, or those who will form a club of two for one dollar, should not lose a moment in taking advantage of this opportunity.

No remittances bearing date later than November 30th will be accepted on these conditions.

THE daily papers have been overrun for the past two weeks with accounts of the gigantic meetings of the members of the Salvation Army, who listened to the able deliveries of their leader, Mrs. Ballington Booth. And it is no secret that perhaps sixty per cent, or more, of the audience composing these gatherings were from the best educated and most respectable classes in the community. The stability of the Army is beyond any question of doubt, and it is only justice to admit that while their methods may be criticizable no one will gainsay that they have been fruitful of good results. The character of their organization has proven an unquestioned success, and while years ago we were wont to scoff and ridicule the little band that nightly paraded our thoroughfares, we now observe them with a silent and respectful consideration. There is just one criticism we might justly make, that I believe would still further lessen the derision to which the Army has so long been subjected, and that is the unpardonable jargon of the bass drum, cymbals and cornet. It would seem that a more careful selection of the musical branch of the Army would prove conducive to better results and greater respect from the multitudes. We all like good music, but a combination of discordant sounds, as is almost invariably heard in the Salvation Army, is certainly far from attractive to the riff-raff whom they seek to convert, and only opens the door to mockery, disrespect, and indifference.

THREE OF A KIND.

Who but can admire the true spirit of religion which was manifested by Mrs. Booth through her visit to our State Prison? Her plain, simple, and heartfelt appeal to the convicts within its walls, which met with a gratifying response, is in striking contrast to the prattle of the rattle-brained, addle-pated females, whose professed sympathies lead them to offer bouquets and hypocritical consolation and pity to the most hardened murderers and criminals under lock and key. Attentions of this character only palliate the evil of crime, while those of the former appeal effectively, in most cases, to the heart and the conscience.

IT SEEMS worth while to call the attention of our readers to the splendid description of the Volcano of Kilauea appearing on another page of this issue. A trip to the crumbling edge of this restless region of fire cannot be compared to anything on earth with which people are familiar, nor can one who beholds it fully comprehend its awfulness. Like Niagara and Yosemite, like Haleakala (palace of the sun), an extinct crater on the Island of Maui, into which the City of New York could be dropped—like these, Halemaumau grows on one after repeated visits and sober reflection, until finally its effect is so overpowering and awe-inspiring as to become forever the symbol of the terrible in nature, the most tremendous force ever beheld by mortal eyes. Its sixteen acres of restless flame can never be forgotten, and it is natural that many startling problems are suggested to one who stands by the edge of Kilauea's boiling abyss and tries to fathom the mystery of its origin. Does the terrific fire extend seven thousand miles below one's feet, according to the popular hypothesis that assumes the earth's crust to be a mere egg shell, and the interior a molten mass? Is the volcanic lake merely a defect or break in the earth's crust, like an air hole in a frozen sea? If so, Niagara might thunder into such a chasm for a thousand centuries without filling it, and ten thousand Pacific Oceans emptied into the awful depths where Halemaumau begins would not rise to the level of its liquid fires. When its fiery seas ebb and flow in waves, whose crests sometimes disappear many miles below human vision, the mountains throb and quiver, islands of the sea are rent by earthquakes, and the submarine caverns of Pele, the fire goddess, roar like monster thunder-storms.

THE SCENERY OF NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DISTANT about 1300 miles from the mainland of Australia, and containing a total area of 100,000 square miles, is the Colony of New Zealand, consisting of three islands, called North, Middle, and Stewart. Stewart Island to the south has an area of only 1500 square miles, and is so thinly inhabited and unimportant that it is rarely mentioned; and in ordinary language, the Middle Island is spoken of as the South. New Zealand is as far to the south of the equator as Italy is to the north of it, and probably no country of such small extent offers so great a variety of scenery to the traveler as the Italy of the antipodes. Striking examples of almost every kind of scenery are to be found in one part or another of the North or South Islands.

The west coast of the South Island is deeply indented with fiords, which render the outline almost as irregular and broken as the west coasts of Scotland or Norway. The trip to the West Coast "Sounds," as they are called, is to the Australian what the trip to Southeastern Alaska is to the American. If the Sounds present us with scenery rivaling that of Norway, the Southern Alps furnish scenery that in some respects surpasses that of Switzerland. Here there are precipices, roaring torrents, great glaciers, and snow-fields that delight the heart and eye of the mountaineer. Already a distinguished member of the English Alpine Club has spent a considerable time among them, and has written an interesting account of his adventures under the title of "The High Alps of New Zealand." In this book Mr. W. S. Green describes the glaciers of the South Island and an ascent of New Zealand's loftiest mountain—Mt. Cook, 12,340 feet above sea level.

In the district of Southland there are many beautiful lakes, called the Cold Lakes to distinguish them from the Hot Lakes of North Island. The Cold Lakes much resemble the Lochs of Scotland, and bear picturesque Maori names, such as Manapouri, Te Anau and Monowai. In the North Island, Lake Taupo, two hundred and fifty square miles in area, is the largest body of fresh water.

The Islands are long and narrow, and, stretching over thirteen degrees of latitude, enjoy a varied climate. The North Island, being the nearer to the equator, has the warmer climate, and the South Island, being nearer to the south polar region, the cooler. In the North Island, snow is rarely seen except on the peaks of the mountain ranges, but in the South Island it falls even upon the plains, though it generally melts rapidly. In the North Island are many mountain ranges, the highest peaks being Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Mount Egmont.

The atmosphere of the Islands is so moist and the soil so fertile that vegetation is remarkably prolific. The climate of the Auckland district in the North Island is about that of Northern Italy; that of Wellington, the capital, closely resembles France; while the climate of Invercargill at the south of the South Island may be compared to that of England. In the South Island, especially in the province of Canterbury, there are broad-stretching plains, which produce great quantities of wheat and other cereals.

Port Lyttleton, the port of Christ Church, and Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, are good harbors, as is also that of Wellington. The Manukau Harbor, of Auckland, is one of the great ports of the world, and for beauty has been compared to the Bay of Naples. Everywhere throughout the Islands there is an abundance of streams, and the Waikato in the North Island is a really great river.

But the Wonderland of New Zealand is in the North Island. In the King Country are geysers, steam jets, fumaroles, boiling springs, subterranean rumblings and other volcanic phenomena scarcely equaled in any other region, except, perhaps, in the Yellowstone Park. The chief marvels and crowning beauties of this district—the Pink and White Terraces—were destroyed by the eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886, described in THE TRAVELER of January, 1895; but enough of the weird and wondertul remains to render the region one of the most curious and interesting in the world. From Mount Eden, the crater of an extinct volcano, overlooking the City of Auckland, may be counted at least twenty volcanic cones, any one of which may at some future day burst into activity. It is said that within a radius of ten miles of Auckland there are sixty-three volcanic cones, varying in height from two hundred to seven hundred feet. The roads all round the city are paved with scoria—the most plentiful material, and the hardest. Piles of scoria frequently form the boundaries between fields and gardens.

The New Zealand "bush," as the wild uncleared land in its primitive condition is called, far surpasses in beauty the Australian "bush," and falls little short of the luxuriance of the tropics. Most of the trees are pines, the principal variety being the Kauri-pine, which covers vast tracts of the Auckland district. A Kauri forest is very impressive in its magnitude and calm: the long straight smooth stems of the splendid tree tower to a height of a hundred or more feet, and remind one of the columns of a cathedral nave. Underneath the mighty branches is a tangled undergrowth of luxuriant ferns, in which New Zealand is remarkably rich. In these forests it is not unusual to find large areas in which the Kauri alone grows in solitary majesty, and even where other trees grow near it, the Kauri stands in groups apart from them. It is a conifer, but instead of needles it has dark green leaves. It is a slow-growing tree, and produces a timber of fine grain, which is easily worked and does not warp or split on exposure to the atmosphere. It is said to require eight hundred years to reach maturity, and so recklessly have the trees been cut down that the supply of timber is expected to be exhausted in about twelve years. Besides the Kauri-pine, which is found only in the Auckland district, there are many other fine forest trees. The chief of these are the *rimu*, the white pine, the silver pine, the *matai*, the *totara*, the beech, and the cedar. The trees of a New Zealand forest are thickly clothed with a growth of luxuriant creepers, one of the commonest of which bears a rich scarlet flower. The tall fern-trees are peculiarly graceful, and the New Zealand cabbage-palm, which commonly decorates our gardens in California, is a striking tree. The glossy dark-green leaves of the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, are seen almost everywhere, the fibers of the plant being used by the colonial for almost as many purposes as the leaves of the *Agave Americana* by the Mexican, or the cocoanut by the South Sea islander.

Ferns of the most luxuriant description carpet the ground, and drape the sides of banks and rocks wherever there is a trickle of fresh water to keep them green. The islands, too, are rich not only in forest trees, creepers, and ferns, but also in wild flowers; among which may be mentioned the *rengarenga*, a blue lily, the *tupapa*, a small daisy, and a green and yellow passion-flower.

In the Auckland district camellias bloom prolifically in the open air, and the fuchsia becomes a great tree. The scarlet blossoms of the *pohutukawa*, or New Zealand flowering bush, form a brilliant decoration for the Christmas dinner-tables of the North Islander.

The views illustrating this article represent scenes along the West Coast road. This runs from the east coast of South Island to Hokitika on the west, passing through some of the boldest and most romantic scenery in the colony. The Otira gorge is a striking spot, the wildness and picturesqueness of which never fail to awaken the enthusiasm of travelers and artists.

SCENES ALONG THE WEST COAST ROAD, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

AN ENCHANTED GORGE.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

A CONSPICUOUS feature of the High Sierra is its sustained grandeur, yet this is hardly more remarkable than is the singular diversity of its scenery. In those localities where ancient volcanic fires raged, the crests are as dark as night, and the snow-fields lay weirdly upon them, like great ghosts.

In a journey through the heart of the Southern Sierra, taken last July, the writer and his companion were strikingly impressed by this aspect of the mountains in the vicinity of Mt. Goddard. From the summit of that lofty peak, splendid contrasts met our eye. To the north a sea of granite gladly reflected the dazzling alpine light, while to the south and east the surface of the range was churlishly dark, as though a lowering thunder-cloud had flung upon it a heavy pall of shadow. Midway between Mt. Goddard and the Palisade crests that towered some fifteen miles to the east, a group of peaks rose abruptly on either side of a deep trough, the lower part of which was hidden by its enclosing walls. Here the blackness of Pluto's nethermost depths seemed fairly to reign. Chance determined our descent of The Enchanted Gorge.

We had been out with our knapsacks just a week, and though they still weighed about forty pounds apiece, we thought nothing of plodding over the unequal surface of the snow and jumping over the rocks, for hours at a time. But to do this in a freezing air and with snow sifting down, is another matter. Yet this is what we stood during the whole morning of our climb along the Goddard divide toward the main crest; and when noon came, we sat on a boulder, and, for shelter, threw a blanket over our heads while we ate our lunch of salmon, dried fruit, and a stick of chocolate apiece.

Occasionally it ceased snowing and then white clouds scurried across the sky from the southeast. During one of these interludes in the storm, the southern and eastern mountains were visible for several minutes, and looking below us, we saw that the deep black gorge was directly opposite and south of us. Snowy terraces, reached by precipitous descents of splintered granite and occupied by ice-covered lakes, succeeded each other to the gorge's entrance, which was barred by a final lake of considerable size. Its sides were locked up in the armor of ice-smoothed walls of dangerous acclivity, that continued irregularly upward to the two majestic peaks that had attracted our attention when on Mt. Goddard. A Scylla and a Charybdis, they seemed to us, as we stood there by the icy flood that poured into the lake between them, and wondered how we were going to pass through. So Scylla and Charybdis they were christened, and their photographs were taken while we deliberated. It was finally decided to cross the stream and try the snow on the eastern edge of the lake. By going slowly, and carefully feeling our way, we managed to avoid the bath that would have been fatal, and reached the lower end of the lake without having had to take to the wall oftener than twice or thrice. Here was a little plateau of snow, along which we advanced with some anxiety, for ahead could be seen only the walls of the gorge, and we feared to find a precipice. Instead, however, when we reached the edge of the level, we were delighted to see that the snow merely sloped at a comparatively gentle angle of declivity, filling the narrow bottom of the gorge and furnishing us a fine hard turnpike, down which we sped at a rapid gait.

Excepting that of the Yosemite—which is really a valley—this was the most wonderful gorge I had yet encountered in the High Sierra, and the afternoon on which we made its descent will ever remain to me a kind of red-letter day in my mountaineering. Verily, it was like going down to the Infernal Regions, for the place was as one of enchantment. Where was the roaring stream? And whence those scintillations of the wet black walls that rose up and up into the storm clouds, and downward and forward into the clouds again? Imagine so novel an environment. The rain was falling; but we did not care, as we strode on down the serpentine pathway of snow, now narrow, now wide, as the walls permitted, now occupying all the space between the walls, then clinging to one side only—and here our footing was precarious. Above and beyond the glinting basalt reaching into the fleecy mists. A curve of the gorge brought us to a rotunda-like amphitheater of some fifteen acres in area, where three streams poured over the wall. One of these formed a lake which had no visible outlet. We stood on the brink and looked into the mirror of its surface which showed an inverted world of cliff and cloud as gruesome as that it reflected.

In the rotunda, the snow had disappeared and in its stead the naked bottom of the gorge was revealed in savage roughness and irregularity. Billions of fragments of rock that ancient earthquakes had shaken from the cliffs, lay piled in irregular masses to a depth that could only be conjectured. But the absent stream was now accounted for, as it was evident that it had disappeared in the interstices of the gorge's rocky floor, nor could the sound of its battle for passage through the jagged labyrinths of its subterranean prison be even faintly heard. We were now about two miles down the gorge and the walls had taken on the metallic luster of many shades of bronze.

THE WALLED-IN LAKE.

The snow road having terminated, we were left to struggle among keen-edged fragments of rock, often of immense size, and our progress was slower than that of ants traveling over a newly macadamized road. Occasionally we encountered small lakes filling natural wells between groups of boulders—lakes that had no visible bottom and might have been five hundred feet deep. Once, we almost fell into one of these, and again, as I made a long jump from the summit of a splinter of basalt to a lower rock, the sudden roar of the subterranean stream so startled me that I almost lost my balance. Looking down very cautiously I could see water far below, swirling in a vortex-like mass of foam around a chamber that was all but roofed over by the immense rocks. In another half-mile the full stream suddenly boiled up from the gorge-bottom and was never afterward lost to view.

Soon the gorge narrowed again, and here we met our next trial, in the shape of a lake which occupied the entire space between the walls, except that along the lower part of the west wall lay a bank of snow, the lower edge of which was an abrupt wall that overhung the lake. The mass was frozen hard and its surface was steep, but, barring swimming—and swimming *was* barred—there was no other way to continue the descent of the gorge than by crossing the snow, and accordingly we crossed it. But we had to cut every step of the way with our ironshod shoes and a single misstep meant a glissade into the walled-in lake of ice-cold water. Leaving this dangerous place, we struck another snow-road and made good time, being delayed only by an occasional snow tunnel, in passing over which extreme caution had to be used.

At about seven o'clock, after having descended some six miles through the gorge, we found some trees on a little flat above the stream and here we decided to camp and take a much needed rest. The aneroid registered a drop of six thousand feet since entering the gorge, yet where we camped the walls were at least as high as they had elsewhere been, and the grandeur of the scenery had in no way diminished.

To emerge, as we did late the following morning, into the familiar granite, with its cheerful forest growth and sunny lawns, was like a sudden transition from winter to summer. There had been something uncanny about the place—as though a spell of enchantment had really been cast upon it; but in this very uncanniness is that which, to the adventurous nature, is calculated to surround The Enchanted Gorge with a peculiar charm and leave a most vivid remembrance.

THE ENCHANTED GORGE. Solomons Photo.

LOOKING SOUTH FROM MT. GODDARD.

BELLEVILLE AND THE PASSAIC.

MARY L. TAYLOR.

THE old-fashioned, revolutionary village of Belleville, New Jersey, in which, a few years ago, it was my good fortune to spend a summer and a winter, is, I think, a place quite unknown to those on the western coast. It is situated on the Passaic River, three miles from Newark, on the Erie Railroad. Belleville, besides being a very picturesque spot, contains many old landmarks that are curious to the traveler of to-day. It was here that a fierce fight took place during the war of the Revolution. The British soldiers on the east bank of the river shot across to the Americans on the west, and many of the houses at the present time contain bullet holes from that encounter. The whole atmosphere surrounding the village is full of history but to many the old buildings are of the greatest interest.

The main street is a beautiful avenue, shaded in summer by tall trees which seem to meet above, thus forming a perfect canopy of shade. On one side is the river, on the other stores and dwellings with many of their gardens reaching to the water's edge.

One of the first homes built in Belleville was erected by the Van Rensselaer family in sixteen hundred and eighty-three, who, with the Schuylers, were amongst the first settlers in the State. It is now used as a hotel, having passed entirely from the hands of the Van Rensselaers. This old building sets back some distance from the main street and forms a pretty picture in its colonial colors, yellow and white. A carriage-drive approaches from two different directions. A most attractive feature to the passer-by is an old sign-post on the roadside. It is picturesque and yet primitive in its way; merely a post with a lantern at the top and a short flight of steps at the base on which the porter ascends to light the lantern. Suspended from a hook at the top of the post is a sign that reads:

"BELLEVILLE HOTEL,
Erected 1683.
GEO. QUAYLE, PROP."

It is said that George Washington spent a night in this old homestead, and a back stair-case is pointed out to all strangers as the one he ascended the night he was sheltered by its hospitable owner, when hiding from the British soldiers.

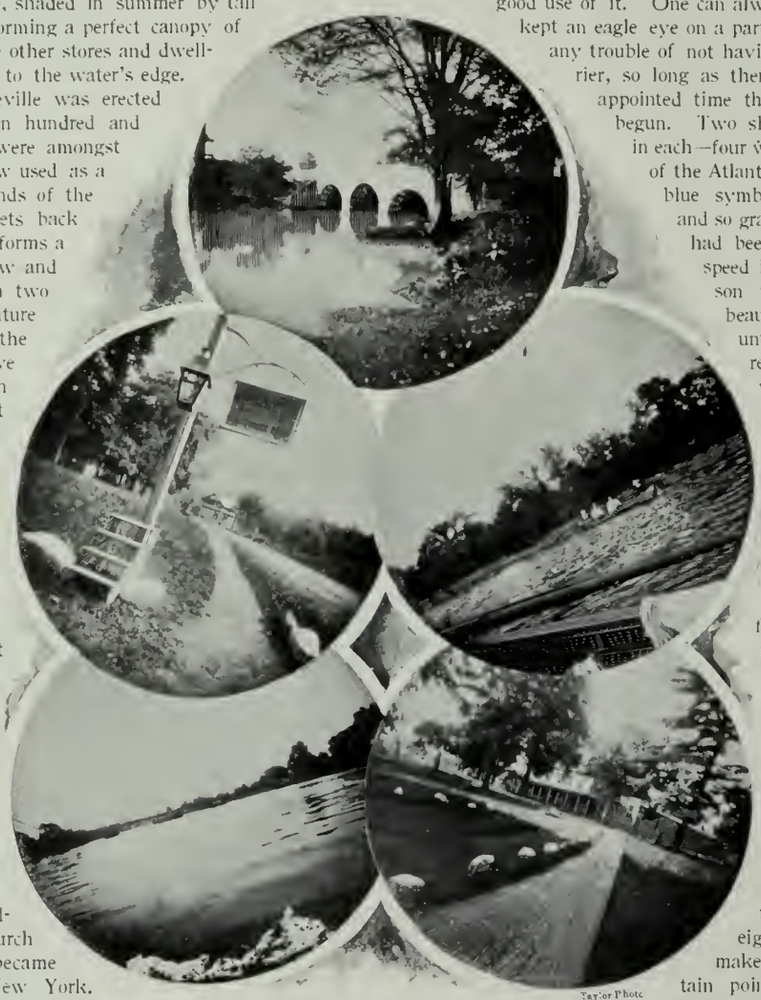
In this little village there are three churches, built of brick, with a clinging ivy almost covering them. In the burying-ground adjoining the Dutch Reform and Christ Episcopal Churches are some very old tombstones, so old that the inscriptions on many of them are entirely obliterated. Those that can be deciphered are very ancient in their wording. It was in the Dutch Reform Church that Dr. Talmage preached before he became so celebrated a divine in Brooklyn, New York.

A little further up Main Street and near the drawbridge is an old colonial house, built about seventy-nine years ago. It is the prettiest of all the Belleville homes because of its style. This old home has four large Ionic pillars reaching from the porch to the roof, and is called by its inmates "Ione Hall," a most appropriate name. Owing to its pillars and also its color, one is reminded of the White House in Washington.

Across the river from the village is a beautiful old place surrounded by trees and forming in itself one's idea of an old park. The bricks and the tiling were brought from Holland. The ceilings are low, the doors divided, with a swinging lower and a swinging upper, and an old-fashioned brass knocker warns the inmates of the approach of a visitor. This place is owned by a wealthy San Francisco gentleman who was raised in Belleville. The house is kept in a good state of preservation without the modern improvements and here the owner spends a month or two every couple of years, in quiet and in rest, happy in the contemplation of the scenes of his youth.

The people, like the old land-marks, are antique, but not in years. Generation after generation has been brought up in this place until it seems as if nearly every one is related in some way to every one else. Many of the families still live in the same houses where their great grandparents lived and died.

It seems but fitting to speak of Belleville's colored centenarian, Baker Coe, or "Old Bake," as he was called. He was born in slavery about ninety years ago, in the ancient town in which he died. No figure was as familiar as his. When asked his age he would reply, "More'n a hundred, Boss." Nobody was justified in contradicting him, for Belleville's oldest inhabitant was a boy when "Bake" was a man advanced in years. He was short of stature, as black as coal, and everybody was his friend. He did odd jobs for any one who would employ him but is best remembered with a market-basket on his arm, wending his way trom house to house, delivering meat for the butcher who, in return, gave him food and shelter. "Old Bake" did not claim a wholly unbroken record. He believed that he died once and returned again to life. It was the sum of the years of both existences that made him "more'n a hundred." He claimed to remember quite well his sojourn in the spirit land and has related it many times. It was true, however, that he lay in a trance for three days. His body was dressed in a brand-new suit of broadcloth, and the coffin stood on three chairs in an adjoining room, for others besides "Old Bake" believed that day that he was dead. He had fallen into a state of suspended animation, and the funeral preparations were far advanced, when the trance was ended. Twenty-five years after, "Old Bake" walked through Belleville, on Sundays, dressed in the suit of clothes that was intended for his burial. He had added to it a glossy silk hat. His whole appearance was that of a man who had lived "more'n a hundred years" in one place. In eighteen hundred and ninety-two "Bake" died of old age. A subscription fund was raised to defray his funeral expenses.



Sign Post. North River Bridge. North Belleville Bridge. On the Passaic. Belleville Hotel.

Taylor Photo

The Passaic is one of the most picturesque of the small rivers of the East. Both banks are of a most delicate green and the reflection in the water is like looking into a mirror. It having been considered somewhat dangerous of late years to hold regattas on the Hudson River, owing to the net work of ocean steamers, ferries, tugs, and small boats plying back and forth, the Passaic was selected to take its place in this particular. A number of small regattas are held during the summer but the thirtieth of May is the big day. A New York and a New Jersey boat club contest for the honors. Long before two o'clock, the hour set for the races to begin, both banks are lined with people, some in carriages, others on foot, and many men and boys sitting on fences, lumber piles, and even on the tops of houses. In fact, every available corner is occupied. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a boat, make good use of it. One can always find a number of friends who have kept an eagle eye on a particular seat in his boat, so there is never any trouble of not having enough company. The more the merrier, so long as there are not too many for safety. At the appointed time the referee raises the flag, and the race has begun. Two shells, long and slender, with four oarsmen in each—four with their white suits with the red symbol of the Atlantas on their breasts, the other four with the blue symbol of the Bradfords—start out so easily and so gracefully, that an observer would think each had been born with an oar in his hand. The speed is gradually increased; they work in unison without one splash of water. It is a beautiful sight. On they go, and still on, until the distance set for the race has been reached. The people cheer, and, as the victorious four return from where they started, there is still more cheering and shouting. The same is repeated with eight oarsmen in each shell. As they cut through the water the spectators become more and more enthused each time there is a fresh start. In the meantime the little boats are moving slowly up and down each side of the river. Some grow tired and do not wait for the finish, while others, carried away by excitement, remain until all is over and leave with the winners of the day.

Belleville claims a fine boathouse, the "Nereid," and it is well equipped with shells, canoes, row-boats, and barges. Rowing is thoroughly enjoyed. The young ladies manage a boat as well as the young men, and late in the afternoons many boats are to be seen on the river. Some are out for a short row, while others have several miles before them. It is quite common for parties of eight, with two boats, four in each boat, to make a start about five o'clock. When a certain point has been reached a landing is made and all go ashore. The ladies have provided a cold supper—watermelons, sandwiches, cake, cheese, and olives, and when the gentlemen have made the coffee, a cloth is spread and an enjoyable meal partaken of. By the time the party is ready to return to Belleville the moon has shown itself and the homeward trip is a most enchanting one. A little singing is indulged in, and when the dock is reached there is just one more melon to be disposed of. It has been kept for the return, so all sit down on the bank and devour it. In this happy manner the young people of the oldest town in New Jersey let their summers pass away.

When this river, the beautiful Passaic, freezes, every pair of skates in town is put to use. Men, women, and children, alike, are wild over the fun. This sport lasts some weeks and gradually the winter passes on and spring approaches and we find our dear little village once more clothed in green.

Belleville is an interesting type of the old-fashioned New England village, where the people lead happy, peaceful lives, free from the noise and bustle, the strife and turmoil, of the busy outside world.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

THEY were discussing the sagacity of dogs. "That's a pretty good story," said one of the group, as the last speaker concluded, "but I know a better one. Did any of you ever see a religious dog—a downright pious canine? Well, I have. I visited a family this summer who owned the most sanctimonious specimen of the species that could be imagined. That dog, wouldn't miss family prayers for anything. He would raise Cain if a door happened to get shut upon him when the household assembled for their daily devotions, then, when admitted to the ceremony, he would walk in as solemnly and sedately as any church deacon, take his place beside the head of the house, sit back on his haunches, and never budge until the Amen came. My early training has been a trifle neglected, and the first morning I failed to kneel when the rest did. Blest if that dog didn't come up to me, snapping his teeth and growling in a way that made me nervous. He made such a fuss that my host looked around and signaled to me to kneel, which I did, and prayers proceeded as usual. But Jerry (his name was Jerusalem, and they called him Jerry for short) never liked me—had no use for sinners, you know. There was another guest at the house, a real Methodistical chap, who was a fervent exhorter. You just ought to have seen the way Jerry followed that fellow around—couldn't do enough for him. Whenever the man uttered an unusually loud 'praise the Lord,' Jerry would rap his tail enthusiastically on the floor, as much as to say, 'same here!' Oh, that dog was a wonder—one of the most consistent Christians I ever encountered."

A dead silence fell upon the group. Then, one by one, each man rose and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS IN JAPAN.

One of the most curious of the many ingenious ways in which the Japanese supply themselves with fish is by the use of trained cormorants (known to Californians as shags), which are taught to bring the fish they catch uninjured to their masters. Having an opportunity to witness this novel sport, we gladly availed ourselves of it.

Leaving Tassa, on the Banin River, we took a boat to go down the rapids, but at the mouth of a cave called the Niujo-ana we met a party of fishermen who had come down to the riverside with cormorants.

There were five men, each of whom had four cormorants on a pole, two at each end. The cormorants were fastened with light leather straps to the pole, and each had a small strap lightly fastened below the crop. When loosed from their perches, they walked into the water and took a drink; then two of the fishermen took a long straw rope and walked into the shoal water with it, one walking by the edge of the stream, the other further in. They began to walk smartly down the stream, and then the excitement began. The cormorants followed close to the rope, and made a great dashing and splashing, never resting a moment, but incessantly diving and throwing up their heads, and each time you would see the sparkle of a fish. They went on down stream for ten or fifteen minutes, and then began to get uneasy. Their pouches would hold no more, and they had to struggle very hard to keep the fish down. They would stand up in the shoal water with their tails spread out, and wriggle their necks and jump about in the most absurd manner. The rope was then brought ashore, and the cormorants waited till their perches were brought to them, when they also were brought ashore. The next operation was to take them in the left hand by the neck, open the beak with the right hand, and pour the prey out into baskets. We estimated that each bird had caught on an average about thirty fish, all of which were of one kind, and about the same size, from three to five inches in length. The birds were then fed, by picking out a few of the smallest fish and giving them to them; but, instead of unfastening the neckstraps, and letting the cormorants swallow their food naturally, the men took the birds by the neck and squeezed the food past the obstruction.

The birds were very tame: one of them did not mind sitting on our hands. When they came out of the water they all sat head to wind and hung their wings out to dry, and as soon as the feathers were dry they began preening them. The fishermen told us that the birds could each make about six hauls a day, so that this method is not only a labor-saving device, but unique and profitable.

A SAN FRANCISCO FAVORITE Taber Photo

Well known in Social and Musical circles, and who will be married this month to a prominent Eastern gentleman.

THE BRAIN OF AN ANT.

There is an old puzzle question which asks, "What is smaller than the mouth of a mite?" The answer is, "What goes into it."

Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But, although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. This we can easily believe when we read of this insect's wonderful powers. The quantity of instinct or sagacity does not fully explain some of the stories told about them. The best writers upon ants, those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study, are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection, and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.—*Harper's Young People.*

BATHING AT BATH, ENGLAND.

Bath is, perhaps, the only watering-place in the world that has a name which exactly describes its character. It has also received numerous subtitles, such as "King of Spas," "Queen of the West," and "City of the Waters of the Sun," while by universal consent of the medical profession it ranks as first in English health resorts. The climate is extremely mild, and the possession of thermal waters attracts invalids by thousands.

Bath has always been an extremely "swell" place, and its history is most interesting. It first received a charter from Richard I; but early in the Norman era a physician of Tours, John De Villula, gave the waters to his patients, and afterwards became Bishop of Wells, with Bath as the real seat of his bishopric. It was Queen Henrietta Maria who first made Bath fashionable by paying it a visit in 1644. In 1704 Beau Nash, the famous dude who lived before the word "dude" was invented, became master of ceremonies at Bath.

The Romans occupied Bath, and traces of their being there are found in great magnificence. Among the discoveries brought to light, by recent excavations, is a large bath, with a hall, ambulatories, and a large number of chambers. The bathing establishments now in use, however, are controlled by the corporation, and are wonderfully complete. The King and Queen's bath was founded in the sixteenth century, and has a capacity of fifty-one thousand gallons. The more modern are the magnificent New Royal and New Queen's Baths, which include swimming pools, private bathrooms, douche-baths, a room adapted to the inhalation of plain and medicated vapors, and a hall where there are arrangements for specific forms of local water applications. The waters rise at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit, and the outflow daily amounts to half a million gallons. About ninety-four thousand bathers go to Bath each year. Most of these drink the waters at the Grand Pump Room, where the waters are dispensed from 8:30 A. M. to 6 P. M., and at mid-day on Sunday. Each afternoon there is playing by a band to enliven the drinkers. The leading hotel adjoins the Pump Room, and is named the Grand Pump Room Hotel. It is a favorite with those who use the baths and the bath waters.

BICYCLING

Now that bicycling has really come down to a science, as far as skill, strength, and endurance are concerned, we read almost daily of the wonderful records made by the professional crack-a-jacks all over the world. We hear of world's records being made and broken almost in a week. But comparatively little is said, however, in the amateur field, and considering the age and experience of some of the younger members of the bicycle enthusiasts, many of them have achieved remarkable successes. Among the latter class, Frank E. Rodolph, whose portrait is herewith presented, deserves special mention. Young Rodolph is but fifteen years of age, an apt scholar at the Boys' High School of San Francisco, and has ridden the bicycle for only a few months. Although he has not entered but half a dozen races, he enjoys the distinction of not having lost a single one. Lithe, willowy, strong, and with splendid powers of endurance, he has been able to cross the tape in advance of many older and more experienced riders. He enjoys a splendid figure for a youth of his age, somewhat similar, in fact, to that of the celebrated Foster; and by those who are acquainted with his nerve, his regular and steady pedaling, there exists no doubt but that he will in time come to the front rank of our professional riders.

On April 5th last, at the Lowell High School Cyclers' Race at Central Park, Rodolph won the half-mile handicap race by half a lap in 1.14, starting from the scratch. May 22d, at the Oakland Trotting

FRANK E. RODOLPH. Bushnell Photo.

Park, he won the one mile scratch race in 2.34, and on September 21st, on the inter-class field day, Olympic Club grounds, he came in first in the two-mile scratch race, covering it in 6.01 1/5.

The last race in which he participated was at Souther Farm, near San Leandro, under the auspices of the Olympic cyclers. The track was in a deplorable condition, and though his time for the one-mile handicap, made from the scratch, was but 3.10 1/5, he still had the satisfaction of coming in first.

On September 16th, the Sterling Cycle Works moved into their newly equipped and recently completed factory at Kenosha, Wis., where they will turn out nearly twenty thousand Sterling bicycles next season. The factory grounds cover almost six acres of ground, and the entire plant is a one-story structure. Every new device for the improvement of wheels has been secured by the Sterling people, and they promise not only to equal but to excel their enviable reputation of the past, so that we may look for a revelation in beauty, grace, and strength of the Sterling for '96.

TWO REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

DR. G. E. SHUEY.

Considerable interest has been taken of late by the local amateur photographers in two remarkable photographs, taken by Mr. Chas. Burckhalter, of the Chabot Observatory, on a recent trip through the Coast Range Mountains in Tehama, Mendocino, and Trinity Counties. They are, indeed, so unusual, that some incredulity has been exhibited as to their genuineness,

A DISTURBED NAP.

and to this fact I am desirous of reciting the facts in connection with the circumstance under which they were obtained, as I was one of the members of the party, together with a young son of Mr. Burckhalter.

For many years Mr. Burckhalter has had a great desire to photograph a rattlesnake in life, so that we maintained a careful lookout, when we reached a section of the country where rattlers were plentiful, for an opportunity of this kind. Toward evening of the first day, we were rewarded by the sight of a big fellow just crossing the trail in front of us. We dismounted, procured a stick, and at once brought his rattlesnakeship to bay. He quickly coiled, gave out the usual rattle, and prepared for fight. By prodding him with the stick we angered him to such an extent that he struck viciously at it many times, and while in the act of one of these attacks Mr. Burckhalter caught him with the camera. The poison ejected at every strike was plainly visible, but he seemed to realize that his efforts were fruitless, and resigned himself to his fate. The next day, shortly upon arriving at our destination, we captured another large rattler and took him with us to camp. He fought viciously at first, but a short time in solitary confinement took all the fight out of him, and no amount of irritation would cause him to be aggressive. Another day we found a rattler asleep on a rock. He was awakened by the noise we made in approaching, but apparently not being the least bit frightened, he awaited to see what the object of our intrusion was. The accompanying photograph shows that for itself.

In the experiences we had on this trip, we proved the fallacy of many common beliefs in regard to the habits of rattlers. They will not show fight if there is a possibility of escape, but if cornered fight viciously. They do not always coil, nor is it absolutely necessary that they do so before striking. They can, and will, strike from the form of a letter S, but they cannot quite reach their full length, the tail necessarily remaining on the ground. Some theories have been advanced that they cannot live at a high altitude, but nevertheless, we found them in June and July at an elevation of 6000 feet, and we caught one within 50 feet of a bank of snow. Later in the season they can frequently be found at even a higher elevation. It has also been believed from time immemorial that a rattlesnake will not cross a hair rope. To test this theory, we placed a barrier of this kind, drew a circle around one of these, and retired some distance to await developments. Without being disturbed in the least, he crawled back and forth over this rope without the slightest hesitancy. We tried one rather amusing experiment on the snake which we had captured by giving him a hypodermic injection of spirits of fermunti. The first effect was one of exhilaration and seemed to incite a pugnacious spirit, while a repetition of the dose created a sort of stupor and indifference to interruption, but, after a long sleep, the effect passed away and he regained his normal condition. To another, we gave a hypodermic injection of cocaine, which proved fatal at once. Again we administered tobacco juice, which seemed to throw him into convulsions, causing him to turn on his back and become quite rigid, so that he could be picked up on a stick without bending whatever. He lay in a stupor for about half an hour, but finally revived. We afterwards killed one with a large dose of tobacco.

One of the best pictures Mr. Burckhalter secured was that of a salmon in the act of leaping a waterfall. The falls are located on a branch of the Middle Fork of the Eel river, near the line between Mendocino and Trinity Counties. The fall is about twelve feet high and the current very swift. The pool below was filled with salmon, and in the forenoon we could observe them lying about in schools of perhaps fifty at a time, averaging in length from two to four feet. In the early part of the afternoon they would begin to jump, endeavoring to reach the upper part of the fall. Every few seconds they would make a leap, sometimes there being two or three in the air at once. After observing their movements for some time, we conceived the idea of photographing them in the act of leaping, and after two exposures Mr. Burckhalter succeeded in obtaining the excellent and unusual picture herewith reproduced.

SALMON JUMPING THE FALLS.

These two photographs have caused so many expressions of unbelief, that I sometimes feel like presenting an affidavit, duly attested by a notary, on every occasion that they are exhibited to others,

THE BURNING LAKE.

LEIGH H. IRVINE.

THE Volcano of Kilauea is the most tremendous example of energy on the planet, for it is a boiling lake of fire where billions of tons of molten rock are forever tossed by elemental forces.

Before one visits the lake proper he beholds the mischief made in ages past by the Titanic forces which ripped the sloping plain of the great mountain Mauna Loa, and rent the rock-ribbed bluffs and earth in every direction from the Volcano-house. The strange spectacles abounding on the bluffs are second only to the fires below—a fine interlude to Kilauea itself!

There is, for example, one ragged ravine running to the eastward which terminates two miles from the hotel. It is probably twenty feet wide, and no plummet has ever sounded its depths. It is, however, only one of the many bottomless ravines which abound in the neighborhood. The palm of one's hand is not more thickly furrowed with lines than is the earth surrounding the volcano hotel on the edge of this Kilauean wonder. One is made aware of the existence of many of these rents by the sulphuretted vapors and hissing steam—but where one puffs and blows forth its hot gases a dozen slumber without the slightest warning of their existence. Indeed, the most dangerous cavities are often covered by ferns, flowers, creeping vines, and semi-tropical mountain shrubbery which carpet chasms that terminate many miles below.

Now for a descent to witness the great spectacle itself, of which all preliminaries are the merest side-shows!

The Volcano-house is at the northeast edge of the cavity in the mountain side known as the great crater, whose circumference is nearly ten miles. The descent into this weird region begins about two hundred feet southwest of the hotel, and though quite abrupt the path is wide enough for a horse and it winds down, down gradually for a mile. Along the road there is much beautiful foliage, and not the slightest suggestion of violent forces slumbering or in action. Suddenly you reach the limit of plant and animal life, and before you stretches a bleak expanse of lava, formed into mountains and billows of congealed rock, which have cooled and stopped in myriad flows, doubtless the accumulation of centuries—some decomposed, worn, and ancient, others fresh as the morning. Yonder is a patch of broken, bluish lava, upheaved like an ice flow on a river, its cakes and crusts formed into hills, hollows, cones, arches, and triangular shaped blocks. Look back toward the trail, and ragged cliffs and perpendicular walls from five hundred to eight hundred feet above you tell the story of your descent. Everything on this vast floor is more silent than the Dead Sea, and apparently solid as Gibraltar, for you can see through chasms that the lava beneath your feet is anywhere from thirty to one hundred feet thick. Some of these rents are bridged, and by peeping down where the sunbeams shine you will behold ferns climbing toward the light. Your first impression is that the floor is smooth and practically level, but you soon learn that your zig-zag western march will carry you over many steep and frozen lava waves, and gradually upward toward the active lake of fire, which is four hundred feet above the lowest eastern floor of the pit. On this side and that are deep ravines and sulphur-colored holes, once puffing with expanding vapors, but now at rest. And as you proceed the lava grows warmer under your feet while steam and sulphur fumes escape through occasional blow-holes and gigantic cones.

The old trail was now abandoned, for here and there it had been obliterated by a river of lava flowing over it, cooling and forming into pools which were so convoluted as to suggest great coils of rope. The guide led the way, armed with a testing pole ten or fifteen feet long. Every tourist was provided with a substantial cane, and the guide said: "We are now getting into the second pit. Do not get scared, but follow me! Step where I step, and strike the spot immediately before you with your stick, to see whether it will hold you. If you fall do not touch the lava with your hands, for it is as sharp as glass."

No one knows whence come the drains that sometimes empty the lake or the surplus which makes it overflow. The lava conduits must run to a vast supply in subterranean depths, for billions of tons are required to cause the known outflows. The reservoir of lava must be in regions of eternal heat and fusion, amid disrupting and displacing forces which no violence or prodigality of Kilauea can drain. For ages upon ages the wonderful abyss has done its work of melting mountains, interrupted by occasional arrests, as on March 7, 1891, when the fires were suddenly extinguished for a month, so that Surveyor Joseph Emerson, of Honolulu, explored the crater's bed for 600 feet below the general level. But no one can account for these caprices!

VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

Many visitors describe tremors and rumbling sounds, blow holes and other spectacles, which were absent when I saw the lower pit; but Kilauea is never seen twice alike, because the volcano's work continually changes the displays throughout the crater.

Finally I reached the summit of the crumbling lava, cakes of which lay in all directions, intercepted here by air holes and melted there by fresh flows. Faith led me on and on, though every time the sheet of lava beneath me gave way I had no assurance except the uniform experience of others that I should not sink into the bowels of the earth instead of a few feet; for no engineer knows what cantilever system or law of mechanics prevents the lava floor from falling into the lake and becoming billows of the blood-red sea.

At last the abode of the fire goddess Pele was before me, a hissing, seething lake of fire a few feet from where I stood. Bursting areas of the molten globe rose like a swelling sea not ten feet away, and I saw the liquid plane through rising waves of hot air which glistened and trembled until the eye was pained. Steam and vapors escaped with a thunderous roar from innumerable vent holes, and tons of melted lava were tossed into the air, showing that nature can lift a mountain as readily as float a feather. At intervals the surface was struck by chilling breezes which turned the red to a sheen of silver. The desolate sea on which I gazed was upheld by the heat and gases of subterranean lava whose temperature is beyond comprehension—so great as to transform the most solid things into vapors, not unlike the sun, itself a seething globe of compressed gases.

On the edge of this Hawaiian sphinx, therefore, one is brought face to face with the Infinite; and compared with the energy beheld in its varied phenomena all other spectacles ever beheld on earth are dwarfed into absolute insignificance.

But the best view, after all, was from the somber bluff half a mile away, a spot free from danger. There no vapors suffocated and no heat blinded me, and beneath my feet was terra firma. From there the view at night was a sublime spectacle of tremendous energy. Gigantic eruptions upheaved lurid fountains which hissed and roared forty and fifty feet above the level of the lake, mingled with various outbursts of sulphur and other vapors, as the blood-red lava dashed over the banks and overflowed the places where our party had stood but a few hours before. Great boulders were tossed by the surging fire waves like corks or light buoys upon an angry sea. Then crimson fountains rose gently like rainbows and sank again into the bosom of eternal fire. Boiling springs and exploding acres of lava rose hither and yon in countless profusion, sending forth their hot breath as from the throat of Vulcan's forge: bubbling, hissing, thundering geysers from the inferno, whose awfulness overpowered the mind! Cataracts of liquid flame now and then plunged from the walls or fell back into the bottomless seas whence they came—forever restless in their terrible home. The molten sea incessantly quivered as if shaken by perpetual earthquakes, its surface now covered with ten thousand torches and again bursting into a tidal wave of brilliant red—the exploding vapors dashing thunderously, as if driven by pent-up demons beneath the fiery storm. At one time I counted fifteen brilliant fountains, and suddenly thereafter the entire southern wall of the crater was submerged by a monster wave of lava, which flowed all night, forming into red rivers and many branches which ran in all directions over the cold sea of lava that forms the great crater ten miles in circumference.

And when I awoke in the night the light from countless fire fountains and lava flows was shining on the walls and pictures like a delicate sunset effect. For centuries the mysterious fountains of Kilauea have illumined the sky and tinted the clouds which form over snow-crowned Mauna Loa, and they will play on amid sunshine and storm, beneath blazing suns and ripening moons just as faithfully as the stars keep their vigil. And so long as the dance of the hours shall go forward, for all man knows, Halemaumau's awful fires will throb and beat like things of life and terror in contrast with the somber peaks of Mauna Kea, snow-capped and eternal, glistening amid the stars, ten thousand feet above Pele's abode of eternal fire, the gateway to realms infernal.

A RUN THROUGH THE SOUTH

W. V. Bryan

It is a fairly well-known fact that Del Monte has, for years past, been a veritable Mecca for bridal couples, so that young married people, who may be strangers to the guests of that famous hostelry, are more than likely to be accredited with being on their honeymoon, and, in consequence, must endure the quizzical demeanor which curiosity, in such instances, impels.

Nowadays, however, it has become also quite a fad for bridal parties to take a run through Southern California, and we read almost daily that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so "will spend a couple of weeks in the South, after which they will return and settle down in their new residence." Why is it, therefore, that Southern California has made such strides during the past few years, enjoying not only the immense influx of Easterners each winter, but also the increasing patronage of many families in other sections of the State and Coast? The question seems easy of reply. Climate, hospitality of its people, unusual excellence of its hotels and resorts, and variety of its attractions will, no doubt, explain almost wholly why this is so. Then, again, to a certain extent, it at least reminds one of the tropical countries, not because of its temperature, which is not excessive, but because one sees on every side many varieties of plants and trees that are identified with warmer climes; and while the inhabitants of Southern California are far from lacking in industry and energy, one's whole environments—people, climate, plants, all—are most pleasantly suggestive of the delightful abandon, frivolities, gayeties, pleasures, and the good-natured, lazy indifferences which are so characteristic of the semi-tropics.

FALLS SCENERY, SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS.

Los Angeles is just as busy and bustling as ever. Everybody is on the go, the hotels are beginning to feel the first advances of the tourist trade, and nobody seems to complain of hard times. Drop into the office of the Hollenbeck Hotel and you will invariably find it full. The success of this well-known hotel is, perhaps, almost phenomenal, for when it came into the hands of its present proprietors, nearly three years ago, it enjoyed what might be termed but a fair patronage. To-day, there is no more popular, nor more prosperous hotel in the South than the Hollenbeck. The policy of the management has been improvement at all times, and each year many thousands of dollars have been spent in keeping up to the times; and the fact that this method was a wise one is testified to by the increasing trade the hostelry has enjoyed. It further enjoys the advantage of being the most centrally located hotel in the City of Los Angeles, which is generally a desideratum to both tourists and business men.

Ten miles eastward from Los Angeles lies the pretty town of Pasadena, which, during the past few years, has become a most popular resort. Reached by two competing railways, as well as an electric line, it is a natural outlet for tourists from Los Angeles. Pasadena has three good hotels—the Green, the Painter, and the Mitchell.

The Hotel Green is, undoubtedly, the finest, most elegant, and best equipped hotel in the South. Since the past season a number of changes and improvements have been made in its interior, particularly the office, which has been enlarged and lightened, making it a most imposing introduction to the whole. The Green opens on November 1st, and already nearly all the rooms have been engaged for the winter. The success of the Green is due almost entirely to the exceptional management of Mr. J. H. Holmes, who is one of the most affable and capable managers in the hotel line. Mr. Holmes is constant in his attention to details and his close observance of the wants of his guests; the standard and elegance of the general service throughout the hotel are accountable for the ever-increasing patronage enjoyed since the opening day.

A little farther up the slope, just on the outskirts of the town, stands the Painter Hotel, surrounded with a well-preserved flower garden, and affording a splendid view of the San Gabriel Valley. While not as pretentious in point of size and architecture as many other hotels, yet the Painter enjoys a peculiar attractiveness of its own. While not catering to the society element, the Painter is strictly first-class in every respect, and its patrons are mostly those who enjoy quiet, comfort, and home-like sociability.

The Hotel Mitchell, too, is a neat, cozy little house, only a block from the Santa Fe depot. It changed hands only six months ago, being formerly known as the Balmoral. Neat, comfortable, attractive, and setting an excellent table, it will no doubt receive a considerable share of the patronage of the traveling public during the coming winter months.

Last but not least, at the extreme southwest corner of the State, is the incomparable City of San Diego, on San Diego Bay, the latter being one of the finest harbors in the world. The mildness and evenness of its climate and almost perpetual sunshine are characteristics that have made the city one of the most attractive in the South. For the invalid, no better location could be selected, and for the tourist and pleasure seeker it offers an almost unlimited variety of attractions and amusement. Its proximity to the famous Hotel del Coronado, the celebrated and wonderful caves at La Jolla Park, the Mexican boundary line, its interesting drives, and its exceptional facilities for boating, sailing, and bathing, all combine to make it a delightful resort for the traveler.

Mexican Boundary Monument. Sea Bathing. Point Loma. Old Mission, San Diego.

In this connection it will be interesting to know something of the character of the hotels in so charming a spot. There are three well-known, first-class caravansaries in the city—the Brewster, the Florence, and the Horton House. In the very heart of town is the favorite "Little Brewster," as it is sometimes affectionately termed by its old-time patrons. A neater, cleaner, better managed hotel does not exist. Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, is one of the most affable, generous, and obliging bonifaces in the hotel business, and every detail of the business is at all times under his personal supervision. It is a pleasure to meet a man of this character, who, while properly reserved and mindful of his own business, yet enjoys an intuitive tact of sociability with his guests, and makes every one of them feel at home, contented and happy. Mr. O'Brien has recently added an annex to the hotel, consisting of sample rooms which, of course, meet with high favor among the commercial classes.

CAVES AT LA JOLLA, NEAR SAN DIEGO.

The Hotel Florence, situated on the heights overlooking the bay and city, is a capacious and most pleasant house. It has recently undergone extensive improvements, both inside and out. The most noticeable and effective change is in the large dining-room which has been lightened by a series of arches cut out of one side, giving a cheery outlook into the garden of tropical plants. Mr. A. E. Nutt, the owner, and Mr. G. W. Lynch, manager, will jointly conduct the hotel this season. The combination is a most excellent one, and, together with the timely improvements, will, no doubt, add greatly to the popularity of this resort, and draw a large contingent from the tourist trade.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CAPT. ROBERT QUINTON.

MANY years have I spent trading in the South Sea Islands, but in a short article it is impossible to give more than a brief outline of life among the strange people who inhabit them.

My first visit was in command of a vessel from Sydney to Tongataboo, and the first Sunday I spent there I went to the Missionary chapel to hear Rev. Shirley Baker preach. Most of the congregation squatted upon the floor, and several men, armed with long bamboos, walked up and down and rapped them on the head if they did not pay strict attention to the sermon that the minister was earnestly delivering.

When they were dismissed I was surprised to see them take off their clothes as they came out of the door and walk home with them under their arms.

The vessel was afterward sold in Samoa, and I entered into partnership with a man named George De Vere and kept a trading station in Vavao (one of the Tonga Islands), where I learned a good deal about the natives. A party of natives once invited me to accompany them on a shark-fishing expedition. They went in a number of double canoes, and, upon arriving at the fishing-grounds, began to rattle a great number of empty cocoanut shells strung upon pieces of fow (a very tough kind of wood), and yelled like fiends.

In a few minutes the sharks were thick about us. The natives had a number of ropes made of fow bark, with running bowlines on the ends, which they kept towing in the water. The lower part of each bowline hung so low in the water that they had no difficulty in passing it around a shark, when all hands instantly hauled him to the surface and part of them got another bowline over his head and held him while the others beat him to death with their clubs.

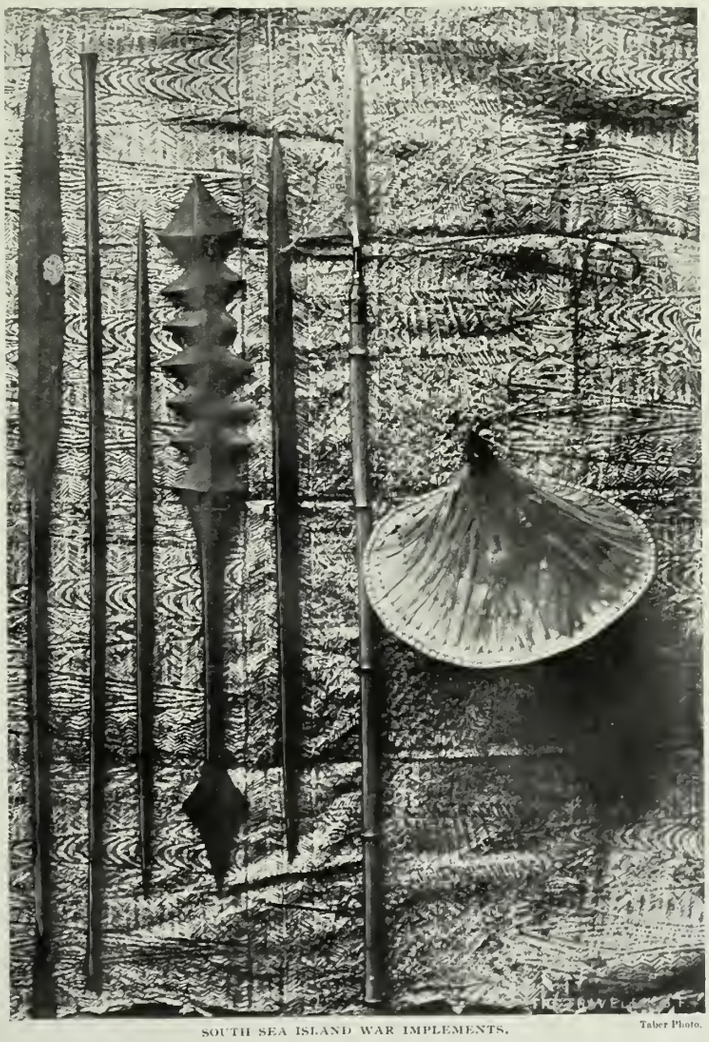
The usual dress consists of a small mat of pandanus leaves, called a vala, but full dress consists of a large mat, made of the inner bark of the paper mulberry-tree, and every family has a different pattern for painting their natoos (mats), commonly called by traders tappa. Every little girl has one of these natoos made for her, and the family pattern is tattooed upon her left arm or side in a space about two inches square. This natoo is then put away until she is married, when it is wrapped around her from her shoulders to her feet, and tied about the waist with a rope of fow bark. She then marches through the colo toward the fali of her intended husband, attended by all her female friends, who walk two by two behind her and shout good wishes to the bride at the top of their voices. Arrived within sight of the bridegroom and his friends, who are squatted upon the ground in a semi-circle in front of his fali, all parties begin singing; the bride seats herself beside the bridegroom and the other women find places among the men. The bridegroom's friends then give each one a basket made of cocoanut leaves containing about seven or eight pounds of pork and yams, and it is considered impolite to leave any of it; but they never insult each other in this way, for, like the Australian blacks, they always appear ready to eat. The kava is then pounded upon a stone, mixed with water in a large wooden bowl, strained through fow bark, and passed around in cocoanut shells.

In case of a death the body is wrapped in mats and placed upon a raised platform in the fali. The mourners squat upon the floor, each two sitting back to back, as it is considered very impolite for any one to sit with his back against the fali. The men sit in silence, but the women keep up a low wailing chant containing frequent repetitions of the word "Oiaooe" (o-ee-ah-oo-ay) "Alas." They march to the grave chanting in low mournful tones. After filling in the grave, the surface of the ground is covered with oblong layers of black and white pebbles, each alternate layer being of a different color and an inch or two higher than the one immediately surrounding it.

The Gilbert Islanders were once fierce cannibals. I have often heard natives of the Cannibal Islands assert that they do not like white man's flesh because it tastes too salty.

On one occasion we were ordered to the Solomon Islands. Being short of water we put into Coleridge Bay, and anchored in fifteen fathoms. At first we saw very little of the natives, though we knew it was necessary to keep an extra good lookout to guard against a sudden surprise. At midnight we started up one of the creeks in two boats to fill our water casks, and after having filled our casks we were about to return, when we heard a series of grunts and squeals which we knew were caused by pigs which had come down to the water to drink. Instantly one party of us landed and made a detour through the bush to head them off, while the others were to lie concealed in one of the boats under the shadows of the trees and attack them in the water should they attempt to swim across the stream. To guard against accidents, no one was to use firearms, but only cutlasses and hatchets.

There appeared to be about twenty of the pigs, and just as we were about to rush upon them one man tripped and fell, and the pigs, alarmed by the noise, set up a loud squeal and dashed back directly among us. Our dexterity with cutlass and hatchet was severely taxed, for the pigs fought savagely. Six of them were secured, but we had no means of knowing how many badly wounded might have been concealed among the bushes, for they are sharp enough to keep perfectly still till the moment they are discovered.



SOUTH SEA ISLAND WAR IMPLEMENTS. Taber Photo.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon our success, and had placed the last of the hogs in the boats, when we were startled by a series of savage yells, more resembling the cries of wild beasts than those of human beings, for the natives make a peculiar noise by slapping their mouths with their open palms while yelling. It would have been worse than useless to attempt to escape in the boats, for the moon had risen sufficiently to reveal any object on the water, and the natives could shoot from under cover of the trees on the bank without exposing themselves.

We instantly dropped down behind the bank as a shower of arrows flew over our heads, and the natives, probably thinking we had taken to the boats, gave another yell and dashed forward just in time to receive a volley from all hands, which brought down several and caused the others to dart back into the bush. This was not because they were frightened, but because it is their regular method of fighting. We then hastily hitched a spare piece of rope to the roots of two bushes, and drew to one side of our former position.

For a few minutes everything was deathly still; then we were suddenly startled by a yell so close that it seemed surprising how they had managed to get so near without being discovered. As they rushed forward the foremost ones landed on their heads over the rope, and were cut down as they attempted to regain their feet, but the others instantly closed upon us and tried to cut us off from the boats. Of course we kept close together under the shade of the trees and kept up a constant fire from our rifles and revolvers. It might be supposed that the heavy war clubs of the natives, wielded with both hands, would be more than a match for our cutlasses, but this is a mistake. Their clubs are too heavy and unwieldy, and, while they raise them over their heads to strike, it is comparatively easy for a man armed with a cutlass to evade the blow or run them through; and so it proved on this occasion the weapons of civilization won over those of the savages.

Two white men and four of our islanders were killed; one white man was wounded by a spear which penetrated his lungs; I received a glancing blow of a club on the head, the force of which was considerably broken by an East Indian topee, but just as he struck me I cut him across the face, and he did not strike again.

The strangest case of all was that of a Russian, who was struck by an arrow which passed clear through the calf of his leg. As he stooped to examine the wound a native struck at his head, but missed, and the two fell together. The native caught him by the throat, but quick as a flash the Russian drew his knife and drove it through the body of the native. His leg afterward shrivelled up till the skin was drawn tight to the bone, and in color resembled a Chinaman's skin, though he did not complain of much pain; yet it afterwards filled out and became as well as the other. I received a slight cut from an arrow on the left hand, and it festered for nearly three months before healing.

We sailed next day and buried the bodies at sea to prevent the natives eating them.

It seems strange that so few know or care anything about these fertile and beautiful islands, on many of which coffee, cotton, and sugar-cane grow wild, besides many kinds of valuable timber; while the sea supplies pearls, pearl shell, tortoise shell, sponge, and beche-de-mer.

In Alaska, Kamchatka, Hong Kong, Borneo, Java, Australia, India, and Cape Town, I have often reflected that all these races are compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the white man.

Why are the fairest portions of the earth given up to those whom we denominate savages; or, are they merely created to hold their land in trust till the white man takes it from them?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLUNKETT FERGUSON

Girls' names with variations have quite superseded the plain cognomens of their baptism. One observes that the Alice of babyhood has been evolved into the Allyce of to-day; that Grace has become obsolete since Grayce crept into the Society directory, and that the identities of Maree, Jeanne, Edythe, and a host of others are well nigh lost in time's shuffle. Why not extend these privileges to downtrodden man? Why should we not have Wyllyams, and Alphreds, and Albyrtes? What is the matter with Henrye, Phreddie, and Jahymes? May not they, too, trim their names with alphabetical ruffles? Why do not men assert their rights?

An article on a live subject—bloomers.

Science makes the interesting discovery that there is a woman in the moon. If this be true, we cannot for an instant blame the man in the moon. He has certainly held out a long time against feminine charms; and, after several thousand years of celibacy, no one would have the heart to forbid the banns. It must have been dreadfully lonely up there, anyhow, and in putting out a sign "To Let" upon his bachelor apartments, he has simply followed out—though somewhat tardily it must be admitted—the scriptural precept, "It is not good for man to be alone." Surely the New Woman's ambition should be satisfied with this difficult conquest. Up to the present time the man in the moon has not been reckoned an eligible *parti;* but since he has fallen a victim to her wiles, it is safe to say that he has already pledged himself to support the suffrage amendment.

The unkindest cut of all was administered on Market Street the other day. Said one of the sex feminine to another, discussing an acquaintance of uncertain age, "I see that Miss So-and-so has become quite devout—in fact, she says that she has given herself to the Lord."

"Good reason why," responded her companion, "she couldn't find anybody else to give herself to."

A tender-hearted maid was she, so tender-hearted that
She would not for the world have harmed a fly;
And yet to fittingly adorn her stylish winter hat,
Just twenty little birds were doomed to die.

Evidently the journalists of Madrid do not believe that the pen is mightier than the sword, since they have dropped the former and drawn the latter with the pleasing intention of reducing each other to fractional pieces. Several duels have so far been fought and a couple of dozen more are pending. We do not manage things like that in this country. We have a much cleaner, safer, and easier way of settling the little difficulties that mar the sweet serenity of newspaperdom. Our weapons are manufactured in the mints and their effect is magical in helping "the hurt that honor feels."

It is thrillingly interesting to be informed by a fashion authority that, although the styles in canes are severely plain this season, a bit of silver on a stick is quite the thing, and that no one using one of the latter variety will offend the canons of "good form." Several novelties in this article of personal adornment are described at length. A perusal of the paragraph gives the reader the impression that new ideas in canes are more plentiful than in their owners' heads.

The orchestra I knew was somewhere near—
I heard it playing;
The actors, too, were there, for I could hear
What they were saying.

Through five long acts in dark eclipse I sat,
With thoughts unuttered;
I might have been as blind as any bat
That ever fluttered.

For no one can appreciate the charm
In footlight glories,
Compelled to lurk behind an ostrich farm
Of thirteen stories.

In spite of the fact that his personal reputation has not a tattered shred left to tell the tale, the name of Oscar Wilde will live in literature. That he has given to the world brilliant work cannot be denied. He should be allowed the credit that belongs to him intellectually, though morally he be beneath contempt. Even the Ruler of the Warm Regions should be given his due. As a man, Wilde should be forgotton. As a litterateur, he should be remembered. As for his soul, God may be trusted to look after that. Were the world to gauge men of brains by their morality instead of their mentality, a number of very brilliant stars would disappear from the literary firmament.

There is a mother-in-law in New York who does not approve of saying "bless you, my children," when the children in question abscond from home rule. Her fourteen-year-old daughter recently eloped with and married a young man. Overtaking them, the irate parent drove off the bridegroom, took the bride home, and, placing her across her knee, administered corporal punishment in the time-honored way. It must have been a humiliating denouement to the romance of the thing, but doubtless it was the most sensible one after all.

The idiosyncrasies of the folding-bed have served several purposes, but those most directly benefited by its vagaries have been of the medical profession. The folding-bed is an evil thing, and there is every reason to rejoice, in the interests of humanity, that its day is not to be a long one, that its popularity is already on the wane. It always was a wretched compromise, anyway. Deceptively innocent in appearance, it has held awful possibilities in its grasp, and it is not likely that it will survive the present generation—if, indeed, the present generation survive *it*. No one wants to be utilized as a ham sandwich, to make a living picture with face turned to the wall, or to depart this life in obedience to the unreasonable whim of a sideboard or parlor mantel that is not attending to business. The passing of the folding-bed is a public blessing.

He left her sitting all alone
Between the acts;
His impoliteness I dislike to own,
But such are facts.

Pacific Grove is a charming retreat when one is in search of recuperation combined with quietude. The Hotel Del Monte and its incomparable surroundings are distant by but an hour's ride on the street-car, and the famous "Seventeen Mile Driveway" is delightful every foot of the way. Two San Francisco girls, who occupied a room this season in one of the many canvas cottages that dot the Grove like tents on a battlefield, created a small sensation down there one night. At the uncanny hour of two o'clock, one of them was awakened by a strange noise at the window. She does not claim to be a heroine, and is not ambitious to make a record for bravery, so she promptly tucked her head under the bedclothes. Emerging cautiously to take breath, she again heard the same sound. Badly frightened, she roused her companion. "Burglars!" she hissed in the latter's ear. The sound being rapidly repeated, the terrified maidens held a conference under the counterpane, one urging the burglar hypothesis, the other insisting it must be a snake. Just how a reptile could attach itself to a pane of glass and perform tomtoms thereon does not transpire, but then a girl's reasoning faculties are not at their best in the dead of night. Putting their Trilbys out on the cold floor, they fled to awaken the household. Presently all was confusion. Lights glimmered, people in airy costumes tiptoed nervously about, the landlord dashed outside to lasso the prowler, and his better half turned the searching rays of a bull's-eye lantern upon the fateful window. And there, on the topmost pane, clung a large, energetic bug.

The disappointed candidate is, no doubt, to be pitied; but what are his feelings compared with those of the summer girl who has not had a single, solitary proposal?

She comes in gown of russet brown;
A captivating curl
Upon her forehead nestles down—
The bright-eyed winter girl.

And when she parts her lips to speak,
You see twin rows of pearl;
The glow of health is on her cheek—
Oh, charming winter girl!

She'll quite forget your words of love,
Your flag of hope she'll furl;
But then, that is the custom of
A naughty winter girl.

There's danger in the upward glance
That sets your brain awhirl;
She'll lead you, sir, a merry dance—
This saucy winter girl.

She flirts alike with city fop
And awkward country churl;
In fact, she don't know when to stop—
For she's a winter girl.

But when your days are dark with strife,
Within the tempest's swirl,
She promises to be for life—
Your own dear winter girl.

"Some people are continually in the rear of the social procession, and I'm one of them," sighed a little woman who is trying with all her small might to get into the Four Hundred's innermost circles. "Although I'm invited to the very swellest functions, I am always overlooked when it comes to the matter of names. I invariably figure in the coterie known as 'and others.' It is very provoking. One likes to see one's name in print *once* in a while. 'Among those present were——and others,' meaning yours truly and her companions in oblivion. Well, one thing sure, my obituary will have to be more explicit. Not to retire from mortal scenes in the 'and others' list will be some satisfaction anyway."

If the love of a nice girl, or the possession of a good wife will not keep a man from wrong-doing, nothing will, and he deserves neither of these blessings.

A severe-featured, prim, elderly lady turned the corner into Kearny Street the other evening. "Have some fun with a mustache!" said a voice in her ear. She looked shocked—indeed, she stopped still from sheer amazement; then a relieved expression came over her face as she observed that the young man whose voice had arrested her attention was, after all, not addressing himself to her in particular, but to the passers-by in general, while offering his stock of detachable mustaches and other hirsute adornments for sale.

The sidewalk merchant is a great attraction to the visiting countryman and a strong drawing-card to the small boy. Whether he be the vender of a cargo of Marys and Johns, wonderful tin fowls that make tracks for the nearest cellarway, the latest topical songs, or lizards with machine interiors, the sidewalk merchant is a never-ending dream of delight to the youthful eyes about him. Mechanical toys fascinate children of all dispositions, from the careful child who treasures everything in his possession, to the destructive child, who longs to perform autopsies upon everything within reach. And so the sidewalk merchant is always sure of an audience, a round-eyed, adoring audience; for no worship is equal, in disinterestedness, to the worship that childhood gives.

At twenty he aspired to be
A ruler in the land;
Alas, for human destiny!
He's quite content, at forty-three,
To run a peanut stand.

Brass bands as shopping accompaniments are rapidly becoming a feature of metropolitan life. While it might seem at first a trifle incongruous to select one's favorite brand of darning cotton with "Sweet Marie" floating around one's ears, or to buy mourning habiliments to the invigorating strains of "Yankee Doodle," it is safe to predict that what now seems an extraneous condition will eventually become an absolute necessity. A slave to the musical habit, one will not think of purchasing a pair of socks without the soothing complement of a dreamy waltz, or trust one's judgment in the matter of hairpins unaided by the "Star Spangled Banner."

Attached to a local kindergarten is a "lumber room," where various articles are stored, among them a large American flag. Recently a cat found her way in there, and when the door was opened next day, behold! there lay a tiny kitten beside its mother. Kitty is now the youngest kindergartner in the school, the pet of the children, and has been christened "America" because it was born under the flag. Nevertheless, it chases its tail with a frivolity that plainly demonstrates its inability to live up to the patriotic dignity of its name.

When Wallace's circus was in town, the kindergartners took the little ones in their charge to visit the show. Just before the Lux-Potter contingent started, a very small boy was discovered to be in the sulks.

"What is the matter, Johnnie?" asked his teacher. "Don't you want to go to the circus and see the animals?"

"No," responded that disgruntled juvenile, "I don't like animals. I only like elfunts."

Misfortune may seem to follow you, gentle reader, and doubtless you sometimes think that you are in hard luck, but if you are not a witness in the Durrant case, rest assured that your cup of bitterness is only half full.

Foreign capital is making its way in California. The Iron Mountain Mine, yielding gold and copper, has been purchased by a British syndicate, and a million dollars of English money will be expended in its development. Thirteen miles of railroad will be built, and smelting works are to be erected. At present the Selby Works in this city are the only smelting works in the State. The syndicate has advertised for one hundred men and will eventually put five hundred more to work. The great Utica Mine at Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County, recently burned out, will soon be in active operation again, the stupendous task of repairing it having gone on without intermission since the disaster.

ITEMS.

Those who contemplate the purchase of real estate, fruit lands, etc., in San Jose and vicinity, should not fail to communicate with W. G. Hawley & Co., 17 South First Street, San Jose. They are now unquestionably the leading real estate firm of that city, and have an abundance of choice literature bearing on the lands that they have for sale. San Jose is well known as the Garden City, and aptly termed so, for it would be difficult to find a prettier town, with its miles and miles of shade trees growing along the streets.

It may be only a coincidence, but it is usually the very, very scrawny girl who has the most to say about the immodesty of wearing bloomers.

Mr. J. F. Coope, well known during his connection with the Ben Lomond Wine Company at Santa Cruz, has recently formed a co-partnership with Mr. Pippy of San Francisco, it now being under the name of Coope & Pippy. They are handling the famous Vino del Rey wines, and are sole agents for the Schramsberg Vineyard, from which come some of the best table wines in the State. They are located at 204 Market Street, and families who care to be served with the best wines in the market will do well to call upon this new firm.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The California Optical Company, at 317 Kearny Street, San Francisco, is doing a most excellent business. This concern has grown rapidly during the past few years, the reason for it simply being the excellence of the goods they handle, the courteous treatment extended to their patrons, and the splendid modern facilities they have for effecting a perfect test of the eyes. They deal in optical instruments of all kinds, and there is no better place in the city to purchase goods of this character than from this company.

Louis Roederer Champagne stands once more at the top of the market, but there was a time, some years ago, when it retired somewhat to the background; not due to the wine itself, but to the lack of push given it through the former agency. Since, however, it has been under the control of Macondray Bros. & Lockard, these young men have brought it to its old place at the head of the list, so that to-day it is, perhaps, the most popular brand in the market.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

San Bernardino is now possessed of one of the neatest little hotels in the South, "The Stewart." About a year ago it opened under the management of Messrs. Erkes & Co., who still remain in control. It is a two-story structure, the rooms are large, airy, and excellently furnished, and one of the unique features of the hotel is a system of telephone communication between the rooms and the main office. It is the only hotel in the State furnishing this system, and, as it works to perfection, it may be readily understood that it is the most convenient adjunct that could be introduced into a house of this kind. The table is well managed and beyond criticism, so that, altogether, "The Stewart" enjoys all of the best patronage that comes to the city. Erkes & Co. are to be congratulated upon the phenomenal success that they have evolved since the opening.

NEW GOLD.

SWEETHEART.

'Tis the prettiest word
That ever was heard
From lover to his near one;
It means much more
Than fifty score
Of darling, pet, and dear one.

To lover tall
Doth it recall
His little lady slender;
Her cheek's ripe peach
His heart doth reach,
His heart both strong and tender.

And be her eye
Like summer sky,
Or be it black and gleaming;
And be she small,
Or queenly tall,
This word for her is seeming.

Sweetheart, sweetheart,
If not one part
Be hers of beauty's power;
Her heart so true
Beats sweet for you,
You crave no fairer dower.

If loved were I,
And I should die,
By him who'd learned to love me,
Might on my stone
"Sweetheart" alone
Be sadly cut above me.

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a cornsheaf at daylight's decline;
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played on her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried.
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fair arm"—
She smiled, and she laid her fair arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss;
You would lay your fair cheek to this browned one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make;
For, only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

—*Robert Story.*

"What a beautiful thing is thought," said she;
"A boon it is to myself and Jim.
I sit and think he is thinking of me,
And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him."

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE! Lamb Photo.

Edwin—What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine.

Angeline—Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose.

"Is your son improving in his violin-playing, Mr. Jones?"

"Well—either he's improving, or we're getting used to it!"

Little Girl—Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?

Little Boy—Yes.

"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name on the list."

"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

Baroness—When we were in London we saw "Charley's Aunt."

Retired Chandler's Wife—Ah, I had the pleasure of dining with her last season at Lucerne.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "So I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were: 'Has Earnest got over his financial difficulty yet?'"

Julian Ralph, when he went to China, prepared himself very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai, remarked: "Hello! What ting? What fashion man you belong? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied:

"This is Mr. Ralph, I presume? We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. I spent eight years at school at Norwich, Conn."

The Teacher—Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?

Johnnie Bright (promptly)—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.

Professor—Can you tell me who was Aristophanes, and how long ago he lived?

Student—I'd like to accommodate you, Professor, but the truth is, I don't know as much about him as you do.

Tramp—Madame, yer don't happen to have a porous plaster in the house, do yer?

Mrs. Hussiff (sympathetically)—P'r'aps I have. Is it for a headache?

Tramp—No, ma'am. I just want to patch dis hole in me pants.

First Ragged Urchin—Mariar, I want ter tell yer one thing, I kin never marry a gal wot chews gum!

Second Ditto—Well, why don't yer give up yer horrid cigaroots?

First R. U.—With us men it's different; we needs a stimulant.

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CHEWING GUM.
It aids digestion.

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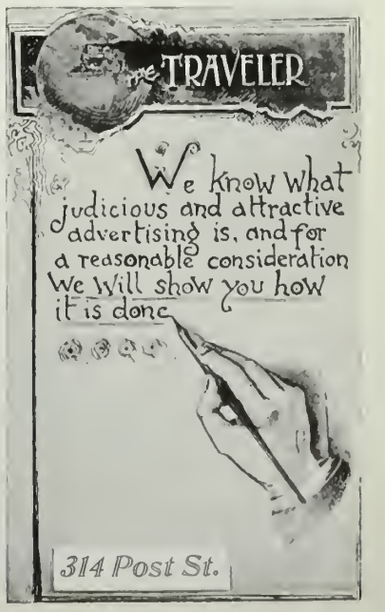


SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

RIGINALITY is in danger of becoming a lost art in these days of forms and ceremonies; and for one to read such odd, ingenuous expressions as "tan-colored children's camping shoes," or "fine solid gold American ladies' watches," is often as refreshing as a cooling drink from a sparkling mountain spring.

A shoemaker is responsible for the following remarkable announcement: "Any man, woman, or child can come in this store and have a fit!" Such disinterested philanthropy is none too common in our selfish age, and can only be accounted for by the supposition that the dealer in foot-gear was formerly a specialist in epilepsy, and has added a free emergency hospital to his establishment for the sake of keeping himself in practice.

In an English weekly, a correspondent (presumably a member of the Humane Society), artlessly inquires if "any one will furnish a kind home for a fox-terrier," intimating that all animals of the canine family do not necessarily lead "a dog's life."

Another clipping is somewhat similar: "Very kind home offered to a nice kitten. Must be good. Particulars requested." Strange! when cats are as common as the sands of the sea, that good money should be wasted in advertising for them. And what about the forlorn street-waifs, who are far more in need of "kind homes" than all the "nice kittens" in Christendom?

Here is a delicious tid-bit, found in an old number of a local daily, which embodies so much apparent sincerity and earnestness that one is tempted to linger over the perusal of it:

"A Protestant, self-made, moral, temperate, energetic, thrifty in business, cheerful, a newspaper reader, aged 33, brown hair, sandy moustache, above medium height, broad shouldered, fond of singing and guitar, but do not perform; like flower and orchard work;—my place, its oaks, redwoods, firs, waterfalls, towering rocks, vistas of ocean, bay, and valleys convenient to Stanford University. I would make a mutual haven, hence seek a reciprocal nature, with means to improve; the betrayal of my confidence leaves me lonely, but hopeful, alive to self-faults. Oh! let us be frank!; exacting now, if at all; when wedded, loving forbearance must govern those trifles which make or mar marital harmony; and by the grace of a healthy, cheery, brown-eyed, large-featured woman, of medium height and figure, caring for home, rather than society's vanities, I shall endeavor to be her ideal. Please write.

"Robin Adair."

Another individual, who is nothing if not matter-of-fact and laconic, comes straight to the point without any display of rhetoric, and advertises thus in a prominent Eastern paper:

"A stamp-collector, the possessor of a collection of 12,542 stamps, wishes to marry a lady, who is also an ardent collector, and the possessor of the blue penny stamp of Mauritius, issued in 1847."

(In parenthesis, be it remarked, the stamp mentioned is said to be valued at $1000, on account of its rarity.)

"Wanted—a room for a single gentleman, 12 feet long and 6 feet wide." This abnormal being, before whose generous proportions the glories of the ancient giants pale and sink into insignificance, is undoubtedly a freak in a traveling circus company, and is doomed to disappointment as regards suitable accommodations, unless "the roof" is literally "raised" in his behalf.

The Boston *Post* reprints this "card" from an English religious monthly: "A cultured, earnest, godly young man desires a pastorate. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organizer. Tall and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary, £120."

This is the sort of young clergyman whom sentimental spinsters and widows delight to honor, and who is overwhelmed at Christmas time with presents of embroidered slippers, as if, as was aptly suggested, "he had as many feet as a centipede."

Here is a curious will, copied, verbatim, from an antiquated number of the Philadelphia *Ledger:*

"October 23, 1850.

"I do bequeath the middle room and the garret to my wife and son William, as long as she lives; at her death it goes to William, with a free passage through the lower room, each way back and front; a sow and three pigs to my wife and William, the lower room to my daughter Ann,—all the wood and coal about the house to my wife and William: my wife is to have privaleg in the seller for wood and coal: two of the fattening hogs to my wife and William, the kitchen part of the house to John;—my wife and William is to pay $5.00 of it ground rent a year, and John and Ann is each to pay $5.00. Thomas is to have $5.00 a year for ten years; each of the other hers to pay their equal share of this $5.00: my tite-bodied and frock coats and satten west to Thomas and my watch to Ann: the rest of the hogs to be equally divided between them.

"Witness: "For his X mark."

"William" is evidently the favorite son, and John, Thomas and "the other hers" have every cause for jealousy. From the picture of Thomas, in his "tite-bodied coat" and "satten west," retiring for life upon his princely income of five dollars a year, we turn reluctantly to that of an eccentric German baron, who inserts the following in the *Courier of Nether Bavaria:*

"My two female readers having left me, to look for lovers in the town, not being able to find the same at the old castle, I now want to find a female who well understands French and English, and is well instructed. Her business is to read to me, whereby she will also improve herself in languages. She will have a salary of 400 florins, and, if she speaks Italian, 100 florins more. She will likewise have substantial food and the best of Mocha coffee three times a day—but no sugar—sugar spoils coffee. Married women and old maids need not apply. As to their religion, I say nothing; because each must seek to arrive in heaven after his or her own fashion. I observe, moreover, that I dine at the same table with my female domestics, as all persons have equal rights.

"[Signed:] "Baron von Halberg."

"Lost—a child six years old, named Mary, followed by a lame terrier, dressed in a blue gingham apron and a white calico sunbonnet." What a prize for a bench show! An ordinary dog that calmly submits to being arrayed in human garb, and a lame dog at that! What docility and intelligence!

From the distant shores of sunlit Tokio comes this peculiar announcement, penned by some love-lorn Japanese maiden:

"A young lady wishes to get married. She is very beautiful, has a rosy face, which is surrounded with dark curly hair. Her eyebrows show the form of the half moon, and the mouth is small and pretty. She is also very rich, and well-read enough to admire the flowers in the daytime, at the side of a companion, or at night to sing to the stars in heaven."

A grocer in a rural district thus calls attention to his stock in trade:

"Hot coffey, tee, ginger and spruce bear, pies, donuts, biled Eggs, pigs fetes and sarsiges sold hear. Also fresh and skimmed milk, warranted pure with no warter. Broken glas and chana taken in parte paye. No ardent lickers sold hear." This is short and to the point, and marks the advertiser as a man of thrifty and economical habits, the "broken glas and chana" been probably manufactured into mosaic work.

From the "Editor's Drawer," in a back number of *Harper's Monthly* were obtained these two literary gems:

"Wanted a capable, General WORKING-WOMAN, in a small, quiet family in the country, a Christian at heart, a Teetotaler and a singer would be valued, Address, etc."

"Wanted, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian FEMALE accustomed to Poultry. Address, etc."

To cap the climax of all that is odd in the line of advertising is this notice, reprinted by *Harper's Bazaar*, from an English journal, and giving the future king of Great Britain none too gentle a hint:

"By Special Appointment, *Pawn-broker* to His Majesty."

STRANGE OBJECTS IN NATURE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

In California, Arizona, and New Mexico are to be seen more natural objects of interest than can be found in the whole of Europe. Thousands of Americans make the "grand tour," never having seen the greater objects of interest in their own country.

Along the popular lines of travel the tourist sees quaint objects carved in mountains of rocks, or standing alone as monuments of Nature's architectural skill, designed by her invisible hand, which knows no rules of art, but is itself art. Some are grand, others grotesque. In the southwest and in the Sierra Nevadas may be seen, by the side of the grandest objects in nature, these burlesque monuments and figures, representing human beings, birds, animals, etc. Man seems to be a favorite subject for Dame Nature to burlesque. His profile is frequently seen cut in a mountain's side, or on a monument of rock. A snap-shot of one of

Taber Photo.

these freaks of Nature shows the chin whiskers turned up to a point almost in touch with the sharp nose, which is turned downward; between these is a space for the mouth; at a proper distance above is the eyes; the forehead is rather long, like that of a bank president, and on the top of the head the rock is cut into waves resembling curling hair. The monument is about the height of the average man, but here the resemblance ceases, for it assumes the style of a beer bottle.

Another freak frequently seen is the figure of a woman with hair hanging down her back. These hair lines are furrows cut in the rock by waters trickling from a rivulet escaping from the rocks above.

Unique specimens of the "Devil's Thumb," or what it is supposed to resemble, and the "Devil's Punch Bowl" are also seen. These are more frequent; for, it seems, that when a descriptive name is not readily found, the object is at once credited to our Satanic friend. A series of ridges or staircase-like steps in a rocky formation is called the "Devil's Slide."

These curious objects are formed by the chemical action of water and the wind. When water falls upon the rock the finer particles fall to the ground, or are blown away by the winds. The formation of the object is regulated by the position in which the water strikes it, and the course of the wind. Even where rock is not exposed to the elements, moisture rots away the softer portions and also forms a man's head or a "Devil's Punch Bowl" in a cavern. As the elements do not work with the same force at all times, the time for the formation of these objects varies from a century to 5000 to 10,000 years.

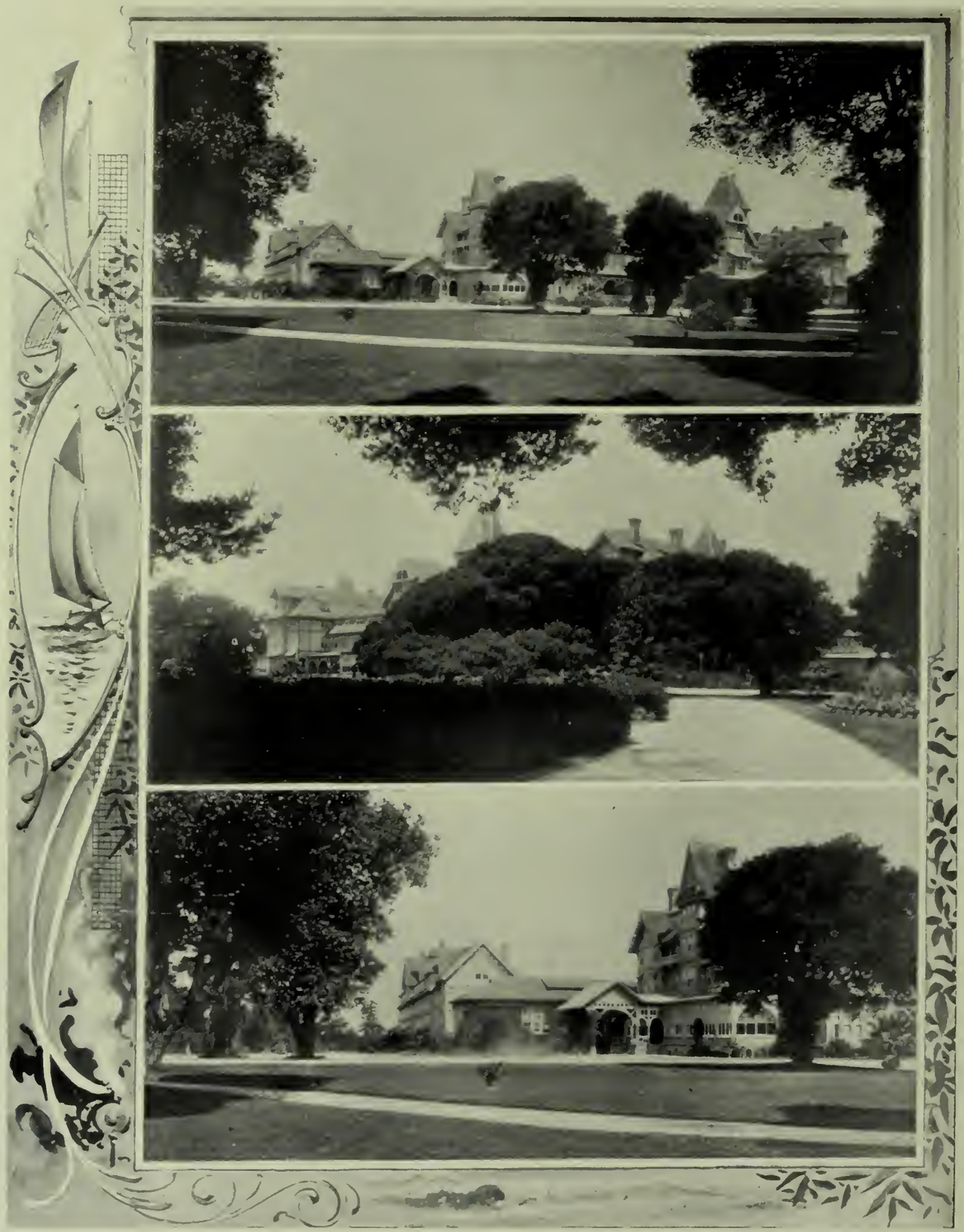
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. DECEMBER, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CHRISTMAS ON THE PACIFIC.



HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1895. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. P. DONNELL, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
GENERAL AGENT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE,
GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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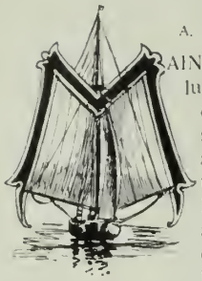
WITH this issue of THE TRAVELER the ownership passes into the hands of the surviving partner of the firm of Johnstone & Bryan, and in making this announcement it seems proper to assure our readers that it will be the aim of the new management to maintain the standard of elegance and art that has so strikingly characterized THE TRAVELER since its inception. It has always occupied a unique field of its own, and because of that fact has succeeded in gaining a clientage of which any journal might be proud. The quality of the paper, ink, and presswork which has never retrograded in a single issue, the unquestioned superiority of its superb illustrations, the pure, instructive, and interesting character of its articles, have all combined to make it what it is to-day—the representative monthly journal of the Pacific Coast, and a credit to the field of journalism. Few, if any, will dispute the fact that typographically there is no paper more beautiful published. There will be no immediate change in this respect, other than an improvement, and the constant endeavor of the publisher will be to make it as interesting as possible, with due attention to contemporary events.

IT SEEMS probable that the Western roads will amend their baggage rules, prohibiting, after December 1st, the carrying of bicycles, tricycles, and baby carriages as baggage, and requiring that each such article be mulcted to the extent of the regular excess rate on a basis of fifty pounds, between any two points, with a minimum charge of twenty-five cents. Whether this regulation is passed or not, it is bound to be adopted sooner or later, and is already in force on several Eastern roads. It seems rather an arbitrary rule, and is no doubt inaugurated largely through a spirit of spitefulness or revenge because of the undoubted inroads that have been made into the coffers of the transportation companies through the advent of the modern wheel. An adroit ruse in connection with the enforcement of this order is the including of baby carriages, with the object of relieving the railroads from the imputation of animus against the bicyclists. Bicycles, crated or uncrated, average about forty-five and twenty-six pounds respectively, and are much more easily handled than the lumbersome Saratoga or telescope, and require much less room. When a cyclist, after a long and tiresome jaunt, wishes to avail himself of the luxurious railroad car, buys his ticket and checks his wheel, why should he be deprived of the usual baggage privilege which entitles him to a free allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds? Formerly, during the days of the "good old ordinary," it was the custom to charge for carrying these wheels, until, as the traffic gradually increased, the rule was abandoned several years ago, and since that time free shipment has been enjoyed. If the League of American Wheelmen and other kindred organizations would protest in the proper manner against *ex post facto* law about to be inaugurated, there is no question but that it would have its effect.

A DANGEROUS SNAP SHOT.

DID it ever occur to you that environment had much to do with the development of human generosity? When you take an extended trip by rail or steamer, if you are of an observing turn of mind and some judge of character and disposition, you will find that if you come in contact with those who are great travelers, or whose business requires them to be on the road a large part of the time, that they are almost invariably the most liberal and ingenuous class of people in the world. The reason, therefore, is patent. When we travel there is a mental relief, a mild exhilaration, and a sweet contentment that cannot but evoke what congenial and philanthropic traits of disposition we may possess. And again, the little extra expenses for personal comfort in which we cannot avoid an indulgence, the luxuries of the dining car, the costly Pullman, the railroad fare, the social allurements of the smoking-room—all are conducive to a certain mild extravagance, if you might so term it, and a certain indifference and carelessness in the use of money, that a "habit" is formed by the frequent traveler that is difficult to restrain even under your own vine and fig-tree. This "habit" is synonymous with generosity. Where will you find it in a more marked degree than in the much-abused commercial traveler? Open-hearted, liberal, and kind, there is no more genial companion on a long trip than a drummer. He has a fund of stories anecdotes, and interesting experiences, and he will be the first to put his hand in his pocket in case of emergency.

PALATIAL STEAM YACHTS.



A. F. ALDRIDGE.

MAINTAINING a steam yacht is a luxury that only the very wealthy can afford. The definition of steam yacht is here intended to apply to those vessels on which the owner and his friends can live with comfort during a cruise and go to sea in almost any kind of weather. Of course there are hosts of small yachts that are serviceable for a day's outing but for nothing else. Steam yachting is a fad just now among wealthy New Yorkers, and these vessels have hurt the sailing craft very much. Now, a man of means has his town house, his country house, and his big steam yacht, and his yacht costs about as much as either of his houses. There are enrolled in the squadron of the New York Yacht Club alone at least fifty vessels that have cost over $100,000 each to construct, and of these, twenty-five have cost over $200,000, while at least one, the "Valiant," is said to have cost nearly $1,000,000.

The best way to see these floating palaces to advantage is at New London or Newport during the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club to the eastward. Then they are congregated at these ports and the scene is really a memorable one. During the last cruise more than 200 yachts of all kinds were gathered in Newport Harbor and the smallest of the lot was 35 feet in length, while the largest measured 312 feet. In the daytime these yachts make a very gay scene but at night it is like fairy-land. Search-lights from the pilot-houses illuminate the darkness, making it almost as bright as day. Strings of varicolored electric lights decorate the larger boats, strung from stem to stern, passing up over the masthead like a jeweled necklace around a beauty's neck. Small launches—either naphtha, steam, or electric, servants of the larger yachts—ply constantly about the harbor, each with a lantern at the bow, carrying guests to and from the land or from one yacht to another. The tinkle of musical bells chiming the hour is heard at intervals; first one yacht, then another and still another takes up the refrain until all the night seems filled with sweet and weird melody.

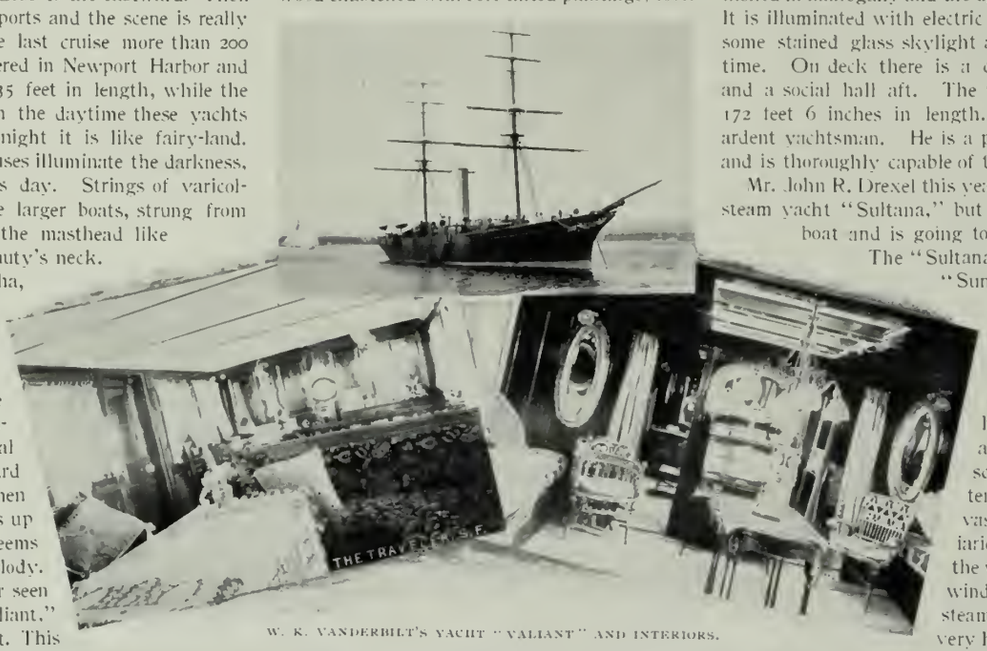
The handsomest yacht ever seen in American waters is the "Valiant," owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. This is not, strictly speaking, an American yacht, however, having been designed by St. Clare Byrne, a famous English yacht designer, built by Laird Brothers of Birkenhead, England, and decorated by French artists.

In size, the "Valiant" compares favorably with many ocean steamships, being 312 feet in length and of 2400 tonnage. In point of speed, too, she does not fall far behind, having crossed the ocean from Liverpool to New York in less than nine days. She has two engines of 2250 horse-power each and is fitted with twin screws. A crew of sixty-two men is necessary when the "Valiant" is in commission. To describe minutely the interior of this floating palace would take many pages of this magazine, for the decorations are superb and all the appointments beautiful. The apartments, which were formerly Mrs. Vanderbilt's, are marvels of decorative art. The bedroom is in the Sheraton style, enameled ivory white picked out with gold, the ceiling being of rich fibrous plaster also enameled ivory white. All the furniture and equipments correspond, while the wall paneling and draperies are of rich, flowered silk of an old rose color, so that the effect is warm and soothing to a degree. The sitting-room is a beautiful apartment in the old Adams style, the furniture, framings, and casings being of dark mahogany and the upholsterings and hangings of flowered silk in a peculiar green tint between an apple and a sage. An open grate is in the room, with fire-brasses and fender designed to suit the general style of the room. Mr. Vanderbilt's own room is furnished in richly figured pollard oak. The bedstead is elaborately carved and has a canopy of unique design. Another room is fitted up in richly carved Spanish mahogany. There are twenty staterooms in the yacht.

Miss Vanderbilt's room is in the Cawthorne style of some ninety years ago, the draperies being a peculiar blue and the ceiling a fine bit of Tynecastle work with friezes to match.

The saloon is eighteen feet long and thirty-four feet wide. The general design is Louis XIV. The wood is fine-grained French pine, but the grain and color are hidden beneath fine, white enamel. Every foot of the wall paneling is rich in high relief carving of exquisite design. The furnishing consists of a piano, slender-looking chairs, beautiful settees, and tempting sideboards, all of the best Chippendale style, inlaid with brass. The upholstering is all of rich crimson silk velvet.

Leaving the saloon, a 100-foot passage, arched and beautifully decorated, and carpeted with a texture costing $15 a yard, leads to the library. This apartment is of dark walnut unpolished, the panels and plasters being rich with the most beautiful carving. The settees, sideboard, and general fittings are of walnut, and overhead, beautiful panels of the same wood chastened with soft-tinted paintings, look down on the room. The fireplace and mantelpiece are among the finest bits of work in the yacht, being massive and exquisitely carved. The fireplace is of glazed brick and in the grate is set a black iron caldron to receive the fire. The pantries and galleys are unique and convenient. The deck-houses are of iron covered with oak. The main companionway is paneled with beautiful figures. There is a smoking-room in Spanish mahogany and a fine social hall in Francis I. style.



W. K. VANDERBILT'S YACHT "VALIANT" AND INTERIORS.

Mr. John Jacob Astor has the big white steamer "Nourmahal." This yacht was the late William Astor's and now belongs to his son. For a long time it was the largest in these waters, 250 feet in length. Mr. Astor cruises from New York to Newport and oft the latter port in the summer, but is not what is generally called a good yachtsman. Of course, he and Mrs. Astor entertain on the "Nourmahal," but this is usually during the cruise of the New York Yacht Club when yachting is fashionable. Mr. Astor is fond of steering his yacht and is always to be found on the bridge.

When Mr. John Jacob Astor and Miss Eva Willing of Philadelphia were married, the yacht was thoroughly overhauled and decorated for their special use, and the young people went South for their honeymoon in the yacht.

It costs Commodore Elbrudge T. Gerry $60,000 a year to run the "Electra," and this boat, although one of the finest afloat when built ten years ago, is now comparatively small. The "Electra" is known wherever a yacht can float on the Eastern Coast, and is always one of the first yachts to go in commission and one of the last to haul her pennant down. The crew's quarters are forward in the boat, next come the mess-rooms for the officers and men, arranged separately, while between them is a companionway to the deck. Then there are three staterooms—one each for the pilot and mate on the port side and a family room on the starboard side. Commodore Gerry's private cabin, which is thirteen feet long, and the full width of the yacht is next. This is a comfortable room fitted with a library, etc. Abaft this room on the starboard side is Mrs. Gerry's stateroom. A private bathroom is connected with this room, and it is comfortably, luxuriously furnished.

Aft of these rooms is the engine space, and then comes a stateroom for the engineer and the galley. This latter is a noteworthy apartment on the "Electra," for the Commodore is famed everywhere for the epicurean luxuries that are served on his yacht. He entertains in a most lavish manner, and the cooks often have to prepare a collation for more than a hundred guests. The main saloon, which is seventeen feet long and extends the width of the boat, comes next. A companionway leads from this saloon to the deck and aft of it again are four more staterooms. The saloon is furnished in mahogany and the upholsterings are of silk plush. It is illuminated with electric lights at night and a handsome stained glass skylight admits the light in the daytime. On deck there is a chart-room under the bridge and a social hall aft. The "Electra" is a white yacht, 172 feet 6 inches in length. Commodore Gerry is an ardent yachtsman. He is a pilot of the port of New York and is thoroughly capable of taking his yacht for a cruise.

Mr. John R. Drexel this year has cruised in the auxiliary steam yacht "Sultana," but Mr. Drexel wants a larger boat and is going to have one built this winter. The "Sultana" was intended for a second "Sunbeam," whose voyages the late Lady Brassey so charmingly described. Her dimensions are, length 187 feet 6 inches, beam 27 feet 6 inches, draught 14 feet 6 inches. Her hull is of steel. She is rigged as a three-masted topsailyard schooner and spreads more than ten thousand square feet of canvas. The idea of these auxiliaries is to be able to sail when the wind is favorable, but in light winds the sails are furled and steam used. The "Sultana" is a very handsome yacht and is noted for the beauty of her interior decorations. The main saloon, finished in quartered oak, is in Italian Renaissance style. High wainscoting richly carved and a bulkhead elaborately decorated in cream, gold, and blue, constitute the background. Bookcases, cabinets, and upholstered settees make up an interior more like the drawing-room of a gentleman's house than of a yacht. The owner's stateroom, which occupies one-half the width of the yacht, is in the Byzantine style and is decorated in white and gold. Richly cushioned seats and hangings of artistic design enhance the elegance of the apartment.

Mrs. Drexel's apartment is after the style of Louis XVI. The walls are of a delicate blue tint toned with gold. The wainscoting is carved in festoons and figures of gold on an old ivory ground. The staterooms are furnished in oak, cherry or sycamore. Each has set basins and hot and cold water attached. The smoking-room is in the Persian style. The dining-room is in the forward part of the deck-house and the galley is adjoining it. This deck-house is forty-four feet long and is built of steel sheathed with teak especially imported from India for the purpose.

Mr George J. Gould has the steamer "Atalanta," that formerly belonged to his father, the late Jay Gould. This is another big yacht, being 243 feet in length. When in England, in 1894, the Prince of Wales was entertained on board this boat with other important Englishmen. The "Atalanta" was in

British and German waters early last summer, and Mr. and Mrs. Gould and their family cruised to places of interest. The yacht returned in time to be present at the international races between the "Valkyrie" and "Defender," and Mr. Gould took a large party of friends out to see the races. Mr. Gould is fast becoming one of our leading sportsmen. He raced the "Vigilant" in England in 1894, and against the "Defender" last summer here. Besides Mr. Gould's interest in yachting, he drives a four-in-hand, shoots, plays golf, and takes an interest in all kinds of sport. The "Atalanta" is an American yacht, and one of the finest ever built in this country. She is luxuriantly fitted out, beautifully decorated, and is very fast. The carving on the woodwork in this boat is the finest of any vessel afloat. She cost about $250,000, and her expenses to run during the season are about $75,000. Mr. Gould's expenses in racing the "Vigilant" this year were $3100 a week. The yacht was in commission fourteen weeks, so she cost her owner $43,400, and this was done simply to get the "Defender" in shape to race the "Valkyrie."

JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S YACHT "NOURMAHAL."

Mr. Edgar T. Scott owns the big three-masted steamer "Sagamore." This boat is 186 feet in length, and has been used to cruise around the world in. She was formerly owned by Mr. William A. Slater, but he sold the yacht to Mr. Scott and had built the "Eleanor," a steamer 231 feet in length, barkentine rigged. This yacht is now on a cruise around the world. Another big cruiser is the "Wadena," owned by Mr. J. H. Wade. This yacht is 165 feet in length.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney last summer cruised in the steam yacht "Columbia," another fine specimen of what American builders can turn out in the shape of a floating palace. The "Columbia" is owned by Mr. J. Harvey Ladew, and cost $250,000 to build. She is a steel boat 204 feet in length, and can steam nearly twenty-two miles an hour. This yacht has three decks. On the upper one is a mahogany house, around which is a space for promenading. The dining-room, twenty-three feet long, is in this house. On the lower deck is the main saloon. It is finished in mahogany, and the ceiling is in white and gold. There is an open grate, with a cabinet above it. The upholstering is in silk brocatelle, which is said to have cost $12 a yard. Mr. Ladew is fond of shooting, and one room on the yacht is for guns, rods, and other articles of a sportsman's outfit.

E. D. MORGAN'S "THE MAY."

H. M. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, owns the "Alicia," a handsome white yacht, 160 feet in length. Although worth millions, Mr. Flagler rarely misses a day from business, and uses his yacht as a means of conveyance to carry him from his country home at Larchmont, twenty miles up the Long Island Sound, to New York, in the morning, and home again in the afternoon. The "Alicia" is a high-priced ferry-boat, for she cost $180,000. She is very fast, and can make twenty miles an hour. This is a popular way of getting into town with several wealthy men. Mr. Flagler goes on board his yacht every morning at eight o'clock. The morning newspapers are waiting for him, and so is his breakfast. By the time he has reached New York he has finished his meal, read all the news, and is ready for the day's business. The "Alicia" returns to Larchmont at four o'clock again with her owner on board.

One of the best-known yachts on the Eastern Coast is Mr. E. C. Benedict's "Oneida." Mr. Benedict is the Commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and this summer the "Oneida" has been prominent at all the races and cruises of the club. This is the yacht that President Cleveland cruises in so often. There is a big armchair on the quarter-deck of the "Oneida" for the special use of "Commodore" Cleveland, as he is called when on the yacht. The "Oneida" is only 138 feet in length, but she is more of a ship than many boats of more than double her size. All sorts of labor-saving contrivances are to be found on board. The yacht is lighted throughout by electricity, the launches and boats are all hoisted by steam, and everything that will make the boat a comfortable one at sea is to be found on board. The "Oneida" often goes on long voyages off shore, and on visits to the West Indies and South America. Mr. Benedict has picked up many curios, which he is fond of showing to his guests, and relating anecdotes connected with them.

Mr. A. Van Santvoord, who owns the line of steamboats that ply in the daytime between New York and Albany, has a side-wheel yacht which he has named the "Clermont." It was built on the same model as the fast side-wheeler "New York," only, of course, on a smaller scale, being 160 feet in length. She is a speedy craft, being capable of making over twenty miles an hour. Side-wheelers, as a rule, do not look very yachty, but this one is an exception to the rule. The "Clermont" has fine accommodations on board, as the space that is occupied by the engines is much smaller on a side-wheeler than on a propeller. The saloon, dining-room, and staterooms are all on the main deck, and on the upper deck is a fine promenade, with a big, roomy pilot-house forward.

During the past few years there has been quite a fad among wealthy men for English yachts, and several very handsome ones have been brought across the Atlantic. Mr. E. D. Morgan, an ex-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, three years ago bought the steamer "May," a handsome boat, 226 feet in length. This boat cost him $175,000, and is beautifully fitted throughout. Mr. Morgan is a first-class amateur photographer, and takes pictures wherever he goes with his yacht. On the "May" is a thoroughly equipped dark-room. The "Conqueror," owned by Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, is another English boat, and when brought over was seized by the Government. A law-suit followed, and Mr. Vanderbilt won, got his yacht, and then got a judgment against Uncle Sam for $35,000, for the inconvenience he was put to in not having his boat, and to pay the cost of maintaining her during that time. The "Conqueror" is 203 feet in length, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have cruised nearly all over the world in her. She once made the trip from Plymouth, England, to Halifax, N. S., in nine days. Her crew consists of thirty men all told. This yacht is very comfortably arranged on deck. Aft is the smoking-room and a reading-room for ladies. Leading from these rooms down a heavily carpeted stairway is the main saloon. All the joiner work is of heavy mahogany. At one end is an open fireplace, with a small wooden cabinet mantel. The chief ornament of the saloon are curious pieces of old-fashioned china screwed onto the woodwork, which give an artistic effect to the apartment. On the yacht the crew's quarters are in the after part. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's rooms are directly aft of the saloon. When Mr. Vanderbilt awakes in the morning he can look out through a large-sized port-hole upon the sea. Within reach of his hand are electric call-bells, electric lights, and a telephone, to communicate with the officers on deck or the steward. The bed is a large-sized mahogany one, and the furnishings are very handsome and rich. Mrs. Vanderbilt's boudoir is a magnificent apartment. The walls are hung with heavy silk of a pale blue, with delicate tracings of yellow in it.

Colonel A. J. Drexel owns the English steamer "Margarita," and he has taken several long cruises in her. On deck are social halls, and below are saloons and cabins very similar to other large yachts. All are luxuriously appointed and richly furnished. Swans extend along each side of the main saloon. The dark mahogany paneling of the walls is relieved by panels of Colonial silk damask of a bright gold color. The ceiling is paneled in white and gold. There is a tiled open fireplace with a cabinet mantelpiece, a piano, sideboards, and all the modern conveniences. The cabins are unusually roomy and very comfortable. They are artistically decorated with various dainty upholsterings.

EDGAR T. SCOTT'S "SAGAMORE."

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie is the only woman member of the New York Yacht Club, and she owns the steamer "Dungeness." Mrs. Carnegie and her daughters practically live on this boat. During the winter months they are in Florida waters, and during the warmer weather around New York, Newport, and Bar Harbor. The "Dungeness" is a beautiful little boat, and her designer realized that it was to be a woman's home, and has put every convenience on board possible, even to electric apparatus for heating curling-irons.

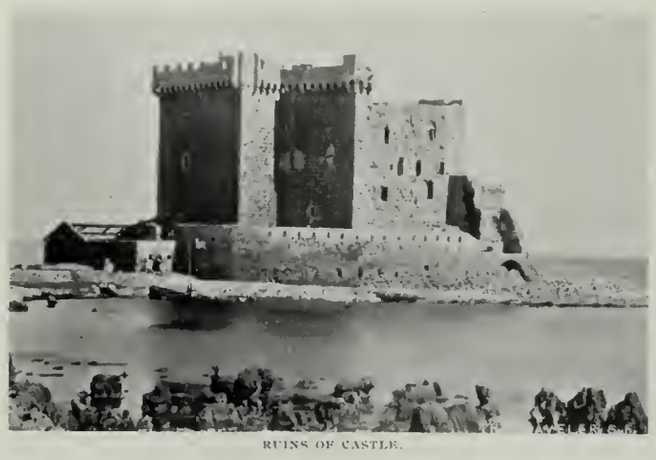
Another class of yacht that is rapidly gaining popular favor is one that is speedy as well as comfortable. Chief in this class is John H. Hanan's "Emblea," a boat capable of steaming twenty-one miles an hour, yet having all the comforts of slower and bigger boats. The "Emblea" has a dining-room and main hall on deck, and below a big saloon, nine staterooms, three bathrooms, and the galley, officers' rooms, and crew's quarters. Mr. Hanan, although he owns a magnificent country house at Portchester, really lives on his yacht all the summer. He is a most genial host, and is always surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends.

CONVENT LIFE IN PROVENCE.

VIRGINIA DARE.

ABOUT an hour by rail from Nice, and yet nearer Cannes, there juts out into the blue waters of the Mediterranean a little city of nearly six thousand inhabitants, which, with its fortifications by Vauban, and its winding streets—generally without sidewalks—brings the seventeenth century in delightful nearness to the nineteenth. The modern omnibus, which takes passengers from the very modern station outside of the town, rattles over a drawbridge, under a frowning portcullis, and through a long tunnel under the stone ramparts into ways so narrow that a pannier-laden donkey is in places sufficient to blockade them, and sight-seeing pedestrians are forced to flee into the nearest doorway. Tourists, however, are few and far between, preferring modern comfort to medieval picturesqueness, though the Hotel M—— is not to be despised by the adaptable traveler; its *bouillabaisse* is said by connoisseurs to rival that of Terre, which Thackeray thought worthy of a poem, and its chef understands to a nicety how much of the national garlic makes a dish appetizing instead of repellent. To the feminine mind, however, it is slightly disconcerting at first to find the ordinary chambermaid transformed into a very good-looking *garcon* with long mustache, who makes your bed, and answers all demands for service; but it is only the first step that costs, and preconceived, illiberal ideas gradually merge into those of the great lady, who, when taken to task for allowing herself to be seen in dishabille by her valet, replied with a withering question as to the possibility of a valet's being considered a man. A damsel without chaperone may not abide without scandal in the hotel, consequently she turns to the Convent of the Ladies of the Holy Trinity, for there strange demoiselles, who are properly introduced, can find a local habitation.

The establishment is a very large one, occupying a space almost equal to an ordinary city block. It is divided into two immense rectangular courts by a very high division wall, and is entirely inclosed on three sides by buildings. The first of these courts is bounded at one end by the convent proper, where dwelt the sisters and the boarding pupils (*internes*), the latter about forty-five in number; here, also, are the rooms of the "*asile*," a sort of kindergarten, where from one hundred to two hundred children, from two to five years of age, are cared for daily. The other end of the court is occupied by the building for day scholars (*externes*), about two hundred in number, while the side building contains the chapel and the rooms of



RUINS OF CASTLE.

the chaplain (Monsieur l' Aumonier), presenting only a blank wall without windows on the inside, except in the chapel division. This court is the playground of the pupils; it has broad, brick-paved spaces in front of each of the school buildings, while on the sides are long, vine-covered trellises, arching over graveled walks, and through the center fig-trees and blossoming oleanders form Shakespearian "pleached bowers," under which the scholars of the boarding-school promenade. Their funereal, black dresses and long-sleeved, high-necked, black calico aprons, form a discordant note against the masses of color, and they eye the blonde foreigner inquisitively, the period not being very remote when women with blonde hair and blue eyes appeared to these swarthy Provencales, with the blood of Taric's Moors in their veins, much as the first Angels brought to Rome appeared to the Pope "*non Anglised angeli.*"

The order of the Sisters of the Holy Trinity was instituted in the sixteenth century, and is confined entirely to France and French provinces, the mother house being at Marseilles, with branches at Toulon and in the Algerian town of Oran. All novices and postulants make their novitiates at the mother house, and become full members of the order there, the branch establishments offering no opportunities for seeing the impressive ceremonies. The members of the order still wear the quaint dress worn by the foundress: it is of soft, flowing, black wool, with open sleeves showing a close white woollen undersleeve; the special feature of the costume is an indescribable, curious, white cap of stiff lawn, which is totally different from those of other orders, and has two forms in the order itself, those of the lay, or working sisters, being much closer and plainer in shape. Only these lay sisters are addressed as "sister"; in speaking of the higher members of the order the less familiar title of "Madame" is always used. The order also differs from the average religious community inasmuch as a dowry of ten thousand francs is required for admission into the higher branch.

The community in Antibes (which is a military town) numbers about forty members, presided over by a mother superior, all of whom lead busy and useful lives. They take entire charge of the teaching in the different schools and the nursing in the hospitals; the surgery in the military hospital is in their care, they assist the surgeons in operating, they dispense and prepare the medicines used, and spend much time in the preparation of distilled waters and teas or "tisanes" of different plants, which find a prominent place in French domestic pharmacy, a tisane of violets being a favorite remedy for a cold. Here also is distilled the orange-flower water of which the French are so fond.

The establishment throughout is delightfully clean, in contrast with the streets, and the white-washed cell offered for inspection, with its red-tiled floor, as well as the children's department, are decidedly attractive. It is an unpleasant discovery some weeks later to find that this pleasant apartment is only divided by the hall from the large ward for women charity patients, where even typhoid fever cases are admitted without any special precautions.

The curriculum of the schools is not very difficult, being intended, in general, for the daughters of small shopkeepers, who eventually, if married, will assist in the shops of their husbands, as their mothers have done before them. Music is taught, but the academical course is chiefly confined to "the three R's," geography and history, and even the two latter branches touch sketchily upon any other part of the world besides *la belle France* and her colonies. Much time is given to embroidery of the fine, white variety, on linen or muslin, which is known as "French work" in America; a certain hour in the day is devoted to it, and it is taught with as much care as any other branch, and made imperative upon all, from the oldest to the youngest; so are plain sewing and mending, but the elaborate "samplers" which result in Germany are unknown in this quarter of her Gallic enemy's territory.

The sisters themselves in general belong to the small shop-keeping class, who, finding themselves debarred by untoward fate from marriage, enter the sisterhood as a means of social advancement. The unmarried

ANTIBES.

woman out in the world in France, is kept, as it were, in leading strings, consequently if marriage there, seldom a matter of romance, but a question of francs and napoleons—is unattainable, a sisterhood is a refuge which is gladly sought. If education with some of them was not of the highest grade, it is but justice to say that the directing sister of the school was a thorough student, capable of teaching more advanced pupils had there been any such.

The event of the week to the inmate of the *pensionnat*, or boarding-school, occurs on Thursday afternoons; the distiguring black aprons are then cast off, she dons her best black dress, and completes her toilette by a plain straw hat with black ribbons—a costume absolutely without furbelows or frivolities, the future butterfly being yet a grub; she marches then in procession out between the tall columns with a comrade of her own size, and the procession is headed and closed by several of the sisters, the community not being a "cloistered" one (the members of which can never leave their convent). Neighboring points of interest, always outside of the town, are chosen; sometimes it is to the grounds of a chateau, the noble owners of which are spending the season in the capital, sometimes to a group of the "parasol pines"—so-called from their shape—where they gather huge cones, and pry out of them small nuts which are much beloved by youthful Provencales. At other times a lighthouse, or the great square fort Championnet on its height beyond the harbor, is the goal; or—joy of joys!—row-boats are hired, and the delighted girls are taken out to fish for sea-urchins (*oursins*) in the rocky shallows of the coast. A long, forked stick is the only rod necessary to hook them up; the five-pointed teeth, in the middle of what looks like a chestnut-bur, are cut out with a pair of sharp scissors, the shell is then washed in the sea over the side of the boat, and the yellow substance, contained on the five-pointed divisions inside, is scooped out with a piece of bread, long loaves of which accompany the party—a feast of the gods to those who are to the manner born, but a nauseous morsel to the foreigner.

With the advent of warm weather the party often goes to a little peninsula just outside of the town for a dip into the ocean; old under-garments are taken along as bathing-suits and donned under the primitive shelter of an umbrella, heedless of the prying eyes of military youngsters, who are said occasionally to get wind of such an excursion in time to view the maids with an opera-glass at long range from the upper windows of a villa far up on a hill. The high ramparts of the town preclude all view from that quarter.

The chief excursion of the year, however, is the great picnic which takes place late in the spring to one of the neighboring *Isles des Lerins*, islands in the

Golfe Jonan, to see the prison of the Iron Mask, or the ruined chateau of St. Honorat. This entails quite a long sail in open boats, the more public way by steamer from Cannes being considered inadmissible. Great preparations are made, therefore, in the storeroom, baskets are packed with good things and every one anticipates a good time, though these anticipations are sometimes marred by tributes to Neptune en route, if the gulf happens to be rough. The excursions are so timed as to avoid meeting the steamers from Cannes.

If the object of the journey be the Isle of St. Marguerite, they land at the foot of the steep steps ascending to the prison, which is first visited, and the oft-told story of the silver-plate, on which the Iron Mask had scratched with his fork, is told; then the party visit the chapel to see the gilt "scissors chair," in which the mysterious prisoner sat during mass, and retrace their steps across the narrow plank which forms the drawbridge across the moat, and wander out into the sandy roads of the island to spend a happy day under the dense shade of its stunted pines, while the sisters improve the shining hour by relating other legends of the island and its neighborhood. It was from here that Bazaine made his escape, and Napoleon also landed from Elba on the neighboring shore.

The Isle of St. Honorat, a little beyond, is the home of a body of monks who are vowed never to see the face of a woman; they till fields of flowers, cultivated for the manufacture of perfumery, at hours when tourists are absent; and only a few lay brothers have dispensation to show, for a gratuity, the ruins of the old castle, their former stronghold, which was partially destroyed by the Moors in 725. Of course, the gratuity is dispensed with when the Ladies of the Holy Trinity bring their charges, but not even in their favor is relaxed the rigid rule which forbids to a petticoat even a peep through the iron bars of the huge gate, opening into the immense beautifully kept garden in front of the monastery.

The four boarders in the civil hospital formed a little coterie of their own; one was a delicate young woman from Lyons, with lung trouble, there for the milder air of the Riviera. There were also two sisters of a higher social grade, former inmates of the school, with whom a mamma in society did not care to be burdened.

There is a prevalent belief that the convent-bred French girl is as innocent as a baby of all matters of intrigue or scandal, and watched, as she is, from her cradle to her wedding day, it seems impossible for her to eat of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge; but by hook or by crook she does so. These young ladies were wise in their day and generation, and each had a little romance of her own, although during no moment of their lives had they walked unattended as an American girl does. The romance of the younger was a harmless and innocent one; but the elder did not hesitate to carry on a secret correspondence with a lover—a crime of magnitude in France—using the foreigner as a cat's-paw by means of which her epistolary chestnuts escaped the fire which would certainly have consumed them had they gone through regular channels. Of course, in order to accomplish this, untruths without number were told, but then the fair Provencale is a believer in the Jesuit motto, "The end justifies the means."

The younger sister, "Mlle. Emma," proved to be a mine of entertaining nursery lore and tradition; she took the greatest pleasure in introducing us to all the old favorites of our childhood in their French dress.

As soon as it begins to get chilly each room receives a bright, brass "chauffe-pied," or foot-warmer, which is one of the necessities of Provencal life, where few rooms have chimneys. Filling it with warm ashes from the kitchen fire the fair Provencale marches with it under her arm from room to room and places it under her feet on sitting down. It proves useful at meal times in the big, bare refectory, or in attending mass behind the "grille" or wooden lattice which separates the religieuses and their pupils from the nave of the convent chapel, where "Madame the Superior" sits high above the rest on an elevated seat and keeps a watchful eye on her flock during service.

Amongst the visitors received is one who proves interesting to a foreigner: the dowerless daughter of a defunct physician, her pretty face and eighteen years have attracted a stout chemist of double her age, to whom, after one interview in her mother's presence, she has been affianced—an unusual piece of good fortune for a French maiden without money. Her fiance comes to see her once a week in her mother's presence, in the short interval that elapses before the ceremony, and it is amusing to hear her recite what he says to her, and to hear her laughingly declare:

"I begin to love him a little!"

As *Mademoiselle Jeanne* she can come to the convent only when escorted by a sister or a servant, but *Madame Jeanne* comes alone the day after the ceremony to talk over the glories of her trosseau and her marriage. Even stalwart-looking, elderly women, if unmarried, walk always accompanied by a *bonne*; not even fifty years of age, and the figure of a grenadier in petticoats, dispenses in Provence with that banner of virginity, a maid in ruffled cap and apron, following close behind.

Madame Aristide introduces her boarders to the mysteries of the "*lessive*" or clothes-washing; which being a matter of moment occurs but once in every two or three months. One big room on the ground floor of the civil hospital is devoted to the purpose, and here all the soiled clothing of the establishment accumulates. Immense vats, five or six feet in diameter, receive the clothing, and are covered by a coarse cloth hanging over the sides; finely sifted ashes being placed on this to a depth of several inches (all ashes from fires are saved and sold where there is a superfluity), boiling soap-suds are pumped on them from a stationary boiler, and, all the lay sisters lending a helping hand, the work goes on day and night until finished.

The "*asile*," a school for small children, differs very materially from the kindergartens of American schools, and is established more with a view of taking care of them while their mothers assist in the shops of their husbands, then to instruct them. The exercises consist principally of singing, praying, and marching, to the sound of a double shell, clapped together by a sister. In December the babies are presented to the Virgin, the "presentation" taking place in the chapel, with the sisters and boarders looking on behind the lattice, and the body of the chapel filled with relatives or curious outsiders; the children file in two by two, bearing long tapers, and are ranged in front of the altar on low benches of suitable height, boys and girls on separate sides. The tapers being lit, a flower-crowned figure of the Virgin is placed in front, and to her the tiniest maid makes a speech of dedication—a speech wonderfully and clearly enunciated. Conscious possibly of their best clothes, the girls are mute, but two youthful sinners of the other sex, across the aisle, use their tapers as weapons of war, until retribution arrives from the hand of an attendant, who extinguishes tapers and blazing locks, and energetically shakes the belligerents into less active hostility.

PARASOL PINES.

The closing anthem recalls the chirping of young birds—the deep tones of the organ and the choir chiming in like the notes of the parent birds—and then two tall girls make a "*quete*" or collection, distributing at the same time to every one a piece of "*pain benit*," or sweet cake, which has been blessed by the priest.

Christmas—the French "Noel"—finds but little observance except in the way of midnight mass, and the "*creche*," or representation of the child Jesus in the manger, which has a place in the churches. The great festival of the year is New Year, the "*Jour de l'An*," or "day of the year," when the *pensionnaire* receives gifts from relatives, and passes in file before "Madame the Superior" and "Madame the Directing Sister," wishing them the compliments of the day, and receiving in return a kiss on the cheek and a small souvenir. Even the foreigner was remembered in a special visit, during which a rosary of an exquisite design and an *agnus dei* were presented.

A poor unfortunate is the school-girl of Provence in one respect; she has never known the joy of hanging up her stocking, nor has she ever heard of Santa Claus; in Northern France, however, the children put their wooden shoes or slippers carefully in a certain spot on the anniversary of the birth of the child Jesus, and to Him they give thanks when they find them filled next morning.

PRISON OF IRON MASK

Guests and old friends of the Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, who have not visited the house for some time, would hardly recognize it, so greatly have its office and first-floor interior been transformed within the last month by the application of new paint, paper, fixtures, etc.

The management has passed into the hands of Mr. J. H. Tolfree, the well-known and well-liked proprietor of the eating-house on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, also of the famous resort at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona. His long association with the traveling public in this capacity has rendered him so well known that further attempt at introduction through THE TRAVELER is unnecessary; suffice to say that he will make of the Nadeau the leading hotel of the Pacific Coast.

Commendable judgment has been manifested on his part by the retention of Mr. J. K. Leaming, for some years past connected with the house as its chief clerk. He now occupies the position of manager, which position, all the old patrons of the house will gladly testify, there is no one more capable of filling. He is a general favorite with the tourists who come to Los Angeles every winter, and also the commercial men who make the hotel their home whenever in the city.

Under this management no hotel in California has a brighter business future than has the Nadeau, for it possesses many features that commend it to the consideration of the local as well as the traveling public

SANTA CATALINA.

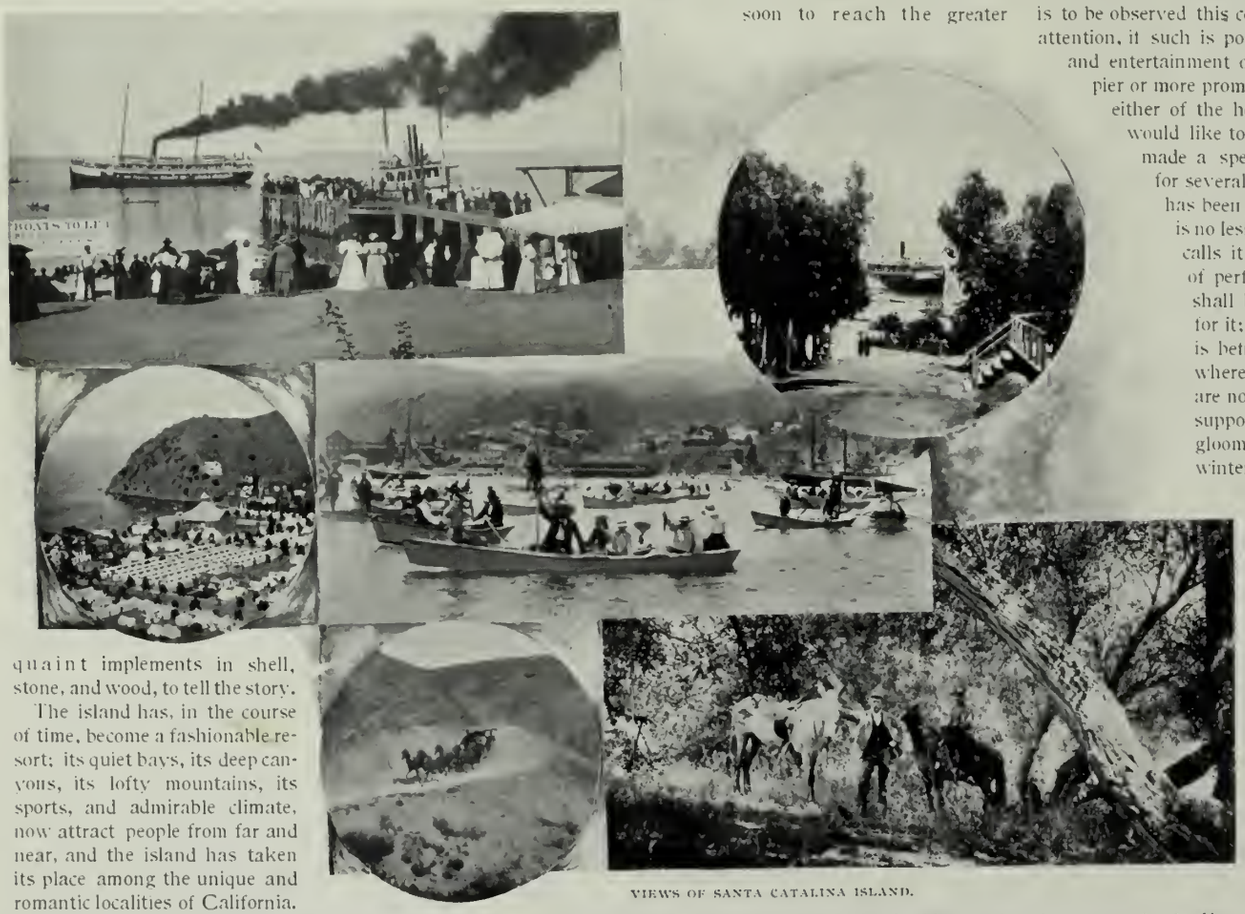
C. F. HOLDER.

SANTA CATALINA, the resort of Southern California, was discovered by Cabrillo in 1543. He named it, and the Island of San Clemente, twenty miles away, after his two vessels, but they were doubtless forgotten, and when Viscaino came, sixty years later, he gave them the names they bear to-day.

Cabrillo, then, was the real discoverer of California, the original pioneer, unhonored and unsung, and, curiously, his name is attached to no natural monument save a range of mountains on the isle he discovered.

When Cabrillo anchored there, Santa Catalina had a large and vigorous population. The natives had fine canoes, holding twenty men, ranches, houses, and, according to Torquemada, a temple. They traded with the mainland natives, making finely-shaped vessels of steatite from the quarry now worked by Americans, and were an advanced people for savages. To-day, three hundred and fifty years later, not a legend of these people can be found. There is not an Indian who can tell anything about the island or its people, who have completely passed away, leaving only the quaint implements in shell, stone, and wood, to tell the story.

The island has, in the course of time, become a fashionable resort; its quiet bays, its deep canyons, its lofty mountains, its sports, and admirable climate, now attract people from far and near, and the island has taken its place among the unique and romantic localities of California.



VIEWS OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Santa Catalina is twenty-two miles from the mainland, three and a half hours from the City of Los Angeles, and as we approach it, it appears to be a detached bit of the Sierra Madre Range, that in some way has floated off shore. It is that anomaly, an all-the-year-round resort, and, winter and summer, the little town of Avalon, with its hotels, cottages, and shops, has its visitors from all over the country. In summer there are four or five thousand people at Avalon who enjoy the boating, fishing, mountain climbing, and bathing, for which the place is famous. The yellow-tail fishing has attracted the attention of some of the most expert sportsmen in the country, while the wild goat and quail shooting is followed with zest by lovers of the gun.

In summer the little harbor of Avalon is thronged with boats and yachts, the beautiful bays, with their placid sheets of water, affording a safe and delightful place for boating. It is there that famous catches of fish are made; yellow-tails up to thirty and forty pounds, the sea bass up to sixty pounds, and the black sea bass, running up to four hundred pounds, and many more, affording fine sport to the rod and reel fisherman.

The east side of the island abounds in a succession of attractive little bays, from which the rocky walls of the shore often rise to one thousand or more feet. Good trails lead up to the interior, where fine views, picturesque mountains and deep canyons greet the eye. The island is a maze of mountain ranges, about twenty-three miles long and eight wide at the widest portion, its highest peak being three thousand feet. It is now stocked with quail, dove, wild goat, some pheasant and plover, and it is the intention of the owners to also stock it with elk, deer, and antelope, making it one of the finest game preserves in the world.

In winter the island takes on a new charm. After the rains its gray hue soon changes to loveliest green, and the wild flowers fairly run riot, excelling those of the mainland. Some of the canyons become covered with a seeming cloth of gold; in others the Mariposa lily takes possession, and the wild roses fairly block the way in the deep canyons of the upper island. Good trails take the equestrian or walker over the island, while from the Isthmus to Little Harbor extends the famous coach road, which is soon to reach the greater length of the island. To take this coach ride, a trip down the east side of the island fifteen miles in a launch is necessary, so that the visitor obtains a rare combination of ocean and mountain scenery. The coach climbs up to an altitude of nearly a thousand feet to the divide, then follows along a picturesque canyon across the island to the little inn at the two harbors, where the waves pile in upon the beach and conditions prevail totally unlike those at Avalon.

Santa Catalina is truly an isle of summer. The sun is profligate with his favors, and the rainfall being less than on the mainland, the climate is dry and mild, conditions which point to its future value as a health resort.

To the sportsman it is particularly attractive; the wild goats especially afford never-ending sport, and many fine heads are carried off by the summer and winter visitors. These animals make their home in the deep canyons of the upper island, on the west coast, and are often hunted by rowing around in boats, shooting the animals in their way as they are seen scaling the almost inaccessible cliffs. Others follow them on horseback through the canyons, the chase often being extremely exciting.

The island has many attractions that can be investigated by water. The entire shore line, with its beds of kelp, is a natural aquarium, abounding in strange fishes of all kinds. Boats especially equipped are found there, having a glass window in the bottom, so that one can drift along and look down upon the wonders of the submarine gardens and forests.

Near the Isthmus is a great natural curiosity known as the Blue Cavern, from the fact that the water in its entrance is a most vivid blue, so deep that the largest ship could approach it. The opening of the cave is forty or fifty feet high, and entering it in a boat a side branch is seen, by which one can pass for a considerable distance beneath the cliff, coming out at an entirely different entrance.

Hotel Del Monte continues with delightful assurance and oneness of purpose to remain Hotel Del Monte, notwithstanding the season of social festivities at distinguished watering places is supposed to be over. Its custom of late years, to be very much "at home" to its numberless friends during the Christmas holidays, is to be observed this coming season with even greater attention, if such is possible, to the increased comfort and entertainment of guests; and if anything happier or more promising of good things can be said, either of the hotel or to its friends, we really would like to hear it. The management has made a special feature of Christmas-tide for several seasons past, and its popularity has been so marked that its permanency is no less assured than the season which calls it forth. If it is possible that out of perfection something a little better shall be wrought, this is the occasion for it; at least the very best of all that is befitting may be expected. Elsewhere, the world over, resorts that are not sanitariums and hospitals are supposed to be closed during the gloomy and forbidding months of winter. Guests have sought the seclusion of their own homes, and hovering over their own hearthstones will partake of their Christmas roasts. Not so at Del Monte. Conviviality heightens with the decadence of the old year; the huge fireplaces grow more cheerful, and all indoor rings with merriment. The echo is heard out-of-door and invites you thither. The atmosphere is genial and balmy, the lawns have a deeper green, the flowers a richer tint, and the beach and drives are simply perfect. What New Year could wish a welcome more heart-warming? Manager Arnold is assured of a full house this season, as the reservations are coming in rapidly. Combining, as it will, all the Christmas-tide cheer and comfort of home with the ever-present attractions surrounding this hostelry, Christmas eve at the Hotel Del Monte will linger long in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to be present.

There are numberless stories printed from time to time concerning individuals of selfish disposition, but the meanest man on record is said to be running an hotel out West. He sold his daughter half of a cow at a good price, and then refused to give her any of the milk, claiming that her half was the front one. On the same basis he made the girl feed and water the animal, and when it tossed him he sued his son-in-law for damages. What a pity it wasn't a kick.

SHASTA FROM MANY POINTS OF VIEW.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

MOUNT SHASTA, of all mountains of this world, is the most comely, majestic, and glorious to look upon. Changeless and eternal as time, its solitary sublimity will be the subject of story and song as we go forward, till, like the sacred snow peak of Japan, Mount Shasta will be a shrine, the source and center of our literature. God has written this fact on its awful forehead. Lovers may wander by the roaring waters that cleave the black woods about the mountain's base; battles may be fought here; cities rise and perish from this sublime presence; men may come and go for a thousand years—yet each year will only add to the tide of pilgrims, to the poetry and the song, to the glory and the glamour and romance of this lone and sublime pyramid. Let us then learn to look upon it wisely, serenely, so that we may, like the pilgrims to Mecca, house within our hearts something of that feeling akin to religion, and carry it with us as we go our ways about the world, while it points forever to where the stars burn perpetually on the altar of the eternal. For, believe me, no man can look upon Mount Shasta and not be the better for it. True, a single glance from the cars is not going to make a saint out of a savage, nor a clergyman out of a butcher's clerk; nor can the souls of even the most cultured take in at once a tithe of the glory and elevation of thought that is here inspired.

You must enter these dried forests as you enter your church, and lift your eyes to the sublime before you with something of the tempered serenity of soul with which you lift your eyes to the altar and the cross. And it is well that you have some knowledge of the Ritual.

It is in the humble hope of giving some useful instruction in this direction that I have undertaken to set down the several favorite points of view, as I learned them from the lips of eminent men who came this way during the forty years in which I have hovered more or less about this majestic pyramid of snow.

Let us begin with one who is the oldest inhabitant. For nearly fifty years he has kept his little mountain home here, with Mount Shasta dimly visible up the gorge of the river through the somber pine tops. This remarkable man, who led the assault at the battle of Castle Rock, where the Modocs were concentrating with their allies, the Trinity Indians and some of the Shastas, had the choice of all the country here when he came, and he chose what is now Gibsons Station. And so when asked to give his favorite point of view, he was only true to himself and his first conviction when he wrote this, with trembling hand:

"Gibsons Station is my view.
"R. P. Gibson."

Perhaps the most artistic of all men who ever gave me their autographic "point of view," was Bierstat, the painter, whose California pictures adorn the National Capitol; but this I have mislaid.

Mountain Joe, a learned, good man, a French nobleman, too, and a father to me in those early days, chose Lower Soda Springs, now Castle Crag Tavern, as his home and his point of view. Mountain Joe was an enthusiast as well as a connoisseur in mountain scenery, and was the first guide in all this region. He guided, as I believe, the first party of ladies that ever reached the top of the mountain. This was late in the fall of 1854.

Rev. Thomas Starr King was emphatic in his preference for the view to be had from the north side of the little valley, which lies across the creek almost opposite Lower Soda Springs. And yet this preference and emphatic choice was greatly shaken when he stood on the point on the west side of the Sacramento, under Castle Rocks.

As will be seen by some of the following autograph expressions, men are liable to change their points of preference, and the great divine, Starr King, was no exception.

In truth it is, as Dr. Gill remarked, much like looking upon a thousand pretty women, hard to be absolutely and forever loyal to one single point of view.

A GRECIAN TYPE OF CALIFORNIA. Taber Photo.

Cummings, editor and author, locates the sublimest point of view at Dunsmuir, from the rugged point of wood in the rear.

Vice-President Stevenson, while as enthusiastic as a boy from start to finish in one resolution to locate the favorite point of view, chose the opposite of the gorge to Shasta Springs. And he could not be driven from this preference by fellow-travelers, or even wife or daughter, although referring to them, and to all, with rare courteousness, and when I regretfully left the party, to turn back home while they went on to Oregon, he gave this signature to his preference:

"A. E. Stevenson,
"July 24th, 1893."

To those not familiar with the brief glimpse to be had as you whirl around a rocky point first before plunging under the great fountains of Shasta Springs, I must say, as many know, the Vice-President made his selection with great discernment.

The view is but brief, and in every way limited, but it is startling, almost terrible in the sudden and sublime appearance of the awful monarch of mountains.

Here is the autograph and preference of our Vice-President's sweetly beautiful little girl:

"Lettia Ewing Stevenson.
"About three miles north of Edgewood."

The Chief Justice of Illinois, a poet as well as profound jurist, handed me this as his choice, when we were about to separate:

"G. P. Shope,
"Edgewood,
"July 24, 1893."

The view from Edgewood is, of course, famous, and can speak for itself without comment of mine; and yet it don't appeal to me; does not go to the heart. It is to be admitted that the mountain does not lose its symmetry and perfect contour of line and light and shade at Edgewood, as at Sisson, but somehow it seems too assertive and bold and cold and colossal. It is as a man to me here in its sublime savagery, not as a woman.

Here is the choice, and I think it is the poorest of all, made by the Vice-President's cousin, Judge Ewing. And yet, as the honest old pioneer, Sisson, made his choice of home here, when he might, like some others, have settled almost anywhere, the view and place must have had charms for him which I have not yet been able to apprehend. But I venture to say that the orator, Judge Ewing, knows more about the Resolution of '93 than he does about the comeliness and contour of mountains.

"W. G. Ewing,
"Sisson,
"July 24, 1893."

Mrs. Stevenson, the next "first lady of the land," so far as I can prophesy, quite vanquished me by graciously asking that I should make her selection, and send it to her for her signature. And right here I am reminded that the beautiful little daughter said, "It is all so glorious I hardly dare say a word: no wonder mamma cannot choose." And then Ewing came up and wanted to change his choice as Starr King had done, this time preferring a league north of Edgewood.

Another of the party, a young Eastern school-girl, was all enthusiasm and could not be persuaded to give her preference. After much coaxing and deliberation she finally said, "I have no great preference, it is all so grand, so majestically beautiful, I cannot say even what I think. Please do not ask me, I just want to rest here quietly and admire that beautiful Shasta."

After all the party had been asked for their ideal preference, she quietly said, "Being a stranger here, I do not know the names of the different places, but if you will follow me I will show you a spot so fascinating that you will never care to leave it."

Deciding to see her ideal spot, we started out, leaving the tavern of Castle Crags, and after climbing two miles, with an occasional stop to rest, we reached our destination. Presently we found ourselves on the summit, and across the valley was Mt. Shasta looking at us from an enormous height. The houses below seemed like toy houses, and the valley to me resembled Yosemite. The sky was clear, the mountain was almost enveloped in snow, and altogether it formed the most beautiful sight that I have ever witnessed.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

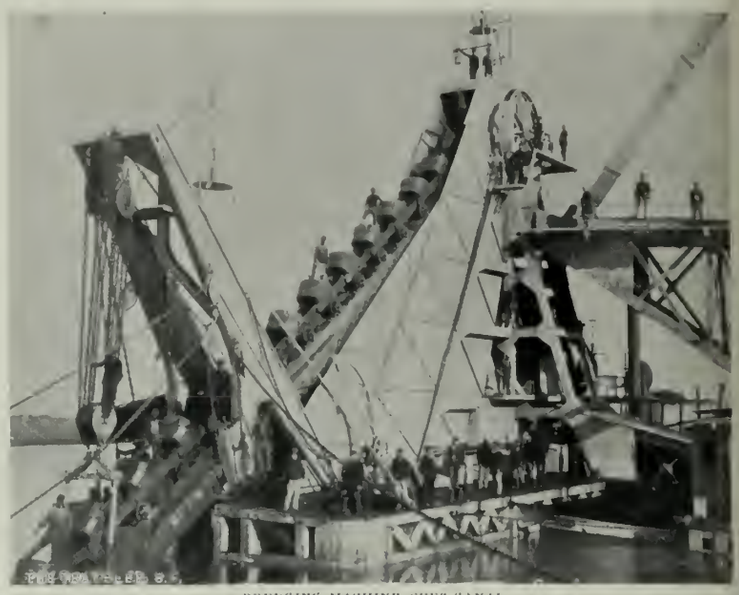
THE construction of the Suez Canal has probably done more to increase the facilities of travel and transportation than any other agency of ancient or modern times, with the single exception of the application of steam to locomotion. This vast undertaking, devised by French ingenuity, carried through by French intrigue, watered by the blood and sweat of Egyptian *fellaheen*, and paid for by the treasure of Egyptian Viceroys, has redounded mainly to the benefit of Great Britain. The canal shortens the distance from the British metropolis to the Indian port of Bombay by more than 5500 miles, and opens up direct communication with the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand.

In very early times the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were united by a canal, beginning a little to the north of Suez, and proceeding in a northwesterly direction to the Pelusiac or eastern branch of the Nile. It was ninety-two miles long and had a depth of fifteen feet. But with the lapse of years it became filled up with sand; and, though it was reopened from time to time, it finally ceased to be of any use in the eighth century, A. D.

Ten centuries later the fertile brain of Napoleon I. conceived the idea of joining the two seas, but his engineers reported unfavorably and nothing was done. In 1847 some English, French, and Austrian scientific men made surveys of the region. In 1854 a French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was related to the Empress Eugenie, and possessed some influence at the Egyptian court, obtained a concession from Said Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, to construct a marine canal across the Isthmus of Suez, and a freshwater canal from the Nile above Cairo to supply the laborers on the ship-canal. The consent of the Viceroy's suzerain, the Sultan of Turkey, though necessary, was not obtained until much later. De Lesseps went to Europe to try to raise the necessary money, but was utterly unsuccessful. So he returned to Cairo, and obtained from Said a concession for a second freshwater canal, and enough money to make the preliminary surveys.

Many delays occurred, and it was not until 1858 that the stock of the Canal Company was put upon the market for public subscription. In 1859 the canal to supply the laborers with fresh water was begun; it was finished at the close of 1863. But in 1863 Said Pasha died, and was succeeded by Ismail Pasha, between whom and the Canal Company disputes as to the nature of the concessions arose. At last Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, was called in as arbitrator. He decided (iniquitously as it seems) that the company should part with its rights in one of the freshwater canals, and should be compensated for the withdrawal of the Egyptian laborers, who had hitherto done the work under forced levy, and had been so cruelly treated that England and other European nations had interfered. The Emperor further awarded to the Company a strip of land on each side of the canal, and eighty-four million francs (about seventeen million dollars) in money. In 1867 all the money was spent, and still the canal was not finished. Another one hundred million francs was raised, and on November 17, 1869, the canal was formally opened. The Khedive invited representatives from every State in Europe, and gave in their honor fetes of such splendor and magnificence that he expended about twenty-one millions of dollars. The total cost of construction of the canal is officially set down thus:

Original capital, 400,000 shares of $100 each	$40,000,000
Loan of 1867–8 repayable by a sinking fund	20,000,000
Loan of 1871	4,000,000
Total	$64,000,000



DREDGING MACHINE, SUEZ CANAL.

But it has been calculated that Egypt will really have expended, when the last obligation is paid, a hundred million dollars more upon the canal and its adjuncts than the sum officially reported. And this, too, though the canal was to have been excavated at no cost to that country.

PORT SAID, ENTRANCE TO CANAL.

In 1875, at the suggestion of Benjamin Disraeli, the British government purchased from the Khedive his shares, numbering 177,662, out of the original 400,000. The price was $20,000,000, no dividend to be paid on them until 1894.

The number of ships that passed through the canal in 1874 was 1264. In 1893 the number of ships of all nations was 3341, of which 2405 were British; the number of passengers was more than 180,000. The net profits in 1893 were more than $8,000,000. The total length of the canal is 87 miles, 21 of which are through lakes, leaving 66 miles of actual excavation. The average width at the surface was intended to be 330 feet, and the average depth 20 to 26 feet; but the width at the bottom is in some places not more than 72 feet.

SUEZ CANAL.

At the entrance to the canal from the Mediterranean lies the town of Port Said, which owes its existence to the great waterway. The sandy shores of Egypt are here so low that the lighthouse and the masts of vessels at anchor come into view before we see anything of the town. Port Said is built on the eastern end of an island which forms part of the narrow strip of land separating Lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean. The population of Port Said is about twenty-one thousand, of whom two-thirds are Egyptians, and one-third Europeans. Among the latter the French element predominates. The General Manager of the canal resides here. The harbor spreads over about 600 acres, and is almost entirely artificial; by constant dredging it has been excavated to a depth of 26 feet. It is protected against the silting up of sand and mud from the Mediterranean by two piers, the eastern of which is one mile long, and the western 1½ miles long. At the seaward end the piers are about half a mile apart, but at the shore nearly a mile separates them. The entrance for ships is about 150 yards wide, and is marked by buoys. The harbor is in serious danger of being choked up by the mud brought down by the Nile, the Pelusiac mouth of which is near Port Said. The western pier, besides keeping back the sand and mud, is intended also to shelter the harbor from the northwesterly winds prevailing during a great part of the year.

On the strip of land separating Lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean rises the lighthouse, which is 164 feet high and one of the largest in the world, its electric lights being visible a distance of 24 miles. An incoming steamer is quickly surrounded by small boats, the owners of which keep up an incessant clamor, and jostle each other in their eagerness to secure the patronage of those passengers who wish to go ashore. We land, and visit restaurants, tobacco and curio stores, and stroll off towards the Egyptian quarter. Under the shades of night we go to a roulette-table, where we lose our money, and to a *café chantant*, where we see the scarlet tunics of several British soldiers, and a motley crowd of Europeans and Africans, all mingling on friendly terms.

From Port Said the canal runs through Lake Menzaleh in a perfectly straight line for about forty-five

kilometers to El-Kantara. The lake covers an area of about one thousand square miles, and the eye ranges over this vast area of water studded with low-lying islands, without finding a single object of interest, except great flocks of herons, pelicans, and flamingoes. Then we enter Lake Balah, after passing through which we reach El-Ferdan, and soon afterwards El-Gisr, the highest ground of the Isthmus, averaging fifty-two feet. Here was encountered some of the hardest work in the excavation of the canal, it being necessary to remove vast quantities of earth by manual labor before the aid of machinery could be called in.

On Lake Timsah—or Crocodile Lake—is situated the town of Ismailia, so named out of compliment to Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt. During the construction of the canal it was a very important place, being the residence of many officials. As soon as the canal was finished its importance suddenly declined. The ground on which it is built was reclaimed from the desert, and handsome gardens give it a bright, cheerful air. It is very healthy, and contains some fine places, and a chateau of the Khedive.

Leaving Lake Timsah, the canal passes Tusun, and goes on to Serapeum, so named from a temple of Serapis which is supposed to have stood there. Then we reach the Bitter Lakes, the banks of which are flat and sandy for the most part, though on our right hand is the rocky ridge of Gebel Geneffeh. The canal runs for nearly forty kilometers through the Great Basin and Small Basin of the Bitter Lakes, soon after emerging from which we come to Shaluf, near which is a monument erected by the Persian Darius, and discovered by two French scientific men. About seventeen kilometers from Shaluf is Suez, where are the workshops, coal magazines, and quarantine station of the Canal Company.

Before the construction of the canal, Suez was a wretched Arabian village of a few hundred inhabitants; but it is now an important town of about twelve thousand. It is, however, still a dreary-looking place, all its surroundings being very flat, and the houses for the most part mere hovels. In the European quarter are several warehouses of considerable size, and in the Arabian bazaar one can see something of Oriental dress, commodities, and methods of business. We went ashore in boats, and hired donkeys to carry us to the city. The noisy, screaming, chattering Arab donkey boys call their animals by such names as Victoria, Lily Langtry, Sarah, and the Masher. Though we lay at Suez waiting for the mails for about thirty-six hours, we were afraid to leave the steamer long enough to visit Moses's Well, a very picturesque spot about eight miles distant, and to be reached by boat or road.

SELF-RESPECT.

An intractable horse is best educated by the gentle but firm hand of one who has known and loved him from his birth, and human young are best controlled by practical education and through the realization that the controlling force is love and confidence, backed by an experience that justifies advice. What my daughter will not do for me "upon honor" and will refuse to do for herself on principle, I cannot rely upon. When "the good time coming" arrives, and we teach our children not that "honesty is the best policy," nor that we will, by the non-observance of conventional rules, disgrace ourselves and our friends, or that by pursuing a certain line of conduct we will gain the approbation of people and compel worldly success, but that self-respect, the most desirable of human possessions, is attained only by doing right because it *is* right, and that we can absolutely *not* disgrace another person or be by them disgraced—when that time comes and we are directed in life by an innate knowledge of right and wrong rather than by fear of the consequences of restraining laws, then shall we have men and women who stand upright in the presence of their own free conscience and preserve it inviolate, who can easily be trusted with their lives and their liberties, and the independent pursuit of happiness, which will be hereafter in consonance with entire freedom.

COLOR HALF-TONE WORK.

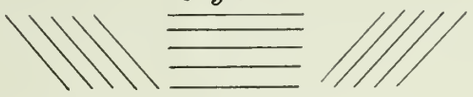
A. L. CRANE.

In this age of rush, few take time to think or note improvements if the result follows established lines.

We all notice and comment on what pleases the eye, but few follow out the method of production whether new or old. For this reason the editor has called for a short account of how the picture on the front cover of THE TRAVELER is made, as the process is new and totally different from any method hitherto used. The result is obtained by the use of three primary colors red, blue, and yellow—one over the other.

It is an established fact that from these colors over five hundred shades can be produced, and with this knowledge operators of every nation have been work-

Fig 1

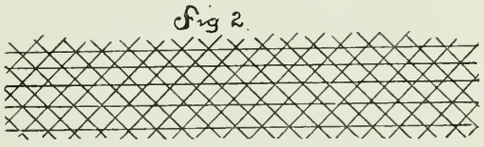


ing to perfect a process to print in the true colors of nature with but three impressions, doing away with the slow and tedious methods of the lithograph and at the same time producing a more natural effect.

This has been accomplished by means of photography, and it is now possible to take an object and photograph it three times, make printing plates from the negatives, and in three printings produce the colors of the original, with a minute detail impossible by any other process, and at greatly reduced expense.

The manner of operating is to make three negatives, one for each of the primary colors; each of the three negatives is made sensitive to one of the three primary colors, and when developed shows only the color or combination of the color photographed for. These negatives are what is known as half-tone, but in place

Fig 2.



of dots are straight lines in all parts of the picture except the extreme high lights where the lines break into a series of dots, as Fig. 1; these lines run so that when printed over each other they cross at right angles, Fig. 2, producing a mesh-like texture of red, blue, and yellow lines.

If we were to cross three colors of equal strength we would have a drab, but the lines are graded, Fig. 3. The blue may be a heavy line and the red and yellow hair lines, or, as in purple, the red and blue would be strong and the yellow too fine to have an appreciable value.

Take a strong glass and magnify the picture on the front cover of this issue and you will see at a glance what I am trying to explain. Note that in the whites there is a fine dot of each color, so small and so near an equal value that they neutralize the effect of each, producing what in contrast with the other colors

Fig 3.

appears white, then follow along to the black, and you see, when magnified, nothing but a blue black. Here all three colors strike one over the other with full value of the color, as the plate prints a solid color of each; it is easy to see by the aid of a glass what produces the color of the original by combination. One interesting feature is that the color is not produced at the point of crossing the lines, as that gives black, but the free portion in contrast with its neighbors gives the color required, giving with three printings the effect of ten with lithography.

It is hard to say what this process will do for illustration, but it is safe to say that at no distant day color will hold its own with black and white, thus opening an entirely new field for the illustrator.

"THE MATINEE GIRL."

JANET MACDONALD.

The ability of the self-supporting girl to attend matinee or any other performance without the "escort or chaperon attachment" has become, by practical demonstration, a self-evident proposition.

But the advisability of permitting her uneducated sisters such privilege has been for a long time subject for much and serious consideration amongst those having in charge the rearing, educating, and marrying-off of young women.

It has been objected that girls unattended at places of resort or amusement are stared at, and that they might receive obnoxious attention from strangers.

To a person of an ordinary grasp of intellect, and endowed, as all Americans are supposed to be, with respect for our reputation which is "national," the idea that an American girl, invested with modesty, a quick wit, and an air of free-born independence, all of which are hers by right of inheritance, cannot go unprotected and unmolested any place under the sun, is preposterous, and it is especially uncomplimentary to our country and its institutions if in these United States of America, her home and her country, she should be denied the privileges which she assumes with so much dignity and distinction abroad.

The very fact that American girls do carry with them to foreign countries the repose and confidence of manner acquired only through inherited independence, has reflected upon Americans' credit and renown to an almost isolated degree.

Were matinees the only place at which our girls were stared at, the subject would call for more careful consideration; but these same girls are permitted to walk our streets unattended, and the pretty ones are "stared at." Oh, yes, I have watched them, and to my consternation and chagrin they seemed rather to enjoy it. The ones who did not seem to know that they were attracting attention did not appear injured by the gaze of open admiration bent upon them.

Now *can* a man help admiring a pretty girl? That's just what I'd like to know. Men have followed this sort of thing for recreation, and some of them for steady employment, since ever we have had a chronicle of events, and pretty girls, so far as I know, have not only challenged, but shamelessly encouraged, this disreputable practice. I have never heard anything said derogatory to a man's character who admires flowers. It is an insult to men that their neighbors' daughters and sisters cannot appear alone in public without being so insolently stared at that their liberty in this respect is considered injudicious, and even pernicious in results. Through an intimate acquaintance with men extending over forty-six years, I feel qualified and justified in asserting that it is not true; and the fact that any American girl, or any foreign girl, who behaves as an American girl ought to, cannot attend alone any respectable matinee performance with safety and self-respect, is an infernal "fad" of foreign extraction.

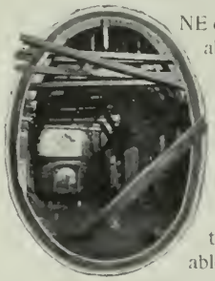
There are, of course, exceptionally rude men, but they are permitted the freedom of the city, and stand on the street corners, sir and madam, and stare at your beautiful, elegantly clad, high-bred daughter, and she sometimes speaks about it to mamma, perhaps, and mamma tells papa, whereupon papa swears, and will not permit a child, girl-child, of his, to attend the matinee.

There is a whole lot of reason in that, isn't there?

Were it not altogether improbable, the suggestion might be made that possibly the little maid, by the tiniest twinkle in the innocent eyes, might give the slightest, the *very slightest possible*, encouragement to the admiring flash in the masculine eyes, possessed by this bad, bad man. It is so extremely fascinating to be admired! I have been admired myself, and I like it, and so I can sympathize with these dear girls whose mothers never were admired, and who religiously sit by their daughters while ream after ream of telegraphic communication passes through the "office" undetected by them because they do not understand telegraphy, and because they have decided to ignore the fact that their daughters are human, or admitting it, do not admire the throbbing, leaping pulses of the human heart,

PIERCING THE ALPS.

HAMILTON BROWNING.



ONE of the boldest and most remarkable engineering feats of this or any other century is the construction of the tunnel under the Simplon Pass, vividly recalling the circumstances attending the first perforation of the Alps at Mont Cenis. The time occupied in piercing the mountains by that remarkable tunnel was thirteen years, but as many as thirty elapsed between the selection of the site and the completion of the work. A sketch of how the Mont Cenis tunnel was bored may give an idea of the magnitude of this undertaking. The selection of the site itself was a matter of some difficulty, requiring the exercise of the greatest care and judgment. It was a native of Bardonneche who first directed attention to the spot, and distinguished engineers and geologists, after mature deliberation, decided that no better could be found. It seems scarcely credible that until the commencement of the present century there was no road across the Alps. Yet, as a matter of fact, there was no carriage-way till the Great Napoleon, after experiencing enormous difficulties in the passage of his army, began the works for a practical road over the Mont Cenis Pass. Operations were begun in 1803, but the work was not completed till 1810, and the cost was £300,000. As Alpine travelers know, the road is carried up the mountain by six zigzags, each of which is about three-quarters of a mile in length, while the slope is about one in twelve. The Mont Cenis road being completed, a large part of the traffic between Northern Europe and Italy took that course. The example once set, other roads were carried over the most accessible passes including the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splugen until there came to be seven carriageable roads, none of which offered difficulties to travelers in ordinary weather, although all were liable to delay, more or less serious, during the greater part of the winter season.

Some years before the tunnel was completed a very ingenious system of mountain railway was introduced. This line consisted of the ordinary two rails, and a third held at some distance above the ground between these two. The third rail was capable of being clasped by two wheels, either serving as brakes when required to do so, or assisting to drag the engine up a very steep incline. The average speed attained in ordinary weather was about ten miles an hour, and the engine was small and capable of carrying only two small passenger carriages. The rails were laid on a part of the old carriage road, which was given up for the purpose.

Ingenious as the system undoubtedly was, it could not be regarded as a satisfactory substitute for a continuous line subject to no accidents of weather or season. Among the conditions which had to be fulfilled in a site for a tunnel through the crest of the Alps to connect the French with the Italian railways, were the two following: The distance tunneled must be as short as possible; and it was absolutely necessary that there should be as little difference as possible in the level between the emerging points of the tunnel at the two ends. The valley approaches to within eight miles, in a direct line, of the town of Modana, on the French side of the crest, and the additional rise brings it within about four hundred feet of the same level. Here the engineer found what was needed a site where the crest of the Alps could be pierced at a manageable level, and where the distance to be bored, although very great, was not hopelessly beyond the capabilities of the engineer.

The level is considerably lower, and the railway, carried along the valley of the Arc, is much less liable to injury from inundation. On the other side, the railway from Susa is carried along the wide and open valley of the Dora, with a happy immunity from accidents caused by the weather, and is conducted up the Bardonneche Valley with equally little likelihood of damage. It thus goes up to the great wall of the Alps at a level of 4380 feet above the sea, and at Modana, where it emerges, the level of the valley of the Arc is 3540 feet. As the point of emergence is in a small ravine, a little distance from the stream the railway is taken up by a zigzag to enter the mountain from the north at a height of 4046 feet above the sea. The difference of level, 336 feet, is too small to be in any way troublesome. The line of the tunnel runs almost under Mont Frejus, and is only a few miles distant from Mont Tabor, one of the loftiest summits of the Alpine group to which it belongs. The depth from the observatory constructed immediately over the tunnel, where the ground is highest, is 5460 feet. The central part of the tunnel is about 20,000 feet from each end, and more than 5000 feet below the top of the mountain. The celebrated St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest in the world, is 48,840 feet in length.

One of the most wonderful features in connection with this great undertaking was the steadiness and rapidity with which it was carried through. Although before that time there had been many completed tunnels of a mile, or even two miles, in length, they had been worked from one or more shafts as well as from the extremities, and thus the difficulties arising from distance were not felt. Enormous as was the magnitude of the undertaking, it must be acknowledged that in many respects the Alpine tunnel was an exceptionally easy work; but an average progress of 250 feet a month, including all delays and stoppages, carried on for thirteen years without interruption, was a matter of which engineers might well be proud. What is perhaps more remarkable still is the fact that during the last years, when the work was carried on more than three miles from the outer world, the advance averaged nearly 500 feet per month. The machinery used for piercing the mountain was at once simple, ingenious, and effective. It consisted of an ordinary tool or solid chisel of steel of great size and weight, driven horizontally against the rock with great rapidity and force, the tool being slightly turned at each stroke. So rapid and powerful was the machine that a hole a couple of inches deep has been bored into a solid block of the hardest quartz in a couple of minutes. The rock was so hard that the steel tool was completely blunted in that time and had to be replaced by another. Seventeen such machines were used, and the force employed to drive them was compressed air. It is a curious fact that some of the earlier and more popular geological theories were completely overthrown by the experiments made in connection with the building of this most famous tunnel.

ALPINE SCENERY.

A PRIMITIVE DISTILLERY.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Wine making in California, "before the Americanos came," was a picturesque industry. The distilleries were crude and of small capacity, but the principal ranchers in each neighborhood had their own distilleries, and they made enough wine for all, including the Indians. When the supply was more than could be consumed, the surplus was sold to the trading vessels.

Don Antonio F. Coronel, who has a large vineyard near Los Angeles, still has, as a relic, one of these

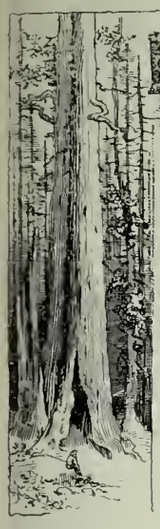
curio distilleries, which he used in making wine and brandy half a century ago. The wooden press is worm-eaten and rotted, but the copper-lined cisterns and "worm" are well preserved. The Don thus explained the primitive manner of making wine:

"The Indians gathered the bunches of grapes on hides, took them to the press, and emptied them into the screen. As the grapes became detached from their stems, they fell through the screen and were crushed between the two revolving rollers. The mashed grapes fell on an incline platform, and the juice ran into the cistern, which has a capacity of about 500 gallons. In about ten hours the juice begins to ferment, and in eight or ten days we have wine. But in those days we did not drink it until it was four or five years old. The wine was put in earthen jars, for bottles were scarce in those days, and, with layers of sand between, were stowed away in the cellar, which was at a temperature of about seventy-five degrees. Then, in five or six years, it is most excellent. When red wine is made, the juice is fermented with the skins of the grape, for the color of the grape is on the inside of the skin. The press is worked by hand.

"In making brandy, a fire is built around the cistern, and after the juice has been heated for about three hours it is drawn into leather sacks and emptied into the vats. A leaden pipe or 'worm' is placed in the vats, and through the 'worm' a stream of water flows so as to cool the juice. In about ten days we have brandy.

"But the Indians would not wait for the wine to age. They preferred it freshly made, and when the distillation was finished they drank their fill. Then they filled the cistern with warm water and took a bath in it."

Some of the poorer rancheros, who had not even this style of crude press, made wine in a still more primitive manner. The Indians were used as a press—crushing with their bare feet the grapes on a tanned ox hide. The juice was caught in leather sacks, where it fermented. There were some Mexicans who claimed that wine thus made was much better than the wine made in the press, for, the feet being soft, the seeds of the grape, which contain a bitter and oily substance, were not crushed as by the wooden rollers. This theory, however, was not at all popular with those whose business was the making of wine in a wooden press.



LOST IN THE FOREST

J. J. PEATFIELD

Hardly a hunting season passes without some young Nimrod being lost in the wooded foothills or mountains of California. A mishap of this kind always entails discomfort and anxiety, sometimes much suffering, and occasionally death supplemented by the grief of relatives and friends. Now, it is by no means a necessary consequence, when a hunter has lost his bearings, that he should be so lost as to be unable to extricate himself from the predicament and have to be found and brought home in an exhausted state by a search party. If he will preserve his presence of mind and put in practice a simple mode of proceeding, he may rely upon not undergoing more than temporary inconvenience, greatly mitigated by the cheering certainty that he cannot place himself in real danger.

It is the want of knowledge how to act, under such circumstances, and of confidence in being able to practically apply that knowledge, that causes the inexperienced hunter to lose his presence of mind. When he fails to recognize his surroundings, he first loses his head and then himself. Only by the merest chance, with his reason and common sense thus handicapped, can he escape unaided from the pathless forest.

The first thing to do when you conclude that you are lost, is to pitch camp immediately; and by that I mean, prepare a place as your headquarters wherefrom to make exploring expeditions. Clear a space of the light brush with your hunting-knife, break down such undergrowth as you can, and make the place conspicuously recognizable on your return to it from reconnoitering your surroundings. Then, disencumbered of all unnecessary weight—though under no circumstances or condition of weariness part company with your gun—strike out in the direction in which you think, in which you are almost certain, you ought *not* to go, and *blaze every step* of your advance from headquarters. In nine times out of ten, if you took the direction which you felt pretty sure about, you would find that your calculation was wrong; and, if you will take the trouble, when you *have* found the right way, to notice the difference in direction between it and your first favorite, you will observe that they lead to cardinal points almost opposite to each other, so contradictory is conjecture to reality. Moreover, if you are on level ground, you will be astonished to find how you will keep circling round and coming across your own blazed trail, or into your headquarters.

In tropical forests where the undergrowth is dense, where the vision is generally limited to a score yards or so, and where the sun, being screened from sight, is of no assistance as a guide, this inclination to deviate is only overcome by long experience; but in the mountainous districts of California, where, frequently, some objective point can be kept in sight, it ought to be easily corrected.

Having found yourself at fault after thorough exploration in one direction, try another, never desisting until you have satisfied yourself that it will not lead you whither you wish. By this process, coolly and steadily persevered in, you will inevitably find your way out—soon, if you are in luck; later, if you make bad guesses. If it should be late in the day when your want of caution has gotten you in such a strait, by far the best thing to do is resignedly to submit to controlling circumstances, prepare your headquarters, and bivouac for the night, even though supperless. In the morning you will congratulate yourself that you did so. You will not have strayed farther away from reach of help, your head will be clearer, and you will conduct your search much more coolly and systematically than you would have done when you first discovered that you were lost.

If two or more hunters are in company, the search may be conducted in different directions at the same time, but they should never separate unless each one distinctly blazes his trail from the common starting point. If they adopt the common plan of one going in one direction and another in another, trusting to hallooing and gun-firing as a means of keeping up communication, the chances are that one or other of them may not be found again. Few are aware of the tricks which Sound, aided by that mocking joker, Echo, plays in forest and on mountainside. The report of a distant gun can rarely be relied upon as a true indicator, under such circumstances, unless repeated at intervals for a *considerable time* and at exactly *the same spot*. It is a most foolish and misguiding thing to do for a lost man to keep firing his gun and still move on. If he begins that signal, let him stay in one place.

By way of caution, let me inform the young hunter that a not infrequent cause of going astray in a forest, when alone, even from a well-marked trail, is the habit of rushing off without carefully noting his bearings, to pick up game that he has killed. Should he turn round once or twice at the place where he finds it, he is very liable, unless he has left footprints to guide him, to start back, as he thinks he is doing, under a misconception as to direction. If his game be only wounded, and he follows it as it dodges in its efforts to escape, it is even betting that he will lose himself unless he is hunting in a locality well known to him.

A hunter should always be provided with matches, for, however remote may be the possibility of his having to camp out unexpectedly for a night, the occasion may some time or other occur when the necessity for doing so presents itself; and should he then be without a supply of them, he will be in a comfortless predicament if he does not know how to procure fire without them. Although it is an old, old chestnut among those who *have been there*, I shall risk explaining how to start a fire without matches for the benefit of those who *have not*.

There is no difficulty in doing this in the dry season. All that has to be done is to fire a charge of powder into a heap of dry leaves, carefully placed where there is no danger of the fire spreading, and the trick is done; but in autumn and winter fallen leaves are so saturated with moisture that you cannot ignite them in this way. When they are in this state, collect several handfuls of the driest you can find, and liberally sprinkle them with gunpowder, pressing and kneading them till the moisture has dissolved the powder and the leaves are well impregnated with the saltpetre. If you can then expose them to sunshine for a time, so much the better; but if not, you can always ignite them by firing a light blank charge—a pinch or two of powder, not more—into the heap after having well sprinkled it with *dry* powder. You are supposed to have ready at hand a quantity of thin dry slivers of wood, which, laid upon the smouldering leaves, can soon be fanned into a blaze.

The above suggestions are advisedly made, for they spring from personal experience. On more than one occasion, I should have been lost in a Central American forest with little chance of making my way out and every chance of perishing miserably, but for the headquarters and blazed-trail exploration system above described. It soon relieved me from uncertainty as to my whereabouts. A brother of mine, however, who was with me in Central America and is now in Placer County, Cal., was not always so fortunate. On one occasion he was compelled to bivouac in the forest. This was after he had somewhat rubbed off the epidermis of greenhornhood, had acquired a little woodcraft, and could trust himself to hunt without blazing his trail wide enough for an ox cart with his machete as he went along. Nevertheless, he lost himself one afternoon. He had gone down the Serapiqui alone and landed a couple of miles below his place on that river. As soon as he realized that he did not know in what direction his canoe lay, he went into encampment; then, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to find the river, he made preparations to stay the night. There is not much hardship in sleeping in a tropical forest, and he passed a pleasant night, cheered with the affectionate salutes of the friendly mosquitoes, and encouraged to slumber by the vocal music of the howling monkey and the cry of the distant jaguar. In the morning he found his way back to his canoe after a few false starts. It may be interesting to learn that in the dense forests on the Atlantic seaboard of Central America even the most experienced woodsmen occasionally get lost.

A PORTRAIT STUDY

Taber Photo

Wife number 13

J. M. SCANLAND.

Two rough-visaged men stood conversing at the enclosure of the Lion House. A number of immigrants, mainly young women, had arrived at Salt Lake City on the previous evening under charge of Bishop Jeter, who had been on a proselyting tour in Arkansas. The President of the church, who alone has the power of giving in marriage, had already allotted the women to some of his most favored officials as a reward for their zeal in church affairs.

These two men were members of the "Danites," an organization sworn to do the bidding of the church officials, and who were called by the more zealous fanatics, "Destroying Angels"! Their principal duty was to act as spies upon visiting strangers, and to "remove" those who were considered to be enemies of the church!

"Among that last batch of women," said Sampson to his companion, "is a very pretty young woman, Irene Black. She left her husband, and now wants to go back. It's strange these women don't think of that before they leave their homes. The President wants to marry her, too, and as both can't have her, the President's word is law; but the Bishop claims her because he converted her to the faith."

"The President does not intend for us to lay hands on the Bishop to get him out of the way?" asked Worley, ever ready for bloody work.

"Oh, no," replied Sampson, "but word has been received that the woman's Gentile husband will arrive on the next train, and we must 'use him up.'"

"Well, let us go to the Tabernacle, brother, and repeat our prayers," said Worley, and the murderous Danites disappeared in the direction of their church.

Irene Black, the eloping wife, and Linda, one of the Prophet's many wives, were seated in an apartment-room of the Lion House, which had been set apart for Irene, who was to be henceforth known as "Wife No. 13." Linda, the Mormon wife, said: "Now, my sister, since you have left the Gentile world of sin, and come to live in Zion, I hope you will at once join our church, and become married to one of the brethren."

"Impossible!" replied Irene. "I now see my error! I must return to my home!"

"The only way a woman can be saved is through our church and by marrying one of the brethren! No unmarried woman can be saved!"

"This is the teaching of knaves, by which the weak-minded and superstitious are enslaved!"

"No, sister! It is a revelation!" softly pleaded the fanatical woman. "Did not the Prophet Joseph Smith say it? I feel toward you as a sister!" and throwing her arms around Irene's neck, she said, "Now, won't you marry my husband, and be my sister?"

Throwing Linda's arms from around her, Irene stood back in amazement. "Marry your husband!" shrieked the Gentile wife, "and become your sister! Are you crazy? Can you be a woman and ask me, another woman, to marry your husband?"

"We but do our duty," said the Mormon wife.

"Do you really believe such doctrine?" asked Irene.

"Yes! It is better than the Gentile belief, for I, too, have been a Gentile! Gentile wives suspect, and when they learn that which they dread, they are more miserable still!'

"You have been a Gentile, and why— "

Without giving an answer, the Mormon woman hastily left the room.

Burton fled from Southern California to Salt Lake, and had readily embraced the Mormon faith. One evening this modern Solomon was seated in "all his glory" in his hotel, surrounded by several of his wives, when a stranger entered.

"Good evening!" said the stranger, who hesitatingly paused at the door, apparently afraid to enter.

"Come in! We are just having a social time!" replied the phlegmatic landlord. "Mary, give the stranger a chair; Lucy, take his grip-sack into the next room; Jane, see about some supper for the stranger; Abrelia, hang up his hat. All of you fly around and do something. Take a seat, sir, and make yourself at home!"

This remarkable adaptability of a family surprised the stranger, who stated that his name was George Black, that he had come to the city with a view of joining the church, and had been directed to this house as the best inn.

Prompted by the curiosity inherent with the sex, the women had returned to the room, all eager to see the stranger, having a vague idea that a Gentile was a monstrous looking person. They were introduced in the usual Mormon custom, "Wife No. 1," "Wife No. 2," "Wife No. 3," until the seventh had been reached.

Supper was served, during which many questions were asked the stranger about the "Gentile world." The women asked questions through their husband, not being permitted to speak directly to the "foreign Gentile." Supper finished, the women were commanded to retire, and the stranger was closely questioned as to his reasons for visiting the City of the Saints.

"I understand a large party of immigrants arrived here a few days ago?" asked Black.

ENDOWMENT HOUSE—TABERNACLE.

"How did you hear it if you have just arrived?" asked the landlord, eyeing the stranger suspiciously.

Seeing that he was suspected, and that no information of his abducted wife could be obtained by indirect questioning, Black spoke candidly of his mission.

"My wife has been taken away by one of your priests. I am come to persuade her, if possible, to return home with me."

"She is to marry the Prophet, and I would advise you not to make yourself known, or—the River Jordan—well, 'dead men tell no tales.'"

Black learned through his host, who had become rather confidential over a bottle of wine, that his wife had been taken to the Lion House—headquarters of the Prophet. He further stated that she being rather pretty and youthful, she would in all probability become the wife of the Prophet.

There is a bond of sympathy between women a sympathy of sex more than of individuals. From an adjoining room "Wife No. 7," Margaret by name, had overheard this conversation. She, too, had been lured to the brightly pictured City of the Saints, by misrepresentations, only to find a home of dishonor, slavery, and perpetual discord. She resolved to tell Irene of the arrival of her husband, and to aid her, if possible. She called next morning at the Lion House and found Irene in tears.

There is a feminine instinct which is more unerring than judgment, and in a few moments Irene knew that she had found a friend—that she could fully trust the woman who called herself "Sister Margaret."

Sister Margaret contrived to slip a note to the guest during the night, who was as much mystified as to the manner of its appearance as to the contents.

Next day he was more fully informed by Margaret, who communicated the matter during her husband's momentary absence. The plan of escape was by means of a ladder, which Black would place at the window of the room occupied by his wife in the Lion House, that night at eleven o'clock.

Overjoyed with the idea of relieving one in distress, or from the fact of being in a plot, Margaret confided in one of her sisters—Linda, known as wife No. 3. There is a fatality in our eagerness to confide in others.

At eleven o'clock a light dimly shone from the window of Irene Black's room. The Lion House was in darkness. Beneath the shadows of the orchard trees a man stealthily approached. He carried a scaling ladder. Placing the ladder against the wall, he ascended. She was preparing to descend, when she was almost blinded by a flash of powder. She fell upon the floor from fright. Another shot, and her husband fell from the ladder, dead.

"Good work, my boys. And so may it be with all the enemies of the church," said Sampson to the two Destroying Angels who accompanied him on this "church mission."

A hole was hastily dug in one corner of the orchard, where the corpse was unceremoniously buried, after it had been rifled of its valuables. The spot was leveled and rocks and rubbish thrown upon it, so as not to have the appearance of a newly made grave. As in duty bound, it was reported to the Prophet that an "enemy of the church had been used up," and that the evidence of their act had been carefully concealed.

"It is good," replied the Prophet. "Let that be the fate of all of our enemies."

On the day after the murder the widow became a bride sealed to a Mormon Prophet as his nineteenth wife. The Mormon marriage ceremony is celebrated in a typical Garden of Eden. An Endowment suit is worn. The suit is made of a continuous piece of cloth, fitting closely as tights, and an undershirt. Over this combination suit is worn the "temple robe," a long gown of bleached muslin or white linen. It is gathered to a band which rests across the right shoulder, extending to the left side, where it is fastened with a ribbon or knot. The bridegroom wears a linen cap, drawn closely around the head by a silken string, fastened in front by a knot. The head of the bride is uncovered.

The Prophet and his bride entered the Endowment House, attended by the two High Councilors and the "Twelve Apostles." The Prophet went into an anteroom to the right, and the bride was shown a room to the left. Here they were bathed, typical of washing away the sins of the world, then anointed, after which they donned the Endowment suits and gowns, and passed into another room, where each was given a Biblical name, which they were separately enjoined to never reveal. Their Biblical names and ages were entered in the church register, when they were shown into a large room, in the center of which was a large table, with a cushioned flooring upon which the candidates for matrimony knelt. Ranged round the table in an outer circle were the two High Councilors of the church and the men calling themselves the Twelve Apostles.

The Chief High Councilor delivered a short sermon on the duties of married life, explained the meaning of the ceremonial, and administered the terrible oath of secrecy. The couple were asked to kneel, when he said:

"Sister and brother in the faith, you have been bathed and anointed, typical of being cleansed of all sin. Your head was anointed that you may have a knowledge of the church, your eyes, that you may see the glories of our kingdom, and your mouth, that you may be strong in its praise; your feet, that you may be swift in its path. Your celestial names must never be mentioned beyond this room, and when evil spirits trouble you, or your conscience smites you, think of that name and they will immediately disappear."

During these remarks, the High Councilor dipped his finger into a vessel of oil, and touched the parts anointed, by way of illustrating and emphasizing the ceremony.

"Have you fully considered the importance of this step, brother and sister? Then bear heed to the oath." The Councilor administered the oath, as follows:

"I solemnly swear that I will keep inviolate the secrets of the Endowment House, the rites and ceremonies of this marriage, and that if I divulge them, I agree that my life is forfeit for such apostasy, and that I will surrender myself to blood-atonement—my throat to be cut—that I may be saved in the life hereafter. And I do further swear eternal enmity to the United States Government, and all other persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his followers. Amen."

A Bible was handed them, which each kissed, and then a bowie-knife which had lain across the Bible, was handed each in turn, who were instructed to draw the blade across the throat in token of the fate of apostates.

While the bridegroom was opportunely admiring the beauties of another portion of the garden, Satan appeared. A pantomime temptation followed, and the bride took the apple. When the bridegroom returned, the bride handed to him the other half. Then there was thunder and lightning, the room now being completely darkened to make the scene more effective. The High Councilor appeared at a door, with sword in hand, and after having censured them for their transgression, drove them from the Garden out into the world, or into another room. There they don aprons adorned with fig leaves. The couple kneel around a table, the first wife of the Prophet joins the hands of the bride and groom, thus giving the bride to her husband.

As the first wife stepped behind her husband, the Councilor read the ceremony: "Brother, do you take this woman, and receive her unto yourself, to be your wedded wife, and you to be her wedded husband, for time and eternity, with a covenant and promise that on your part you will fulfill all the laws, ordinances, and rites, pertaining to this church, in the new and everlasting covenant?"

The formula was repeated to the bride, when the Councilor concluded: "Then, according to the rites of the Church of Latter Day Saints, and in the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the founder of this church, I pronounce you man and wife."

Margaret, the apostate, had been condemned to death by "blood atonement" in the dungeon underneath the Lion House.

There is not a more dismal place than the dungeon, unless it be the tomb. Dressed in white, the habiliments of the grave and the emblem of innocence, the doomed Margaret lay upon her couch. The Prophet, Seer, and Revelator entered the dungeon to notify her of her last moments on earth.

On leaving, the Prophet met Irene, his bride of a day, who pleaded to be permitted to see Margaret and to offer to her the sympathies of a woman in her last moments. The Prophet awaited her in the ante-room.

"The hour is come!" said the executioner as he entered the dungeon, dressed in a red robe. He was followed by two assistants, similarly dressed.

A woman passed out, crying, her face shielded by a heavy black veil.

Bidding one of his assistants to place the veil over the woman's face, the chief Danite, Sampson, took the knife, approached the bedside, turned his head as if recoiling at the cruel deed, and with a thrust cut the woman's throat.

"It is done!" said the executioner to the Prophet.

"It is well!" replied the Prophet. "Thus be it with all apostates."

The woman who had passed out of the dungeon had stopped near the door, regretting that she had consented to a ruse which, though it may save her own life, might sacrifice that of her dearest friend. Listening, breathless, she heard the fatal words from the executioner, and the shock was so great, so sudden, that she fell to the floor—dead! It was Margaret!

CURIOUS CALIFORNIA MIMICS.

CHAS. FREDERICK HOLDER.

One of the most interesting and striking features of animal life is that illustrated by the protection extended many forms in their resemblance to inanimate objects. This unconscious mimicry is found in almost every branch of the animal kingdom, and in this State finds many curious examples. All the desert animals are protected in this manner. They have in a general way a resemblance in color to their white or gray surroundings, the lizards, insects, and other creatures all presenting little if any decided contrast to the ground upon which they rest.

Any one who has followed the wolf, either the large form or the lowland variety or coyote, must have been puzzled at times by its sudden disappearance. I have seen a coyote not two hundred feet from me relying upon his resemblance to the rocks upon which he lay, calmly watching. He was all but invisible, though in plain sight, and I walked in a circle around him to see what he would do, he simply turning his head, not moving until convinced that I had seen him, when he jumped away. In a similar manner I have lost sight of a deer against the side of a canyon, due to its mimicry of the chaparral. So, with the jack-rabbit; it lives in arid sections in the open country, preferring sandy wastes, with here and there bunches of grass or weed; and so perfect is its protection by this mimicry that I have often almost stumbled upon a jack before it moved, and have observed it relying upon this resemblance to deceive a greyhound which would often pass it by.

Nearly all the mammals are protected more or less in this way, and in several cases in the extreme north when the snow comes the animals change to white, thus preserving the protective resemblance, assuming the gray tint when the summer comes again.

The animals which adapt themselves to the tints of their immediate surroundings present a study of absorbing interest. The horned toad, or, more properly, lizard, is one of the common animals of the State that well illustrates this wonderful protection. They mimic so exactly the general color of their surroundings that they are rarely noticed before they run or move. In the San Gabriel Valley the horned toads found in the open near the washes are generally a very light gray, while those seen near the mountains are often richly colored with yellow and dark-red markings.

To prove the faculty of these little creatures to adapt themselves to their surroundings, I took six or

AN INSECT WHICH MIMICS LEAVES.

seven and placed them in compartments about a foot in length in the open field. One had a white, sandy base, another was gray, another was black mould, and so on. When the animals were placed in the corrals they were all of one color, but in a short time they began to change and gradually assumed as near as possible the hue of their surroundings or base, so that the lizard that had been a conspicuous object on the white sand was now hardly noticeable, having faded and lost its color, while the one that had been equally conspicuous on the black ground had grown darker. The resemblance in tint while not exact was quite sufficient as a protection, and few enemies would have noticed the lizards crouching upon the ground.

How the horned toad produces this change in color is to some extent a mystery. It would naturally be assumed that the animal is aware of the contrast it makes upon the ground and exerts all its efforts to produce the change, but this is not the true explanation. In some of the experiments made I covered the heads of the animals so that they could not see their surroundings, and in these no change was apparent. The eye, then, is undoubtedly the medium, and the animal is not aware of the change, as it is produced by the effects the different colors have upon the pigment cells contained in the cutis and epidermis. In other words, the colors of the surrounding medium strike the eye, are carried by certain nerves to the pigment cells, causing some to contract and some to expand, producing the protective color, so that the animal while its eyes are the medium is not conscious of the change that is taking place; it simply knows that it is not a conspicuous feature in the immediate landscape.

Some of the California katydids are marvelous mimics. One day in a canyon of the Sierra Madres I noticed a large green leaf floating down from a tree. It came whirling down in great circles, just as a leaf does, and lodged in a mass of vines where the sunlight poured in. For some reason I picked it up, when I found to my amazement that the supposed leaf was an insect, one of the katydids, a beautiful creature that even in my hands could hardly be distinguished from a leaf. Its delicate wings were the exact tint of leaves, and the fine veinings, the mid-rib and the entire structure seemed to aid in the deception. When this mimic clung to a limb with its wings folded, the imitation was exact, and the insect would have escaped the sharpest-eyed lover of tender katydids.

Among the remarkable and interesting mimics are the scale insects, only too well known in California. In many instances they lie flat upon the leaf, seemingly becoming incorporated in it, so that they are scarcely distinguishable. The black scale imitates the little rugosities of the orange-tree, and this is true of many of the destructive insects.

Among the roses we will find a little green spider that has spun its web on the underside of the leaf and so partaken of the color that it is almost invisible. On the nasturtiums, a similar spider lives in the very heart of the blossom, but instead of green it is a deep yellow, the prevailing tint of its home, in which imitation it finds perfect security from molestation.

This mimetic condition finds expression in almost every group of animals. Once in following some cranes and herons on the borders of a swamp in Los Angeles County, I noticed a small heron fly into some loosely growing rushes, and immediately disappear. I knew that the bird was before my eyes, and after several moments discovered it standing perfectly upright. Its long neck was stretched to full length, its beak pointed skyward and its breast to me, so that it could not be distinguished from the reeds. I once observed a similar act on the part of a heron in the White Mountains. In this instance the bird alighted in a tree, stretching out its body and so resembling a limb that although I was within fifty feet of it I did not discover it for some time. In this case the bird deliberately imitated the shape and general appearance of an inanimate body.

One of the most remarkable devices of an animal to escape observation I witnessed in the Sierra Madre Mountains. In passing through the bush I found the trail crossed by the stout web of a large black and white spider which the moment it saw me began to swing to and fro, giving a rocking motion to the entire web. This increased so rapidly that in a very short time the spider had disappeared from view, though I was not four feet from it. The insect had simply produced such rapid vibrations that I could not follow it, and when I retired it gradually ceased its motion and became visible again. Such a trick would easily deceive a bird. I paused, and waited to see how often this insect would return to its original position and again disappear, and in the short space of twenty minutes it had changed no less than thirty times, first as above described and then again disappearing so rapidly that it struck me as the most marvelous freak of nature that I have ever witnessed.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Premiums on purchases are so alluringly held out nowadays to customers that one involuntarily expects to draw some kind of a prize, whether one invests in a bar of soap, a suit of clothes, or a collar button. So astonishing are the inducements offered, as compared with the value of the article purchased, one is inclined to the belief that the easiest way to get a house and lot is to buy a pound of tea or a paper of needles. Fortune is apparently sure to follow the dropping of a nickel in the shopkeeper's cash box.

Tall and winsome and fair of face,
A charming picture of girlish grace,
She roguishly paused by the hall-way stair
And blushed as she saw him standing there,
For over his head, where the light burned low,
Temptingly swung the mistletoe.

Said he, as he held his captive fast,
"The mistletoe makes you mine at last—
Mine forever!" Then whispered she,
"Why Jack, you're as stupid as you can be;
You might have—done—this long ago
Without the consent of the mistletoe!"

Advice to contributors:

Never for an instant question your ability to write. The happiest people in the world are those who think they know it all.

Use only the best quality of papeterie. Write closely, in a fine Italian hand, upon both sides of a sheet, and carefully fill up every margin. This will tend to impress the editor favorably with your literary experience and mental worth.

Always roll your manuscripts as tightly as possible and tie them with dainty ribbons. The editor will interpret this as a compliment to his esthetic taste.

Never enclose stamps for a manuscript's return—it implies a doubt that it will be accepted.

If possible, take your copy in person to the editorial sanctum. The occupant thereof will be simply charmed to have you infuse a little pleasure and diversion into his cheerless, lonely life. Managing editors are extremely sociable in spite of their cold and haughty exterior.

Prolong your visit and discourse at length about your personal hopes and aspirations. Editors are glad of an opportunity to kill time, and should they seem inclined to extend their slaughtering proclivities, do not be either offended or alarmed—it is merely a little way they have.

It is only upon the most extreme provocation that a girl will quarrel with her sweetheart the week before Christmas.

A gentleman of my acquaintance owns nineteen pairs of slippers, and expects to add to the collection at Christmas time, yet he is not an extravagant man, neither has he a fad for footgear. He is merely the pastor of an adoring congregation.

The other girls all pitied her:
The reason you would know?
She never in her life had stood
Beneath the mistletoe.

The nickel-in-the-slot machine cannot hold its own against human ingenuity. At the ferry the other evening a party of twelve were awaiting the departure of the Oakland boat. One of them suggested that they all get weighed. Responsive to the touch of the magic coin within its interior the machine swung its indicator to the proper point for the man who stood upon its platform. Another young man promptly stepped up beside his friend who then vacated, leaving his companion in his place. This was repeated by the remainder of the party, the machine blindly performing its duty, until six young ladies and their escorts had ascertained their individual weight for an outlay of five cents. Yet Oakland merchants complain that their people spend too much money in San Francisco!

There is something new under the sun right here in San Francisco. It is a club of women caterers.

The man who frowns darkly upon women's clubs in the abstract will surely admit that in this instance woman has not strayed out of the much-discussed geographical orbit called her "sphere." Ladies of refinement who, by the revolving of fortune's slippery wheel, are compelled to turn their housekeeping knowledge to account, form its membership. One of them is the daughter of a multi-millionaire, whose riches long since took unto themselves wings.

Once, only once, the club employed a man, and he brought ignominy upon the entire masculine fraternity by getting hilariously inebriated at the critical moment when he was to cream the oysters for immediate serving. And the occasion was a swell, silver wedding! What happened? Why, the club's president promptly tied several yards of gingham apron over her pretty evening gown and creamed those oysters herself.

AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER."

From the stoning of raisins to the manufacture of marvelous pyramids in pistache ices; from the serving of a simple *de jeuner* to the management of a banquet with any number of "hot removes"; from the creation of a doughnut to a terrapin stew, the creasing of a napkin to the painting of a menu, the work is performed by feminine fingers. After all, is there any good and valid reason why the cooking of a frog's leg should forever be the sacred prerogative of a Frenchman?

The waitresses are neat as proverbial pins in their plain black frocks, with collars, cuffs, surplices, and caps of spotless white. It is really an improvement on the old plan to hear, instead of the conventional "swallow-tail" whisking around your chair, the frou-frou of skirts as a deft handmaiden places your salad before you.

The club is prospering. That is why denizens from sunny Italy are saying things *sotto voce* with a great many r-r-r's in them, and why certain voluble *chefs* are muttering words that would better not be translated. But, then, one cannot be expected to assume a rapturous expression when one has a formidable competitor in the field.

Trifles light as air sometimes cause deep discomfiture. A young man who prides himself upon his neatness in the details of dress, had a practical joke played upon him recently with mortifying results, and he vows he will get even with the perpetrators. He had occasion to remove his necktie at the office, and his fun-loving fellow-clerks managed to conceal a morsel of Limburger in its folds. Now even a wee bit of this commodity is all-sufficient to distress one by its proximity, and after the wearer had suffered much mental agony, the truth was revealed to him. Consigning the offending tie to the ash-barrel and other localities which need not be mentioned, he dashed into the nearest store for another, which he hastily donned. Returning to the office he met the idol of his heart, who glanced at him, smiled, bit her lip, and passed on. This experience was worse than the other. To be laughed at is untold torture to a man in love. Hastily consulting a looking-glass, he divined the cause of her mirth. Conspicuously attached to the new necktie was a tag which with diabolical clearness proclaimed itself as follows: "Cheap! 15c."

All things seem possible in this scientific age. The latest labor-saving discovery is apparently destined to solve the servant girl problem, inasmuch as it entirely dispenses with the culinary part of the domestic machinery. It is nothing more nor less than a diet of food pellets. The latter, it is claimed, are prepared from vegetable products and contain in this condensed form all the essentials for nourishment of the human system. How smoothly life would flow on without the disturbing clatter of china in kitchen quarters, or the disapproving frown of one's lord and master over an underdone steak! No suppers (and tempers) to keep hot, no indigestion consequent upon amateur cookery, fewer divorces, a total cessation of the bride's cake-biscuit jokelet, and no more eulogies of the things his mother used to make! When a benedict can drop his lunch into his vest pocket, and his better half dine on the contents of a bon-bon box, the matrimonial sky will be a veritable aurora borealis.

"Oh, walk the straight and narrow path;"
'Twas thus the preacher spake;
And all the listening sisters wept
As though their hearts would break.

They realized that his commands
They never could obey,
Because their monstrous sleeves and skirts,
Alas, would block the way.

Said a young man to me the other day, speaking of typewriting machines, "Yes, they are invaluable in business. A typewritten letter is as plain as print; but I tell you, a fellow hates to get one from his girl—looks so awfully cold, don't you know. He would rather spend half an hour trying to decipher any kind of hieroglyphics, than have a type-written missive from her. Even the thought that her fingers hammered it out of the keys doesn't comfort him. There *is* such a thing as a girl being a bit too closely up to date." A man's point of view on these matters is always interesting. Girls, you would better go back to pen and ink.

A local daily, whether by accident or design the reader knows not, now prints its list of divorces directly beneath the births and marriages lists. This close attention to consecutiveness speaks eloquently of the foreman's bump of order and the managing editor's idea of the eternal fitness of things. It also facilitates the labors of the statistic fiend.

MIKE'S LUCK—AN INCIDENT.

Mike Jr., youngest member of the house of Flaherty, No. 99¼ Tehama Street, had strayed from maternal jurisdiction, according to his daily habit, and was standing with his flat, snubby nose still more flattened by contact with Blank & Brothers' brilliantly lighted window on Market Street.

Mike knew by heart every toy-store on that thoroughfare from Van Ness Avenue to Lotta's Fountain; but Blank & Brothers' display fascinated him beyond all others, because in a far corner of that glittering space, half hidden by toys of a more expensive, but to him less attractive character, there sat, stiffly upright, an expansive smile illuminating its features, a large negro jumping-jack.

The latter was by no means the only specimen of his profession on exhibition. There were jumping-jacks galore in all stages of painted grotesqueness, but they were plainly of the same color as Mike himself would have been had an unwonted application of Spring Valley exposed his natural complexion to view. Untroubled by race prejudice, Mike's soul coveted that wooden darkey above all treasures that he hoped to possess—even more ardently than he longed for intimate acquaintance with the series of huge cream pies that each morning graced the window of the corner bakery on Third Street.

Lost in rapt contemplation of the unattainable prize beyond the thick plate glass, Mike ceased to think of personal safety. Accustomed to dodging passing vehicles and escaping being trodden under foot by hurrying pedestrians, he had somehow managed to keep his rag-covered little body intact, but at this particular and unguarded moment of his life a tall gentleman whose near-sightedness was evidenced by the glasses that he wore, brushed by him so roughly that the generally alert infant lost his balance and flopped to the sidewalk with a howl expressive of fear or surprise, rather than pain. The tall gentleman stopped and picked him up, a look of distress upon his bearded face.

"Have I hurt you, my little man?" he asked.

Mike at first refused to answer. Then he sullenly shook his head. The gentleman surveyed him with some perplexity, when an idea suddenly occurring to him, he turned to the dazzling window beside them. "What would you like for Christmas, my boy?" he said.

Mike's countenance underwent a transformation discernible even through its grimy layer of south-of-Market real estate, while he eagerly pointed to the spot where his eyes had been glued for the last half hour.

"De nigger," he responded laconically, being a true economizer of words.

That night, at bed-time, as Mrs. Flaherty counted noses to see if her offspring were safely gathered beneath the family roof-tree, she missed the eleventh nasal appendage.

"Where's Mike?" she inquired sharply. "Johnny, get out from under the sthove, ye lazy brat, and hunt yer brother."

Johnny made his way noisily down the rickety steps that led to the Flaherty abode. At the bottom one he stumbled upon Mike, dirtier than ever and fast asleep, with a brand-new jumping-jack of Ethiopian extraction clasped tightly to his breast.

ITEMS.

Parties wishing to buy a home in Central California may be interested to know that Mr. E. E. Bunce, the well-known real estate agent at 1008 Broadway, Oakland, is offering special inducements to intending purchasers. He carries a large list of choice homes, from the cozy little cottage to the lovely mansion; likewise fruit and grain ranches, large tracts of sugar-pine, redwood, and mining properties. A catalogue and full information will be sent to any address on application.

While it is true that clothes do not make a man, it is equally true that to appear neatly and appropriately dressed is a duty which every man owes to himself and society, and many a time an otherwise perfect costume is marred by an unshapely or ill-fitting hat, hence the advantage of patronizing a completely stocked establishment like that of C. Herrmann & Co., at 328 Kearny Street; they occupy an entire building, and one can find there or have made hats and caps of every conceivable shape or material. You are sure to be suited.

There are not many people who live at restaurants who stop to consider the healthfulness of real good cooking. Cheap service is one thing and palatable food another. At Swain's Restaurant, on Sutter Street, you can be assured of the very best articles, served in tasty style, and besides that the prices are most reasonable. If you wish a truly homelike dinner, with comfortable and pleasing surroundings, just try Swain's once, and you will forever after be one of our patrons.

The famous Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, commenced its second year November 3d, under the management of Messrs. Gaty & Dunn. Under their able direction this popular hostelry has forged to the front until it now occupies a position second to none on the Coast. Improvements have been the order of the day by this firm, and the hotel has been thoroughly overhauled. Nearly all the rooms have been newly papered and redecorated, and are now ready for the coming winter business, which, from the number of rooms engaged, demonstrates beyond all cavil that the volume of business this winter will exceed that of former years.

The celebrated Mont Rouge Vineyard is situated in the Livermore Valley—a location peculiarly adapted to the Wine Grape, and selected, after many years practical tests, as being especially adapted to Dry Wines. The highest award, two gold medals, was received by Chauche & Bon for the Mont Rouge Wines at the World's Fair, the Judges remarks being, "Splendid Wine," "very fine bouquet and flavor, in perfect condition, the finest type of Wine in the whole Exhibit."

The Virginia & Truckee Railroad, in Nevada, confidently expects a marked increase in both freight and passenger traffic during the coming year—mainly from the improved conditions in the mining industry at different points along its line and that of its connection, the Carson & Colorado Railway, narrow gauge.

A big increase in tourist travel to Lake Tahoe resorts is looked for; new and enlarged hotel accommodations are being provided, which, with the new and fast steel steamer, capable of carrying two hundred passengers, now being built for service on the Lake by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, for Messrs. Bliss & Sons, will greatly add to the attractions of that famous resort.

Paraiso is one of those few Springs that when once visited leave a yearning to call again. The quietude, the rest, the sports of hunting and fishing in the contiguous mountains, the grand view of the fertile Pajaro Valley, and the perfect paradise of gardens surrounding, combine to make Paraiso what it is, the Carlsbad of America. Next season a fine new bathhouse with swimming tanks will be erected where the Hot Sulphur Springs now are. This, in connection with the Hot Soda Springs bathhouse, will prove a big drawing-card the coming year.

The industrial community of California has reason to be highly pleased with the result of the output of "Clarke" coal from the Pittsburg coal mines. We find that many large factories and river steamers are using this coal with entire satisfaction, and the faith and energy of Messrs. Rankin & Allen in putting their money and time into this project, with the generally expressed opinion by many well informed on this field that they could not succeed, should, and probably will, be rewarded by a long period of profitable business. The favorite expression, "patronize home industry," is more applicable to the Pittsburg Coal Mining Company than to any other we think of.

About a year ago Denver hotels presented a rather deserted appearance, but to-day the arrivals are constantly increasing in numbers, the lobbies are filled with people, and the indications everywhere point to the rapidly returning prosperity of former years.

This is especially true of the good old Windsor, which hotel, with its old-established reputation as a strictly up-to-date house, is justly securing the cream of the hotel patronage visiting Denver. Mr. C. M. Hill well deserves the splendid business which his house is enjoying.

Ben. H. Lucke's new shoe store at 830-832-834 Market Street has now the reputation of being the handsomest store in the city. The show windows are models for display, and the interior is elegantly finished in oak. His recent opening brought out some of the latest novelties in the shoe line for both ladies and gentlemen.

Lying sheltered just inside the Coast hills of Northern California is found one of the garden spots of the world.

The surrounding mountains are pregnant with mineral springs, equal to the far-famed resorts of the old world. Commodious hotels abound, whose tables are supplied with profusion from the fertile lowlands where green pastures, orchards and vineyards gladden the eye.

This land is bordered by the primeval redwood forest, and narrows to the picturesque canyon of the Russian River, where the trout makes its home in cold, clear waters.

The transportation facilities of this section are unsurpassed, it being traversed by the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, a first-class road with first-class service.

There are grill-rooms and grill-rooms. Yet among the entire lot there is only one Simon-pure grill-room in San Francisco—a place that is all the name implies; a place where meats are grilled to order; a grill-room that has proved to be the biggest kind of a success; so much so, in fact, that the management are now engaged in doubling its capacity. There is the grill-room of the Palace Hotel, which stands far in advance of all competitors in this city.

The Palace Hotel is the monumental landmark in the history of San Francisco's progress. It is the center of all attraction, the home of every visitor and traveler of note who comes to this city. The suites are all furnished in the latest and most tasty manner, with comfortable furniture, baths attached, electric lights, and all manner of other necessaries that are conducive to happiness and comfort.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, the manager, is making hosts of friends by his cordiality and earnest endeavors to please his guests. Prospects are good for a large influx of Eastern visitors this winter; in fact, rooms are daily being engaged by people en route, but as the Palace can easily accommodate fifteen hundred guests at a time, there is no danger of inconvenience from overcrowding.

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ONEONTA, SAN DIEGO CO., CAL.

Tourists and Californians en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and a courteous management.

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BICYCLING

When Stephenson was under examination in the British House of Commons as to what would happen in case a cow strayed in front of his locomotive, he replied that "it would be awkward for the cow," and an inquiry into the causes of bicycle accidents enables one to ascertain who is the "awkward" party in the case. Out of thirty cases selected haphazard, it is found that seven were of pedestrians run over by cyclers. Eleven of the cases were of riders who ran into vehicles, one was thrown against the curbstone and killed, one had his jaw and another his collar bone broken, while one broke his shoulder as he collided with another wheelman. Eight fell or were thrown without apparently coming in contact with anything other than the inequalities of the road, one dislocated his shoulder, one broke his arm, while several lost teeth and injured their heads. One was knocked down by a runaway horse, one ran over a small boy and got concussion of the brain, and one collided with a street car. Thus it would seem that out of thirty mishaps the wheelmen got the worst of it twenty-three times with loss of one life, while others were injured in the proportion of one in three. It will thus be seen that while the bicycle is responsible for a few accidents, the pedestrian is seldom in the awkward position of Stephenson's cow.

One of the most annoying accidents that can befall a rider away from home is a broken spoke. The spokes are very important parts of a wheel, and a few loose ones, or even one broken one, means a great reduction in the carrying power of a bicycle. A broken or loose spoke very speedily throws the wheel out of true—so much sometimes that the tire will rub on the fork, when trouble is sure to follow. If far from remedial agencies, a good plan—although not advisable if the spoke can be replaced at all—is to remove the spoke directly opposite the broken one. The two weak spots will balance each other, and the wheel will not be thrown out of true. Under such circumstance, a careful rider will observe more than usual diligence, and he will have the whole difficulty remedied as soon as possible.

H. F. Smith, Lexington, Ohio, writes: "When the tire creeps and injures the stem it is almost invariably on the loneliest part of a lonely road, and the usual remedy is to walk to the nearest town. Here is another and a better remedy: Cut the stem off close to the base and strip the stem off the valve. Wet the valve to make it slip easily, and force it through the small opening in the base of the stem, until the ridges on the valve are inside the inner tube. Slip the tire on the rim carefully, so that the valve will not blow out of the hole in the rim. Roll tire partly off, attach pump and inflate tire hard, and replace tire so that valve will lie parallel to the rim. Next time see that the tire is properly cemented."

W. H. Conner, Celina, Ohio, writes: "Make a can six inches in diameter and three inches deep; coil chain and place in can; pour in gasoline to cover chain; put on a tight-fitting cover and shake it for a few minutes. Pour off gasoline and repeat once. In five minutes this will clean any chain perfectly. Oil well and work it in; now wipe dry and put on graphite, and the chain will run smoothly."

If a new saddle does not fit and thereby causes the rider trouble, one of the best remedies is to turn the wheel upside down and sponge the under part of the leather with hot water and soft soap for about a quarter of an hour. Then don an ancient pair of breeches and ride for twenty minutes. This will cause the softened leather to mould itself to the shape of the body.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

JOHNNIE'S SACRIFICE.

"Sis, isn't pa good?" He says I may have a bicycle for Christmas, and that I may buy it myself. Isn't that jolly?"

"Yes, father is more than good. When are you to buy your wheel?"

"I'm going to wait until to-morrow—'twill be Christmas eve, and papa says we'll go together in the carriage, as he has some purchases to make. Dear

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

pa!" and off Johnnie scampered to tell the good news to his chums.

Mr. Carroll sat writing in his library. To look into his face was to know he was good and kind. His wife's death had been a terrible blow to him; even yet he was wont to become melancholy.

"Did you call, dad, dear?"

"Yes, Amelia. Of course, John has told you of my promise to him. He has been a good boy this year, and deserves this little happiness. I did not call you to tell you this, however, but to ask you if you will kindly write these letters for me?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you, dear, and now I'm off to the bank. I have some business to which I must attend. Good-by. God bless you!"

This year had seen a hard winter, and the snow was falling thick and fast when Christmas eve dawned. Johnnie was up bright and early, too happy to remain in bed.

After dinner his father called him to tell him the carriage was waiting. With a kiss for his sister, he was off and the carriage rolled away.

His father had considerable shopping to do, but at last they started for the "cyclery." The horses were going swiftly along when they suddenly became frightened at something passing by, and in no time they were running madly down the crowded street. There was a cry, a rush, and the horses were brought to bay, but too late, for bleeding in the street lay a little urchin.

Johnnie and his father hastened to the child's side, and had him brought to his home in their carriage. What a hovel—cold and damp, it was unfit for human beings. His infirm mother was inconsolable. "Ah, sir, he will die, and I will be left broken-hearted to starve to death." The doctor said that with care he would be well in a few weeks, but the mother still groaned, "Ah, my boy will die without food and warmth!"

All the while Johnnie had been sadly looking around the poverty-stricken abode. Suddenly he went up to the poor mother, and taking the note his father had given him for his wheel, thrust it into her hands. "Here, take this. Father, can't we take him home?" His father consented, and soon the child was receiving the best of care.

Johnnie never alluded to his bicycle, and seemed as happy as usual. His father said nothing, but on New Year's eve Johnnie received a bicycle, and all during life carried with him his father's fervent "God bless you," and the honest prayers of the little urchin who soon became one of Mr. Carroll's most devoted employees.

THE MATCH GIRL'S CHRISTMAS.

"And this is Christmas! How happy the rich folks must be, and here I am shivering out here in the cold and snow. How bright and pretty the show-windows look! If I might but go within, how blest I would be!"

Thus the ragged little match girl mused, as she gazed with longing eyes at the toys, all many-colored and of various kinds, in the show-windows of one of New York's large stores. Poor child! Christmas brought to her no rest; on that day when all men join in a glad *Gloria*, she was hungry, and numb with the cold. She had no mother to cheer her with tales of the Christmas-tide; the birthday of the Saviour brought to her no joy. Yet that Saviour, who is mindful even of the sparrow's fall, watched with love and tenderness over the little child of the streets.

"Move on, child; 'tis time you were home. Remember what we do with children that loiter about the streets so late at night. Move on, I say."

With the last words the burly policeman gave the child a rough push and walked on. How much better a kind word and a cheery smile; but men whose duty it is to handle criminals soon become hardened.

Bewildered, the child walked on, until at last, weary and exhausted, she sank down upon the steps of a palatial home.

"The policeman has gone by, so I may rest here, for I am so cold. Perhaps the rich folks will find me and sit me down by that fire. Oh, my head pains so! It is getting dark—the street lamps cannot be lit. Hark! I hear such lovely music, unlike any I have ever heard. What can it be? There is another burst of joyful sound. Let me listen; 'Glory! Glory to God!' Ah, 'tis angels that are singing, 'And peace on earth to men of good will!' 'Tis warmer now. Yes, my mother. I see you, mother dear; you have come for me. Yes, dear, I am coming!"

CHRISTMAS SIGHT. Lamb Photo.

On Christmas morn, when the wealthy banker, his wife, and child were about to go to church, they found a dead child on their doorstep. "Frozen to death," the verdict was. The match girl had joined the angels and commemorated the Birth of Christ, in Paradise.

HOLIDAY NUMBER

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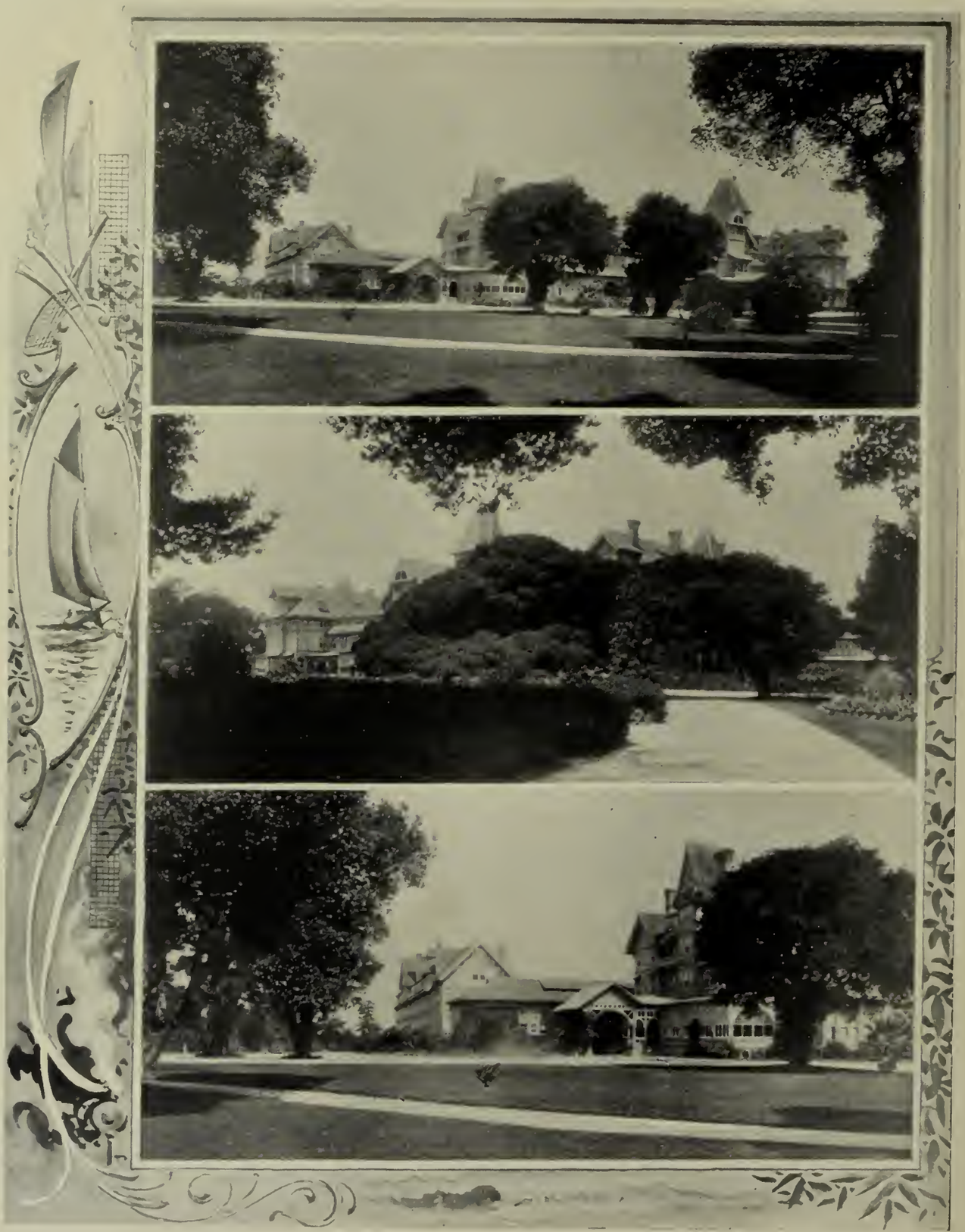
SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LAKE OF FIRE—VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.



HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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IF YOU have ever been to Mexico and attended a cock-pit, you have probably observed instances where one of the combatants is afraid and the other "dasn't," and you have felt like taking a stick, poking them from behind, and set the battle going just for the excitement of the thing. That is precisely the position of the American and English press in the gigantic "bluff" game inaugurated between the United States and Great Britain. Hardly a month has passed for the last twenty years that we do not read of some threatening war cloud hovering over the horizon, and it has been no fault of the newspapers that it has not broken long ere this.

It seems to us a case of "much ado about nothing." There is a little, insignificant South American Republic, populated by something over two millions of a quasi-civilized race, with whom we have not socially anything in common, and never can have. For years the boundary line with British Guiana has been in dispute, and, as the particular section in controversy is of no value to either Venezuela or Great Britain, merely involving a matter of principle, it seems almost humorous that we should allow ourselves to be drawn into an altercation embodying so small an emolument and so great a catastrophe. The Monroe Doctrine is a principle of government—not a law, and forms no part of our international agreements. No true American will deny, however, that it is a good principle and worthy of maintenance, but are we not straining at a gnat in this instance in applying it so aggressively to the Venezuelan dispute?

If we are going to war with England, let's have something worth fighting for—something to gain or a just insult to avenge—something to stir up our sincere patriotism and ambition, so that when we do return triumphant, which we certainly would, we will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that we gained something for the sacrifice that was required of us.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION. Taber Photo

THE following communication from Mormondom may prove of some interest to those at all familiar with the Latter Day Saints, and we publish it because of its strong, contradictory nature, and the usual curiosity surrounding the mysterious.

Judging from the unreserved scoring of our contributor, and the emphatic denial of his "revelations," we will have to leave it to the opinions of our readers, who may be versed on the subject, as to whether truth or fiction predominates in "Wife No. 13":

Editor "THE TRAVELER":—I have read the article, "Wife No. 13," in your paper for December, 1895, written by one J. M. Scanland. I am surprised that such literature has not had its day. If it were not that some of the things said therein make it appear that the alleged facts apply to the leaders and authorities of the Mormon Church, the gathering of rubbish in said article would not be worth the notice. He means to insult the Mormon people by weaving into his fiction presumed facts. To weave a lie, and yet make it appear that there is truth in it. Unfortunately, he has nothing but fiction, which he is masquerading as half truth—a difficult combination to combat. His conclusions are ridiculous to all who are familiar with the topics of which he speaks. However, people who are ignorant of facts may be led to believe him, and it is in misleading and prejudicing such people that the injury and injustice to the Mormons are manifest.

Blood atonement, compulsory marriage, "Danites," the fate of Apostates, and all that, have never been a part of Mormon doctrine or system, any more than murder and infanticide are teachings of the city government of San Francisco. The "Lion House Dungeon" is a laughable myth, which any person could easily learn for himself by a visit to the place. That Mormons are pronounced man and wife in the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith is a harmless but annoying lie; and it has been proven over and over again that in no ceremony, either in the Old Endowment House, or in the Temples, are the persons who enter made to "swear eternal enmity to the United States Government." On the contrary, the Saints who enter there do so for holy purposes, and loyalty to country comes under that caption. Loyalty to country is a doctrine abundantly exemplified in the history of the Latter Day Saints. The Mormons are married for time and eternity, and the marriage covenant is more sacred among this people on this account; and so far as morality goes—I speak from what I have seen, both in the United States and in Europe—no people can be found possessing greater virtue, and a more excellent moral character, than the Mormons.

If J. M. Scanland has been among the Mormons, he is well aware of this, and is a deliberate falsifyer; if he has not, he is a mere ape of sensation mongers, and should learn to know something of his subject before he writes again. I sincerely trust that THE TRAVELER hereafter will not be blemished by such rot in the form of romance.

Yours respectively,

GEO. WAREING.

Ogden, Utah, December 19, 1895.

With this issue THE TRAVELER begins its seventh volume and its fourth year.

WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND?

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

FEW, indeed, are the individuals that look at their own hand closely, critically, discriminatingly. You may have noticed its softness, or its suppleness, but did it ever occur to you to observe whether its strength were that of nervous tension, or of physical vigor, or whether its force proceeded from will power instead of inherent vitality? Are your fingers short or long, smooth or with prominent joints, or are they naturally knotted? How do the ends of your fingers appear? Are they conic or square, spatulate or stubby? When your hand is let fall naturally upon a horizontal surface, do the fingers lie close together, or are they spread apart? When the hand is so placed, do the ends of the fingers and thumbs insensibly turn back, or do they not? Upon all these things an estimate of one's character can be based, and, judging from one's own hand as a stand-point, the intelligent observation and study of the hands of others is not a difficult matter.

But it is not at all easy to decide just which sort of hand one possesses. To begin, hold up your hand with the back turned toward you, and look at in the light of these cuts which represent six different types. Have you the coarse, thick fingers, hard, unyielding palm, rather smooth joints, thick, short nails, and large thumb of the elementary hand, as shown in the first cut? Then your nature will be strong rather than refined, your intelligence more shrewd than subtle, your passions and emotions intense and overpowering, yet not of long duration.

Of course, such could not be your hand; pass to the next cut. There it is—the spatulate hand. The fingers are somewhat longer than in the elementary hand, and are broadened slightly at the tips, like the spatula of a chemist, hence the name; yet they still present a curved appearance. The palm of the hand is also longer, is firm rather than hard; and the thumb, if it be in harmony with the rest of the hand, is large, and has both joints well-developed. Is this a type of your hand? Then look for resolution, confidence, energy, delight in manual labor, love of outdoor sports

THE ELEMENTARY HAND.

and physical action. Men with hands like these would follow Greeley across Siberian wastes, or go to the Congo in search of a fortune. Women with such hands are fond of outdoor life, are strong and courageous, and, had they the opportunity, would rival Ida Lewis or Grace Darling. These are the hands of Saxon ancestry—dominating, governing hands. But beware of a small thumb with such a hand; it is to indicate aimlessness, a want of concentration, and with all the life and spontaneous energy which this hand

THE SPATULATE HAND.

gives, you will be prone to rush into schemes, yet tire of them quickly, and waste your strength and vitality upon affairs of little moment. This hand will be governed by laws of habit, ideas of duty, rather than intuition.

But, here is another type. Do not take your hand down yet, for this may be yours. The fingers are a little longer, slightly broadened at the base, and diminishing in size toward the tips, which are conic. The joints are not prominent, the fingers are smooth, and the thumb rather small, with the upper joint slightly longer than the lower. This is the artistic hand. Is it yours? Then you will see things intuitively rather than logically. You may not be able to afford luxury, but your tastes will be luxurious; you may not always be able to *do*, but you will have the ready tact which will serve you in emergency as no amount of logical ability ever can.

Have you decided that your hand is artistic? If so, some one else must take the next type—that of the square or useful hand. It is a clever hand, a *very* clever hand, not so original as it is imitative and adaptive. The fingers are rather long, either upper or lower joint, or both, developed, the tips of the fingers squared, the sides squared to meet them, and the nails rather long. The characteristics of this hand are perseverance and order, foresight and regularity, and a good memory.

If *both* joints be well-developed, I should not like to live in the same house with you, for then you are a slave to methodical arrangement, and any disarrangement of the extreme neatness and tidiness which you must have around you will make you positively miserable. This hand, if the lower joint of the finger be *not* well-developed, is said, by Edward Heron Allen, to be "the cleverest hand in all the world." The women of France have hands like this—hands which are clever, ingenious, skillful.

The next cut is the hand of Abraham Lincoln. Is yours like it? Then, in his own words: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." This hand has a large, elastic palm, large thumb, and knotty, conical fingers; painstaking, studious research, logical arrangement of facts, with slow but sure drawing of conclusions, are the characteristics of this hand. Analytical habits of thought, system rather than neatness, fidelity rather than brilliancy, all of the foregoing will be yours should you be the possessor of a hand like the one described in this paragraph.

It is of no use to look enviously at the last cut. Slight indeed is your chance of possessing the beautiful, psychic, useless hand! I have seen just one in all the hands which I have studied, and that one is the hand of a young girl, an imbecile at the City and County Almshouse. Her hand is simply perfect in all respects but one; it is absolutely lineless, except for the line of life.

This type of hand is very rare, and prevails largely in Southern India—a hand denoting religious fervor, innate instincts of right and wrong, skill in subtle sophistries, intense enthusiasm over abstract ideas, and, what is more, the capability to rouse that enthusiasm in others. Henry Ward Beecher said: "That when God gave a man a hand like that, and called him to the pulpit, he would not only preach, but he would always have crowds to hear him."

For the last type of hand, the mixed hand, it has been impossible to draw an outline, still, many hands come under it. With the cosmopolitan character of our population, the inter-marriages with people of different nationalities, and consequent blending of characteristics, the hands have, of course, been modified. See to which cut your hand approaches nearest, and judge it accordingly. Has it the cleverness of the French, the domination of the Saxon, the artistic instinct of the South of Europe, the knottiness of the philosopher, or the beauty of the worshippers of Brahma? But there are some characteristics which are common to all hands.

Does the light shine in between the chinks of your fingers; are they well-spread apart? Then, be you man or woman, you are a true child of Mother Eve, and many is the apple you will pick, and wish you had let alone; in other words, you are curious. Do they lie close together? You are indifferent, and do not meddle with the affairs of others. Do they lie even closer, almost fitting into each other? Then you have a distinguished talent for minding your own business, and you are quite insistent that others shall mind theirs. You do not like to be interfered with, on the ground that you let others alone, and therefore demand from them the same immunity.

Does the top of your little finger come below, above, or just to the upper joint of the finger next it? Should

THE CONIC, OR ARTISTIC HAND.

it not reach that phalange, then you, Mr. ——, whose hand I hold, need not try to deceive me; you may lord it over others, but in your own home your wife holds the scepter and reigns supreme, while you yield to her in a meek and becoming manner.

Should the top of the little finger extend above the phalange of the next finger, then the word "obey" was a conspicuous part of your marriage service, and its echo resounds in your home: but if finger and joint be about even, then there is an equality of rights, a

THE SQUARE, OR USEFUL HAND.

bearing and forbearing, which shows that "domestic sauce is not served in family jars."

Should the joint of the thumb be short, you are so fond of your own way, that one could call you obstinate and be sure that you could not, truthfully contradict them. Should that upper joint turn back, unless lines in the hand modify its meaning, it shows a tendency to cruelty, perhaps "the iron hand in the velvet glove."

But one may say, "That is all very well, but manual labor or manly sports will change the shape of the hand." That is true in some degree, but it can only modify the type, not destroy it. You may have a "baseball finger," they will not all be such. You may be the proud possessor of a football thumb, but there is another thumb.

But you must be weary with holding your hand up for so long a time. Lay it down upon the table with the palm up. I cannot help smiling as I see the hand spread, like a dried starfish, to its utmost limit, with every muscle tense. You cannot read it that way; relax the muscles, or, as Delsarte says, "devitalize it," so that it lies, easily open, before you. Do not say, "That is all nonsense; those lines are simply made by opening and shutting the hand"; for, if that be true, why are there no two persons' hands alike, and why do your right and left hands differ so?

The first line which we will notice is the life line, which begins between the thumb and the root of the first finger, and, passing around the Mount of Venus, ends upon its lower curve. It may be joined with the line of the head at its commencement; it may be separated from it, or it may begin quite far down in the hand, under the Mount of Jupiter, at the base of the first finger. If it be long, clear, and well colored, it denotes strength, a good constitution, freedom from illnesses, and a long life. If it be pale and broad, it shows a lack of vitality; if chained, uncertain health; if crossed by innumerable small lines, a tendency to worry over many things, and if it end in a tassel, it denotes poverty in old age. Should there be a decided break in either hand, it denotes an illness corresponding in time to the place in which the line was broken; should the break occur in both hands, it is a sign of sudden death.

The line of the head begins, usually, at the same place, and is often joined with the line of life, and if the junction be sharply defined, it is indicative of impulsiveness in one's actions. The line of the head usually ends about the middle of the hand, or under the third finger. If it be quite close to the line above it, you have plenty of what the Scotch call "thrift," and if it, in addition to being close to the heart line, extends still farther over toward the percussion of the hand, you are very selfish. If this line be branched at the end, with a branch turning up, or if the line itself turns toward the heart line, in matters requiring decision between the heart and the head, your heart will get the better of your head every time. If one branch turns down deeply on the Mount of the Moon, unless your hand be a very strong one, I should prefer to leave the house when you considered it a duty to have an attack of "the blues."

To return to the main line. If it be chained or with many little branches, it shows a want of fixity of purpose; if it be broad and rather pale, a lack of the power of concentrating thought; while, if well separated from the line above it, it denotes generosity of thought and action, breadth of mind, and candor, especially if it be clear and well-colored.

The next line is the line of the heart, usually the first line below the fingers, beginning at the percussion of the hand and extending across toward the Mount of Jupiter. This line is very interesting, so, for the moment, let us forget about the others, and devote all our time to this one. Down in the depths of every man's heart does there not lie, not only the possibility of flirting, but the probability, and if it be true that women flirt more than men, it is only because they have more spare time, and so, perhaps, improve to a greater extent the capacity which lies latent in them both. If this line be clear, strong, and rather deep, with neither chains nor branches, you will always have many friends, and you will always want many; you will be constant in your affections; you will love one with all your heart, and but one at a time will find room there.

Should this line be rather broad, and not very well colored, you will be apt to be indifferent to the world at large. You like a few people, and want to have them near you, but life is too short to bother much about outsiders. Your sympathies will probably be bounded by your inclinations, and your inclinations by your likes and dislikes. But, if the line be chained, or with small upward branches, then

THE KNOTTY HAND.

your heart is a very hospitable place, and can entertain many seemingly conflicting affections. Should you choose to express the idea differently, call it what you please. I did not say you were a flirt. But, then, those who do flirt always insist upon it they do not know how, that they never do, while those who cannot flirt, secretly wish they could; so, after all, the only criterion to judge by is one's hand, for that tells the true story, without fear or favor.

If this line end between the first and second fingers,

THE PSYCHIC HAND.

you will have the blessing of work in abundance all your life long. Should it end on the Mount of Jupiter, you will have fame and gratified social ambition. Should a branch go to the Mount of Saturn, it will be a fatality either for good or evil, according to the rest of your hand.

The line of fate rises either from the wrist, the line of life, or the Mount of the Moon, and should continue through the hand, if unbroken, until it reaches the Mount of Saturn. If clear, entire, or with upward branches, your luck is good; if broken, why, then you must conquer fate, and see if the right hand does not contradict the left. If the line be broken, and then continue again and end clear and well-defined upon the Mount of Saturn, you will be successful in the long run.

The line of the Sun, going through the palm of the hand to the third finger, denotes success in one of the fine arts, or connection with some one who will be famous in an artistic line.

There is another line, one which is rarely found in perfection. It is the hepatic or liver line, and extends diagonally across the hand, from the line of fate, at or near its base, to the line of the heart, with which it makes a sharp angle. If it be clear and unbroken, it denotes superabundant energy, extraordinary vitality, abounding enthusiasm, and good conversational powers. Its entire absence shows the presence of these qualities, without their increasing adjectives; but if the line be present and broken, you will be liable to have trouble with your digestive organs.

There are many other smaller lines, stars, crosses, and islands, which have special specifications. Thus, a cross upon the Mount of Jupiter, under the first finger, signifies marriage; a star, a brilliant and happy marriage. A star is always a sign of good fortune.

Oftentimes one meets with very odd experiences in "telling fortunes," as reading character by the hand is popularly called. One summer, while at Wawona, several of our party at the hotel were reading each other's hands to make the evening pass quickly. The next morning, about six o'clock, as I was seated on the porch watching the departure of the Yosemite stage, a little, bright-eyed, white-haired lady came up, and held out her hand and said:

"Excuse me for speaking to you, but would you tell my fortune?"

Rather surprised, I said, "Yes," and began to tell her what was in her hand, but she stopped me, saying:

"No—no: I do not want that. Won't you please tell me whether I am to be married or not? Quick, for the stage is coming."

I saw no line of marriage, and said: "I am afraid not, madam," and, as the stage bore her to Yosemite, I walked out to my hammock, musing upon the mind feminine.

In a day or two she returned from Yosemite, and I was astonished to have her traveling companion, another bright-eyed, little, elderly lady, rush up to me in a half-distracted manner, and say:

"My dear Miss, what *did* you tell Miss B——, the other morning, as she was leaving for Yosemite?"

"Why, what do you mean?" said I.

"Well, you told her something, and she was so cross all the way up there; she picked us up on everything we said, and snapped up the driver, and——" Just then I remembered what I had told her and I laughed heartily. The little lady went on—"She would not stay in the valley; she is dragging me home, and I don't want to go. Now, you must fix it in some way, if you can. Look in her hand again."

I promised, went in search of Miss B——, and asked her if I might look in her hand again. She gladly consented, and I told her her fortune, looking diligently the while to see if I could not change my estimate or modify my former conclusion. Finally I said:

"I looked at your hand very quickly the other day, and now, seeing it more closely, about your marriage, do you know that if you do not marry it is entirely your own fault?" I never saw such a change in any one's face. She positively beamed, and skipped away like a girl of sixteen. I met her friend, Mrs. Potter, at the World's Fair afterwards, and my first question was: "Was Miss B—— married yet?"

"No," she rejoined; "and at one time I thought I should never forgive you for spoiling my trip, but after the second time she was all right."

One can draw a mask over one's face, and we often do, if we suppose that we are being judged in any way, but it is different with your hand. The lines are there, and you cannot change them, nor can you alter their signification. Handwriting differs with different people insomuch that their characteristics and habits of mind and thought, can be told from it. A disease foretold in one hand may often be guarded against and prevented by the other.

Have you classified your hand, and been formally introduced to its lines? Then, if you wish to pursue the subject further, study your own hand well; know it thoroughly, for you will turn back to it again and again in reading the hands of others.

This is but an outline of the science of Cheirosophy, for a science it may be properly called, but it may suffice for a beginning, if one be enough interested to pursue the subject further. All of Edward Heron Allen's works are good, especially his "Treatise on Cheirosophy" and "Manual of Cheirosophy." While from earliest times among the ancient Egyptians, even down to the present day, the custom of telling fortunes from the hand has been in vogue, it was reserved for Messieurs Desbarroles and D'Arpentigny to formulate the science, the latter laying peculiar stress upon the form of the hand, under the head of Cheirognomy, and the former finding out, both by induction and deduction, the peculiar significance of the lines. As a closing paragraph I will quote the words of Balzac:

"To predict to a man the events of his life by the sight of his hand, is not more extraordinary to him who has received the power of knowing it than to say to a soldier that he will fight, an advocate that he will speak, or a shoemaker that he will make a pair of boots. If past deeds have left their traces that we can read the future may also be seen by its roots and seeds, and coming events cast their shadows before."

ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR SOCIETY LADIES. Taber Photo.

A NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 24, 1895.

Editor TRAVELER:—To you, with the equable and beautiful climate you possess, a long continuance of fair weather may seem a matter of slight importance, but to the dweller on the Atlantic Coast it is a decided boon.

Since October came in and overlapping into December, we have been blessed with blue skies and bright sunlight, the air delightfully, autumnally cool. There have been, to be sure, a few days of a fog, so dense as to please the Anglomaniac—"Like Lunnon, don't cher know," but these have only accentuated the general tenor of those lovely weeks.

Society, returning from mountain, lake, and sea, having disported itself at the Horse Show and the Ducal wedding, has settled into its usual round of gaiety, and, for exhibition purposes, the opera.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Opera House is ablaze on three or four nights of the week, and Abbey and Grau are to produce opera in Italian, French, and German. Calve, Melba, Nordica, Lola-Beeth, the two Reskes (Jean and Edouard), Plancon, and Maurel are doing the leading roles. Frances Saville, a native of San Francisco, and said to be a very promising soprano, is in the troupe.

* * * *

Madison Square Garden, that popular and most centrally located place of amusement, in the very heart of the city, near the large hotels, who cater by their cafes to the richly dressed crowds who seek them for refreshments after the Garden performances, is given over this week to the Hebrew Fair. It has been very successful, and the dark-eyed daughters of Judah have won golden opinions for their beauty, and golden coins for their persistency. Tuesday's receipts were said to be one hundred thousand dollars. Our Hebrew brethren don't certainly lack generosity.

* * * *

Some of the leading journals have recently given considerable space to the subject of "Coast Defenses." It is a large subject, and may, at any moment, almost, become a pressing one. Educated foreigners look with amazement upon our exposed and unprotected seaboard. Talk with any mature Ordnance or Artillery officer, and you will find that he has given the matter much thought. The retiring and the lately appointed Generals of the Army have reported upon the Nation's inefficiency in this respect, still Congress, with unwisdom, delays. There is no politics in it. It is conceded that New York and San Francisco are the only seaports with a pretense of defense by modern methods. The former has, at Sandy Hook, a battery of sixteen twelve-inch mortars and two twelve-inch rifled guns, and the latter the same mortar battery and one twelve-inch rifled gun at the Presidio, but whether mounted or not, I am unable to say. These guns are made at the United States Arsenal at Watervleit, on the upper Hudson, near Troy, N. Y. It was my good fortune to be escorted, a few years ago, through the foundry and assembling-room of the Arsenal by the officer superintending the construction of these big breech-loaders. Everything is on a grand scale; the pit for casting, cranes for handling, and machinery for finishing are gigantic. I was impressed with the necessity for technical and experimental knowledge in manipulating a plant of this character from the crude metal to the finished breech-block. The production of large guns is slow. It has been estimated that to equip the eighteen principal seaports of our coast line would require the product of the Arsenal for ten years.

* * * *

It is fortunate that those good old saints, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, and others, have their feast days in the cold months, for it would be, at least, inconvenient to drink steaming punch and smoke long clay pipes on a hot July night. MAJOR.

A DAY AT OXFORD.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DURING the first three years of my career at Oxford I occupied rooms in college, and it was my habit, unless I had been kept up unusually late on the previous night, to rise at about 7:30 in the morning, so as to be in time for Matins in the college chapel at eight. The number of attendances required each week at the chapel services varied at different colleges, and junior men were required to "keep more chapels" than those who had been longer in residence. At my college (Brasenose) about three "chapels" on week days, and one on Sunday, would suffice to keep one on good terms with the authorities: for, though we were entirely orthodox churchmen, we were not very pious. A record of the attendances was kept by one of the students, called a Bible Clerk, or, in his absence, by the college Porter, the latter a man of substantial form and eminent respectability. Occasionally, when I had failed to "keep chapels" with sufficient frequency, I was "hauled" by the Vice-Principal, that is, summoned to his rooms and admonished. I have an idea that I was once fined by that dignitary, but whether for fewness of "chapels," or for some other delinquency, I cannot now recall. The prayers were read by one of the dons, or resident fellows, and the lessons by undergraduates. Sometimes amusing scenes occurred, when the scholar, whose duty it was to read the first lesson, or the commoner, to whose turn the second lesson fell, either did not know what the lesson was, or where in the huge Bible on the brass eagle lectern to look for it. If the day happened to be a Sunday or Saint's Day, men upon the foundation of the college (of whom I was one), had to wear a white surplice, instead of a black gown. Often have I reached the chapel door, only to find that I must traverse two quadrangles, and climb two steep flights of stairs, to exchange my gown for a surplice. The dons had acquired the art of racing through the services at a very rapid rate, and the undergraduates "backed up" well with the responses. Of one of our dons it was jokingly said, that he could give any man as far as "Pontius Pilate" in the Apostles' Creed, and finish before him.

In about twenty minutes I was back again in my room, where I found the table spread for breakfast, and a large copper kettle boiling near the fire. Rolls and butter were there from the college buttery, and eggs could be boiled in my own saucepan, or dishes of hot meat obtained from the college kitchen. I always kept a pot of Scotch marmalade, called in Oxford lingo, "squish," in my cupboard. Frequently I was asked to a breakfast-party in a friend's rooms, and an Oxford breakfast is memorable for its bounteousness. Fish cooked in various ways, chops, steaks, cutlets, preserves, omelettes, dry, buttered or anchovy toast, coffee and tea, were its main constituents, but nearly every college had some special dish for which it was noted. In summer a large bowl of champagne, claret or cider cup would be brought in when the cigars and pipes were lighted. Such a meal as this naturally unfitted one for close attention at lectures, so that "reading men" generally contrived to give their parties on Sunday mornings, or on days when they had fewer lectures than usual to attend. Lectures rarely began before nine in the morning and it was seldom that they lasted after one in the afternoon; three of one hour each was the average daily number.

BOATING HEADQUARTERS.

STREET IN OXFORD.

The morning's work done, I returned to my rooms to get lunch, consisting of soup or cold meat from the college kitchen, and a glass of wine from my own supplies. At a lunch-party there would be a generous spread of soup, cold meats, tongue, ham, meat-pie, pastry, cheese, celery, beer and wine; the eatables being furnished by the college kitchen, and the drinks coming either from the host's private stock, or from the college common-room. Claret cup, or other iced drinks, was sent up in splendid solid silver tankards, containing one or two quarts apiece. It was the good fashion of the Oxford undergraduate to devote some of his mornings to work, and all his afternoons to exercise and recreation. Every kind of sport flourished at Oxford: running, rowing, riding, sailing, and skating, when circumstances permitted, driving, gymnastics, cricket in the summer, football in the winter, fives, racquets, court-tennis, lawn-tennis, and golf. Fox-hunting, court tennis and racquets, were the sports of the rich, but all the rest might be indulged in by any one. I almost always made my way down to the river, walking down the narrow Oriel Street, through Merton College into Christ Church meadows, and so down to the Brasenose barge. Here were boats in abundance, from a single-sculling boat to an eight-oar. Owing to my light weight, I was frequently selected to steer college eights, though I never liked the job, for there is no exercise, and the captain abuses you if anything happens to go wrong.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Dinner was the only meal taken in common. It was served in the Hall, a handsome oak-roofed, oak-wainscoted apartment, built strictly on the model of the hall of a medieval baron, and adorned with oil-paintings of the benefactors and distinguished graduates of the college. At the end furthest from the entrance doors a dais ran at right angles to the body of the Hall. On this dais, in the old baronial mansion, the Baron and his family sat, and, at the tables below, running down the center and along the sides of the Hall, his retainers sat. The "high table" in a college hall is occupied by the dons and their guests, and at the other tables are seated the undergraduates and a few newly made graduates. At Brasenose there were always several Bachelors of Arts in residence, enjoying the emoluments of Hulmian Exhibitions, which amounted to $675 per annum in money, and $100 in bound books.

Dinner consisted of soup, entrees, joints, pastry, cheese and beer. The beer was of excellent quality, specially brewed by the college, and served in silver half-pint or pint mugs. All the plate used in the Hall was of solid silver, the accumulation of centuries. It was assumed that the undergraduate would dine in the hall; if he did not wish to do so, he had to "take his name off" by writing it before noon on a list posted on the college gate. The price of dinner varied a little, according to the extras, such as pastry, cheese, and beer, that one ordered, but was about fifty or sixty cents. It was rather the fashion to rail at the dinners in the Hall, but the meat and other things were of excellent quality.

After dinner the dons adjourned to the "common room" for dessert and wine. I either returned to my own room, or sat for an hour or so in a friend's room, drinking a glass of wine. Occasionally I was invited to a "wine" in the rooms, either of some Brasenose man or of a friend at another college. At a "wine" a handsome dessert was spread on the table, with decanters of port, sherry, and claret, and now and then champagne and liqueurs. After discussing these for some time to the accompaniment of songs and tobacco, coffee and toast would be served. Then the tables would be cleared and cards introduced. The play among rich men was often high, but men of moderate means usually played a "limited" game. The favorite gambling games of my day were three-card loo and *vingt-et-un*, generally called by the colloquial name of "Van John." Quiet men, however, rarely gambled, confining themselves to whist for three-penny points. The game universally played was the popular one, club whist, five points to a game, counting honors.

LUXURIES OF MODERN RAILWAYS.

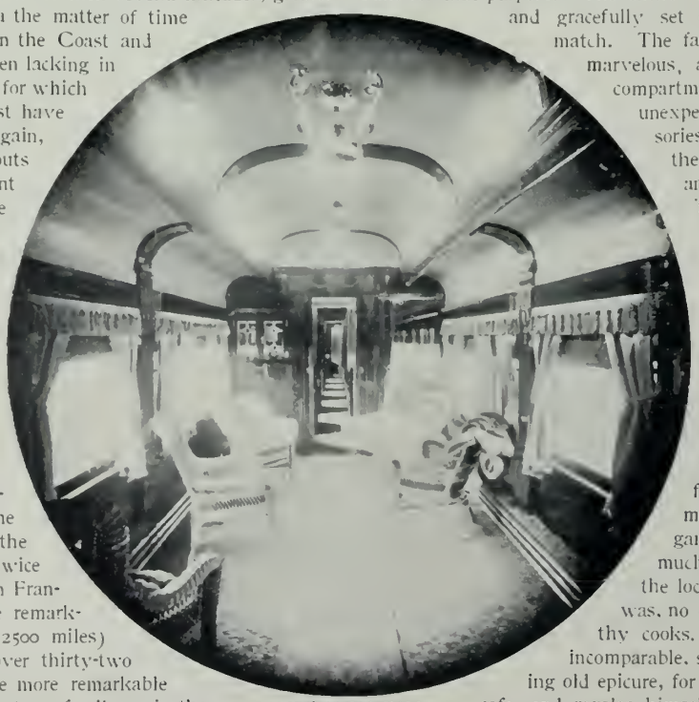
WILLIAM V. BRYAN.

OBSERVE, if you will, the evolution of modern railway travel, incorporating therein the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of the home, as well as the phenomenal development of speed, and you will admit it is unquestionably one of the most appreciated and most striking of the present decade. It is not necessary to retrospect beyond the past ten years in consideration of this subject, because the primal object up to that period was really more a question of rapid transit than of personal comfort, but as the element of competition, attendant upon the inauguration of rival lines between the same points, began to manifest itself, the natural result was the gradual adoption of improvements and the institution of better service, until to-day we have arrived as near perfection in some of our railway equipments as it would seem possible to reach. What Californian is there who cannot recall the old-time service from San Francisco to New York, made in the remarkable time, some years ago, of seven days, and who cannot remember the old "Silver Palace Sleeping Cars," owned and operated by the Central Pacific, which, at that time, seemed all their name implied? If the stupendous strides between the old and the new could have been made from yesterday to to-day, how impressive and astounding it would appear to us, and how marvelous the ingenuity displayed!

SMOKING PARLORS.

"SUNSET LIMITED" — FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH WHILE TRAVELING AT THE RATE OF FIFTY-THREE MILES AN HOUR.

Between the Pacific and Atlantic there are, properly speaking, seven distinct routes, embodying the various climatic conditions of their several latitudes, greater or less scenic advantages, and differences in the matter of time and distance. Heretofore, the journey between the Coast and the East, while hardly a tedious one, has been lacking in the elegance of equipment and general service for which several of the prominent railways in the East have been celebrated for many years. And then again, the uncertainty of snow blockades and washouts in the winter season, as well as the attendant severe weather, has made traveling by the northern routes anything but delightful. Only last season, therefore, the management of the Southern Pacific Company brought still more prominently to the traveling public their famous southern highway, the "Sunset Route," by the establishment of one of the finest trains in the world, appropriately termed "Sunset Limited." It was a solid vestibuled train leaving San Francisco and New Orleans once each week, greatly reducing the regular time between those points and affording every luxury that money could purchase. It was a phenomenal success from the start, so that for the present season of 1896 the "Sunset Limited" will leave New Orleans twice each week, Mondays and Thursdays, and San Francisco on Tuesdays and Saturdays, making the remarkable time between the two points (nearly 2500 miles) of seventy-seven hours, or an average of over thirty-two miles per hour including stops. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that there is no other system of railway in the world that runs a through train the distance covered by the "Sunset Limited."



LADIES' SOCIAL HALL.

On the westbound trip the initial point is the interesting and historic City of New Orleans, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, one of the great commercial centers of the South, and founded not far from two hundred years ago. It is a hybrid city, distinguished by the quaint picturesqueness of its older section, and the language, tastes, and customs of a large proportion of the inhabitants.

Crossing the Mississippi from New Orleans to Algiers, whereby an excellent view of the harbor and shipping may be had, the first view of the "Sunset Limited" bursts upon the gaze. Nor is this first impression disappointing, as is often the case. There stands the great engine modeled after the famous Columbian flyer, No. 999, puffing and snorting like the impatient hound ready for the chase, a splendid type of the modern locomotive; while, just behind it, stand the five cars comprising this wonderful "hotel on wheels." On boarding the "Sunset Limited" you are met on every hand by affable employees with smiling countenances, who direct you to your section, and indulge you in the hundred and one little fault-findings that the most congenial of us are prone to at the beginning of our journey.

The dining-car, like the balance of the train, is of the latest construction, and its interior fittings and tasty decorations remind one more of the gorgeous little cafes for which the City of New York is noted. Individual cushioned chairs, arranged without crowding, stand before the solid oak tables, which are as delightfully attractive as white linen, glassware, and silver can make them. Between each of the broad windows stand various assortments of tropical plants within little arched alcoves built for that purpose. The entire woodwork is of quartered oak, richly stained, and gracefully set off with festoons of expensive drapery to match. The facilities of the kitchen itself are something marvelous, and a visit therein, showing all the little compartments, cupboards, and lockers, in the most unexpected places, for storing the viands and accessories, is almost like the delightful revelations of the Harlequin as he bobs out of hidden traps and doors.

The dining service is deservedly one of the chief features of the "Sunset Limited." All meals are served *a la carte*, so that one can indulge his palate in proportion to the size of his purse, and the requirements of his stomach. An ample meal can be had at anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar, and some idea of the reasonable prices charged may be gained from the fact that the records of these cars show the average receipts per passenger to be considerably less than one dollar. A breakfast, consisting of fresh fruits, eggs, coffee, hot rolls, potatoes, etc., may be had for forty-five cents. All kinds of game in season are always on ice, even to the much abused "coon," which I one day espied in the locker, but it never appeared on the menu, and was, no doubt, the "old private stock "of the swarthy cooks. The cooking and tasty serving are really incomparable, so that altogether the most testy and exacting old epicure, for once, at least, finds his ideal in this superb cafe, and regales himself accordingly while the opportunity lasts.

But as the dining-car is the last one on the train, it may considered that I have put the cart before the horse in telling you something about it, but,

nevertheless, it is first in the element of interest and importance, and should naturally be accorded the prominence to which it is unquestionably entitled.

Four other cars complete the equipment. Just behind the locomotive is the composite car, consisting of a baggage-room, bathroom, barber-shop, sideboard, and a large gentlemen's smoking apartment, supplied with the most seductive easy chairs, elegantly upholstered. At one end is a complete escretoire, so adjusted as to reduce the oscillation as far as possible. Neat stationery is here provided, so that one can take the greatest comfort when he wishes to write a letter, or, more probably, his irrepressible encomiums on the delightful experiences of his journey. A full stocked library is likewise at hand, and is supplied with all the periodicals, pictorials, and daily papers. Not the least interesting feature of the smoking apartment is the little speed indicator, a small dial, which registers the exact rate of speed at which the train is traveling, and it is most interesting to watch the little indicator creep up from zero, as the train leaves a station, until it gradually points to fifty-five or sixty, and then you *are* traveling.

DINING CAR.

Behind the smoker we find the ladies' combined parlor and compartment car. Nothing similar or equal to this car has e v e r before been offered to the general public. At the forward end is a large, elaborately equipped drawing-room, built entirely for the comfort and sociability of the ladies, and where, for the first time, they are provided with the unexpected luxury of a magnificent social hall. This is furnished, like the gentlemen's smoker, with the various periodicals and writing-desk. Back of the social hall are seven state-rooms, which can be occupied singly or en suite. Each of them opens into a long aisle on one side of the car, and within are provided with communicating doors for use if necessary. Here again are exemplified the care and thoughtfulness, and indifference to cost, that are manifested throughout the entire train.

Every stateroom is absolutely complete in its own toilet facilities. The most minute details for personal comfort and convenience have not been lost sight of, even down to the little rack for the accommodation of umbrellas and canes. The windows are wide, giving a good view of the passing scenery; the woodwork and draperies are of the most expensive patterns, and the general privacy and coziness of the rooms are all that the most fastidious could desire. Another feature of this train is a "ladies' maid," a courteous little colored woman, whose sole duty is to cater to the wants of the occupants, and the fact that she is constantly on the go is some indication that this luxury is duly appreciated.

The other two cars are identical in general arrangement, each one a double drawing-room ten-section standard car, beautifully upholstered in fawn-colored plush with woodwork in harmony. They are two of the handsomest sleepers ever turned out of the Pullman shops.

It is next to impossible in a comparatively short article of this kind to do justice to such a magnificent conception as the "Sunset Limited." It cannot be appreciated until it is seen. One of its chief features is the new style of vestibule, by which two important improvements are made; namely, increased room on the platforms and imperviousness to dust. The doors leading from the cars to the steps are on a direct line with the outside of the cars, liberally windowed to permit of an unobstructed vision, and the points of connection between each car are so perfectly adjusted that the sifting of dust through the interstices is reduced to a minimum. With this arrangement a veritable observation room is formed by the juncture of the vestibules of each two cars, and forms the most delightful little "lovers' retreat" imaginable. The porters always have comfortable stools in readiness for this purpose, so that when you are ready to take your bridal tour and seek those charming little nooks, and invisible places, of course, you will not find the "Sunset Limited" lacking in the "necessaries" of that character.

On each platform you will notice what appears to be something like the steering apparatus on one of our modern ocean liners. It looks like it, because it is a large brass wheel with the customary spokes diverging from the circumference. On inquiry, I learned that it was the new style of car brake, easily managed, and affording so great a leverage that one or two turns would produce the same power as a dozen of the old style. At intervals along the route are special inspectors, whose duty it is to make a thorough examination of the entire running gear of the "Limited." Thus is every precaution taken against possible contingencies, so that you cannot but feel that you are honored by a special insurance while on this train. Throughout the entire train is used the well-known Pintsch system of illuminating. Each car carries its own plant, and can be lighted independently of the others. It furnishes a steady, brilliant flame, and adds greatly to the cheerfulness of the early evenings. Both hot and cold water are furnished at all the basins; a luxury that one enjoys on a cool morning or with a shave in the barber-shop. And, by the way, they have one of the best tonsorial artists I ever saw. He is the typical loquacious barber, but he understands his business for all that, and no more refreshing shave was ever administered under the electric lights of the Palace than is given by this genial professor. This is not all he does, though. He is baggage-man and train "doctor" as well. He doesn't know much about medicine, but he carries almost every variety of well-known drugs to cover all ordinary disquietudes. He knows where to find them, too, and with them printed instructions governing their use. Best of all, you are not charged a cent for any medicine you want. The Company carries this "emergency" box for the benefit of its patrons, and few are the ailments for which relief cannot be obtained through this assortment.

It requires four trains to conduct the service of the "Sunset Limited," three being in actual operation, and the fourth for emergencies in case of disability of any of the regular cars. Each train is in charge of a line conductor from the passenger department, and he is a sort of walking cyclopedia on the entire route. He answers questions all day long with the urbanity of a Chesterfield and the intelligence of a Bacon,

> And still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

You have often been asked, have you not, what was the most striking feature of any celebrated place that you have visited? There is always one particular point that stands out from all the others, no matter what you see or where you go. Do you want to know what impressed me more forcibly than any other on this superb palace on wheels with all its elegance, costliness, its comforts, and enjoyments? It was the uniform and unvarying courtesy and attention of its employees, from the barber to the cook. There seemed to be a personal pride among every one of them, as though the success of this splendid service rested wholly on the shoulders of each individual man employed on the "Limited."

INTERIOR OF SLEEPER. Tibbitts Photo.

To think, then, that this gorgeous equipage, this unequaled service, this delightful journey in a phenomenally short space of time, can be had, all without one cent extra charge. Nothing but the regular rate for a first-class ticket and for a Pullman berth is required to install you as a passenger on the finest caravansary that crosses the American continent to-day.

SANTA BARBARA.

H. EDWARDS.

NATURE, with fairylike prodigality, has heaped upon the City of Santa Barbara blessing upon blessing, favor upon favor, until she has become one of the best known and favorite watering-places on the Pacific Coast, and right well does she deserve this pre-eminence. By many pleasing soubriquets is she known, notably as "The Channel City," "El Pueblo de las Rosas," and "The Land of Perpetual Spring." Travelers of world-wide reputation and renown have outvied each other in publishing lavish praises of her in publications ranging from the modest pamphlet to the more ambitious magazine articles and histories of travel. The only comparison possible with any portion of Europe has been with the Riviera, Nice, and Mentone, and Naples, in Italy. When we stop to consider that the wealthy inhabitants of the whole of Northern Europe crowd to these resorts every season to escape the rigor of their winter, and bask in the glorious sunshine of Southern France and Italy, and enjoy the rest-laden breezes of the blue Mediterranean, and remember that visitors to Santa Barbara, well qualified to judge, speak enthusiastically of this spot in Southern California in comparison with them, we stand aghast at the possibilities the future holds for her, when the Easterner of wealth and leisure learns that it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to find the "land of summer" in those months when Jack Frost holds regal sway in the Atlantic and Middle States.

OLD BELLS, SANTA BARBARA MISSION. Edwards Photos

To the lover of romance what a halo surrounds the history of the old Californian Missions of the period when the mad race for wealth did not occupy the whole attention and energies of the people, when the natives lived a life of contentment and pleasure under the kindly rule of the Franciscan Padres. Alas, in 1821, when Mexico gained her independence, the order for the secularization of the missions went into effect, and the day of their decadence began.

The Mission of Santa Barbara was founded on the fourth day of December, 1786, the day on which the Roman Catholic Church celebrates the feast of Santa Barbara, virgin and martyr. The earlier church and mission buildings were so damaged by earthquake in December of 1812, as to necessitate tearing them down, the present mission building being commenced in 1815 and completed in 1820. It is kept in excellent repair, and the mission gardens are the delight of all visitors, who are cordially received by the Padres at stated hours each day. No visit to Santa Barbara is complete without inspecting the mission buildings and grounds.

Too much has been written and published about Santa Barbara as a winter resort. It should be distinctly understood she is an all-the-year-round resort. Strangers reading these reports naturally suppose it must be insufferably hot in summer, whilst such is not the case. Never cold in winter, neither is it unduly hot in summer, the average temperature being 72°. For ten years, H. D. Vail, Esq., has kept a record of highest and lowest temperatures, with the following results:

SANTA BARBARA MISSION, 1785.

1886,	22	days	above	80°;	17	below 40°.
1887,	26	"	"	"	24	" "
1888,	28	"	"	"	16	" "
1889,	29	"	"	"	12	" "
1890,	41	"	"	"	24	" "
1891,	36	"	"	"	11	" "
1892,	22	"	"	"	14	" "
1893,	19	"	"	"	16	" "
1894,	10	"	"	"	22	" "

There is hardly a night throughout the year when blankets are not needed as a bed covering. Such a thing as sleepless nights caused by undue heat, mosquitoes, and numerous other drawbacks of semi-tropical climes, are unknown here.

As a health resort for sufferers from consumption, bronchitis, asthma, and kindred complaints, she is strongly recommended by the medical faculty. As a city of homes, she towers above all competitors, the tourist of to-day, in many cases, becoming the resident of to-morrow. Many beautiful villas have been built by people of wealth and distinction, both here and at the charming suburb of Montecito. After traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, no lovelier spot could they find in which to pitch their tents and spend the balance of their days in ease, contentment, and enjoyment.

What varied pleasures are here to be found. Are your tastes nautical? Then get a yacht and sail the summer seas any and every month of the twelve. Do you wish an objective point for exploration? Then steer for the islands of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Anacapa, which nestle upon the bosom of the mighty Pacific, thirty miles away. Are you a disciple of Izaak Walton? Then get your rod and line and whip the mountain streams for the silvery trout, or lay in wait for the finny denizens of Father Neptune's domain from boat or wharf. Or do you prefer to wander over mountain passes and by devious trail on foot, or in the saddle, gun on shoulder, in search of game, among the canyons and recesses of the Santa Ynez Range? If so, here can your heart's desire be gratified. Do you wish for a glimpse of mountain, sea, and sky, equal to that of the mighty Alps? Then cross the range by stage and be amply rewarded.

But the chief charm we have forebore to mention until the last, is the wealth of flowers predominating everywhere. Well may she be known in the euphonious Spanish tongue, "el pueblo de las rosas," roses everywhere and all the time. In no month of the year are roses not in bloom, and were that all it would suffice for the lover of the beautiful, but Santa Barbara revels in all varieties of flowers. In her gardens are to be found the most bewildering mixtures—great beds of fragrant violets, hedges of brilliant geraniums, stately hollyhock, and other old-fashioned flowers dear to our New England progenitors, side by side with semi-tropical or tropical flowers, usually seen only near the Equator. Particularly glorious are the wild flowers, fields brilliant with eschscholtzias or California poppy, the emblem of our State, wild mustard growing in dense profusion and crowning with gold the hills and glades, numerous varieties of lilies, violets, bluebells, and many others too numerous for any but a botanist to mention. As a producer of lemons, oranges, olives, strawberries, walnuts, lima beans, and deciduous fruits, Santa Barbara has earned an enviable reputation.

In still another regard is Santa Barbara to be compared with Nice. She, too, has become famous for her annual "bataille des fleurs" and floral carnival. Each year in the month of April she presents a scene which vies in magnificence and splendor with the best pageants ever beheld at Nice, the scene being changed from the Promenade des Anglais to State Street, Santa Barbara. In the year 1891, General Harrison, then President of the United States, visited the Pacific Slope, and the first flower festival was given in his honor; and so great was its success and so favorable and wide reaching the reports sent out by the various correspondents in the presidential train, that public opinion demanded it be made an annual affair, and an association was formed of many of the leading citizens to undertake the management. Annually since that time has Santa Barbara added fresh laurels to her crown, each year's celebration being more artistic and drawing greater numbers of visitors than its predecessor. Next April three days will be devoted to the "Festival of Flowers"—the 15th, 16th, and 17th.

In catering to the demands of tourists, she possesses superb hotels for both the tourists and the commercial element. Communication with the outer world is maintained by railways connecting both with San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In conclusion, Santa Barbara possesses well-paved and well-lighted streets, a picturesque plaza, an ocean boulevard fringed with palms, splendid water and sewerage system, churches of all denominations, ample school facilities, and a press which is energetic and loyal to the best interests of the city. No visit to California will be complete without a visit to Santa Barbara, on the sea—el puebla de las rosas, the glorious land of perpetual spring.

SEA BATHING, SANTA BARBARA.

SAN LEANDRO LAKE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

Of the many popular drives in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, none has become more deservedly famous than that from Oakland to San Leandro, in the County of Alameda, and once the latter town is reached, Estudilla Avenue presents many tempting features to the cyclist and horseman. It is over a mile long and seems to penetrate the foothills; on either side giant locust-trees tower and interlace their branches overhead, forming a grateful shade in summer and a peculiar lace-like canopy in winter.

The continuation of this avenue takes you up a rounded hill onto what is known as the "high road" it is a public thoroughfare—while the descending road leads you to a barred gate, through which you cannot pass without a permit, for reasons which will be given presently. At the end of another mile you will come to scenery that will call forth exclamations of surprise and delight. The road follows the contour of the heavily wooded slopes high above the rippling waters of San Leandro Lake, that lies in the embrace of its encircling hills securely screened from the world. Spicy odors greet the nostrils; delicate wild flowers peep forth from snarls of blackberry vines, and bunches of dainty ferns are half hidden under shelving rocks or piles of leaf mold. At every turn new beauties are revealed or wonderful mechanical effects meet the eye and make one pause to note the accomplishments of man in bringing into subjection to his necessities the handiwork of Nature. This body of water, known also as Lake Chabot, was formed by damming the San Leandro Creek Canyon. It is owned by the Contra Costa Water Company, of Oakland, and is the principal source of the water supply of San Leandro, Oakland, the several villages along its pipe line, and a portion of Berkeley. It lies about nine miles east of the City of Oakland, and is an irregular-shaped sheet of water about five and a quarter miles long and half a mile in width at its widest part. The canyon is very picturesque; the San Leandro Creek once meandered through it under swaying willows, bending alders and spicy laurels, and here and there in its winding course were deep pools, which the boys of the adjacent village utilized as "swimming holes," while hundreds of cattle roamed at will over the hillsides.

The Contra Costa Company had been supplying the City of Oakland from Temescal Lake, which lies high among the foothills, back of Temescal, at an altitude of 437 feet above city base, and which is still used to serve the residents of the higher ground; it is about a mile and a half in length, with a capacity of only 300,000,000 gallons, which, being insufficient to supply the demand, work was commenced on the San Leandro Creek in 1874. A year of constant labor was required to clear those portions of the hillsides which would be below the water line of all brush and vegetation, and to excavate the creek to bed rock.

The dam is constructed entirely of selected material brought from various localities, though it is mostly of a peculiar kind of clay. Four hundred teams were in use at one time during its construction, and when, three years ago, ten feet were added to the height of the dam, a string of forty horses was used in "puddling." It is now 120 feet in height, 473 feet long, 1800 feet in width at the base, and 50 feet wide on top, with a surface that is wonderfully smooth and hard. The inner wall is lined with cement, and all the buttresses and retaining walls are of the finest stone or cement. The most wonderful feature about this dam is the fact that there is absolutely no seepage. Nature has been copied as closely as possible in the whole undertaking, and this enhances the charm to the visitor.

The lake has a capacity of 60,000,000,000 gallons, and, during the summer, as high as 15,000,000 gallons a day have been consumed. The Company owns 5900 acres of watershed, their land extending up the creek for eight miles on both sides, and in all this area there is but one resident, who lives near the upper end of the lake, and whose duty it is to see that the water is not polluted and to prevent trespassing.

During the winter the water pours down the slopes in torrents, and the little creeks carry roaring floods to swell the contents of the lake; then the splendid system of wasteways and discharge tunnels is called into use. One tunnel alone discharges 90,000,000 gallons an hour. It is 10 feet in diameter and 1480 feet in length. The capacity of the other two tunnels is, respectively, 50,000,000 and 55,000,000 gallons an hour: the wasteway can carry off 160,000,000 gallons in an hour.

Marshall Photo.

SAN LEANDRO LAKE AND GATEWAYS.

When it is known that these tunnels are lined with brick laid in hydraulic cement, and that the wasteway is solid stone and cement, it will be seen that there is no possibility of the dam giving way by a rush of water, even if its perfectly scientific construction did not render such an idea preposterous. As an additional but not necessary precaution, a certain amount of water is allowed to flow through the waste-gate, constantly, during the winter season, and the lake is kept lower than in the summer time in order to render it absolutely certain that even an extraordinary freshet could be handled, but in the late spring, when all danger from floods is past, it is filled to high-water mark.

The supply pipe is laid in a tunnel until it reaches the open country, from whence a 37½-inch main conveys the fluid on its way. Tunnels designated as Nos. 1 and 2 are also arranged so that, in case of necessity, they can be used for the supply. The flow is regulated by means of valves operated from the surface. The water runs through screens (which catch the algæ, and other deleterious substances) into huge connecting aerating basins, the smaller of which has a capacity of 950,000 gallons, and the larger of 1,500,000 gallons. Both of these basins are used in the summer, but in winter one is considered sufficient to thoroughly aerate the water.

In the filtering house, twelve Hyatt filtering cylinders are in use, and it is rather surprising to compare the water from one of the filters with that taken from the pipe before it passes into the cylinder. The filtered liquid partakes of the brilliancy of a diamond, so clear and sparkling is it, while the unfiltered water has rather a cloudy appearance, though if it is held to the light, apart from the other, it, too, seems clear and pure.

A number of whitehall boats and a fine steam launch are kept on the lake for the use of the Company's officers, or those who are fortunate enough to secure permission to use them. It is the fault of the people themselves that they are deprived of the pleasures to be derived from the proximity of so beautiful a sheet of water to the Bay cities. A strong fence, reinforced by barbed wire, encircles the Company's property. The reason for this is obvious. Formerly visitors to the lake were made welcome, and permission was freely extended to picnic and camping parties to use the gentle slopes for outings, but this permission was not received as a favor; the water was contaminated by refuse thrown into it, or scattered about by careless hands, so that the winds spread it broadcast. Even the grand old oaks that have stood for, it may be, centuries, were defaced, or, as has happened, wholly destroyed; fish were caught also and thrown on the bank to decay, and so it was found absolutely necessary to protect the property and forbid entrance to the premises, except by permit, and even this has not proved efficacious. The lake has been well stocked with several varieties of trout, the last consignment being a lot of 18,000 received from the State hatchery of Nevada three years ago. Not long since, three permits were issued, one Sunday, to parties who professed a desire to secure a few fish, but who carried away as "trophies of their skill" 150 trout. The fish ascend the creeks beyond the Company's territory, during high water, and are there caught by hundreds. In consequence of these depredations the stock becomes depleted and the trout extremely wary.

SALMON "JAGGING."

There are other means than the fly and rod of obtaining salmon, but they are resorted to mostly by Indians, and unscientific fishermen, who care more for spoils than sport. One of these is called "jagging." The writer, with several others, while camping near a stream, was invited one day by a countryman to see the *modus operandi*. The whole camp repaired to the side of one of the deep pools. The countryman waded the boiling ripples at its head; the other side being reached he seated himself on a high rock, and holding a young sappling in his hand for a pole, cast his well-blackened and stout line into the pool. On it were four very large hooks and a heavy sinker. On our side of the river a boy with sacks full of stones stood ready, and from time to time, threw into the stream, now to the right, again to the left, and often in the middle. The poor bewildered fish rushed madly about. The fisherman seemed to feel them by instinct against his invisible line, and giving a skillful turn of the hand he managed (it must be confessed by pure accident) to *actually tie the line around the tail of a grilse.* This was quickly landed, and found to weigh five pounds. The real jagging then began. The countryman soon felt a large salmon against his line, gave a jag, and a magnificent twenty-five pounder was pierced in the side. A blow on the head with a stick quickly finished him.

His, Hat and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

One of the prettiest customs enforced by etiquette is that of a gentleman acknowledging a lady's recognition of him by lifting his hat when he passes her on the street, but the rule should have an exception when the wearer of the hat happens to be on a bicycle. To release the handle-bar, even for an instant, may result fatally for a rider if he be making his way along any of our crowded thoroughfares. To avoid the dangers of collision, to escape being run down or run over, to maintain equilibrium while bouncing over our villainous cobbles, require constant alertness and a steady grasp of the machine. Accustomed from childhood to the lifting of his hat when he meets a feminine acquaintance, the man on a bicycle imagines that he has violated a mark of respect if he fails to do it under any and all circumstances. Since the bicycle has apparently come to stay, why should there not be a law—written or unwritten it matters not, so that it be understood—exempting the cyclist from the hat-raising act? Personally, I would entreat each of my masculine friends awheel to bestow upon me only the light of his countenance in passing. It is positively alarming to me to see a strong right arm go hatward in my behalf, and I involuntarily prepare to rescue the reckless rider from the gutter, whither his politeness is very apt to send him. Friends, countrymen, lend me your smiles, but hold onto the handle-bar for dear life, lest I unwittingly be accessory to the crime of your bodily destruction.

The clock struck twelve on the mantel shelf,
As he glanced in the mirror at himself.

His forehead was certainly growing high;
Strange how the wrinkles would multiply!

"It is really time I was settling down,"
He said, with a self-accusing frown.

"No more will I bet on a racetrack steed,
Or puff at the fragrant but costly weed.

"I'll go to bed early, stop swearing—in brief,
I intend to turn over a bright new leaf."

The clock tick-ticked at a steady pace,
A cynical smile on its time-worn face,

As it said to itself, "Queer things, these men—
He is telling the annual lie again!"

A man in Oklahoma, who took his wife's name when he married her, is now suing for divorce with the privilege of resuming his bachelor cognomen.

A local merchant was asked by his clerk for a raise of salary. "Why do you want more pay?" queried he. "Because I am worth more than I am getting," replied the clerk. "You really think so?" inquired the merchant. "Why, I not only think so—I know it. I am necessary to your business; in fact you can't get along without me." "Can't get along without you," repeated the merchant, thoughtfully; "what should I do if you were to die?" "Oh, in that case," the clerk answered, "you would have to get along without me." "Well," responded his employer, quietly, "you will please consider yourself dead from now henceforth."

"Really," said the Bride, as she passed the cracker jar to her caller, "it was the lamp that did it."

The Unmarried Girl, forgetting that it is not good form to betray surprise even though your best friend runs away with the ashman, laid her teacup down suddenly and regarded her hostess with eyes that suggested two whole saucerfuls of interrogation points.

"The lamp?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Yes," responded the Bride, cheerfully. "Have another lump of sugar, dear, and take my advice at the same time. Buy a banquet lamp, a nice large one with a handsome silk shade all ruffled and daintily edged with lace. Be sure to select the color most becoming to your complexion in the evening. Then, when what-ever-his-name-is calls, find out what kind of reading he likes best. If he has no preferences, read him anything; the result will be the same. My word for it, a man likes above all things to see a girl look cozy and domestic, and it takes a delicately draped lamp and somebody in a rocker to set him thinking about cottages built for two. Men themselves don't realize the power of inanimate things. I doubt if Charlie would have fallen in love with me without the magic influence of a lamp. Talk about Aladdin's! The nineteenth century illuminator is miles ahead of it. Gas jets are so very trying. A lamp is a girl's best friend—a matrimonial agency all by itself. No investment pays larger dividends of happiness."

But a bevy of other callers arrived and the Unmarried Girl took her departure, looking unusually thoughtful. She did not go directly home. And later in the day a large package, right side up with care, was delivered at her door.

An outcry is being made against the ugliness of pianos as articles of furniture, and possessors of the unwieldly instrument are devising ways to conceal its angles. The main solicitude of most people is not so much how to beautify a piano, but how to get it.

Unless the prospective husband of a New Woman can, without fear or misgiving, manfully stand up and promise in unfaltering tones to love, honor and obey, his marriage will be a failure.

A certain "hotel" in Stockton advertises a square meal for five cents and a night's lodging for a dime. Therefore, if the "guest" indulges in three of these four-cornered repasts daily, his living expenses will amount to seven and one-half dollars per month. Times have indeed changed since the days of '49, when eggs were worth a dollar apiece and a sack of flour sold for fifty dollars.

Alas, that the divine Paderewski, who comes to us this month, should be a poker player! It is said that he is improving in this guileless pastime, and that recently, after four hours of hard work, he rose from the table just $4.50 ahead. Considering that his concert services are estimated at $5000 per hour, his little diversion must have cost the great man $20,000 minus $4.50.

It occurred across the bay and it does not speak well for the perspicacity of Oakland hack drivers. Besides, it delayed a wedding fully three quarters of an hour. This was the way of it. A carriage had been sent for the minister and his wife and they were en route to their destination when the harness parted company with itself somewhere, and the driver got down from his box to repair the damages. Now it isn't the safest thing in the world to sit calmly inside a closed conveyance on a dark night while the driver is experimenting with breaks in a harness. At least, so reasoned the pastor and his better half, who prudently alighted and awaited developments. Imagine their consternation when the driver, who was disgusted at the delay and wanted to make up for lost time, climbed to the box, seized the reins and dashed off into the gloom, the rattle of wheels reverberating through the muddy, lonely streets, quite drowning out the expostulations of the side-tracked passengers. He drew up at the gate with foaming steeds, leaped to the ground and threw open the carriage door. When he saw that the ministerial bird and his mate had flown—been spilled by the wayside—lost—strayed—stolen, his face was a study for a camera artist. Meanwhile, the deserted passengers walked through a lively shower to shelter and telephoned for another carriage and a driver with eyes.

The sky-scraping collar affected by the ultra-fashionable youth of to-day could easily be turned into a money-making contrivance that might yield its wearer a good revenue, so the suggestion is herewith submitted. Rent your starched collar, young man, at space rates correspondingly stiff, to advertisers at so much per inch. Its expansive surface might just as well as not be utilized to your profit. What more conspicuous advertising medium could one find than the Kearny and Market Street dude? He is truly "the cynosure of all eyes" as he struts or ambles, according to his preferred gait, along the pavement. One cannot help seeing him, any more than one can help wondering why he was born. As a peripatetic poster he would, at least, have some excuse for his existence.

"Pray tell me, why does true love lend
A charm to prose and poetry?"
I asked this question of my friend
And thus straightway he answered me:
"Because it brightens life!" said he.

I questioned yet another friend,
This time a woman, fair to see.
"Does love to make life brighter tend?"
She blushed, but answered earnestly—
"Why, love is life itself!" said she.

Why is it that writers are so prone to revel in gloom and despair when preparing their holiday "specials"? The average Christmas number almost invariably has its quota of the tragic, the pitiful, and the consummately awful. In fact, unless a Christmas number sends the shivers up and down the reader's vertebræ; unless it is strongly tinctured with woe; unless it reminds us that we live in a vale of tears and that "'sdeath!" is lurking at our elbows, it cannot really be called a success. The fault, however, if fault it be, lies not with the writers. That which is dramatic, pathetic, and weird finds a ready sale if well written, and authors must live. It is, after all, the demand that creates the Christmas supply.

No one need now be deterred from traveling on account of scarce funds. A railroad advertises that it will take passengers from San Francisco to Chicago without change.

The San Francisco pedler of perishable articles is nothing if not ingenious. Nowadays when he gains the ear of the housewife he unfolds a new tale to awaken her interest in his wares. If he be a potato merchant he assures her that his entire wagon load was grown on his own particular ranch and dug by himself. If eggs be the commodity offered, he pictures in glowing terms the hennery that he owns in Marin or some other adjacent county, where he avers those eggs were laid that very morning. If vegetables, then his private gardens furnished them. A careful estimate and comparison of notes inclines one to the belief that every pedler in town has become a landlord and that the peregrinating vender of life-sustaining edibles is only an orchardist in disguise.

Somebody with more sentiment than sense has written some very pretty verses, which are living a brief newspaper day, concerning poverty and love, in which the sharing-a-crust picture is beautifully drawn. In the abstract, and as a theory, this is all well enough, but as every day philosophy it might—as a permanent arrangement—pall somewhat upon the palate and the sensibilities of the poet in question, who, as it happens, is a person in extremely comfortable circumstances. It is undeniably disturbing to love's young or middle-aged dream to have the butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker banging impatiently at the back door; to answer, empty-handed, the rent-collector's imperative ring, and to encounter the coal man's haughty stare. No, poverty is not, never has been, and never will be, beautiful. It is one of the saddest body and soul destroyers upon this green earth.

They quarreled. Lovers often do, you know.
She drew the diamond circlet from her hand.
Why trifling things should disconcert them so,
Should change their bliss to temporary wo,
I fail to understand.

They quarreled. Lovers are so queer! They lack
Calm logic. "All is over," she confessed;
And yet the instant that he turned his back
I heard her quite distinctly whisper, "Jack!"
Can you not guess the rest?

The writer who, in an Eastern paper, asserts that one dozen towels should be used by each person weekly, would probably faint dead away upon being introduced to a printing-office towel.

The passing of the pinafore marks an era in juvenile history. Time has been when the height of infantile respectability could only be reached by the pinafore route. The wee woman who would maintain herself in the very front ranks of juvenile aristocracy was compelled to sit wretchedly upright on a chair, encased in a starched strait-jacket, called by courtesy an apron. The more uncomfortable she, the more immaculate her pinafore, the better were her chances of being called "a little lady." Is it any wonder that she grew up crushed in spirit, wishing that she were a boy? Boyhood meant freedom. Pinafores meant captivity. But out on Washington Street is a merry quartet who wouldn't for the world be boys. These little women (the eldest is only nine) have solved the dress reform problem to their entire satisfaction. They rusticate in overalls.

Fancy a house with four small girls in it and not a starched apron from garret to cellar! Think of being absolutely free to burrow in the ground all day without spoiling any dry goods; to fearlessly indulge one's affinity for dirt. And oh, rapture, to make a whole bakery full of mud pies without a single "don't" hurled at one in warning, maternal tones from the doorstep!

When these four little maids, who are the daughters of Professor Harry B. Pasmore, go down to spend the summer at the beautiful home of their grandmother, Mrs. M. O. Stanton, the scientist, in Santa Cruz County, they leave all traces of finery behind them, including shoes. Then their sensible little mother sends them afield. Later in the season they come back to town—and to gown—as healthy as children can be. Overalls as summer wardrobes are a great success.

Of course they have dainty frocks at home. When they "appear" in public you would never dream that for a third of the twelve-month they scamper like squirrels up and down the broad acres of "The Heights."

Mary, the eldest, is a wonderfully clever violinist. Susie plays the piano, Dorothy is a six-year-old 'cello artist, and Harriet dances like a three-year-old fairy. Their musical ability is inherited. As for their rosy cheeks and chubby chins, it is more than likely that these can be traced directly to four abbreviated pairs of brown overalls.

ITEMS.

In the current issue of THE TRAVELER will be found an illustrated article of that incomparable train, the "Sunset Limited," running between New Orleans and San Francisco.

It seems proper in this connection to state that tourists stopping at New Orleans will find there one of the finest hotels in the country, in the shape of the "Grunewald." It enjoys a central location, and up to date in every respect, and is unquestionably the best hotel at which to stop during a sojourn in this very interesting city, where the cafe is one of its main features, and is most admirably conducted.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Redlands people will soon enjoy the privilege of gazing on a new tourist hotel which will adorn one of the most conspicuous elevations in the vicinity of that flourishing little city. Some time ago, Colonel Richie, for over a year past proprietor of the Arlington Hotel at Riverside, offered to construct a new hotel in Redlands if the citizens would raise a certain portion of the money, something like twenty thousand dollars. This was forthwith done, and the work is now so well under way that the owner expects to have the building completed by about the twentieth of February.

Human ingenuity is nowhere more conspicuously exhibited than it is in the vast variety of shapes and styles in which hats and caps are manufactured. At the first blush it might seem as though this inventive and constructive genius could be applied to a more useful purpose. Reflection, however, dissipates this critical theory. Not one of the animate or inanimate objects of which the world is composed can be made too graceful or beautiful—certainly man cannot. And nothing so makes a guy of a man as a hat which, in shape and appearance, is unsuited to his physique. Hence the necessity of the vast variety of shapes which one finds in a well-appointed store like that of C. Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street, where a whole building is devoted to the manufacture and sale of men's headgear.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The recent changes at the Brown Palace, Denver—the moving of the dining-room to the ground floor, the opening of a first-class restaurant and cafe in connection, and the converting of the old dining-room on the eighth floor into a beautiful ballroom—have been pronounced by all a great improvement. The restaurant and cafe have been largely patronized, both by the traveling public and citizens of Denver, and although the doors have only been open about a month, there is no doubt in the minds of the management, or their patrons, regarding the wisdom of the change.

The Hotel Ramona, at San Luis Obispo, is now under the management of Messrs. Jack & Johnson, both wide and favorably known. Mr. Jack is a prominent banker and capitalist of San Luis Obispo County, and Mr. Johnson is Superintendent of the Pacific Coast Railway Company. This is a splendid combination and ought to insure the success of this splendid caravansary. It comprises two hundred rooms, single and *en suite*, baths, etc., and the rates are only $2.50 per day and upwards. Special attention is paid to the commercial trade. Those going to San Luis Obispo will find the Ramona the very best hotel in the town.

NEW GOLD.

MY "CLOTH OF GOLD."

O but the wind is keen,
And the sky is dull as lead!
If only leaves were brown,
Were only withered and dead,
Perhaps I might not frown,
However the storm might beat;
But to see their delicate green
Tossing in wind and rain,
Whirling in lane and street,
Trampled in mud and dirt—
Alive to the winter pain,
To the sting and the hurt!

I wish they all were hid
In a fleecy coverlid;
I wish I could bury the rose
Under the Northern snows,
And make the land take off
The purple and red and buff,
And flamy tints that please
Her tropical Spanish taste,
And mantle her shapeliness,
Just once, in the delicate dress
Of her sisters, fairer faced,
Over the seas.

If but for a single day,
This vivid, incessant green
Might vanish quite away,
And never a leaf be seen;
And woods be brown and sere,
And flowers disappear;
If only I might not see,
Forever, the fruit on the tree,
The rose on its stem!
For spring is sweet, and summer
Ever a blithe newcomer—
But one tires even of them!

You were pleasant to behold,
When days were warm and bland,
My beautiful "Cloth of Gold,"
My rose of roses, nursed
With careful, patient hand;
So sunny and content,
With butterflies about you,
And bees that came and went,
And could not do without you;
But better to die at first,
With the earliest blossom born,
Than to live, so crumpled and torn,
So dripping and forlorn.

Better that you should be
Safe housed, and asleep,
Under the tough brown bark,
Like your kindred over the sea;
Nor know if the day be drear,
Nor heed if the sky be dark,
If it rain or snow,
But ah! to be captive here,
The live-long, dragging year,
To the skies that smile and weep;
The skies that thrill and woo you,
That torture and undo you,
That lure and hold you so,
And will not let you go!

Lines Suggested in Passing Through The Royal Gorge. Written for "The Traveler" by Margaret Grant Wallace.

Giants stupendous in your awful height!
Great watchmen of the canyon's mysteries,
Stationed along its prehistoric walls;
I stand appalled beneath your mightiness,
Waiting, resigned, for ye to bend and crush
This helpless body, that my soul may fly
In rapture, to behold with ecstasy
The God that fashioned ye from nothingness!
Ye yield not! And I pass along and laugh
Aloud, until your echoing caverns ring
And mock me for my one presumptuous thought
That such as ye would e'er descend from heights
So grand, to smite my insignificance.
Silent I gaze, enwrapt in wonderment,
Perplexed to fathom if 'tis rapturous pain
Or gruesome pleasure that bestirs my soul,
As I behold ye, lofty, cold, sublime!

A sudden sound of merry, tinkling rills,
And lo, unheralded by noise of drums,
Yet queen of flowery vale and swelling hills,
January comes!

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE! Lamb Photo.

No one has quite as many ups and downs in life as the elevator boy.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible you are making bread without having washed your hands!

New Kitchen Maid—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

There is only one thing that is said to be worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech: that is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

Mrs. Hiram—And have you any references?

Applicant—No, mum; Oi tored 'em up!

Mrs. Hiram (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish!

Applicant—Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em!

"Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you'd decide a bet. Mr. Johnson says it is only five hundred feet from here to the beach, and I say it's one thousand."

"Well," said the diplomatic Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It's about five hundred of Johnson's feet, and a thousand of yours."

Mr. Flathouse—What did you kick me under the table for when I asked Georgeleigh to have some more turtle?

Mrs. Flathouse (severely)—For two reasons: there was not much turtle; and, not being a skirt dancer, I couldn't kick over it.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted: "Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spencers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery, "All dead."

Little Boy—Dr. Knowitt says that peoples most always eat too much.

Mother—I presume that is true.

Little Boy—Well, if peoples would jus' let their childrens eat all they wants to, there wouldn't be so much left for the peoples to eat theirselves.

A little girl, who was an unnoticed listener at dinner the other day, suddenly piped up with:

"Mamma, is everybody wicked?"

"Why, no, my child, of course not," answered her mother. "Why did you ask such a question as that?"

"Because you haven't said a nice thing about anybody to-day."

The meal was finished in silence.

When the lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" there was a dead silence. "And has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up and answered, "There was one; I've often heard of her, but she's dead now; she was my husband's first wife."

Customer (reading a newspaper)—Here, I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Landlord—Indeed! What do they say about you?

Customer (reading aloud)—At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,421 inhabitants. I am one of the lot.

"I believe Wenlock is terribly afraid of burglars."

"That is so; he even bolts his food."

"Absent-minded man, that fellow Swellfront!"

"Yes?"

"By Jove! I caught him the other day actually flirting with his wife."

Green—Did you see Jones when he came in from fishing?

Brown—Yes, I was close to the boat.

Green—Were there any fish lying about him?

Brown—No, Jones was lying about the fish.

GOLD LACK

THE LEADING FINE CHAMPAGNE OF EUROPE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

GOLD LACK

WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED.

CABINET GREEN SEAL.

This favorite and well-known wine is admirably adapted for banquets and festive gatherings.

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Sole Agents.

314 SACRAMENTO STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan, $2.50 per day upward. ***Darmody & Schaffer,*** Props.

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 110 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit.
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WHEN TO MARRY.

MARY J. HOLMES.

BUT few subjects have been so often discussed and written about as "At what age shall our girls and boys marry?" Perhaps the only rational answer to the vexed question is that given by some author whose name I do not now recall. "Show me the girl," was her brief comment, and, in a way, that covers the whole ground. Show me the girl and the boy; let me know something of their tastes, their dispositions, their habits, their ideas of life, and the manner in which they have been reared, for these are of far more importance than the respective ages of the parties. A girl who looks upon her mother as a household drudge of whom she is ashamed, who dawdles through the morning in a Mother Hubbard and crimping-pins, and runs to hide if there is a ring at the door, who spends the afternoon in gossip and the evening in flirting, is not fit to be a wife, whether she be sixteen or thirty. The chances are that the girl of sixteen will make the better wife of the two, for as the twig is more easily bent than the shrub, so the habits of sixteen are, generally more easily changed than those of longer growth.

For many disastrous and unhappy marriages the mothers are as much to blame as the daughters, who so often enter the matrimonial state without a thought of what that state involves, or that as much will be required of them as of the husbands they have chosen. How many mothers of the present day teach their daughters that marriage means far more than the feverish excitement of the grand wedding and the elaborate trousseau, which shall outdo the trousseau and wedding of some rival, and that from the sacred relations of man and wife will emanate influences for good or bad, which will go on from strength to strength unti they beat against the shore of eternity's vast sea. I do not mean to be unjust to my own sex, and I believe there are quite as many good wives as husbands; but I also believe that more girls than boys marry with mistaken ideas of what will be expected from them. But, as I knew I should do in the beginning, I have wandered away from the question—when to marry.

Never, most decidedly, for the girl who, as an acquaintance of mine once said, intends to do nothing "but sit in a rocking-chair and eat molasses candy"; and never for the young man who has no right principle to guide him, no habits of industry and thrift, and no deeper feeling for the girl he marries than that inspired by passion or a pretty face, which will fade so soon. But to the pure young girl who looks upon the marriage state as something sacred and not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, and to the pure young man who respects all womanhood, and who means what he says when he promises to love and comfort and honor his bride so long as they both shall live, I say most emphatically, marry young, before the formation of habits and tastes and opinions which you will find difficult to change, and which must be changed if the matrimonial wheels run smoothly. Marry, and in one sense, grow up together, laying aside self as far as possible, conforming each to the wishes of the other, remembering always that he or she who gives up the most gains the greatest victory.

And just here let me repeat an anecdote of a wife of a few months, who, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband, which ought to give up first, the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man? With a smile and a kiss, the wife replied:

"Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the most."

Brave words these and true, and recalled with bitter tears by the husband, who, within less than a year, stood by the grave of the young girl-wife, who had loved the most.

It is, I think, an erroneous idea that early marriages are a hindrance rather than a help to the success in life and the mental development and happiness of the parties. That this is sometimes the case is true, but I believe that more young men, and girls, too, have been saved from ruin and wretchedness by an early marriage than have been ruined by it. There is something inspiriting and ennobling in the possession of a home and a family to work for and beautify, and if the girl and boy are poor, I should still say, marry young and work together for the home and the competence, which will be all the more enjoyable because they are the result of toil and self-denial.

"All that I am worth and all the good there is in me I owe to my wife," is the verdict of many a happy husband, who, had he married later, would never have known the joy there is in toil and self-denial when shared with another for a common purpose, or the keen enjoyment of a pleasure which has been honestly earned.

Said a friend of mine to whom I was speaking of the article I was going to write, "Oh, take the side of early marriages and tell them of my sister who was married so young and is so much a girl, although she has a son much taller than herself."

MT. SHASTA IN WINTERTIME

And what prettier sight is there than that of a mother, wedded in early youth and surrounded by her grown-up children, who are proud that she is mistaken for their sister, she is still so young and fair with the beauty which comes to a restful middle age, when the hardships of life are left behind?

That there are many happy marriages late in life I know, but I think they are often contracted on purely business principles. A man who has outlived the period when poverty seemed sweet if shared with the girl he loved wants money, and he marries the woman who can give it to him; while the woman who has outlived the freshness of her youth finds herself, in one sense, alone, or she wants money or position or a home, or to escape from the one she has, and she marries from necessity rather than choice, sometimes finding happiness, but oftener the contrary. I believe, too, that there are as many mistakes made between twenty-five and thirty-five as between eighteen and twenty-five; and as I write, my thoughts go back to the far-off grave of one who, after a brief dream of happiness, had awakened to find her life empty of everything which she prized the highest. Between herself and her husband there was no sentiment in common, nor was one possible. He had his ideas and she had hers, and both were as widely apart as the poles. In contrast to this is the case of another friend who was married at thirty-nine to a man about her own age, and who was, and is still, as happy as was ever a bride of twenty.

And so one might go on citing instance after instance on both sides of the question, and the world would be none the wiser, for although sermons may be preached and volumes written upon the subject, our young people will still marry when they please.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HUMMING-BIRD.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

I am a little orphan humming-bird, and my name is Chip. My eyes first opened on this big, strange world in a tall pine-tree on the slope of a snowy peak they call Mt. Shasta, and I lived happily in the nest with my little twin brother until one dreadful day when I tried to fly. Then, the next thing I knew, I was fluttering about on the cold, hard ground, with no kind mother near to help me. How long I stayed there I cannot tell, but after a while my constant peeping attracted the attention of some city people who were living in tents near by, and they picked me up and carried me back to the camp. Here I was very kindly treated, being fed and petted to my heart's content, all of which helped me to become used to my new surroundings.

Then, one July evening, I was carefully packed away in an empty candy-box, with holes in the lid to let in the air, and taken on board of the "Oregon Express," a great, shrieking, smoking train, with so many lights in the windows that it looked just like a giant spangled caterpillar. How we did rush over the lonely country all through that long, dark night! I was nearly scared to death, and never slept a single wink.

But the next morning, after we had reached our journey's end, and I had rested quietly in a sunny window, I drank up sugar-syrup with my long tongue for several minutes without stopping.

Every one was very kind to me, but I pined for the woods and hills and my old home in the nest. So, as I continued to mope, and lost my appetite, my mistress took me on the cars to a bird store in order to get some advice about me. The place was full of noisy parrots and squawking cockatoos, and my head buzzed so badly that I was thankful to get out again into the fresh morning air.

My next adventure was having my picture taken in a real photograph gallery. I did my very best to "look pleasant," but I was so cold and frightened that I couldn't keep still, and the portrait turned out a failure.

I perch all day on the edge of my little wicker basket, and go fast asleep every night at half-past six. There is a small toy chicken, with bright yellow feathers, that is placed up against me at bedtime, and I cuddle close beside it till I wake up at eight o'clock in the morning.

I watch the other birds out of the window, and oh, how hard I try to fly too! Yesterday somebody said that if I ever grow strong enough to look out for myself, that I should be set free in the garden among the beautiful flowers to sip the honey out of their dainty cups, and to hum all day in the sunshine.

But if that happy time ever arrives, I will come back quite often to visit my faithful friends in the parlor; for I do not forget that but for them I might have been left to die of hunger or be eaten by some cruel snake or bluejay in the far-off Sierra forest. So you see that we little fellows have our trials and tribulations, but are denied the consolation of imparting them.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AT THE SPRINGS.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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OUR PRIZE OFFER.

THE attention of our readers is respectfully called to the announcement at the top of the opposite page, wherein we ask the opinions of those interested governing the conduct of THE TRAVELER. This notice appeared in our January issue, and is inserted once more because of the replies that have been received from many of our Eastern friends, and which arrived too late to give them a fair consideration in time to announce the decision in this issue. The contest will therefore remain open until February 17th, and all criticisms received up to and including that date will have equal chances with those already forwarded. We should be very glad, indeed, to have any of our readers favor us with their ideas on the subjects submitted, and, as stated in the announcment, do not hesitate to criticize us as severely as your judgment may deem just and fair.

FROM statistics recently gathered by the Internal Revenue Bureau, some interesting and striking facts are secured concerning the manufacture of beer. It is shown that there are about seventy thousand breweries in the world. Out of this number 30,000 are located in Germany; Great Britain follows with 18,000, and then the United States with 5,000. Comparing these figures with the respective populations of these three countries, we find that in Germany there is one brewery to every 1,666 persons; in Great Britain one to every 2,111; and in our own country one to every 13,000 persons; from which it will be seen that we are not such heavy beer drinkers by a large percentage as our brethren across the waters. Further, it is one of the peculiarities of the beer business that the production and the consumption of beer in each country are substantially the same. There is very little commerce in beer. Only one country, Germany, brews more beer than it consumes, and the exports are comparatively nominal. Only one country consumes more beer than it produces, and that is France.

A RECENT case in southern Illinois has brought up an interesting question in connection with the rights of passengers to choose their routes of traveling. It has long been a disputed question as to whether shippers possessed the right of direction as to the lines employed in transporting freight, but

OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS.

it has been commonly understood that a passenger, being able to move of his own volition, could go where he pleased. The case in question was brought by a passenger who purchased a ticket at Buffalo, via the Lake Shore and Big Four Roads, to St Louis, intending, however, to stop at East St. Louis, through which point the Big Four was accustomed to go in reaching St. Louis. At this particular time, however, that road had changed its route, crossing the river via the merchants bridge from Granite City, Illinois, a short distance north of East St. Louis, thereby compelling the passenger to recross the river to reach his home. Because of the delay thus occasioned, and the bridge toll he was compelled to pay, he obtained judgment for three hundred dollars. The case will be appealed, but it nevertheless presents an interesting controversy. The purchaser when buying his ticket stated that he wished a ticket to St. Louis via the Lake Shore and Big Four Roads. No contract was entered into to carry him via East St. Louis, although it is possible that the ticket handed him bore a coupon reading from Cleveland to that point. That, however, does nor constitute a contract, the coupons of a ticket being employed for purposes of accounting between the railroads, rather than the expression of any obligation of the railroad to the purchaser. It would seem to be hardly open to debate that a railroad company has the right to carry passengers to contracted destinations by such routes as may be most convenient to itself, provided such destination is reached without unnecessary delay. If a contract includes in its terms certain intermediate points, there would, of course, be no questions as to the obligations of the company, but in the absence of such terms it is scarcely possible that a higher court will confirm the finding of the jury in the case here referred to.

IT IS somewhat amusing, as well as disgusting, to watch the attitude of the daily press in the matter of a nauseating scandal involving the pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city. So much has been written about it, that it may seem almost tiresome to make reference to it further, but the disposition of these journals to publish anything and everything savoring of sensationalism, no matter how far from the truth it may be, is so reprehensible and absurd that it deserves at least a passing comment.

The old saying that "Sympathy is generally with the under dog in the fight," seems to have been reversed in this instance; and because of the misfortune of Dr. Brown in being unwittingly drawn into this diabolical plot, and because of his prominence and the character of his calling, almost every paper in the community is lending its aid to drag him down and pronounce judgment of guilty before the man has even had a trial. True, he may have been indiscreet. Who of us have not, in one way or another? But the world, unfortunately, is too prone to judge by appearances and too hasty in its condemnation.

We remember, some years ago, on returning home after midnight, we found the front door locked and bolted. Not believing it good judgment to announce the time of our arrival by a vigorous pull of the bell, we started to climb through the front window, and came near spending the night behind the bars for the indiscretion.

Suppose you were a married man and it happened that you were seen kissing your sister by some one not aware of the relationship, think how erroneously and perhaps harmfully you would be judged. You might even regret it had been your sister so long as you got the credit for embracing some one else.

But, seriously, we are too hasty in forming our opinions. "Believe nothing that you read and only one-half of what you see," is a good rule to follow.

TRUCKEE'S ICE CARNIVAL.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

AS the train pulls into the depot at Truckee every eye peers forth to see the wonderful ice palace that is drawing crowds to the town. There it stands in the plaza, big, white, and imposing. If one expected to see a structure composed of blocks of glittering ice piled up in minarets and towers, he would be disappointed, for this ice palace is as yet barren of any such ornamentation, but next winter will see it constructed on a scale of greater magnificence. The time from the inception of the idea to its consummation was too short to admit of such construction, but the building is absolutely safe and will remain in its present beautiful condition until some time in May, when the sun's rays will begin to dissolve the ice crystals and from a thing of beauty the palace will again become only a frame-work of pine.

The palace itself is an ellipse of solid ice with windows screened by the carnival colors of red, white, and blue, over which nature has placed most wonderful draperies of icicles. A grand tower is the connecting link between the toboggan slide and the skating rink, which is in the interior of the palace.

Truckee has had snow and ice to spare ever since the first era of its existence, but beyond the export of the latter commodity the citizens of this bustling mountain town have never thought of making the surplus a means of attraction, and consequent revenue, until, to the fertile brain of Hon. Charles F. McGlashan, one of Truckee's most progressive and wide-awake residents, was suggested the idea of an ice palace. The suggestion was conceived in a somewhat remarkable way. For years the people of this locality have gazed, each succeeding winter, upon the magnificent spectacle of a series of gigantic icicles formed by the leakage from an immense flume that flows near the town and empties into the river at the mill. These icicles assume the most fantastic shapes, and are from fifteen to forty feet in length, and from fifteen to forty feet wide.

Inspired with the thought that one might mold the shape of an icicle almost as readily as a plastic material, Mr. McGlashan had a frame-work erected, two years ago, near his rocking-stone tower. This frame-work consisted simply of three upright scantlings which spread apart at the base and formed an apex at the top. He had these sprayed with a hose nightly from the top of his tower in order that the greatest amount of water would congeal at the base; the result of several successive sprayings was a magnificent ice tower seventy feet in height and forty feet in diameter at the base, which lasted all winter. The shape of this peculiar icicle was somewhat suggestive of a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, and the originator of the design considers it might have been modeled in perfect symmetry.

Enthused with the success of his idea, last September Mr. McGlashan broached the subject of an ice carnival to the citizens of the town with the result that a company was formed with a capital stock of $50,000, all of which was immediately subscribed by the business and working men of the place, and the project is now established as an annual winter attraction.

The plan of the building is unique. It is in the shape of a colosseum, is 250 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 40 feet in height. A frame-work of scantlings was first erected and this was covered with Number 20, two-inch mesh, wire netting. The roof, which is of boards, inclines from the outer edge toward the center, where the wall is only about nine feet high. This is in order to allow the snow to slide into the open space in the middle. It is then to be tunneled in order that convenient access may be had from one portion of the palace to another, and next winter an immense dance hall will be excavated in the center of it, with artistic pillars, statues, etc., shaped from the glittering snow.

Sam C. Partridge Photos.

FIVE PICTURESQUE AND INTERESTING SCENES—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE TRUCKEE ICE CARNIVAL.

As soon as the frame was completed the work of freezing was begun. Sixty sets of hose were used in spraying the netting, the water being allowed to trickle down from the top, while it was sent upward from below in a cloud of spray which froze as soon as it touched the solid substance, whether it was the netting or its coating of ice.

The walls have a uniform thickness of four feet, and externally they are beautiful with fluted pillars and all manner of fantastic and artistic art decorations, which emit the prismatic radiance of an opal in the sun-light, and reveal clear emerald depths in the shadows, which make one shiver, though more from the weird appearance than an atmospheric chilliness, for one does not experience any special sensation of cold in this clear, rare air. An upright fringe of fir trees decorates the top of the palace, and these have also been sprayed, until the effect of the frozen trees, clad in a glittering coat of icicles, is magical. Over the walls boughs of the ice-clad trees project, making them still more beautiful.

The palace impresses one with the feeling that he has stepped into the region of the North Pole, and has arrived at the castle of the Ice King, but when he enters, he is positive that, instead of being the abode of His Majesty, it is the sure-enough home of Santa Claus, and that the oranges and lemons and apples he had left over at Christmas time have been used to ornament the entrance to his private apartments, for opposite the wide doors are artistic decorations composed of these fruits which have also been covered with an icy coating. The effect is unique; and then somebody tells you that some fruitgrowers down in Fresno and Kern Counties felt sorry because Truckee had nothing but ice, and snow, and lumber, and excursionists, to exhibit, and so sent them these magnificent specimens of what they raise down that way.

To enter the crystal palace one steps under the noble archway that leads through the tower; on one side of this the stairway to the toboggan rises, and directly opposite you may pass through the gate into the skating rink. This rink is a novel feature in itself. It is elliptical in shape, like the structure that encloses it; with an entire length of 730 feet, and a width of 20 feet. Separated from the skating floor by pillars of ice is a covered promenade six feet wide The ice floor is thickly covered with sawdust, so that one may walk upon it with ease and comfort.

The floor of the rink is as smooth and level as glass, and here pleasure reigns supreme, particularly during the electric-light-lit evening hours. The effect of the electric lights, shining through the translucent walls, may be better imagined than described, and the brush of the artist could do the scene far more justice than the pen of the scribe.

To produce the icy condition of the floor of the rink required some effort and about a week's labor, for the earth had first to be frozen to a depth of two or more feet, and then successive sprayings increased the thickness of the ice, being supplemented by what fell from the ceiling in the course of the copious spraying of the wire overhead. Every night from an inch to two inches of water is turned into the rink, and the next morning the ice is scraped smooth again with hand-scrapers, and is ready to receive the imprint of numerous "pigeon-wings," etc., to say nothing of other fantastic steps that are only practised in the period of learning to glide over the treacherous surface. The skates provided are the latest improved patterns, and were brought from the East purposely for the carnival. The ceiling of this unique rink has the effect of frozen lace from which myriads of icicles are pendant.

Imagine, ye attendants on the various flower shows that will hold sway in Southern California this spring, the scene that has brought new life and increased vitality to Truckee. While you are gazing on the many forms of beauty in the floral kingdom, inhaling sweet perfumes, and wishing that you had some of the choice roses, attendants upon another carnival, in a California town, are chasing each other around a natural ice rink on real ice skates, with a canopy of

icicles over their heads, and sleigh-bells on sleighs and cutters jingling merrily outside as they glide over real snow several feet deep, and the band plays on in both instances. Truly our State is one of many resources.

The visitor to the ice palace will be torn by conflicting desires. If he or she skates they will want to speed over the smooth ice, and if they don't know how they will feel an irresistible wish to learn; then the wild hilarity of the gay parties shooting down the toboggan slide will exert a powerful influence to draw them up the flight of steps that leads to the top of the tower. This tower is ninety feet high and quite artistic in design. It, too, is covered with the netting, and, therefore, on the outside, presents the appearance of being built entirely of ice.

The slide begins at the top of the tower and has an actual descent of three hundred and fifty feet, though the toboggan shoots fully a quarter of a mile before it comes to a stop. The steepest descent is a sixty per cent grade, at the beginning of the incline. The toboggans, twenty in number, were imported from Canada, and are constructed of thin slats of maple, firmly riveted; they are about six feet long, two feet wide, and weigh about thirty pounds each. A thin cushion rests on the slats, upon which the person or persons (for sometimes as many as five or six go down on one toboggan) seat themselves in any position that will take up the least room, the attendant gives the end a push, swings on behind, and over the thing goes, swishing down the slide at the rate of a hundred feet a second.

The first sensation, on the first ride, is one of such extreme surprise that everything, even time and the senses, seem obliterated; then ensues a feeling as if he had passed through a frightful experience and come forth unharmed; this gives way to a sensation of wild hilariousness and he utters involuntary shrieks and yells of delight. He can't help it, and, besides, what's the use of trying to be dignified while rushing through space on a toboggan.

Well, after one has been down three times he wants to go again and again, and, really, is willing to stop only when called to enter the sleigh for a ride to Donner Lake, if it is daylight, or the shutting off of the lights, if it is evening.

The slide is constructed of fir and is made stanch and strong. The sides are covered with the netting which has been treated to the icy bath, and splendid ice-clad trees ornament it at intervals. The double slide was frozen in the same manner as the floor of the rink, and is built in such a way that tobogganing on it is perfectly safe from every point of view. A walk extends from the ground to the top of the tower beside the slide, and it is up this that the attendant carries the toboggan for another slide.

The ice palace is interesting because of its novelty and the many attractions it possesses, but up on a rounded hill, overlooking the entire basin, stands an object that has puzzled scientists and attracted the attention of archeologists from all over the world. This is the rocking stone. It is a huge boulder which

ICE PALACE. Partridge Photos.

rests upon another and much larger rock in such a manner that a child can move it to and fro. The stone which forms the base is thirty feet high on the eastern side, and fifteen on the western, with a top that has been hewn off smoothly across the grain, forming a true circle twenty feet in diameter. The rocking stone is poised exactly in the center of this circle, and is estimated to weigh about sixteen tons. It is immovable, except when touched at a certain point, but when once set in motion can be made to rock very easily; a grinding noise is observable as it teeters back and forth upon its pivots. Many theories have been advanced regarding the origin of this stone. It has been declared by some scientists to be the result of erosions, either water or glacial; others aver that it is a relic of a lost people and probably formed one of their altars; still others think it was the work of prehistoric giants. Whichever theory is correct the fact remains that though the two stones are composed of granite they are of entirely different formation, proving that the smaller was never a portion of the larger.

Though the peculiarity of this stone has been known ever since the country was inhabited, it never attracted especial attention until Mr. McGlashan purchased the hill upon which it stands and began to investigate its origin. In proof that the stone has been in its present condition for fully thirty years the owner has affidavits to that effect from prominent and responsible men, among whom is Judge W. H. Hill, of Truckee, who says "that on the twentieth of June, 1870, the day on which his daughter Mary was five years old, he placed her upon the top of the stone and 'teetered' her." In 1868, James Scobie, who was a superintendent of construction for the Central Pacific Railroad, and who is now a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, took a force of ten men, with crow-bars, up on the rock for the purpose of prying the smaller rock from its resting-place; but they failed utterly in the endeavor.

When public interest was awakened by the investigations, people began to talk about the stone and to

LAZY NED AND PLAYMATES.

try to chip off pieces from it for souvenirs. This the owner objected to and forthwith had plans for an Oriental temple drawn up, with the intention of enclosing it. In this tower, as it is now called, Mr. McGlashan has a magnificent collection of butterflies, numbering over twenty thousand, and coming from all parts of the world; he has also a cabinet of curios that would make a collector mad with envy. Here are Indian trinkets and utensils, specimens of ore and rocks, and relics of the ill-fated Donner Party. Among the latter are needles and pins that are almost entirely corroded, a baby's shoe, buttons, etc., etc. An incident relating to one of these relics will bear repeating, though I have never heard of its publication.

A metal case was found when the last excavations were made on the site of the cabins, and placed among the curios in the tower; shortly afterward a gentleman who was a survivor of the party, though but a child at the time of the tragedy, visited the tower, and incidentally mentioned a metal case in which his mother had kept oil of hemlock. The recently found case was handed to him, when he fully identified it, and, in handling it, his finger crushed through the corroded metal and instantly a strong odor of the oil filled the room, though the case had been lying in the earth for nearly fifty years.

These relics possess a fascinating interest for any one who has read or known of these people, and the bits of clothing or implements such as are used in ordinary life, bring one more closely to a knowledge of their reality and the terrible privations they must have undergone.

Another attraction offered by the Carnival Company is a sleigh ride to Donner Lake, with a stop *en route* at Marzen's ice pond, where the work of harvesting the ice crop is in progress on part of the pond, while merry

ROCKING STONE.

skaters monopolize the balance of its extent. This pond was formed by damming Donner Creek at the very point where the cabins of the Donner Party stood, and where the bones of many of them still rest. The pond has an area of twenty-two acres, and a depth of twenty feet. From it rises the large cross that stands as a monument to the ill-fated people who perished here, though hardly more than half its height is visible.

The yield of this pond is twenty thousand tons, the capacity of the ice-house beside it. When the ice is from twelve to fourteen inches thick, and clear and pure throughout, it is ready to be cut. The surface is scraped clean and it is then marked into squares by means of a very simple machine in the form of an open square, the sides being sharp knives. It is drawn by a horse and driven back and forth and then across the pond, each trip making two parallel indentations.

The appearance of the clean, white surface thus marked is peculiar. The ice plow, which resembles a big saw with long, wide, jagged teeth, follows each line of indentation, as the horse that draws it is guided by the driver. This cuts into the ice to a depth of six or eight inches, and men with sharp pronged implements finish detaching the squares by prods of the fork, which experience has taught them to make just at the right place.

Other men catch the blocks with long-handled picks and push them along toward the elevator, up which they glide, sometimes at the rate of as high as eighty-two a minute, into the ice-house for storage. Each block weighs 250 pounds. The men who work at this business are the lumbermen of the summer, and the ice-picks are similar in appearance to the implements they use in handling lumber at the flumes.

It is but a short drive from here to Donner Lake, and the horses shake their heads, as if in enjoyment, as the bells jingle merrily and the sleigh glides easily over the snow. The ride is exhilarating, the sport more than delightful, and the effect is decidedly tonic.

There is snow everywhere. The mountains are white with it, the valleys are full of it, and the trees bear heavy burdens of it amid their branches; in the drifts it is ten and twelve feet deep, but on the level hardly more than three or four. As yet it is a mild winter. The Lake bursts on the sight suddenly, and as the sleigh passes the old road house at its foot, the ancient colored man who lives there alone, comes out to look for possible customers. The reflection of the mountains and their gaunt trees falls on the mirror of the ice that covers the water and makes a weirdly beautiful picture. It is all so quiet, so ghostly even in the bright sunlight, that one feels like urging the horses to fly still faster over the snow, that their bells may jingle more merrily, and thus break the unnatural stillness that pervades the frosty air.

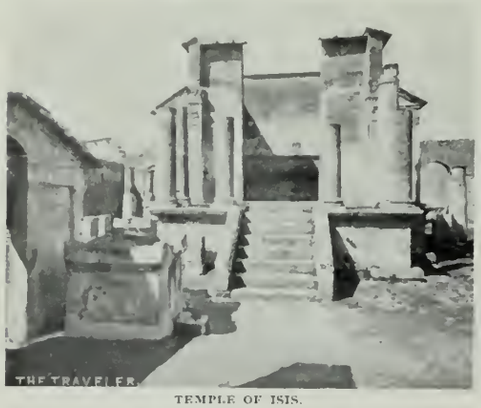
A DISENTOMBED CITY.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

N my way to Australia in 1884, I seized the chance offered by a sojourn at Naples to visit that marvelous survival of the ancient Roman civilization, Pompeii. This is distant seventeen miles by rail from Naples, and rather more than a mile from the waters of the famous bay. On the short trip I was pleased to observe, spread out on the shore to dry in the sun, large quantities of macaroni, a product associated in my mind, since the earliest years, with Italian *lazzaroni*.

Alighting at the railway station, we found ourselves scarcely three hundred yards from the entrance to the excavated city, and, taking tickets at the gate, we resigned ourselves to the care of a government guide. Pompeii is now under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and the excavations are conducted under the supervision of Senator Fiorelli, to whom is due much of the credit for keeping the city in excellent order. Portions of the city are reserved for National excavations, but in other parts not so reserved private persons may purchase the right of making explorations, on condition that, if they intend to offer any of the objects discovered for sale, the Government shall have the first opportunity to purchase. Many of the rooms in the houses have about three feet of volcanic matter remaining upon their floors, and their doorways are blocked with heavy stones. The reason of this is that the valuable relics in the Pompeiian house are found on the floor, so that these rooms still have their treasures buried in the sub-stratum of volcanic dust. The right to continue the excavations is granted to distinguished persons as a compliment.

As the volcanic ash which covered the city fell lightly, it did not crush the bodies and other objects



TEMPLE OF ISIS.

enveloped by it. Consequently, all the perishable portions of the various buried objects disappeared, while metal and other imperishable materials remained intact. Almost exact molds of the forms of human beings and animals have been found in the ash; the molds have been filled with plaster of Paris, and the casts are preserved in the Museum near the entrance to the ruins. The gallery of the Museum contains casts of the body of a negro slave, and of others who lingered too long on the last fatal night. Skeletons of a fowl, a pig, and a rabbit are to be seen there, and the cast of a dog that, being tied to his kennel by a chain, was held a prisoner and perished in great agony. There is a large collection of rings, chains, bracelets, vases, door-hinges, pieces of armor and other metal articles. The small bronzes number nearly twenty thousand, but many of the most valuable of these came not from Pompeii, but from the sister-city, Herculaneum. There are also many domestic utensils which, being made of terra cotta, an almost indestructible material, have survived, though frequently in a broken condition, or perhaps otherwise blemished.

The city is surrounded by a high wall, and has eight gates, to which the main streets lead. One of the first things to strike the eye of the visitor is the Sea-Gate, the road leading down to which is so steep

THE BASILICA.

that it can hardly have been used by vehicles; nor are there any ruts, such as would have been worn in the pavement by wheels. It seems probable that the merchandise brought from ships to the numerous warehouses in this quarter of the city, was conveyed by mules. On the left of the Gate is a seat, over which are scribbled some lines to a woman named Attica; their coarseness indicate that she was a notorious character.

The streets are paved with irregular blocks of lava, and have sidewalks. In wet weather they must have been almost impassable, for the rain-water from the roofs of the houses after running inwards was collected and discharged by a pipe into the causeway. For the convenience of pedestrians, stepping-stones are placed at intervals. Most of the houses are one-storied, except that of Diomedes and some of those in the Lesser Forum. The streets run principally at right angles to each other, and thus divide the city into blocks after the modern fashion. The House of the Faun, with its adjacent guesthouse and large garden, occupies a whole block, and contained some of the most valuable artistic treasures found in the city. On many of the walls of the houses are inscriptions in red letters asking the electors to vote for such and such a man for office.

As with us nowadays, taverns generally stood at the corners of the streets, and were marked by signs similar to those of inns in England. Public fountains were common, and almost every house of any importance had a private one. Most of the statues and paintings have been removed to the Museum for preservation, though some houses have been roofed, and the articles preserved in the spots where they were found. The rooms were often very poorly lighted, and many of them had no windows at all; but the Pompeiians were not a home-loving people, and spent most of their time at the theater, the baths, or other public resorts. The houses are built in several styles of architecture. Some are of large blocks of stone fitted together without mortar; others have been covered with plaster so that various colored decorations might be placed upon them. The house of a man of means was built round a square or rectangular hall, called the *atrium*, open to the sky, though in sunny weather awnings could be drawn over it. This central hall was the most important part of a large house, and was fitted up very handsomely. Here the Roman noble or distinguished lawyer received his clients, who came every morning in crowds to call upon him, and to ask his advice in various matters. The men's bedrooms opened off the *atrium*, from which a narrow passage led into the *peristyle*, a colonnaded enclosure, generally having a garden in its center; round it were the bedrooms of the ladies of the house. The dining-room was generally situated in the *peristyle*, and conveniently near the kitchen. The janitor occupied a small room near the front door, and the household slaves slept upstairs. The floors were of mosaic, or of concrete sprinkled with little pieces of tile or marble.

Among the most curious relics of ancient Pompeiian life are the wall paintings, which, having been made while the plaster was still fresh, have shown a most remarkable durability. The landscapes are the least attractive, for the ancient Romans had not acquired any high degree of skill in this branch of art. They almost entirely lack perspective, and much resemble the designs that we find on Chinese plates and Japanese fans. Their decorative paintings, however, were very skilfully executed, showing great vivacity, naturalness, and freedom. The subjects chosen were chiefly heroic, mythological, or ideal. Many of the single figures represent dancing-girls in graceful pose and with flying drapery. Mosaic designs, either in colored marbles or in black on a white ground, were also very common.

The principal open space in the city was the Forum; this was paved with slabs of white stone, and vehicles were not permitted to encroach upon it. It was adorned by pedestals crowned with the busts or statues of men of mark; many of the statues were equestrian and of bronze. At its northern end stood the temple of Jove, with triumphal arches on either side of it. The Forum was originally what its name means, a market-place; but in later times the market

THE FORUM AND MT. VESUVIUS.

for buying and selling was relegated to other quarters, and the Forum was reserved exclusively for the election and appointment of municipal officers, the celebration of festivals and sacrifices, and the general transaction of public affairs, as the occasion required.

PERILS OF PIONEER LIFE IN IDAHO.

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

EVERY day for the last two weeks I have been searching for miners—California miners—old forty-niners, who could recount "hair-breadth 'scapes," and I could not find any—not one, who knew any stories. I possess quite a stock of information concerning "Long Toms," "grub-staking," "sluice-boxes," "rifles," "miners' inches," etc., which I would not part with for a great deal, but it is not very interesting.

Just when hope was at its lowest ebb, and a worn-out placer was never lower, I found a pioneer from Idaho who did know stories, and good stories, and to him I am indebted for whatever of interest there may be in these columns, and the best of it is, they are true; I will not tell the particularly gruesome one first, however.

In the southwestern corner of Idado, there is a little river, the Owyhee; northeast of it lies Silver City; northeast of that, Boise City, while southwest, over in Nevada, on the line of the railroad, is Winnemucca. I have no words to describe Winnemucca; I have seen it, but it was the terminal of a stage-line, which, connecting Boise City and Silver City, crossed the Owyhee River at a ferry which was kept in the early sixties by Mr. W. J. Hill, now of Salinas. It was an old-fashioned scow-ferry, pulled across by a cable, and on the higher bank of the river stood Mr. Hill's cabin, with outbuildings.

But underneath the cabin was a hidden stable—a snug, special stable, from the door of which one could strike a blind gulch, completely concealed by drooping willows, and steal away many hundred yards from the house without being discovered.

One night, Mr. Hill and the boy who lived with him were attacked by Indians, and they "stood them off" all night long. Finally, in the morning, when all seemed to be quiet, Mr. Hill ventured out, and found that all of his stock had been driven off by the Indians—that is, all that was above ground; for, down in the hidden stable was one horse, safe and sound, and, mounting him, he crossed the river and set off alone to recover his stock from the Indians if it were possible.

He had ridden about four miles, and was crossing a rocky mesa, when a rifle cracked and his horse fell dead. He quickly crouched behind it and waited for the Indians, who did not disappoint him. On they came, fifteen or twenty strong, eager for his scalp; he fired once and a yelling Piute fell. What did one brave, more or less, matter? the white man had fired his shot, now it was their turn, and still they came faster than ever. But the United States Government had not then provided the Piute with Henry rifles, and when, from behind the shelter of the fallen horse, shot after shot took deadly effect, the Indians that were left changed their tactics. The earth seemed suddenly to absorb them; a bush, a gray rock, a clump of chaparral, a comrade's body, a sandy hillock—each and all served as a hiding-place, and the scene became suddenly, strangely quiet. Weary with the strain of the long, sleepless night, still he could not close his eyes; the hot sun was pitiless, but he dared not seek shelter. With every sense alert, every nerve tense, he kept his watch. Was yonder clump of bushes nearer?—a shot, and bush and Indian fell together. One shoulder was wounded, another Piute was killed; the other shoulder was hurt, but two more braves went to the happy hunting-grounds—and still the unequal fight kept on. About the time the stage for Silver City, with its posse of guards, was to come, they left, and Mr. Hill, setting his teeth, walked back to the ferry, and when he arrived there, the blood from his wounds had trickled down, and filling his shoes, was oozing out over the tops. Firing his gun, the ferry signal, he was ferried over, and when the stage came into Silver City that evening, he sat in it, grim and stiff, with his arms bound to his sides, ready, after his fifty-two mile ride, to have his wounds dressed.

"Hello, Hill! I guess you're done up," said a friend.

"Not a bit of it—only some scratches," was his answer. I gloried in that man's pluck; he was as brave as the storied Boone.

But I will tell you my "gruesomest" story, and "lay my ghost." Perhaps the horror of it may not be so impressed upon you, after all, for it isn't a story very different from many others, except in detail, and lately, I fancy, its counterpart has been often repeated in Arizona by the Apaches. On this same Humboldt stage-line, only about six miles from Boise City, lay the Cox ranch. One day, Mr. and Mrs. Cox started in a lumber wagon for Boise City. The man was driving and the woman at his side held their baby on her knee; when, as they passed through a canyon, a rifle-shot rang out, and the husband fell over backward—dead.

The wife threw the baby in the bottom of the wagon, snatched the reins, and, lashing the horses, started on a race for life. The road was rough; the wagon was springless, and at each jolt the lifeless body would spring from the floor, only to fall again—high in the air, and then prone upon the blood-stained floor; but she can not turn her head to look, for, holding her child with her foot, she must guide the galloping horses safely around each turn. She can not pause to weep, but with stern, set face, hears that heavy and recurring fall, whose jarring she dare not soften. On she speeds, until the shouts of teamsters beyond bring hope of safety.

HILL'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

But oh, the pathos, the terrible tragic pathos of it all—a life crushed, a home ruined, a hope blasted!

Ever and again comes the sound of those "hurrying hoof-beats," that falling thing, around them the dark canyon, behind them the relentless foe, and over all, the blue, blue sky, as if in mockery. Somehow or other, when I was Mrs. Daniel Boone, or Mrs. Simon Kenton, in all our adventures, he always came out all right. I had never taken into account the fact that Daniel might possibly be killed, and now my childish idyl is shattered.

In 1866 or 1867, there was a station on this road, forty-five miles from Silver City, called Doc. Inskip's. They had a stone wall eight feet high around the house and yard, but the gables of the building rose higher than the wall. The Piutes came one night, drove off what stock they could, amused themselves by firing through the gables of the house, and, wearying of that, made a barbecue of Doc. Inskip's steers, in full sight of the station. The people of the house, with grim pleasantry, kindled their fires next morning with splinters from the gables.

There was a camp of Chinamen down on the Owyhee, fifty of them, slaving and scraping to get back to China some day with much money. The Piutes killed forty-nine, and, being of a thrifty turn of mind, braided their queues into lariats. One Chinaman escaped to tell the tale, and the Chinamen's bones were collected and sent back to China by their friends. Oh, a mad dance of death they danced on that road! William Younger, the first driver killed, but, alas! not the last, was shot down from his box one day, in Reynolds Creek Canyon, between Silver City and Snake River. A passenger grabbed the lines, drove to a flat beyond, stopped, and the passengers took the horses. But there were not enough horses to go round, and the one passenger who was left, a little Jew, grabbed a horse's tail and hung on, until exhausted, and the Piutes wore his scalp.

But the big Indian fight was at Camp Defiance. There was a ranch twenty-five miles from Silver City an Catherine Creek, in Bruno Valley, near the Owyhee River, belonging to Ike Jennings. Ike came into Silver City one day, hot and angry, and told that his stock had been stolen. A band of thirty-five men started in pursuit of the Indians, and they found more than they wanted. They followed the trail fast and hard for sixty miles, until it entered a canyon. The foremost riders rode ahead to reconnoiter, the others remaining on the cliffs above, when the accidental discharge of a gun by one of the Indians hidden below told of the ambuscade; those above called warningly, and back the riders came, and rode pell-mell for the nearest water, for it was July.

After them came the Indians, but the whites reached the water first and threw up breastworks. Behind these works, for four days and nights, they fought the Indians. And such fighting! A watch that keeps every nerve on the keenest tension, every muscle constantly on the alert, for vigilance is the price of life.

On the fourth night, Jennings decided to send to Silver City, sixty miles away, for help. Their ammunition was running short; the hot July sun, the hot, sleepless nights, the terror of a surprise, and the fact that the Indians outnumbered them five to one, made it necessary to send for help, as they were not prepared for a siege. So two men, Jack McCaudliss and David Ricketts, who spoke Piute well, started for Silver City. They got away safely, and, riding all the next day, reached Silver City at two o'clock the following morning. The whistles of the mills blew loud and long, the signal when Indians were near, and men, women, and children crowded the streets of Silver City, and by one o'clock in the afternoon, one hundred and seventeen men were *en route* to Camp Defiance; but when they reached there, not an Indian remained. Jennings asked them what time they had started, and they compared their watches. He then said that twenty minutes after the relief party had started, three puffs of smoke went up from a neighboring mountain and the Piutes had fled. They left many braves scattered upon the ground, but the whites had lost but one man, Thos. Kayson, although many were wounded, and the strain of the four days' watch had been fearful.

General Crooks, the Indian fighter, understood their tactics very well. In the summer, like the storied ant, they laid up their winter stores—jerked beef, dried fish, and salted venison—as a preparation for winter raids. Then, when they were pursued, they would retreat to their fastnesses, dig up their cache of food, and, smoking the pipe of peace, exult in safety over the scalps they had taken. General Crooks hunted them so persistently through the whole summer that they had no opportunity for housekeeping cares, so when winter came on, their base of supplies being cut off, they surrendered and became, for the time being, children of the "Little White Father," at Washington.

AT MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

VIRGINIA DARE.

ABOUT ten miles from Nice and very little further from Mentone, on the famous Cornice Road which Napoleon cut from Nice into Italy along the rock-bordered Mediterranean, lie two of the most famous spots on the French Riviera, Monaco and Monte Carlo,—the former, though it was a stronghold of importance during the Middle Ages, owing its present fame to its mushroom neighbor. These towns and the adjacent territory—in all a little less than six square miles—form the principality of Monaco, belonging nominally to His Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, but in reality to a company whose legal title is the "*Societe des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco.*" The principality formerly included Roccabruna and Mentone, but in 1848 they revolted, owing to the excessive imposts necessary to maintain their feudal lord in princely style in Paris. The fortunes of the reigning family were thereby so impaired that it became necessary to "raise the wind," and in 1853 Prince Charles permitted the establishment of a company for gambling purposes, with privileges extending for thirty years. In 1860 M. Francois Blanc, the owner of the gaming tables at Homburg, purchased the concession, and when notified to quit Germany, in 1870, by the government, transferred his tables to Monte Carlo. The palmy days of the principality now commenced; it was no longer necessary to keep watch from the Dog's Head (Tete de Chien), the huge rock which dominates Monaco, to catch sight of every passing vessel on which to levy tribute: those who were to be fleeced now came of their own free will, and Monte Carlo became the Mecca towards which journeyed hundreds of thousands of pilgrims every year.

M. Blanc spent money royally; he had paid 1,700,000 francs ($340,000) for the concession, and he spent many more hundreds of thousands in adorning the place. Magnificent hotels, a new Casino, a gorgeous theater designed by the architect of the Opera House in Paris, were erected, and the whole surrounded by gardens rivaling those of "Gul in their bloom," which are terraced down to the sea, and guarded by marble balustrades surmounted by vases in the Italian style. Palms and rare tropical plants grow in artistic profusion; standing on the terrace in the rear of the Casino, the landscape is of such beauty that once seen it can never be forgotten. To the left, the purple Maritime Alps seem to melt into the deep blue of the Mediterranean, while to the right, straight across the small Bay of Hercules, towers the oval, battlemented rock, three hundred feet high, upon which are crowded the closely built houses and narrow streets of the Town of Monaco.

The gaming tables draw guests to this earthly paradise all the year, as in the summer they come

CASINO FRONT VIEW.

from more southern countries: the season par excellence commences November 15th and lasts until the end of April; during that time one of the finest bands in Europe plays for several hours twice a day, commencing at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; at the same hour the gaming also commences, and continues without intermission until eleven at night. The Casino is open to all, the only formality necessary being the presentation of a visiting card at a desk in the entrance hall, in return for which is given a large, pink, printed card of admission, signed by the "Commissaire Special" in writing. The building is magnificently decorated, marble, gilding, and paintings by noted artists being seen on every hand.

CASINO AND GARDENS.

There are three large halls devoted to the pursuit of the Blind Goddess; in each are long, oval tables covered with green cloth, in the center of which sit the croupiers or dealers. Two of the rooms are given up to roulette, while the great "Salle Mauresque" is devoted to the game of trente-et-quarante, otherwise known as rouge-et-noir. The two tables used for this game are marked with four diamond-shaped spots, two black and two red. The players back either color: the croupier deals out two rows of cards, one for black, one for red, and after placing the requisite number, counts the spots in each row, each face card being reckoned as a ten. The row coming nearer to thirty-one wins.

There are eight roulette tables; these have in the center a depression covered by a revolving disc with thirty-eight compartments, which are alternately black and red in color, and are numbered from one to thirty-six, and zero and double zero. The disc is set into motion by the croupier, thus starting a small ball which lands in one of the compartments when the whirling ceases. The player bets upon a color (black or red), upon a single number or a combination, or upon the figure's being even or odd. If he bets upon a single number and wins, it brings him thirty-five times the amount of his stake.

The tables are surrounded by a row of chairs in which are seated players; behind these stands another row, and often yet another, of onlookers. Those able to reach the tables bend over the shoulders of the seated players, depositing their money on the cloth. No bet is permitted of less than five francs, and six thousand francs is the extreme limit.

All ages are represented at the tables, even young girls being there, and the faces of the players are a study; yet more so are their hands, which often clutch the gold after the fashion which recalls those of the miser's in Quintin Matsys' famous picture. Before some of them are piles of coin which are added to or decreased with such rapidity that it is difficult for a novice to understand the features of the game.

In summer all of the tables are not in service, only one being used for trente-et-quarante, while the number of roulette tables is reduced to three.

The croupiers use tiny rakes with long handles; with these they push the money, gained or lost, over the green cloth, and their monotonous calls are almost the only sounds that are heard besides the clink of the gold, the game being watched with such intense interest, both by players and onlookers, that they fear in conversing to lose track of the lucky or unlucky numbers. The importance of this knowledge to the devotee of the *tapis vert*—or rather the importance which his fancy gives it—may be estimated from the fact that a little journal called *Le Monaco* is published, the columns of which are devoted almost exclusively to long lists of figures showing the numbers of the compartments in which the roulette balls have stopped during the week at Monaco and at Spa. It is a weekly journal, printed on fine paper in the best style: for this, to the uninitiated, apparently valueless information, its subscription price is $8.00 per year, while its advertisements are inserted at $1.00 per line, and its notices cost the neat sum of $6.00 for the same number of words, yet it finds such ample support as to justify these prices.

Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, and the frequenters of Monte Carlo are no exception to the rule; it is thought lucky to put your stake upon the hump of a hunchback, and some of these unfortunates gain quite a decent livelihood by being conveniently near. To touch or possess any relic of a suicide is also thought to bring good luck, and any number brought conspicuously to notice is at once jotted down for use at the tables: numbers of rooms at hotels, of compartments in railway carriages, all play their part in this hazard of fortunes.

The tables are great levelers of rank, for the greed for gain does away with all the barriers which usually divide the great nobles of Europe from the plebeian masses; the "*Cercle des Etrangers*" does not ask who you are so you are decently clad and have money to spend, consequently you may be elbowed on one side by a duchess or a peer, while you are jostled on the other by a Parisian *cocotte* or a usurer. M. Blanc proved his far-sightedness in thus welcoming all comers, for, though he spent millions in order to make Monte Carlo one of the most attractive places in the world, he left a fortune of nearly $35,000,000 at his death in 1877, $100,000 of which was left to a church in Paris, that Masses might be said for the repose of his soul. In his lifetime the wits said that red (rouge) might lose, and black (noir) might lose, but that white (Blanc) would always win, and the result showed their perspicuity. His widow and four children were so well provided for that the two daughters married princes, Mlle. Louise Blanc becoming Princess Radziwill, and Mlle. Marie having wedded Prince Roland Bonaparte.

There was quite a little romance about the marriage between Mademoiselle Marie Blanc and Prince Roland,

and that portion of the Monte Carlo millions was the means of relieving a branch of the Bonaparte family from the direst poverty. The Prince, being a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, the first Napoleon's brother, was the descendant of two marriages, which the family refused to recognize, and, though he had obtained admission to the military school of St. Cye, and had graduated with high honors, he had to depend upon friends for subsistence while doing so. His sister Jeanne took lessons in engraving, and, through her work, became acquainted with Mademoiselle Blanc. Prince Roland was thus thrown with her, and the result was a love match between himself and the heiress, who settled millions on her mother-in-law and dowered Princess Jeanne munificently upon her marriage. Princess Roland herself did not long enjoy her millions, having died in 1882, a few years after marriage, leaving a little daughter.

Amongst the attractions provided for the visitor during the season are pigeon shootings, races at Nice, and the carnival; upon the stage of the theater appear the finest singers in Europe, and all the celebrities of the French stage are to be seen there. These attractions, with the music of the magnificent orchestra, draw thousands who care nothing for the gaming

tables, but nevertheless drop a greater or lesser number of francs at them, just to see how the game works, and often find out the truth of the French proverb, "Appetite comes in eating." The authorities show their knowledge of the importance of all these attractions by spending annually for amusements $150,000—sometimes more—besides $75,000 given in prizes for pigeon shooting, at the races, the carnival, and to charities. The last item seems somewhat out of place in this connection, but is thus docketed on their annual balance sheet.

This balance sheet is rather interesting, and contains some peculiar items. It is made out from March 31st of one year to the same date of the next. That for the year 1893-94 shows that the winnings from the tables amounted to $4,247,500, while the receipts from rent of hotels, etc., brought the amount up to $4,400,000; the expenses were $2,000,000. The most important item of this enormous expenditure was $400,000, for what is ironically termed "Publicity"; in plain English this means that $400,000 is paid to silence the "fourth estate," and suppress all publicity of events at the gaming tables except such as the management finds suitable. It is said that all the leading Paris papers are thus subsidized, the amounts paid ranging from $2000 to $15,000 per year. The neighboring city of Nice, however, gets the lion's share; there, blackmailing periodicals and pamphlets are continually springing up, the columns of which are filled with invective against the seductive tables, and horrible details of events resulting from the passion for play. The management promptly subsidizes the blackmailer, and henceforth its readers, if it finds any, are induced to believe that "everything is lovely" in the neighboring principality. In justice to the management it must be stated that the best authorities consider that everything is conducted with all fairness, although the chances are largely in favor of the tables.

The "Viaticum" is another curious item of the balance sheet; in the year mentioned it amounted to $40,000; a player who has lost all at the tables is given his railway fare home, but in order to get this he has to submit to the humiliation of being led up to the dealers and around the tables until he is thoroughly identified as a genuine loser. The bank also pays pensions to those who have lost their fortunes at the tables; one of these pensioners is now pointed out at Nice, who, in return for immense sums dropped at roulette, receives $8 per day from the management.

Both receipts and expenditures were less for the year 1894-95; many circumstances have lessened the number of pilgrims to the seductive tables in those two years, and the present management has shown a disposition to cut down the lavish expenditures inaugurated under the Blanc regime.

After M. Blanc's death the bank was managed for his family by a deputy, and a renewal of the concession for another thirty years was obtained when the old one expired in 1883, although for a while there was some talk of transferring the tables to the little republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees. A few years ago the ownership was changed, and the control is now in the hands of a syndicate of Parisian bankers, who are reducing these expenditures in every way.

In the year ending March, 1895, they had reduced expenses from $2,000,000 to $1,750,000, something having been taken from every item except the amounts paid to the Prince of Monaco, to the courts, for general expenditures, for attendants, croupiers, etc.,

MAIN GAMBLING HALL.

and for "secret service." Even the directors and other officials had to give up $25,000 of the sum usually paid to them; $5000 was taken from the clergy and schools, and the army—which is a sort of opera bouffe affair, whose principal duty seems to be to loll about the gateway of the princely palace—was cut down by twelve men. All these deductions are said to have been necessitated by the falling off in the number of players, and a corresponding decrease in receipts; there were no great "plungers" and no great fortunes lost during the past year.

The syndicate also shows its thriftiness in another item, since it annually lays up $200,000 against a rainy day, and purposes to do so until the expiration of the present concession, so that in case it should not be renewed the present stockholders could not be losers. The par value of the shares, originally $100, has so constantly increased that they have been quoted at $500, but very few of them get into the market, being considered too good an investment; they have recently dropped considerably in value. It is said that Prince Albert of Monaco was much opposed to the renewal of the concession which had been granted by his father, and his wife was equally opposed to it.

The prince belongs to the ancient and noble family of the Grimaldis, one of the members of which, when embassador from France to Rome, astonished the inhabitants of the Eternal City—which has in its day witnessed so many vagaries—by having the mule upon which he rode shod with golden shoes fastened simply by one nail, that they might be the more easily cast. He is somewhat noted as a scientist. His wife was a Mlle. Heine, a niece of the poet, and daughter of a former New Orleans banker; she was first married to the Duc de Richelieu before becoming Princess of Monaco. Her opposition to the bank, it is said, proceeds from the fact that she has social aspirations which can never be gratified so long as her husband's principality is controlled absolutely by the all-powerful bank. That corporation entirely supports the expenses of the government, including the cost of the police and army, the courts, the bishop and clergy, and the schools. The inhabitants of the principality pay the taxes, and it is believed that every man, woman and child would rise in revolt if the prince should come in conflict with the Casino management.

After serious consideration Prince Charles found that he dared not quarrel with his bread and butter, so the concession was renewed, the bank paying him $250,000 per year therefor, besides giving him five thousand shares of stock in the new corporation, which pay an enormous dividend. He is thus in no immediate danger of penury, and not forced to confine himself to the big barrack of a castle whose huge facade and square crenelated towers form a conspicuous feature of the town of Monaco.

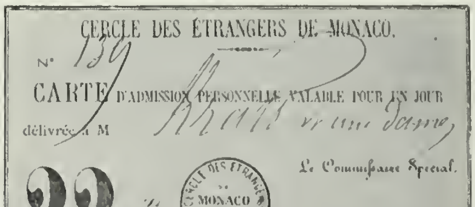
The government of the principality, besides the yearly $200,000 which it receives from the Casino, adds to its income by issuing postage stamps, by duties upon foreign wines and other luxuries, and by payments received in return for the granting of certain monopolies. None of these last, however, bear upon the people as did those famous ones which occasioned the loss of the cities of Roccabruna and Mentone, as well as the adjacent country. The cause of the Maritime-Alpine declaration of independence was that the prince would permit no olives—one of the chief sources of revenue to the peasant—to be ground in any mills but his own, where higher prices were charged than those demanded at neighboring mills; he also claimed the right to furnish the people with bread baked by his own bakers. This was generally made from inferior wheat, so the inhabitants finally rose in their wrath.

The loss by the revolt was not only one of moment at the time, but is even more especially so in these days, when Mentone and the newly founded Cap Martin are two of the most fashionable resorts on the Riviera, Queen Victoria having more than once patronized the former of late years, thereby adding much to its prestige, while the latter is a favorite with the Empress of Austria (who is now there) and the Empress Eugenie.

Much has been written about the suicides resulting from losses at the gaming tables; the number of these in the last two years has been nine altogether. The most sensational one of them was that of the Inspector of Police from Nice who, having lost 12,000 francs belonging to the municipality, blew out his brains. One of the laws of the Casino, placarded upon its walls, forbids the admission to the tables of any official belonging to the Department of the Maritime Alps, consequently the Nice authorities demanded the restitution of the money, and obtained it.

Overshadowed though it is by its more notorious and flaunting neighbor, the quaint town of Monaco amply repays the visitor if he is fond of the picturesque. After a steep climb he finds himself on the broad, bare-looking *Place* upon which fronts the great irregular rectangle known as the prince's palace; its long expanse of front is broken by *loggie* in the Italian style, and in the open gateway stands a group of soldiers. Admission can be obtained on three days in the week. The great bed on a dais, on which the Duke of York died, is one of the show features.

The precipitous sides of the huge rock on which the town stands are bordered around its entire circumference by the most picturesque pleasure grounds, from which the views down into the little harbor, across the bay, and up to the ruined Roman town of Turbia, beyond the Dog's Head, are something to be remembered for a lifetime. Peaceful as it all now seems, in their day these shores have been frightfully ravaged by pirates, and there are persons yet living on them who know what it means to be chained night and day at the oars in pirate galleys, beneath the burning Mediterranean sun. Not very far from Mentone is shown a ruin said to be that of a convent, from which all the nuns were once abducted by these Infidels. The pious sisters, foreseeing danger, had placed an alarm bell in their tower, and besought the men of the near-by towns of Roccabruna and Mentone to come to their aid should the tocsin be sounded. Not content with having exacted their promise to do so, the anxiety of the timid sisters made them put the matter to the test by sounding a false alarm. Their neigh-



TICKET OF ADMISSION.

bors proved to be men of their word, and came running in haste to the rescue, only to find that they had been imposed upon. The pirates really came one fine day later, and though the bell clanged forth to indicate the mortal terror of the sisterhood, no one came to their aid, and, unfortunately for them, they were all carried off to end their days in Turkish harems.

SPORT FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

F. C. KELLOGG.

THE *Youth's Companion* of September 12th contains an interesting article by Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he says: "The American boy knows nothing, as a general rule, about salmon fly-fishing." And adds that our trout streams are mostly in the Rocky Mountains, and our salmon rivers remote and attended by mosquitoes; while he seems to think that our only game fish is the *mud cat* of the Mississippi.

As one who has for many years participated in, and immensely enjoyed American field and stream sports, I wish, in the interests of justice and fairness, to correct a wrong impression conveyed by these statements. Doubtless there are catfish in the Mississippi, but no one but small negro boys would for a moment consider it sport to catch them, when, in the same latitude, rare sport is afforded the expert angler in catching the gamey black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*), and also the splendid silver perch (*Microplerus salmoides*), and the voracious pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*). The first two mentioned are considered by many the peers of either trout or salmon in fighting qualities, while the latter will tackle almost anything in motion, in, or upon the water, whether it be a white rag, or a young duck.

We have trout streams "galore" in America, where the "Salmo Fontinalis" acquaints the enthusiastic fly-fisherman with "the divine emotion electrically produced," a la Mr. Lang. This is the case with all the mountain waters flowing in a territory extending from the St. Lawrence on the North, to Virginia on the South. We have also royal trout fishing in almost all the streams entering Lake Superior. Then, independent of the remote Rocky Mountain supply conceded by Mr. Lang, all of the Pacific Slope streams abound in trout, and are full of salmon during the spawning season. When we consider that California alone contains more land than England, Scotland, and Wales combined, and that it is supplied from one end of it to the other, with trout brooks, fed by the eternal snows of the Sierras, and with glorious rivers teeming with salmon, we can afford to touch lightly upon the subject in relation to Oregon and Washington, where the best of our trout streams are found, and where, in the Columbia River, as many as two thousand salmon have been taken with one net haul.

But, while our trout, both from abundant supply and gamey qualities, afford sport enough to satisfy the most avaricious fly-fisherman, it must be conceded that the salmon do not always take the fly with as much avidity as we have been led to believe its European cousin is wont to do. This is probably owing to the extreme clearness of our streams, which, during the spawning season, for the most part consist of nothing but melted snow. In brackish water, however, they rise better, and should they at times scorn to notice a fly, very good sport can usually be had by whipping the streams with a small spoon.

Having just returned from Shasta County, where I enjoyed the most delightful of camping experiences, lasting during July and August, and having daily seen upon our table, trout, deliciously browned, grilse done to a turn, and salmon served in cream gravy, I can testify, from experience, that the fish are abundant enough "to keep any wolf from the door," and I know that the boys of our own party will bear me witness that the sport of catching them is royal. Sweet Brier Camp is but a night's ride from San Francisco, on the comfortable Pullman car of the Oregon overland train. There we were quite in touch with the outside world, although in a wild and grandly picturesque mountainous region, for we had three trains every day, a telegraph and express station, and the daily papers; and, as for the mosquitoes, which Mr. Lang says always attend our rivers, I can positively state that I have never seen a country so destitute of winged annoyances of any kind as is the wonderfully well-watered region of the Sierras. Our good-natured cook expressed it in this way: "I ain't been bothered by no flies, or fleas, or mosquitoes, and I haven't seen no venomous *insex*, except a few yellow jackets, and a rattlesnake." Our tents were pitched in a grove of grand conifers, while the yew tree (*Taxus baccata*) full of its red berries, mingled its glossy leaves with maples of many varieties, and rare flowering shrubs. A stone's throw away, the boiling, rushing Sacramento, fringed with beautiful saxafrage, flowed joyously along on its way to the sea. On the opposite side was a steep hill, covered from base to summit with glorious pine trees (*Pinus ponderosus*), Douglas spruce, and incense cedar. At its foot was a large pool full of salmon. In the evenings they disported themselves here in grand style, jumping many feet out of the water and coming down with a great splash. Professor ———, the enthusiastic fly-fisherman of the party, was so eager to cast among them, that on the first night of our arrival he could hardly wait to joint his rod. Disappearing down the river bank, he struck the rapids at the head of the pool. Some three or four minutes afterwards the camp was greeted with a shout "I've got him." We all rushed to the river, and there saw one of the most exciting tussles it was ever my good fortune to witness. The Professor was no novice in the art of playing with rod and line, else his tackle must have come to grief with the first mad rush of the noble king of fish.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS—LITTLE "T. V." GETS A BITE.

An eight-ounce rod is hardly an even match against a twenty-five pound fish charged with about fifty volts of chain lightning, unless skill has it in hand. The fish continued to spin out the line until the screaming reel was nearly empty, despite the fact that the bending rod was all the time strained dangerously near the breaking point. The Professor then was heard to mutter something about his being a fool to cast into that pool with nothing heavier than a trout rod. However, as luck would have it, the salmon at that juncture changed his tactics and doubled, swimming directly towards the angler so rapidly that he could not begin to keep a taut line upon him, but fortunately, he proved to be fast hooked, and it gave the Professor a chance to reel in his slack line. Upon feeling the draught again, the salmon made another mad rush to the far side of the pool, fairly making the reel scream itself hoarse, and winding up with a great leap in the air. And what a glorious sight it was! His silvery sides glistening in the sun as he shook his head in impotent rage. Quick as thought the Professor lowered the tip of his rod so that the fish could not fall upon a taut line and break it. This performance was repeated again and again, our excitement increasing with each leap and mad rush, while the Professor seemed perfectly unconcerned, realizing that he was master of the situation, for it was already demonstrated that he had enough line to reach to the extreme limits of the pool. But now the fish resorted to another scheme more trying to light tackle. He sulked at the bottom of the river, and utterly refused to notice any strain that could safely be put upon the rod. Suddenly he would give a series of quick, short jerks, backwards and forwards. This is about the worst maneuver a fish can adopt. If there is any weak spot in the tackle he will very soon find it out. The Professor well knew this, so he requested one of the party to throw a stone in near Mr. Salmon, to try to induce him to run again. This proved successful, and the Professor was evidently immensely satisfied with himself, as he had a rare opportunity of showing to the whole camp, many of whom were ladies, how very scientifically he could play the wily monster. The smile on his countenance and his general air of confidence in final victory were quite noticeable. Had he not played the royal game successfully, already one hour and ten minutes, and would he not bring him to gaff in a few seconds more? 'Twould seem that the fish divined some such idea himself, for, rousing to an unusual pitch of energy, he suddenly leaped out of the water and succeeded in getting a violent snub on the line, when, as one of the ladies expressed it, "The Professor's leader, the bend in his rod, and the smile on his countenance all disappeared simultaneously." A wail of disappointment arose from the ladies, and visions of perfectly fresh salmon steaks vanished from the mental, as well as the gustatorial horizon of our entire party. However, we all agreed that the salmon had well earned his liberty, even if the caterer had dismissed the butcher, and we were compelled to eat bacon for dinner that evening. Next day the Professor successfully landed a twenty and one-half pound fish, with the same rod, after a fight of less than three-quarters of an hour. On many other occasions he gave evidence of his ability and skill in landing large fish with light tackle. One monster led him a merry dance of six hours before yielding to the pliable rod. The Professor was almost as much exhausted as the fish, and his dinner was brought to him on the bank, but he would not hand the reins of the finny steed to any one else. Mr. Salmon was finally safely landed, and tipped the scales at thirty pounds.

The trout that are caught in the ice-cold streams of California, are very active, gamey, firm in flesh, and delicious in the pan. As for their beauty, no other trout in the world compares with the gayly spotted "Dolly Varden," frequently caught in the McCloud, or the brilliantly hued "Rainbow" found in the Sacramento. They all take the fly with great avidity, excepting during the salmon spawning season, when they seem to care for nothing but roe. The writer has frequently caught trout on a "dropper" fly when it was dangling fully a foot above the water.

It was no uncommon thing for the boys of the camp to come back in the evening with from thirty to seventy speckled beauties. It was their custom to return to the streams all fish under six inches in length.

This is a specimen of the kind of angling an American boy enjoys. And I am convinced that he who is fortunate enough to live on the Pacific Slope has the advantage over all other boys in the world when his summer vacation arrives, and he wishes to spend it in the open air, fishing, hunting, tramping, and storing up health and strength for another year of hard study. Go where he may, into any of our numerous mountain regions, scenes of beauty which the pen is powerless to describe greet him through all his wanderings.

IN FOR THE WINTER.

LAURA YOUNG PINNEY.

FROM November to March, each year, there is moored in the quiet waters of that arm of the San Francisco bay known as the "Estuary," a long line of steamers, brigs, barks, and schooners. These are the San Francisco whaling fleet, "now in for the winter."

The principal whaling stations in the United States are New Bedford on the Atlantic Coast and San Francisco on the Pacific.

Statistics show that this enterprise is gradually declining, on account of scarcity of game. The monsters of the sea, like the wild buffalo of the plains, are surely passing away.

It has been said that the "rich supply of oil protecting its internal parts from cold, the wonderful apparatus of whalebone by which its food is provided for, have been fatal gifts which will eventually lead to the extinction of the whale."

Three kinds of whalebone whales are recognized—the Arctic Right, or Greenland, the Antarctic, or Black, and the Pacific. The Arctic Right is the most valuable. Its home is in polar seas, and from icy waters it never roams.

To this species also, belong the Bowheads of the Okhotsk Sea and Behring Straits.

When full grown this whale attains to from forty-five to fifty feet in length; while its head, which is principally mouth, exceeds one-third of the body in size.

This mouth cavity is increased by a highly arched upper jaw, for the better accommodation of the baleen, or whalebone blades, which number between three hundred and four hundred on each side the palate. These blades are the whalebone of commerce. They are triangular in form, with the base attached to the palate and the apex hanging downwards. At the inner edge of each larger blade are two or three smaller ones. These principal blades are larger and longer near the center of the palate, diminishing toward both front and back. They vary in lengths, from three to ten, and even twelve, feet; also in color, in different species. In some, the color is black, in others it is slate, horn, yellow and even a creamy white, while still others are variegated with stripes of different hues.

They are elastic in texture; the outer edge is hard and smooth, while the inner and the end is frayed out into soft, silky, and very tough hairs, some three or four inches long.

The peculiar arrangement of the mouth of the whale is the provision of an All-wise Creator, for the feeding of this "king of the seas," for "king" though he is, his diet is composed of the smallest of crustaceans. These he draws into his mouth in shoals, with great quantities of water, and the hair-fringed blades form a perfect sieve, which allows the water to pass out and retains the food substance to be swallowed.

Sperm whales go in schools, and, like the whalebone whale, its head comprises about one-third the length of its body.

Instead of whalebone it has from twenty to twenty-five hard, conical teeth on each side of its lower jaw, which is the ivory of commerce. The oil in the cavity above the skull, when refined, yields spermaceti, while the thick covering of blubber, which everywhere surrounds its body, furnishes our valuable sperm oil.

Ambergris is formed in the intestines of this species, and is found floating on the waters of the tropical and semi-tropical seas, which they inhabit.

Whalers are usually sailing vessels, though at the present time many have engines also, and thus are not dependent alone on the wind for locomotive power.

Each vessel is equipped with vats for oil, and with six or eight small boats; the latter are fashioned especially for the use of harpoon, harpoon guns and lines, to be used in the capture of the "big fish."

The San Francisco whaling fleet consists of some thirty or more vessels; of these, fifteen are now in port; the remainder will spend the winter at Herschel Island.

The "catch," as reported for this year, is as follows: 4147 barrels of oil, 104,595 pounds of bone, and 4415 pounds of ivory. This is the lightest "catch" since the year 1876.

About one year ago a factory was established in the City of San Francisco for the preparation of whalebone for use, which largely supplies the dress, corset, and whip trade of California.

The process of manufacturing whalebone is simple, yet requires a liberal amount of dexterity and skill.

The hairy edge of the bone is trimmed and it is placed in a vat of water to soak till it becomes pliable, which requires one week or more. It is then thoroughly cleansed and placed in a steam vat. The steaming process lasts an hour or two, and then the bone is ready for the cutter. First it is cut into strips the width of a dress bone. These strips are then replaced in the steam vats, and, when quite hot, are cut by machines into thin strips, which, after passing through a polishing process, are stamped and ready for market. The outside strips are from the shell of the bone and are the best. In one cut of an ordinary bone there is usually six strips of shell, and three of grain, as the inner part is called.

The grain is used for whips. In some places whalebone is used extensively for making brushes; in others it is dissolved into fibre, and woven in with silk to give it stiffness and gloss.

There is, perhaps, to-day no more genuinely co-operative enterprise in operation than whaling, for, from captain to the smallest "cabin-boy," each has for his salary a certain per cent of the season's "catch."

THE STORY OF THE CADDIS-WORM.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

On the rocks in the Sacramento River, at the foot of beautiful snow-crowned Mt. Shasta, live a host of curious little creatures, which are known as caddis or case worms. Their soft, white bodies are the favorite food of the greedy trout that inhabit the same mountain streams; so, in order to protect themselves from their enemies, they actually construct little tubes or cases about an inch or an inch and a half in length, fastening themselves securely to the interior by strong hooks on the end of the abdomen, and leaving only the little black head and six short legs exposed to view.

THE CADDIS WORM.

When in search of the decaying animal matter upon which they subsist, they rattle briskly over the rocks, dragging their little houses after them, much after the fashion of the hermit-crab of the sea coast, retreating in backwards when alarmed.

These queer looking dwellings are composed of every sort of material found in the water, such as tiny bits of sticks, straws and grasses, bright-colored pebbles, or chips of minerals, or even the shells of small living pond-snails, or the gay wing-case of a beetle.

They are built on a regular plan, usually in a series of overlapping squares or triangles, the pieces being bitten off to the right size and cleverly fastened together with a sort of glutinous silk of the worm's own spinning, while the inside is neatly lined with a similar soft substance. The bristling points of the squares are intended to discourage hungry fishes from making a meal of the little architect; but, sad to relate, he is sometimes swallowed at a gulp, cozy little house and all.

Some varieties merely take up their residence in a hollow twig, startling the observer by sudden jerky movements, which give life to an apparently inanimate object; and others manufacture a smooth mosaic work of beautiful design and finish, or surround the opening with a circle of minute white pebbles.

One plucky little specimen—kept in a fresh water aquarium—on being gently deprived of his dainty house, set to work immediately and constructed a new residence out of some rainbow-colored straws, with which he was supplied.

By and by, something tells the little caddis-worm that it is time to take a long rest; so it anchors itself to the stem of some aquatic plant near the water's surface, spins a strong silk grating over the entrance of its case for the admission of water and the exclusion of its foes, and retires for a season from the world and its activities.

Then that same wonderful magic that causes the bud to swell into the blossom and the blossom to ripen into the perfect fruit, works a marvelous change in the tiny prisoner. And presently it bites through the grating with its jaws, crawls up the plant's stem out of reach of the water, splits the skin down its back, stretches itself, unfolds its downy wings, and flits off into the sunshine, no longer a grovelling worm in the river bottom, but a free-winged creature, living among the azalias and wild lilac on the river bank, in company with its cousins, the brilliant dragon-flies.

A PEN SKETCH.

In a charming brochure from the facile pen of Charles Warren Stoddard, entitled "A Trip to Hawaii," appears the following description of a scene which grows upon your vision as you approach the Harbor of Honolulu: "On the morning of the seventh day, an island rises like a small blue cloud out of the sea, then another, and yet another, and toward the last we make our way. Green with a verdure that never fades; brown with the bronze tints of lava-flows that have been cold for centuries; a beach of dazzling whiteness, fringed with groves of cocoa palms; the sea like a huge emerald, with sunshine reflected upon the coral bottom, and brilliantly tinted fish sporting about us;—it is thus that we approach Honolulu at noon on the seventh day. * * * Looking at Diamond Head from the sea, the volcanic shore promises nothing of the beauty that is harbored in the vernal vales beyond it; but, the moment our good ship rounds the point of the famous headland, the fairylike coast line is suddenly revealed.

"It is a transformation scene: the mountains turn gloriously green; valleys—vistas in Eden—dawn upon the eye in swift succession; the sea arises in long, voluptuous waves and fawns upon the reef, while within the surf the tranquil water is like a tideless river, where only the water lilies are lacking; but in their stead are troops of Hawaiian swimmers—veritable water nymphs—with a profusion of glossy locks floating about their shoulders like seaweed."

LILLIAN DUNKLEE FERGUSON

If the way of the transgressor be hard, what shall be said of the thorny path in which the hotel man travels?

The similarity of their fates is merely a matter of coincidence, for the transgressor richly deserves what he gets, while the hotel man is generally more sinned against than sinning. His life is spent in an endeavor to satisfy the pangs of hunger of the traveling public; and the dear public is extremely hard to please where its inner man is concerned.

A large proportion of people expect all the comforts of home to be combined with hotel conveniences. They demand polite attention to their many wants and insist that their little crop of idiosyncrasies shall be carefully nurtured. They insist upon promptness at all times, while they themselves disregard that virtue. In fact they constantly violate the Golden Rule and make the landlord's life a burden, all the while serenely indifferent to the fact that they are causing trouble.

And mine host must preserve an unruffled demeanor in the face of every annoyance—his popularity depends upon his temper. He must pacify the impatient and pour oil on troubled waters with a steady hand—his income depends upon their patronage. He must submit to more or less abuse with graciousness and then turn the other cheek, though he be in a state of mental profanity sufficient to jeopardize his soul. In fact, he must possess the tact of a diplomat, the dignity of a gentleman and the patience of Job.

But the hotel keeper is not alone in his trying capacity of caterer to the multitude. He has a warm sympathizer in the restaurant proprietor, and, whatever may be their temperaments and opinions, on this topic they can meet on equal ground, compare notes, and anathematize their common misfortunes. For the man who can come into contact with hundreds of people daily, and replenish their interiors to their universal delight, is yet to be discovered. He does not exist in the business.

The "chronic growler" is his evil genius, for his name is legion, he is irrepressible and provokingly long-lived. His edibles are either too hot or too cold, the rooms insufferably warm or unbearably chilly, and if he happens to be overcharged a dime he fancies there is a conspiracy on foot to rob him. Nothing ever suits his majesty the growler.

When all these discontented souls have winged their flight from terrestrial habitation, then, and not till then, will the long-suffering hotel man and his restaurant brother reap their reward of peace.

"I haven't anything to wear," she said,
  "So if I do not come, you'll know the reason."
The statement fell from lips so sweetly red,
  To doubt their utterance seemed almost treason.

Nothing to wear! I smiled. And yet, that night,
  Within the ball-room, by each dazzling token
Of neck, and arms, and gleaming shoulders white,
  I thought how truly had my lady spoken.

A young lady writes to an English paper to inquire the best method of curing the blushing habit. Now may heaven save us from this departure in the Anglomaniac line! If the girls across the pond are going to discard blushes as bad form, we may well take alarm, for fads travel as the crow flies. We can forgive our American maidens for almost any imported fancy, but this would be too much. Blushes, real, bona fide blushes, that creep to the cheek and lose themselves under tendril tresses; that slip to the forehead and hide in the curves of a pretty throat—what can be more charming, more alluring than to see them come and go? Yet, forsooth, a possessor of them wants to be "cured"! True, there is some disadvantage in the blush that proceeds from awkwardness or embarrassment, but its presence reveals sensitiveness, and sensitiveness means refinement. Girls, I beg of you to keep on blushing. Alas, that any of you have forgotten how! Blushes? May they be playing hide-and-seek in your cheeks when the locks that frame them are white with the snows of Time!

"Powellandeddystreettransfers!!!" cried the conductor with explosive unintelligibility. And then he frowned impatiently at the timid tourist from Milpitas; who ventured to ask him what he meant.

A person recently imprisoned here on a charge of blackmail says that for fifteen years her mind was a blank. There is nothing surprising in that. One frequently encounters people of irreproachable respectability whose minds have always been a blank.

A Pennsylvania woman, who has been married seven times, is authority for the statement that dark-haired men make the best husbands. She ought to know.

The quaint old custom is no more;
  The postman does not go
With missives sweet from door to door.
  For people now, you know,
Betray their love by other signs:
They're out of date, these valentines.

Quite out of date. Suns rise and set
  And change quick follows change.
Who knows but even love may yet
  Become both old and strange?
Pray, what will be this sad world's fate
When love itself is "out of date"?

A man's position in life is not always a clue to his mentality. One of the leading lights in theosophical circles here is a cable car conductor, who punches fares by day and wrestles with his occult philosophy by night, which is certainly convincing proof of his versatility. He is equally at home in the domain of plugged nickels and transfers, or in the exalted regions of thought that explanity the doctrine of re-incarnation. He commands my respect for earning an honorable living, and I can wish him nothing better than that his next time on earth may find him following a more congenial vocation.

San Francisco is entitled to astronomical distinction, for one of her citizens, Dockery by name, is a star of the milky way.

An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance, who has always considered it excessively dishonest to knowingly pass a piece of counterfeit coin, has changed his views. "Let me tell you why," said he to me the other day. "Somebody got the best of me with a dollar yesterday just before I started for the Oakland boat. The ticket-taker told me it was bogus, much to my disgust, for I have been 'taken in' so often that it has got to be an old story, the fault lying with my near-sightedness. For fear that I shall pass such coins again, I have been in the habit of tossing them into the bay on my way home. Dropping this last specimen of the counterfeiter's art into my pocket, I determined to send it to a watery grave as usual, and accordingly, when opposite Goat Island, relieved my conscience and my feelings by tossing the contents of that particular pocket overboard. When I reached home I was astonished to find that miserable dollar where I had put it. Again my nearsightedness had played me false, for instead of the counterfeit I had sent to the bottom of the bay a twenty-dollar gold-piece!"

If there be a moral to this tale I hope the reader will be able to find it.

The ablest woman historian now living is Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, a resident of San Francisco. She is a modest, retiring woman, whose work will live after her in the literature of the West. Among her books are "Atlantis Arisen," "The River of the West," "All Over Oregon and Washington," "History of the Early Indian Wars of Oregon," "The New Penelope and Other Stories and Poems," and six volumes of Bancroft's History.

Senator David B. Hill has electrified Washington society by declaring that the women should be unceremoniously hustled out of the Capitol City, and thus enable the men to perform the work that they were sent there to do. He maintains that social dissipation, the keeping of late hours, and the indulgence of fashionable frivolities, unfit a man for business and fritter away his time, which belongs to his country and not to woman, lovely woman. Therefore, would he ostracise this demoralizing siren. Senator Hill has been so impervious to the attractions of Washington belles, and has so persistently refused to propose to any one of them, that he has acquired the title of woman-hater. Notwithstanding his lack of gallantry, there are several grains of truth in what he says. Sensible men are always more or less bored with society's demands. Most of them would willingly escape the round of receptions and other social "functions" that life at the Capitol entail, but they do not all possess the amazing candor of their colleague, Senator Hill.

A sweet-faced little *War Cry* vender approached a young man with pale blue orbs and white eyelashes who was leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of Kearny and Sacramento Streets. "Are you a Christian?" she enquired kindly. "No, ma'am," was the reply, "I vas a Scandinavian."

Over in Merrie England they have to tack felt on the doors to keep the fog out. The instant an outer door is opened great chunks of fog fall in and block up the hallway. Lovely climate, that. Out in California, the most favored portion of earth's surface, we scold when the wind blows, and feel personally aggrieved when the thermometer strays a degree or two out of the way. We are a spoiled people.

There are a number of publishing houses in this country which maintain themselves by appealing to the vanity of writers. As a rule, writers who have a healthy respect for themselves and their profession (and if they have not this respect they should be deprived of their ink bottles) pay neither attention nor money to these firms, who send them from time to time circulars of which the following extract is a condensed copy:

"We have in preparation a volume of biographical sketches, accompanied by engravings and poetic or prose extracts, of authors. These will be published in the near future under an attractive title. We desire very much to enlist your co-operation in this enterprise, and would like to have your portrait, the expense of reproducing it in half-tone being only ten dollars. Special rates will be given per page for using your poems or prose; that is, we will charge you only a reasonable amount for the space used. Your name will be indexed, calling attention to your literary work in as many ways as possible. Kindly remit ten dollars and photograph," etc., etc.

By such step-ladders as these (ten dollars a rung) an author may mount to fame. The trouble is that fame of this sort is about as valuable as brass jewelry and as enduring as the gilt on a section of gingerbread. The writer who is worthy of being half-toned and biographied ought to be paid ten dollars for the privilege of using his or her photograph, besides suitable compensation for the "extracts" used. To remit money to a publisher is simply to buy so much advertising space, the only difference being that instead of advertising a coal yard or a grocery, the face of an individual is brought before the public. If writers are able to write what is worthy of notice, they will not need to pay publishers for "calling attention to their literary work."

Deep runs the current of a true devotion;
  Ceaseless and strong it surges to and fro;
If on the surface then of life's great ocean,
  Flotsam and jetsam pass you, let them go.

Tears for the faithless? Why should such things grieve you?
  Tears for the dear remembered dead may flow—
Not for the living. Those who would deceive you
  Do not deserve your sorrow. Let them go.

Blight at the rose's heart? Then may it perish.
  Reach for the perfect bud that blooms below.
Rust on the treasures that you fondly cherish?
  Flaws in your gems? What of it? Let them go.

Wide is the grave and deep when friends are parted;
  Cover it from the sight; 'tis better so.
Cling to the brave, the good, the loyal-hearted;
  Pity the frail, the false, and—let them go.

Lo, at your side there lingers to enfold you,
  Friendship, the sweetest that the soul can know.
Fling to the winds the worthless ties that hold you.
  Hail and farewell forever! Let them go!

Why is it that you encounter only at rare intervals the friend whom you long to see, while the personage for whom you have an especial aversion seems to materialize at every street corner?

There is every probability that the fifteen-year-old girl who recently committed suicide, because of disappointment in love, was a reader of trashy novels. The injury done to the minds of children by reading worthless books is deplorable. Silly novels have been the direct cause of many a young girl's bitterest experiences. Their influence is far more disastrous than that of the boy's dime novel, because the latter deals with heroics mainly, while the former abounds with sickly sentimentality and abominable gush. The boy's dime novel may enlarge his young cranium and inflate him with a desire to be a pirate on the high seas or a blood-thirsty slayer of Indian tribes. It may make of him an imaginary hero, whereas the trash perused by his sister is pretty apt to make of her an actual fool. Boys have frequently run away from home as a result of imbibing yellow-covered literature. Girls have also run away from home for the same reason. The prodigal son may return, but the world looks coldly upon prodigal daughters. The trashy novel has many sins to answer for, and the people who vitiate young intellects by writing them deserve to be punished.

The man who runs the elevator in the Washington Monument is justified in thinking that he holds one of the highest positions in the gift of the Government.

ITEMS.

France has paid a generous tribute to America. The cross of the Legion of Honor has been awarded to Walter McEwen, an American boy. In conferring upon the representative of another nation this high distinction, France has proven that she is loyal to the principles of art and that her schools are as free to acknowledge genius in aliens as in her own sons. Long live France!

The Illustrated Traveler. Mr. D. G. Waldron, representative of this finely illustrated paper, will make a stay of a few weeks in Honolulu, visiting the Volcano and the sugar plantations. New views and extensive write-ups will appear in the forthcoming issues. *The Traveler* is considered one of the neatest pictorials published, and has a large circulation all over the world. The next issue will contain a new view in colors of the Volcano, and other interests in Hawaiian matters.—*Daily Evening Star*, Honolulu, H. I., January 4, 1896.

Editor of "THE TRAVELER": Allow me to call your attention to an error in the last number of THE TRAVELER, in regard to the summer temperature of this place.

It is correctly stated that the climate of Santa Barbara is not cold in winter, nor unduly hot in summer, and it is probable that the statement, apparently in confirmation of it, that the average summer temperature is seventy-two degrees, will be accepted as such by most of your readers because they do not know that seventy-two degrees is not a low average summer temperature, being, in fact, almost exactly that of New York City.

But there are those who do know what the figures mean, and will judge of the climate by them. For the information of such, and to correct a possible misapprehension that I am authority for the above figures, I desire to state that I obtain, as a result of eleven years' observation, a mean temperature for the three summer months of 64.7 degrees.

HUGH D. VAIL.

Santa Barbara, January 23, 1896.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"I CAN SWIM!"—Coleridge's letters, just published, occasionally reveal the sage in a really humorous aspect—witness the following anecdote: "A party of us had been drinking wine together, and three or four freshmen were deplorably intoxicated. (I have too great a respect for delicacy to say 'drunk.') As we were returning homewards, two of them fell into the gutter or kennel. We ran to assist one of them, who very generously stuttered out, as he lay sprawling in the mud: 'N-n-n-n-o—n-n-n-o—save my fr-fr-fr-friend there; n-never mind me—I can swim.'"

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

It is not too much to say that THE TRAVELER of San Francisco is one of the handsomest journals published in this country. The January number appears with a photograph in colors as a frontispiece, giving a graphic picture of the Volcano of Kilauea at the Hawaiian Islands. Chief among the contents is an entertaining sketch on palmistry, with illustrations, by Jane Seymour Klink; Arthur Inkersley contributes a bright sketch giving an account of his experience at Oxford; W. V. Bryan has a two-page article on the luxuries of mountain railways; Santa Barbara, by H. Edwards, is quite a unique sketch, and Mrs. S. E. Marshall contributes an article on San Leandro Lake, giving an account of the great water supply system through a large part of Alameda County, including Oakland.—*S. F. Call.*

NEW GOLD.

THE CALIFORNIA COAST ROBIN

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Lillian H. Shuey.*]

The prince of coast singers is startling my ear—
He's vaulting out, whistling out, loudly and clear,
His wonderful jubilant, triumphant cheer.

I see his gold breast as he lights in the lane,
The satiny black of his head in the grain,
The flash of his wings overhead in the rain.

So weary am I of the showers in June
With summer's soft harmonies all out of tune
And the winds wailing out an old wintery rune.

He cares not—so busy, so restless is he
There, flipping the drops from his gay panoply,
With a double-quick step in the damp filaree.

Now he's gone to a place in the green alder-tree;
"Cavello, cavello," "sweet, sweeter," says he,
He translates no further his wild jubilee.

"Cavello, cavello," so seems he to say—
A rollicking, musical, clear roundelay,
Vaulted out in a daring, undalliant way.

He's flown now, down to a cliff by the shore,
The swells may boom loudly, the surf deeply roar,
He'll be jubilant over them—singing his score.

Faintly now, echoing up in the glen,
He's calling the warbler, the blue-bird, the wren,
To come to him, come to him, meet him again.

I like him, I like him, gay Prince of the West!
He calls up what gladness my heart ere possessed,
I ne'er shall grow old where he makes his dear nest.

In singing my heart so out of its ills,
He has sung the June sunshine back to the hills,
And summer her old golden promise fulfills.

Come hither, come hither, cowed, troubled of men,
Come follow my whistler into the glen,
Strike the plow to the hills and grow valiant again.

EUGENE FIELD.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf.*]

For him no more they'll come and go—
"Pittypat and Tippytoe";
With their little pattering feet,
'Mong their playthings on the floor,
Making noise, or music sweet;
These will charm, nor vex, no more;
And to think he loved them so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

He would leave a heart-sought task
Just to grant what they might ask;
From a piece of buttered bread—
Or most any childish plea,
Like when little lisper said,
"Let me in—it's only me"—
To all the love his soul could show
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

With their "trademarks" in his breast,
Oh, how truly was he blest!
Childhood was the radiant arc,
Bridging o'er life's ruffled stream;
Shining where the way seemed dark,
Keeping bright each golden dream—
Such alone pure souls can know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

In that heart true love was born;
Then like growing light of morn,
Or a never ending sea,
Grew that love he could not speak;
Welling there eternally,
Till its walls became too weak—
Doomed at last to overflow
For Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Round that unused fountain now
Songbirds carol in the bough;
Little hands shall smooth his bed,
Singing cradle hymns of rest;
Scatter flowers around his head—
Things like these he loved the best;
Earth give back an answering glow
Through Pittypat and Tippytoe!

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE! Lamb Photo

It may be leap year, but, all the same, no young man is going to take chances by waiting for a girl to propose to him.

Canny Scot—Yours is a poor country.

Paddy—Well, we can afford to wear breeches, anyhow.

"I went to a fine dinner last night, where all the forks and knives and spoons were of silver."

"Let's see them."

"Oh, please, don't give yourself the trouble of showing me out."

"It's no trouble, I assure you—it's a pleasure."

Landlord.—Why don't you pay your rent?

Smythe—I give it up.

Landlord—But you don't; that's why I complain.

A man by the name of Schwellingschmertemberg is very ill, and the physicians have changed their treatment of the patient several times. If they changed his name there would be some chance for him to recover.

A Chicago poet has written some very pretty, pathetic verse about the girl he loves who was "married yesterday." He need not despair. The girl who was married yesterday may be free to-morrow. While there is life there is always hope—in Chicago.

Jasper—Do you think Stead's book, "If Christ came to Chicago," will have any success?

Jumpuppe—No. The idea is too wildly improbable.

A young lady looking at a picture representing a pair of lovers in a boat, with the lover gently clasping the waist of his adored one, innocently remarked, "How natural!" and then blushed violently.

Hazel—Sandstone has asked me to lend him five pounds, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?

Nutte (earnestly)—I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening.

Old Friend—You are becoming round-shouldered—got a regular stoop. You don't ride a bicycle, do you?

Man of Family—No-o; but my boys ride bicycles, and I am paying for them on installments.

Four-year-old Edith has two little boy playmates, of whom she is very fond. They enjoy playing house together. Arthur always takes the part of papa, Edith the mamma, and little Chester the baby. Chester got tired of always being the baby, so told Edith one day that he wanted to be mamma, and she must be the baby. Edith decidedly objected to the proposed change, but her mother, overhearing the discussion, called her little girl and told her she must not be selfish, but should allow Chester to be the mamma sometimes. Edith replied, "Now, mamma, see here, if God lets me stay here and don't take me up to heaven, I'll grow up and sometime I'll be a real mamma, but Chester never will be a mamma if he lives a hundred years."

There is no shirt, however washed and mended,
That hath due buttons there;
There is no pat of butter—real or pretended—
Without its truant hair.

There is no babe that doesn't suck his finger,
And howl till all is blue;
No organ in the street that doesn't linger
A little longer Loo.

There is no vacant space, on which some blackguard
Sticks not his beastly bills;
There soon will be no field without a placard
Belauding soap or pills.

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DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

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FINEST CHAMPAGNE
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This favorite and well-known wine is admirably adapted for banquets and festive gatherings.

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THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. ***Darmody & Schaffer,*** Props.

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

W. N. SWASEY, MERCHANT TAILOR.
Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit.
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"OLD PANCAKE."

J. M. TRIMBLE.

TO-DAY I stood beside the grave of poor old "Pancake," the man who discovered the greatest silver mine on earth, and thought how strange are the vicissitudes of life. That poor, wretched piece of moldering clay, lying there alone and uncared for, was at one time the richest man on earth and yet didn't know it. This man, who made millionaires of half a dozen men and enriched scores of others, himself died a suicide and a beggar, scorned of mankind. It may not be generally known that Comstock is buried away up here in the north, yet it is so, for his grave is on the outskirts of this town, although without a mark or sign to tell whose dust lies moldering below. His life was an unusually eventful one. Thomas Page Comstock, after discovering the great silver lode which bears his name, drifted about among the numerous mining camps of Nevada for awhile, and then branched off north to Montana, among the Big Horn Mountains, where he believed more silver to be hid than the rest of the world contained.

It is said he went north in the interests of Nevada parties, but how true this is at least no one up in this part of the country knows. At any rate he was the leader of the famous Big Horn expedition that was sent out in the summer of 1870 in search of the mythical Lost Cabin lead, supposed to be somewhere among the Big Horn Range. The object of the expedition, discovery of mineral wealth, was not accomplished and the prospecting party reached Bozeman short of supplies and many of them without a cent of money. Comstock ranked with the latter class, although from careful inquiry I find he refused offers of assistance from citizens of Bozeman. Whether from disappointment at the result of the trip, worry over the plight of himself and party, or for some other cause, on the morning succeeding the day they camped on the little creek flowing near Bozeman, Comstock drove a pistol ball through his brain and died instantly. This occurred September 27, 1870. It was a sad ending of a very wretched and miserable man, for there is little doubt among people of Bozeman, who saw and knew him long ago in this town, that Thomas Page Comstock was of unsound mind when he committed the rash act of taking his own life. Comstock left a paper in his own handwriting, giving some interesting facts concerning himself. It was written and dated at Butte City in 1870, and runs as follows:

I had five claims—Ophir, Savage, Gould & Curry, Hale & Norcross, and Virginia. I got old Daddy Curry to come down, and put him in possession. I kept Norcross at work for a year on that mine. I owned the principal part of Gold Hill and leased it to Walsh & Woodruff. Now I will tell you how I sold those mines. I gave Sandy Bowers his claim—twenty feet on Gold Hill—and I gave Billy Knight his claim. To Joe Plato I also gave his claim. Poor Joe is dead, but the claim has made his widow very rich. I was working on the Ophir, and taking out a good deal of ore, but I did not know its value, for I was in a wilderness. I sent several tons of the ore by ox-teams through the mountains to California, and Judge Walsh was my agent and helped me. I took out a large gold and silver specimen weighing twelve pounds, and sent it in a box to Washington City. I instructed John Musser, a lawyer at Washoe, to send it. I don't know whether he did or not, but I wanted Congress and the President to see it, for it was the first gold and silver ore mixed ever found in the United States. I went on working, and Judge Walsh and Woodruff were there every day for two months trying to buy me out. I did not know what I had. My health was bad, so I finally sold out to them on these terms: I was to get $10,000—and did get it at last—and I was to receive one-eleventh of all that ever came out of my claim during my natural lifetime, and at my death it was to go to whoever I willed it to. I was also to receive $100 per month. That was the contract, and two men, Elder Bennet and Many Penrod, witnessed it. But my health was bad, and before I had the contract recorded, Woodruff & Walsh sold it out. Having taken no lien on the property, I never got a dollar from that day to this, except what was at first paid. I am the son of old Noah Comstock of Cleveland, Ohio, and my relatives live there. I was born in Canada, and am now 50 years old. I have a wife, but no children.

This interesting narrative ends here. If Comstock could have gone on relating his wonderful experiences, what curious and strange reading matter some of it would make. As it was, he died a poor and miserable sinner, with scarcely a friend to close his eyes; and yet his name will live in history long after kings and presidents are forgotten. If this man had only kept all he owned, your Goulds, Vanderbilts, and Astors of to-day would be mere pigmies in wealth compared to him. In thirteen years the Comstock yielded up no less than $220,000,000. The expense of running these mines was something quite startling. The consumption of wood for fuel and timbering in the different tunnels was simply enormous. When the mines were in full blast it required over 200 cars daily to convey timber over the Virginia and Truckee Railroad to supply them. From 1873 to 1880 over 1000 cords of wood were used daily, and prior to the closing down of the lower levels the daily consumption of fuel was over 400 cords. More than $40,000,000 has been spent so far in supplying fuel for the machinery alone, and it has cost as much to timber the shafts, inclines, drifts, etc., with fir, pine, hemlock, and tamarack.

The Comstock may have a revival but it can never equal our great Montana camp, which is, I believe, the best mining camp in the world to-day. Only a few years ago Butte was a straggling mining village; now it is a thriving prosperous city of nearly 20,000 people. There was but one Virginia City in Nevada, and but one Leadville in Colorado, but Montana to-day promises to produce several Buttes. It is ten years since active operations began in Butte, and that camp can at present only be said to be fairly opened.

A ROSE FROM SANTA ROSA. Hoison Photo.

THE VAGARIES OF FORTUNE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

"There is more romance in life than there is life in romance," said Dumas, and he never lived in a western mining camp, where the fabled good luck of the escaped prisoner who became the Count of Monte Cristo, becomes a reality so frequently that it is often considered to be a miner's fiction. The stories of these poor men, who have suddenly become millionaires, read like fiction, but without any straining for effect; yet these stories are stranger than anything that the most powerful imagination could invent, and they are so simple and natural.

A mining prospector wandered over the State in search of hidden treasure, impelled by that force of nature which we call intuition. At last his hope failed him, and no longer having provisions for a journey, he rested, boarding with some acquaintances, on a credit. Finally he returned to Colorado Springs, and resumed work at his trade, house plumbing. Strange enough, he remained poor. Finally a tailor advanced him a "grub stake," a burro mule, two revolvers, and a month's supply of provisions; the entire outfit costing about fifty dollars. He thought there "ought to be good dirt" near the base of Pike's Peak, and prospected around, making several "locations" in what is now the Cripple Creek District. He met an acquaintance who furnished further necessary money, and they began to dig. The ore was hidden and by them hauled to the city at night, fearing that if the nature of the mine was discovered, it would be taken from them by professional "claim jumpers." Finally, when they had sold enough to enable them to hire men to defend it, they worked openly and put in machinery. The mine now produces $50,000 a month, is valued at $2,000,000, and the tailor, the plumber, and the blacksmith are millionaires, and may soon crystallize into leaders of society, and perhaps be elected to the United States Senate.

Another wonderful story is that of a carpenter of Colorado Springs. Becoming tired of mashing his thumb while driving nails, he got a "grub stake" on a credit, and himself and the burro started out. He "located" almost everything in sight. When he halted after the first day's march, and, having no experience in mining, he did not know whether he had struck gold or copper. He was recently offered $1,000 000 for one of his mines, but he refused, innocently saying that he would not know what to do with so much money, but preferred to keep the mine, and when he wanted money he would go and dig for it—that is, if he should want more than $100,000 a month, which his mines are now producing.

In the story of Monte Cristo, the prisoner who is put into a sack and thrown into the sea, under the supposition that he is dead, is made to cut open the sack, and, loaded with chains, swims an impossible distance to an island, where he enters a cave and finds vast treasures. Here is the impossible, in order to tell a romantic story. But, in the above cases, there is no straining for effect.

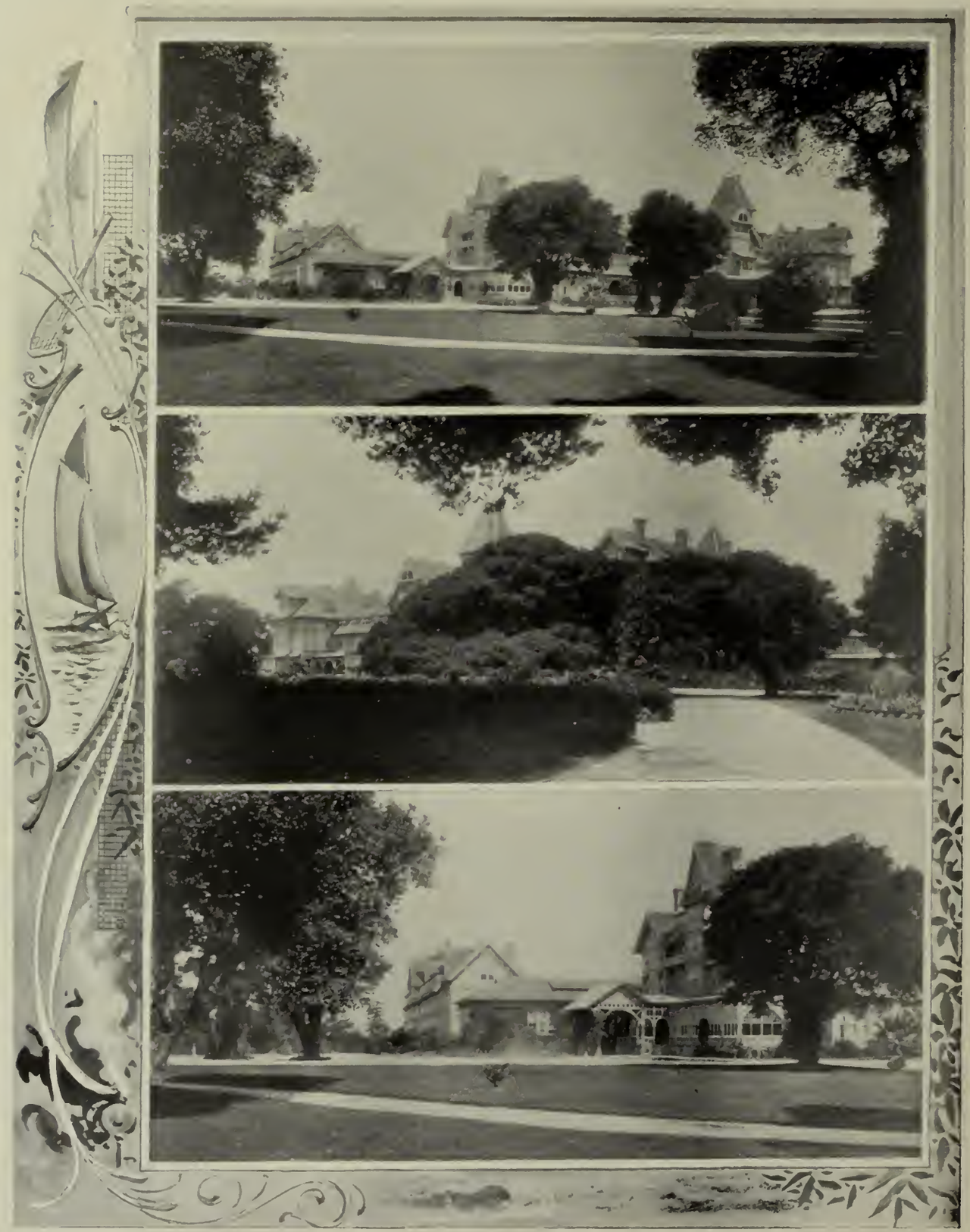
As a sequel: Two men have sunk about $100,000 in a mine about two hundred yards from one of these bonanzas, and no pay ore in sight. Unless they strike it, their mortgaged residences must soon be exchanged for those wooden huts of the more lucky ones.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

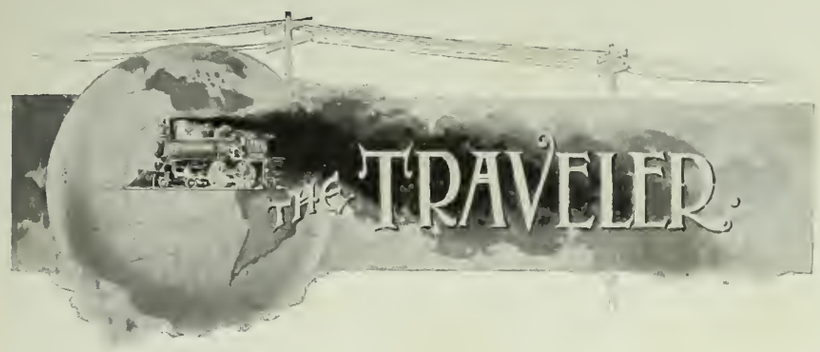
PRICE TEN CENTS. MARCH, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CARMEL BAY FROM CYPRESS POINT.



HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.



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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

***WM. V. BRYAN,** Editor and Proprietor.*

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge,* reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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A NEW YORK concern, which gathers news and other interesting data for a syndicate of newspapers, has sent the following circular letter to the General Managers of railways in the United States:

NEW YORK, February 13, 1896.

We are preparing an article on the number 13, and we wish to get your testimony as to its supposed influence on human destiny. Has any specially evil fate attended employees numbered 13, locomotives numbered 13, the 13th day of the month, or any other person or thing distinguished by the number 13, as far as you have observed? Has any particular number been unlucky in your experience?

We do not expect to trespass upon your time for any extended search of records; but we hope you will give us such details as occur to your mind.

We have addressed these questions to several hundred persons who, like yourself, are in position to observe the fortunes of numbered bodies of men or objects similarly distinguished; and a summary of the results, interspersed with stories of notable occurrences, can hardly fail to be of interest.

Thanking you in advance for whatever reply may seem to be suitable, we are——

The outcome of this inquiry and the tabulation of results will, no doubt, be as interesting as it will be unreliable. They will receive scores of items regarding engine No. 13, trains with 13 cars, accidents on the 13th of the month, at tunnel No. 13, and the like, and how strikingly they will stand out *without comparison* with other numbers and dates. It is a self-evident fact that the greater the number of cars to a train the greater the liability to disaster. Trains of 13 will show a greater proportion of casualties than those of twelve, or a less number, than those of fourteen or fifteen. It will further be found by an extended and just comparison, that out of thirty accidents during the month, not more than one occurs on the 13th. And so on.

In this connection many will remember the "Thirteen Club," organized in New York City, some years ago, with the object of decrying the superstition regarding that number, by actual defiance of all its beliefs. There are 13 members of the club; the number of their street and room is 13; their meetings are held on that day of each month; and the entire club dine together at all of their banquets. Every member is still living, and no calamity has befallen any one of them. So we shall await with considerable interest the result of this unusual and unique inquiry.

A CRAG OF THE SIERRAS.

MR. WILLIAM DALLIN, Vice-President of the Atlantic and Pacific Construction Company, has presented to Congress a bill to incorporate a company for the purpose of building an air-line railway from New York to San Francisco. This project is almost as old as experiments in aerial navigation, but the plan in question seems to have evolved some new and original features. Mr. Dallin has written a letter to President Cleveland, under date of February 10th, asking his concurrence in the proposition as presented. The idea is to build a double-track air-line road from coast to coast, to be "constructed in the best manner and of the best materials known to the art of railroad building," on which trains "will travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, including stoppage, making the journey from New York to Chicago in thirteen hours, and from New York to San Francisco in forty-eight hours." The motive power will be steam or electricity.

It is estimated that the 2700 miles of road will cost $400,000,000. It is planned to have the United States Government have direct supervision of the enterprise, in consideration of which the Company asks the Government to indorse and guarantee interest on its three per cent bonds. Twelve million dollars would represent the annual interest, and, if the Government declines to father the scheme to this extent, the Company will accept its guarantee to the extent of $4,800,000, annually, as interest on the bonds of the first section from New York to Chicago.

"As the bill is eminently in the interest of the people," says Mr. Dallin to Mr. Cleveland, "we shall keep it before the country until the charter is granted. The building of the line is inevitable, and the President who signs the bill will preserve his memory to the end of time." While approaching the President with tact and gentility, there is a firmness and determination between the lines of his letter that intimates that if the concession is not freely given, the people will make him give it, sooner or later.

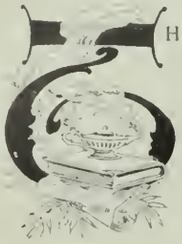
The proposition can hardly be called visionary, except so far as the possibility of raising the $400,000,000 is concerned, but this would, no doubt, be secured as readily as the sale of Government bonds, with the signature of Uncle Sam as guarantor.

OUR frontispiece this month affords a superb view of Carmel Bay, on the line of the famous Eighteen Mile Drive from Hotel del Monte. Nowhere on the Coast can one obtain more interesting and picturesque surf scenes than along the shores covered by this drive. Alternately the drive sweeps around some jutting headland, over the surf-beaten rocks, and again under the broad and gnarled cypress trees, whose cover tempers the fresh ocean breezes and renders the ocean vistas more and more delightful.

Down the shore the white surf line breaks against the crags of Point Lobos, forming a window of foam around the crescent bay, until its breaking swash is heard at one's feet. Should you ever visit this charming spot, do not fail to take this drive. It is almost the scenic epitome of a lifetime, and a never-forgotten delight.

THE agitation of good roads now brought prominently before the general public, should receive the hearty indorsement of every broad-minded citizen. The benefit thereof is far-reaching, and is by no means a movement for the benefit of the bicyclist only. In their existence the same principle is involved as in the construction of lines of railway. They afford better means of communication, and unquestionably contribute largely to the promotion of traffic and trade.

THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



THERE appeared in the January number of THE TRAVELER one of our own announcements wherein we invited criticisms on the general conduct of the paper, as well as suggestions for its improvement. Realizing that, ordinarily, readers of a magazine do not care to take the trouble to ventilate their ideas for the benefit of the editor, unless some inducement is offered therefor, we stipulated a small recompense in the shape of prizes for the best criticisms, etc. They were not magnanimous nor profuse, but, in our judgment, just enough to create an interest in the competition, and to make the trouble worth while. It was more than gratifying to note, however, that almost all the responses received were free from any competitive character, and seemed to have been inspired almost wholly from a sincere personal interest in the journal itself. After the first announcement had been made, we were somewhat surprised at the large number of responses that came to us from the East, and in deference to these views we postponed a decision for one month later. Since the invitation was first extended we have received something less than one hundred and twenty replies from all parts of the country. The only criticism the editor has to make is that they are almost universally flattering, and it seems to be the opinion of many of our readers that we have already arrived at the stage of perfection, expressing surprise that we should lack such confidence in our own merits as to assume that criticism was possible. Good people, we are not perfect, speaking editorially, of course. Alas, far from it. Else we would not have solicited your advice. We have faults—grievous ones—but we have to be told them to correct them. On the old principle, "two heads are better than one," so are one hundred heads better than two. We have learned something from these kindly yet sensible responses, and while we cannot adopt them all at once, we believe that many suggestions have been offered, the adoption of which will be appreciated by the majority of our readers. We want to take you into our confidence—to look upon our patrons as sort of a family circle, and rest assured that although this particular contest is over, we are more than pleased at all times to consider the views of those interested, that may tend to the betterment of THE TRAVELER. We were conceited enough to believe (as all of our replies have mentioned) that typographically and artistically THE TRAVELER has not been surpassed, if equaled, anywhere in the world. It is distinctively a Californian production, and during the three years of its publication has done much toward the development of the Coast, inciting an interest and an irrepressible longing to visit the scenic beauties of the State, which have been so beautifully portrayed from time to time.

The following is a list of those who won the prizes for the best suggestions and criticisms, arranged in the order of their merit:

W. P. Pierson	Philadelphia, Pa.
Arthur Inkersley	San Francisco.
Chas. Bradford	New York, N. Y.
Wm. McK. Heath	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. P. Morgan	Roslyn, Wash.
Frank Deardorf	San Francisco, Cal.
Edith E. Chaves	Pasadena, Cal.
Miss Lucile Parse	Watsonville, Cal.
Doctor A. H Tickell	Nevada City, Cal.
Lillian H. Shuey	Lorin, Cal.
Miss M. E. Sperry	Salem, Or.
H. B. Hambly	San Francisco.

The following is the list of names of those who were considered as sending in the best list of ten subjects, arranged in the order of their merit:

Frank Deardorf	San Francisco, Cal.
Edith E. Chaves	Pasadena, Cal.
Estelle M. Spence	Pomona, Cal.
Jay Spence	Pomona, Cal.
E. K. Rountree	San Francisco, Cal.
Louis Hasshagen	San Francisco, Cal.
J. Dover Colemen	San Diego, Cal.
W. H. Davis	Spokane, Wash.
Anna C. Davis	St. Augustine, Fla.
J. W. Marion	Woodland, Cal.
Irving H. Hepburn	Helena, Mont.
Doctor C. A. Cating	Chicago, Ill.
B. F. Thomas	Milwaukee, Wis.
Maggie N. Waring	Salt Lake, Utah.
Geo. S. Shearer	Los Angeles, Cal.
Leonard Wright	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Edna Pierson	Coronado Beach.
Erwin Monson	Detroit, Mich.
Eleanor Davis	Stockton, Cal.
Sophie M. Hamilton	Jackson, Miss.
Jeffrey W. Hodges	Kansas City, Mo.
Henry F. Dickerson	San Jose, Cal.

If space permitted, we would like to publish all the letters received, but we will have to confine ourselves to a few, while not necessarily competitive in nature or purpose yet seem indicative of the far-reaching popularity of THE TRAVELER before the invitation for criticisims was extended. Somebody away off in Kentucky is at least made happy by each visit of THE TRAVELER, as the following communication testifies:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., February 8, 1896.

For a long, *long* time I have wanted to write and tell you what I thought about your beautiful little TRAVELER, and having seen your request in the January and February numbers, I have decided to tell you, though I am not writing a criticism, therefore cannot compete for a prize. But I want to tell you what a delight it has been to me.

In the days, months, and years that I have been an invalid,

RUINS OF ANTIQUA.

and have been one of the "shut-ins," it has been a feast for my eyes, and a delight to my soul.

Through it I have lived my life again, as it were, in your grand and beautiful State—California. It has carried me back to many beautiful scenes and places dear to my heart. I have visited all the beautiful hotels; have gone from orange grove and roses to the sunny slopes of Mt. Lowe; I have in company with it traversed the beautiful San Gabriel Valley; have sailed to Santa Catalina Island; and, while spending the bitter winter days in my old Kentucky home, have reveled in the flower shows of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and coasted on the toboggan at Truckee.

In fact, I think for the purpose it is devoted, it is all one can wish for. In no other paper can be seen so many lovely places and beautiful faces. The illustrations are beyond criticism, but Oliver Twist-like, we would like "some more." What has become of your dear old-fashioned woman whose broad smile used to greet us each month? There are so few of them now-a-days it does us good to see one. The descriptions are fine and very instructive, and I must say THE TRAVELER is one of the most delightful companions I have ever had, and as long as I continue here, I hope each month to be able to give it a welcome in old Kentucky, and to get a glimpse of beautiful Del Monte by the sea. Wishing you the greatest success, I am,

Truly yours,
MRS. S. J. NORVELL.

Here is another effusion, full of dash and humor:

LORIN, CAL., February 5, 1896.

It is almost impossible to take your prize offer seriously, because THE TRAVELER is, without doubt, the best journal of its kind published in the West; I might almost say "in the East," for it has all the charm of the *Youth's Companion*, and I like it better than some of those Eastern weekly papers, because it has no fashions and nonsense about and for women in it.

Then, too, your good sense in keeping a children's page out of it, is enough to make sensible readers love and adore you. Why stuff children full of trash? Don't they get enough of it in the kindergartens, and the new-style, so-called language work in the public schools? But a well-written article, such as "Sport for American Boys" is all right—it is full of fun for grown-up children.

Then you are true to our Coast—loyally true, and you make it so interesting that it is good reading anywhere.

Such an article as "Truckee Ice Carnival" is delightful.

Then, too, your illustrations are neat and clipper, and right to the point. I am getting tired of illustrations spread all over the page, dripping off the edges, turning into smoke at one corner, and saltwater at another.

I see you don't have pictures of actresses. Where were you born, Mr. Editor, that you don't think pictures of actresses necessary to the public good?

Letters from politicians are a good thing.

I haven't seen any rebuses and charades and prize solutions. Those things are good for weak eyes, because people never read them.

How is it that you never thought of "society news"? Mari Dacotah Smithni will have a party, and I not know it. I live near the great University, and I would like to be up to date in everything.

Now, seriously, I have been hoping to see some Western paper start a popular Natural History page. The "Caddis Worm" is a splendid example of such work. The West is full of delightful things in that line. The Academy of Sciences would open its cases with many helpful suggestions. Children of all ages like such things. But one page of THE TRAVELER, brightly conducted, would be sufficient.

It is maintained that people don't read book reviews, but I notice if one gets out a book, everybody that you want to conceal it from knows about it, from Alaska to Popocatapetl. Book reviews should be short, neat, and clear, but they should be there. They make a paper better known.

I will have to end as I began. THE TRAVELER is breezy and fresh and clear; it cheers my heart to read it. I can't help you any. I may have a point. So, if you wish, just "take my *best* and play it *alone*;" you can *do* it.

Truly yours,
LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Now comes one of our next door neighbors, who evidently means all she says. She thinks the editor somewhat mercenarily inclined. Miss May—Mary, or Maggie, perhaps—how could you impugn such motives to our invitation? Don't you know that the editor is working for glory and reputation only—just like everybody else? If you would only come down here now and digest a little of our fine California climate, you would find that we almost live on it, and that we don't have to be actuated by the hope of reward. But here's what she says:

SALEM, OR., February 7, 1896.

Brilliant idea, that! Advice? Why, we have loads of it to dispose of. Of course, the editor doesn't know whether we like our eggs soft-boiled, hard, or scrambled, so he says in a loud, shrill voice: "Dear readers: Tell me what would tickle your literary palate, that I may spread a feast for you," and in a softly spoken aside adds: "and fill the editorial pockets with shekels."

When I receive THE TRAVELER I tear off the wrapper, straighten out the paper, and take a good look at the half-tone on the front page. It's good; it always is. Then I go through from front to back looking at each of the beautiful half-tones; next the half-tone ads. If I have nothing else to do, I then read under "That Reminds Me," and Lillian's page. After that I select the articles according to the interest awakened by the illustrations.

I would suggest Coast stories, say two in each number, with occasional ones in two or three parts.

A cleverly woven plot, laid amidst scenes with which we are familiar, is always alluring.

There is too much of the plain statement of fact about the paper, without enough sparkle and vigor. Not enough up-to-date crispness.

I don't mean knock out all the descriptions of interesting places in this jolly old globe, but don't give us so much "guide book" to places for which we do not care.

There are Indian legends, romances of the early miners, and of the old settlers, in fact, loads of good, solid material waiting for the clever romancer to weave his fancies among them, and delight the readers of THE TRAVELER.

Amongst the rest, MISS M. E. SPERRY.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE was a little boy who once said, in a composition on salt: "Salt is what makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on." But even if the said little boy had lived in California I don't suppose he would ever have given a thought as to where the seasoning he liked so well came from, yet salt gathering is one of the oldest industries in the State. For over forty years the vast stretches of marsh land on the east side of San Francisco Bay, in the vicinity of Mt. Eden and Alvarado, have been utilized in the collection of this substance, and in the early days of the State this district furnished almost the entire supply.

Passengers on the Southern Pacific Coast Railway see the first of the gleaming pyramids about San Lorenzo, and from thence on until beyond Newark, over eight miles, there is a perfect succession of these odd-looking white mounds, though the largest output is from the beds adjacent to Mt. Eden and Alvarado.

If one could look down on this part of the country from a height, he would see great squares full of water, looking for all the world like a vast checkerboard, over which the checkers would have to be floated instead of moved. Beside these watery squares stand the strange looking windmills that are used to pump the water from one pond into another. The sight reminds one of pictures of Holland scenery, and makes one think what a victory Don Quixote would have if he could vanquish all these windmills, with their broad wings, which one feels an irresistible desire to call flappers.

Beyond this stretch of marshland with its reservoirs, and sloughs, its windmills, and myriads of salt piles, the bay gleams in the sunlight with low, misty, purplish hills on the other side.

To the west lie the fertile acres of the Santa Clara Valley, and the trees and homes and church spires of prosperous villages. It is a pleasing picture.

The plan of operation is similar in each place, except that in some instances a larger acreage is covered, so that a brief description of the process of gathering the deposits from the beds of one firm having an extensive plant will enable the reader to understand exactly how the seasoning, which is so necessary to the palates of the majority of mankind, is obtained.

A shallow reservoir, covering about sixty acres, is allowed to fill from the water of the Bay, which is conveyed to it by means of ditches from the sloughs. It is then pumped successively through a dozen or more reservoirs, each one smaller in size, as evaporation has decreased the quantity of water, while, of necessity, the percentage of salt is greater.

SALT WORKS. Marshall Photos

No salt is gathered in winter, because the amount of fresh water which the rains would pour into the ponds would render proper evaporation impossible. During the spring the ponds are emptied successively and the bottoms thoroughly scraped with wooden scrapers, the refuse being gathered into heaps and then carefully removed. After this annual cleaning they are refilled for the season's work. Evaporation begins in May or June, according to the season.

A gallon of sea water contains about four ounces of solid matter; of this from fifteen to twenty per cent is chloride of calcium, and varying amounts of magnesia, glauber and Epsom salts, and other solid matter. The water is tested with a Baume Scale, to detect specific gravity, and the reservoirs, or ponds, are emptied accordingly.

The lime commences to settle first, and after this condition begins the reservoirs are called "pickle ponds," to designate the state of progress. When the lime has all settled to the bottom, and the salt registers twenty-five per cent, the water is run into the evaporating, or crystalizing, ponds, for the salt to settle, where it remains until twenty-nine per cent of density is reached; it is then run off into the bay, because if allowed to stand longer other solid matter would precipitate also and the purity of the salt be imperiled. When the ponds have been pumped dry, men, with flat squares of wood fastened to their feet by straps over the insteps, take wheelbarrows and clumsy wooden rakes, and go out into the glittering beds to rake the shining crystals into heaps; these small piles are then added to some one of the long pyramids scattered over the territory under—can I say cultivation? One pyramid alone, near Mt. Eden, contains twelve hundred tons.

Salt can be taken direct from the beds to the refinery (and, by the way, the mill belonging to the Oliver Brothers, of the Acme Salt Works, is the only one on the marsh, the refineries of the other companies being in San Francisco); but it entails longer exposure in the drying pans; it is easier worked after it has stood a long time, for the rains wash the brine out of it, and thus harden it, although it is estimated that about ten per cent of the salt is lost in this way.

These lands are peat lands, and very spongy; the waste earth from the excavations of ponds and reservoirs is used in filling in low lands, which, in time, will again be excavated. One noticeable peculiarity in the character of the soil is the fact that the salt piles sometimes settle a foot or more. Each pond is surrounded by a trench, called a seapage ditch, for the purpose of preventing the "fresh water" from seaping into the ponds; they are also used as draining ditches when the ponds are empty.

A peculiar feature of the water of the crystalizing ponds is its color, which is a deep red, and, as yet, I have heard of no satisfactory explanation of the strange hue.

Several months are usually required for "harvesting the crop," but if absolutely necessary, it can be done in sixty days. The process of refining is very simple. The crude salt is put into immense shallow pans, each holding about a ton and a half, and is there dried by the exhaust from the engine which operates the mill. About two and a half hours are necessary to dry it thoroughly. It is then ground and sacked for market. The salt in the piles forms the rock salt of commerce; the pan-dried salt, before it is ground, is the fish salt, or that which is used in preserving fish, etc.; the ground salt is put on the market for various purposes, such as dairy and table uses, according to its fineness. A number of vessels—sailing and steam—are used for the transportation of this commodity from this district alone.

There are many industries of this character, of which little is known, and there are comparatively few who are aware of the manner and process of securing this necessity to every-day life. Some time, when you have a day to spare, take your lunch along and spend the day at one of the great refineries. I promise you that you will find it intensely interesting. Bear in mind, however, that salt is not only obtained from the bays and oceans, for there are many enormous salt mines, where the article is secured, much after the manner of coal, iron, and other productions of the earth. There is quite an industry in this line at Great Salt Lake, and when it is known that about three buckets of this water will make one of salt, some idea may be had of the enormous deposits of that material in this well-known lake. This

LOADING SALT.

lake is so densely impregnated with salt and other solid matter, that bathers, when leaving the water, find their bodies encased in a veritable coating of salt.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The holiday and winter season at the Hotel Fairmount has been one of continual merry-making. The Fairmount Dancing Club and the Fairmount Whist Club keep the parlors ablaze with light nearly every evening. Mr. True, who is now the sole proprietor, has on several occasions cleared the dining-room to give the merry crowd more room, and it is his greatest delight to himself rush around clearing away tables and chairs and to watch his guests enjoy themselves. As a consequence, the Fairmount has been crowded all winter, and promises to remain so.

There is considerable activity at Highland Springs, Lake County, in the way of bringing in water for light and power purposes. They are also building a magnificent swimming tank, which, when completed, will be one of the largest and best in that section of the country. The first hop of the season was given on Tuesday, February 11th, and was a very pleasant affair. It is one of the places which is keeping pace with the times.

At Los Angeles the tide of eastern traffic is still unabated. The Hollenbeck Hotel seems to get the cream of the trade. Radical changes have been made throughout. The speed of the elevator has been increased, steam heat and new fittings have been extended about the house, and to-day it is undoubtedly the most popular and best patronized hotel in Los Angeles. The proprietors have always followed out the principle that it is necessary to spend money in order to make it, and the result proves that the general public appreciates their policy.

One of the most delightful hotels in New Orleans is the Hotel Grunewald, a modernly equipped hotel in every sense of the word. It is located on the principal street and has one of the best conducted cafes in the country.

We learn that the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, is enjoying a most prosperous season. It always does. There has been a noticeable increase of eastern tourists, and when they get to San Jose there is only one hotel at which to stop, so the Vendome receives it all. The indications point to a much larger influx than last year. The Vendome has spent many thousands of dollars in new improvements, both inside and out, and is prepared to take care of all the guests that go to it.

SOME MEXICAN TYPES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

COINCIDENTLY with the advance of what we term civilization, the typical manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants of the various countries of the world tend to become extinct, and travel is thus liable to be robbed of some of its chief pleasures. But, fortunately for lovers of the picturesque and national, the tendency to imitate Europeans is much more marked among the well-to-do than among the poor. And the poor being so much more numerous than the rich, the outward aspect of a country, except in certain streets of the Capital, and the large cities, depends much more upon the dress and manners of the masses than upon those of the classes. This is true of Mexico, and of all the Spanish-American Republics. The sons of the rich families of Mexico, of Central and South America, are frequently educated in Europe, and bring back to their native countries clothes fashioned by the best European tailors, and grooms, saddles, and dogcarts of the most approved European style. The city tradesman, and clerk, too, dress in the manner usual among men of similar position in the United States or Europe.

But in Old Mexico, while there are many families of great wealth, and the people seen in the City of Mexico are daily growing more like those of Europe in external appearance—the great bulk of the population is very poor, and deeply conservative. The interest of

BITS OF MEXICO.

Mexico to the traveler is thus due mainly to the poor, whose chief characteristics are poverty, politeness, and picturesqueness. Wherever the tourist goes in Mexico he encounters certain types, clearly marked by a traditional dress. It is proposed to notice a few of these here.

First in antiquity and numerousness comes the Indio, the indigenous inhabitant, and the direct descendant in features and habits of the Aztecs conquered by Cortes and his band of ruffianly adventurers. He wears short, white drawers of *manta*, or coarse cotton cloth, reaching barely to the knee, and a sort of frock of rough woolen cloth, fastened round the hips by a belt. On his head he wears, to shield his face from the sun, a broad-brimmed, conical *sombrero* of straw, and on his feet, if they are shod at all, are *guaraches*, or rude sandals. The woman wears a piece of woolen stuff wrapped twice round the body, but not closed by a seam; this is girded round the waist by a broad, colored sash, and extends to the feet. She usually has no shoes. The upper part of the body is covered by the *huipile*, a wide garment closed at the sides, extending to the knees, and having two armholes. The hair is tied up with ribbon, and either hangs down the back in two plaits, or is wound round the head in a thick roll. For ornaments large earrings and necklaces are worn. These are the laborers, the porters, and bearers of burdens. For in Mexico, as in all countries where there is a large poor population, much is done by men and women that is performed elsewhere by railroads and other means of transportation. In Mexico men and women are, for many purposes, the cheapest beasts of burden. The poor Indio sometimes travels thirty or forty miles to market with loads that fetch only a dollar or two after all.

MAKING TORTILLAS IN A NEW MEXICO HOME.

The *peon* frequently wears a shirt, trousers, and jacket of *manta*, the conical straw *sombrero* and leather sandals. The high conical felt *sombrero*, embroidered with silver, is worn by the *ranchero*, or farmer, and by the *haciendado*, or owner of a mine, cotton plantation, or sugar estate. For some reason, that is hard to discover, the *peon* has a fashion of rolling one leg of his trousers up to the knee. This cotton costume is, of course, a decidedly cool one, and on the high table-lands of the Valley of Mexico, and other parts of the country, the evenings and mornings are quite chilly. For warmth the Mexican wears a *sarape*, or woolen blanket about two meters long by one wide. It is almost always fringed at the ends, and is of a gay color. If the body of it is plain gray or blue, it is edged with bright stripes. It is wrapped round the neck and upper part of the body, the surplus being thrown over the left shoulder. Often the *sarape* has a slit in the middle running parallel to its longer sides. The edges of the slit are embroidered with ornamental zigzag lines; the wearer puts his head through the slit, and the *sarape* then hangs in folds over the shoulders and body.

The woman of the *peon* class wears a skirt of printed calico, a cotton waist, and a *reboso*, or shawl, round the neck and shoulders. The *reboso* is generally blue, and has a knotted fringe. It is frequently used to cover the head. The two long plaits of hair are tied at the ends by a scrap of ribbon. When exposed to the hot sun the women wear the high straw *sombrero*, but usually their heads are bare or covered only by the *reboso*. The peasant women, coming in from the country to the market-towns, carry heavy burdens of charcoal, laths, baskets, pottery, fruit, crates of chickens, and merchandise of various kinds. Under these cumbrous loads they shuffle along at a rapid gait. In some places the women whom one sees in the market-places selling oranges, pottery, *tortillas*, maize, and other things, wear white chemises, elaborately embroidered.

The basket-seller, of whom a cut is given, is a familiar figure in the Mexican streets. He carries on his back a great pile of his own handiwork, completely hiding all but his legs when he is viewed from behind. He wears in this instance a pair of old, tattered cloth trousers over his trousers of *manta*.

Another cut shows a woman making *tortillas*, or maize cakes. These are the most characteristic article of Mexican food. To prepare them, maize is put, over night, into a mixture of lime and hot water, the proportion of lime being an important matter, if the *tortillas* are to turn out nicely. Next morning the grain is taken from the jar of limewater and placed on a *metate*, or small sloping stone table. It is reduced to a paste by rolling it with a stone roller. A small portion of the paste is then taken up between the palms of the hands, and is patted into a thin cake, which is baked lightly upon an earthenware pan, or on a sheet of metal over a charcoal fire. To strangers *tortillas* have rather a sour taste, and seem to be of a leathery texture, but no meal in Mexico is complete without them. American or European families, living in Mexico, usually buy the *tortillas* required at the meals of their Mexican house servants.

In every Mexican village or town there is a large fountain, whence is drawn the water used for domestic purposes. The tourist who wishes to see types cannot do better than seat himself near the public fountain, and observe the women and children who come to fetch water in earthenware jars, and incidentally to hear the local gossip.

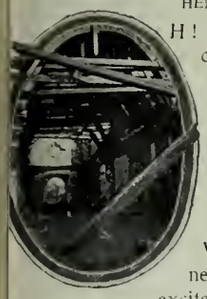
Another noteworthy spot in a Mexican town is the *lavanderia*, or public washhouse. That at Vera Cruz, which I observed particularly, is built on two sides of a small turfed square. The washing-tanks, with marble bottoms sloping slightly down towards the washer, are set at a height convenient to a woman standing up; above the tanks is a roof of red adobe tiles, supported by square columns of brick, covered with tinted plaster. Water is furnished by a pump, and the cleansed clothes are spread out on the turf to dry.

Everywhere in Mexico there is something to please the eye of the intelligent traveler. What is most agreeable to the person of sentiment is an air of simplicity and antiqueness contrasting strangely with telephones, electric lights, and other modern inventions that have penetrated even the country towns of Mexico.

MEXICAN BASKET VENDER.

A PERILOUS FLUME RIDE.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.



H! ye people of eastern and northern climes, who find delight these winter days in coasting hills a few hundred feet long; and all ye, who thrill with ecstacy while shooting down a short toboggan slide, what would you say to a ride, a la toboggan, from start to finish, fifty long miles? What would you think of a journey, having all the risk, zest, and excitement of coasting, down a chute from arctic to semi-tropic regions—through snow-clad and ice-bound canyons, around precipitous rocky fastnesses, over rivers, and finally, through vineyards and orange groves and into gardens of roses?

The flumes that several big lumber companies have constructed in different places, all the way from Sanger, in Fresno County, California, to Salem, Oregon, are the toboggan chutes of this story. They have been built for conveying timber from the towering Sierras to the valleys below, where great mills cut the timber into lumber. All of these flumes are from 40 to 65 miles long; they are built upon trestles varying in height from 20 to 120 feet, according to the country over which they pass. The chute itself is V-shaped, and is usually about a yard deep; the lumber is floated through it on moving water supplied from mountain streams. The supporting structure is strong, and capable of bearing several hundred tons weight. The time consumed in a journey through the flumes from the source in the mountains to the mouth in the valleys is from two to three hours, depending on the force and quantity of the water flowing through the chute.

The lumber flumes, built in the San Joaquin Valley in the last few years, are unique in that they traverse as various an assortment of climatic zones as may be found in any part of the world, and one who is fortunate enough to travel one of these chutes at any season of the year—particularly in winter—will experience more varieties of climates in a few hours than multitudes of people do in years.

An invitation to make one of a party of three gentlemen, to ride down through a lumber flume located at the southern end of the great San Joaquin Valley, was, of course, accepted. The hour of starting was fixed at eight on a December morning, and the place was the company's headquarters among the pines at the mountain terminus of the flume. Accompanying the invitation was a request for the guests to make themselves at home at the lumber company's log house, and to spare nothing in the larder. Early on the evening previous to the flume ride, the three gentlemen arrived at the headquarters in the mountains, after seven hours of hard riding. The altitude at the upper end of the flume is between 7500 and 8000 feet. Winter was everywhere in evidence. Snow was so deep and hard that the lumbermen had been unable to work for several days; ice covered every water course in the mountains, and a cold, frosty wind that sent the mercury below zero descended from the uppermost peaks. The night was passed at the company's building, and with a rousing big breakfast, such as a high altitude and snapping cold weather demands, the three flume travelers were ready for their journey, full of anticipation of the remarkable treat in store for them.

The flume boat, in which the party was to be floated down the chute, was brought forth. It was a crude affair, eight feet long, V-shaped to conform to the trough, made of boards easily nailed together; the seats consisted of short boards adjusted between the sides of the craft. Two lumbermen held the boat while the little party of travelers stepped cautiously into it.

"Hold on tight, boys," "let her go," "good-by," "good-by," were shouted in rapid succession from the group of bystanders as the boat started down the flume. A thin coating of ice glazed the rough surface of the flume timbers for the first ten miles, so that the craft sped forward with unusual swiftness. Our hands clutched the sides of the boat, all our muscles were set hard and strong, every eye looked ahead with keenest intensity at the shallow stream of water rushing through the sinuous flume, and our brains were never more alive. Nothing like this experience had ever come into our lives before. There was an indescribable sense of rushing through the air, and yet the lurching of the boat and the jarring of the flume brought terrestrial sensations. It was unlike riding on the locomotive of a lightning express train, for there was not the thundering noise and the roll of iron wheels; and it was far different from riding after a crack trotting horse on a smooth race course, for we were poised in the air and unable to do a thing for safety. The boat gathered momentum each second. Trees, bowlders, and titantic masses of granite approached and darted past in quick succession. For several miles the travelers speed swiftly. Not a word is spoken. Indeed none could be spoken.

A DANGEROUS CURVE.

When the first twenty minutes of the ride down the flume were passed, the more thrilling and nerve-tingling sensations were over. We became accustomed to the novelty of the journey. The tongues of the travelers were loosened, and each tried to put into words the emotions that animated him. The party was now sailing through the trough in the lower part of the canyon. There was but little snow or ice there, and the air was not so cold. The boat moved along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. We were wet from the splashing water, and a thin coating of ice was on our great overcoats.

We are now on a forty-foot trestle, gliding past stupendous walls of rocks that tower some 300 feet above us. Now we are beneath overhanging live-oak trees that fringe the upper edge of the canyon; now we are carried over great thickets of manzanita partially covered by snow; now across a mountain stream foaming and dashing among thousands of huge bowlders at the bottom of the trestle, and then, as we are carried toward the mouth of the canyon, all snow is left behind, and the first evidence of spring-like vegetation comes in view. The flume runs under projecting cliffs, and the little party in the boat is borne through overhanging vines and a little forest of evergreen trees.

Suddenly the flume turns to the left, and several gorges 200 feet deep are crossed. The timbers that support the flume look very slender and insecure, and the giant walls of granite that stand straight up from the depths below add to the grandeur of the scene. But no sensation can last long in a journey such as this.

Another bend in the flume, and, skirting a spur of foothills, we are swiftly gliding out of the canyon. A vista of some thirty miles stretches before the eyes of the flume journeyers. The scene is only comparable to that which must have lain before the eyes of Moses on the occasion that he viewed the Promised Land.

Behind us are the mountains and canyons we have just left. At all other points of view, undulating foothills, immense sweeps of grazing and ranch-land as smooth as a floor—are now brought to view.

The boat hurries on, following the sinuosity of the monster trough. We are so wrapt with gazing at the regal panorama that no words are spoken.

Later the orchards of the valley appear ahead, and in a few minutes more we are floated along, above the fruit growers' homes and over their orchards of pears, prunes, peaches, and oranges. Men are busy among rows of trees, and the golden tinge of ripening oranges among the dark, olive foliage of the orchards, adds another element of beauty to the scene. Later, raisin grape vineyards, that reach in every direction and cover an area of hundreds of acres, are passed through, and the travelers look down from an elevation of eighty feet upon a score or more of Chinamen (who appear like large-sized dolls) at work pruning the grape vines, and clearing up from a long season of labor.

Then comes a wide curve in the flume, and the boat sweeps gracefully around it. We gaze away to the west, where the trough of water appears like a straight slender ribbon of silver in the clear morning sunshine, a collection of large buildings and mammoth piles of lumber. This is the terminus of the flume, and the end of the journey. Seven miles more and the ride will be over. The trestle is now lower, and the boat floats within forty feet of the ground.

The flume is now almost level, and except for the impetus of the descent farther back there would be very little motion to the water at this point. Gradually the flow ceases, and the craft and its passengers move at a walking pace up to the docks of the lumber company's big mills. A workman seizes one side of the boat and holds it while we disembark. As each person in the party walks on his way from the lumber mill, he is sure to contrast the difference in the climate of a few hours before in the heart of the upper peaks of the Sierras with that in the valley, where men are at work in straw hats and their shirt sleeves and little boys and girls are running about barefooted.

But, my! haven't we had the most wonderful ride yet invented?

Who wouldn't go a long distance to experience such a journey and to witness such beautiful scenery?

THE NIKKO TEMPLES.

WM. V. BRYAN.

FAR in the wildness of a mountain gorge, where little lakes abide in beauteous tranquility; where icy torrents bound swift through mighty trees and over rocky cliffs; and where all the grander attributes of nature pour forth in harmony, repose the tombs of the two greatest men Japan has ever seen. To fail to visit this spot would be like going to Buffalo without seeing Niagara or journeying through Egypt without visiting the Pyramids.

Two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, Hidetada, the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, conveyed to their last resting place the remains of his illustrious father, Iye-yasu, the representative of all that is great, all that is brave, all that is exalted. And what a burial was that! The whole Empire, from east to west, from north to south, was drained of its august dignataries and nobility. Hundreds of court nobles, captains, and daimios, and royalty with its glorious pageantry, came forth to do him reverence; and for three long days did two thousand priests hold services for the repose of his soul. Grand and imposing were these funeral rites, and shortly after Iye-yasu, by a decree of the Mikado, was enrolled among the deities with the posthumous title, "Great Incarnation of Holy Buddha." The other distinguished Shogun, Iye-mitsu, grandson of Iye-yasu, completed the Nikko temples which the latter had erected during his reign.

These temples are so magnificent, such wonderful works of art, and their surroundings so appropriately beautiful, that it is a common expression among the Japanese that one who has seen Nikko is fully entitled to use the word "ekko," which signifies "splendid." Nikko means "sunny splendor." It is the Westminster of Japan on a much grander scale, and for years the pen of art and poetry has transcribed its every part. The approach to the temples is strikingly picturesque. We cross the dashing waters of the Daiya Gawa near the Sacred Bridge, a handsome red-lacquered structure supported by four huge columns of granite. It is called "sacred," because none but the Mikado are allowed to cross it, and besides having large gates at either end, a squad of soldiers are constantly on the watch to preserve its inviolability.

YOMEI GATE—ENTRANCE TO NIKKO TEMPLES.

After crossing the river we ascend for a short distance through a winding avenue of lovely cryptomeria trees, past miniature cascades, until we are brought into view of a large red-lacquered temple standing in the middle of a spacious enclosure. It is a very fine building, and had it been the finest of all I would not have been disappointed. To the right stands a pretty little pond swarming with sacred gold fish, and to the left a tall bronze memorial monument bearing an inscription in Japanese and surmounted with a cupola of brass.

Beyond, as we stroll slowly along, feasting upon each new wonder, are 118 bronze lanterns, standing six or seven feet high, inscribed with the holy title of Iye-yasu and the name of the donator, each of whom was a Daimio. Artistic bronze candelabra and the bell tower are passed successively, until we behold the great five-storied pagoda, 104 feet high. A large portion of it is red lacquered; brass bells are suspended from the corners of each roof, and in various sections the carving and gilding are beautiful, the most noticeable being the twelve signs of the zodiac, executed near the first story. Upon the top a bronze spiral rises some thirty feet.

Leaving the pagoda behind we approach the grand gateway at the entrance of the temples. A flight of stone steps is ascended and we pause to admire. The entire structure is Japanese in art and in design. It is supported on four smooth granite columns, above which are the carved busts of four tigers, admirably executed. The entire gateway is liberally decorated with exquisite fretwork and rich carvings tipped with gold and brass. The enclosure we are about to enter is surrounded by a high, lacquered balustrade, beautifully ornamented with carvings of arabesque design.

We pass through the gateway into a large pebbly court, in which we find three buildings, one of which contains the Buddhist scriptures, and the other two the treasures of the temple. To the left stands a superb stable, handsomely carved and gilded, occupied by two sacred Albino ponies, used only by the priests. To the right is a finely tiled roof, supported by four huge columns of pure granite, covering a large granite cistern containing holy water. This cistern is about six feet long and two feet wide, made from one solid block of stone, and it is so delicately adjusted that the water, continually supplied by a distant cascade, overflows each edge in exactly the same proportion, "giving one the impression," as some one has said, "that it is one solid piece of granite."

We leave this court and ascend a flight of stone steps, through a large gateway, into another more amazingly beautiful, containing the immense bell tower of bronze, with its deep-toned bell, a gorgeously decorated shrine, long row of elegant candelabra and granite lanterns.

The entrance to the next court is through a famous Yomei gate, a most marvelous piece of architecture in itself. A day's study of it would scarce be thrown away. Sixteen great pillars of white stone, each wrought in floral designs, support this structure. On either side sit two bronze lions glaring savagely at each other, each enclosed with brazen palings tipped with gold, while just above, at the lower portion of the splendid architrave, are eight fabulous kirin or dragons, sculptured from white stone. Just over the entrance two terrible monsters fight perpetually. Above the architrave, a magnificent balcony, carved in richly colored arabesques, most lavishly mounted with gold, runs around the entire edifice, and is supported by the heads of forty dragons, and just below are figures of Chinese sages and groups of children playing. The tiled roof is supported by the gilded heads of monsters.

FIVE-STORIED PAGODA.

To pass from court to court is not a gradual transition from the beautiful. It is a marvelous mutation. It is to pass from beauty to grandeur; grandeur to magnificence; magnificence to transcendent sublimity, until one's capacity of admiration is overwhelmed; his very senses are stunned; he becomes a passive being, and beholds but in speechless awe.

Beyond the Yomei gateway we find ourselves in the middle of another enclosure. To the left stands a superbly decorated building, sparkling with gold, and variegated colors, containing the sacred cars of the temples, and to the right another of like elegance is used for the Kagura, or sacred dance. As we passed by, a young female, dressed in brilliant, fantastic apparel, with a queer looking cap upon her head, a pretty fan in one hand and bells in the other, was moving back and forth upon a stage leading off the veranda, and enacting grotesque yet graceful postures. Dancing girls of this character are to be seen at most of the important pagean temples, where they are retained presumably for the entertainment of visitors.

Still we move on through the maze of stately magnificence. But one more court remains to be entered. A large exquisitely carved fence surrounds it on all sides, displaying beautiful specimens of golden pheasants, storks, ferns, and pretty grasses, and here and there are interspersed a blushing lotus and a modest peony in cups of fancy corollas. As felt the iniquitous Peri, who, debarred from Paradise so long was permitted to re-enter the sacred region, so did we as we moved through the final arch, crossed the clean, pebbly court mid the monumental bronze, tinkling wind-bells, and architectural grandeur, and ascended the granite stairway through gates of gold into a temple of dazzling and imperial splendor. We are in the middle of a large hall, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, leading off of which are two spacious apartments for the use of royal personages. The floor itself is a costly and wondrous work of art. It is of pure deep black lacquer, as smooth and satiny as plate glass, and is so beautifully polished that one's image is reflected as in a mirror. Along the walls pillars plated with gold support the ceiling, and between them the spaces are handsomely ornamented with fantastic carvings and geometrical designs, intertwined with rich azaleas, while here and there is suspended a superb panel of highly polished wood, the exquisite tracery-work of which is astounding. The ceiling is gorgeous, being divided by long lacquer sleepers into numerous squares, each of which contains delicate relief work in gold and azure. The only holy embellishments within the temple are a circular steel mirror

upon a black lacquer stand, and a small strip of gilded paper or gohei, both symbols of the Shintoo faith. Beyond this temple stands the main chapel, handsomely lacquered upon its interior, and said to contain an ancient reliquary. It is inaccessible to visitors.

From these scenes of regal magnificence turn we to those of a more solemn nature. We are conducted across the pebbly court through a beautiful gateway, over which reposes the famous *nemuri no neko*, or sleeping cat, and find ourselves, as it were, once more in the deadness of the outer world. We ascend a long granite stairway, from the crevices of which the flight of years creeps forth in moss and green hepaticae. As one ascends these steps, of which there are nearly two hundred and fifty, he cannot help but notice the skill with which they were put together, the seasons of more than a quarter of a century leaving each stone firm and intact, though no cement was used in their construction. At the summit of this stairway we are brought face to face with the tomb of Japan's distinguished Emperor and soldier, Iye-yasu. It is a handsome bronze urn, covered with a metallic roofing and resting upon a pedestal of granite, the entire monument standing about fourteen feet high. The urn is of a rich brown bronze, exquisitely ornamented with relief work, and communicating with the interior is a small door, well secured by a heavy lock. We were informed that within were a number of sacred relics, and just below them the great Emperor's crumbling bones, encased in a small sarcophagus filled with vermilion. In front of the tomb, on either side, stand life-size brazen images of storks, resting on huge turtles' backs, and supporting in their bills prettily ornamented candelabra, while near them repose two fabulous monsters beneath a canopy of lotus leaves, posed on delicate stems — all of the same metal. The entire monument is enclosed within a paling some twenty feet square.

With the deepest reverence do the Japanese regard this holy place. As the name of Washington stirs up the nobler impulses of the true American; as the name of Nelson or of Alfred uproots the British pride, so does that of Iye-yasu strike the heartstrings of his country's sons, responding in patriot pride and veneration, and the homage that is to the dust seems scarce less than the honor and respect that was to the flesh. During certain seasons many devout people seek this gorgeous shrine and outpour upon it their feelings and their prayers. And what a shrine! What a place for worship! What stately and awful grandeur enshrouds this sepulcher! Tall cryptomeria trees, like guardians of the tomb, outstretch their airy tops, and, save for a dancing sunbeam here and there disporting mid the branches, creeping tendrils bestrewed the sacred sod; the weird sepulchral hoot of the crow occasionally resounded through the woods, and the distant roar of waterfalls and rushing rivulets rolled incessantly — each a royal requiem and all a funeral dirge. What scenes of mournful splendor! Fit resting place for kings of men!

Let us retrace our steps from the "abodes of death," and descend the stairway. We are led around the outskirts of the temples through a long open corridor between stone walls, and soon find ourselves at the entrance of another large group of temples, the burial place of Iye-mitsu. These are, however, in the possession of Buddhist priests, while the other group is in the hands of representatives of the new Shintoo faith.

On each side of the entrance stands a colossal wooden image of frightful mien and hideous features, made horrid with motley paint. These are called the *Nio*, and may be seen at most of the Buddhist temples. Coiled about their bodies are huge serpents, and upon each face is a fiendish leer giving them a terrible and satanic appearance. Upon the archway are the gods of Storm and Thunder, the latter represented as being in the midst of black clouds with thunderbolts in each hand.

These temples, though indescribably grand, are yet not so magnificent as those, the description of which has already been attempted, and therefore a glance at the main building will suffice. The exterior is handsomely carved and gilded, and surrounded with a narrow veranda, while on either side of the approach stand two bronze lanterns. We enter, and find ourselves in a spacious apartment, at the opposite end of which burn several wax tapers, shedding a "dim, religious light" over the sacred adornments. Seated upon two gilded lotus leaves are as many huge images of the same material, with an expression of tranquillity upon their features, and near them arranged in rows are several score of life-sized idols, appareled in grotesque garments of bright and variegated colors.

The tomb of the Iye-mitsu is approached in the same manner as that of his grandfather, up a long flight of stone steps, and through shady groves, and is but slightly different in its construction, save in the high moss-covered wall of stone that surrounds it, and a beautiful bronze gateway in the foreground.

The most remarkable feature of the Nikko temples is the perfect state of preservation in which they have been kept for nearly three hundred years. To look upon them, one would imagine they were built yesterday, so intact is each carved design; so fresh is the rich lacquer and delicate coloring; and so bright and untarnished the gold and other metallic embellishments. The carving is also very striking. "The cowshed is gilded as soon as the palace," for the most insignificant portions of the architecture are beautifully ornamented, and though there are hundreds and hundreds of rare designs, it would seem as though one man could scarcely carve one of them in half a year, so skilfully are they executed. They vary from about six inches to fourteen inches in depth. The general construction of the temples is purely Oriental, with their quaint, yet artistic decorations and their concave roofs covered with earthen tiles tipped with gold. Little brass wind-bells are suspended from the eaves, and tinkle sweetly when there is air enough to stir them.

CRYPTOMERIA BOULEVARD, SIXTY MILES LONG.

The bonzes, or priests, of these temples, are a very curious set. The majority of them are very juvenile in appearance, and some seem mere boys, while others appear to be as ancient as the shrines in which they worship. Invariably their heads are clean shaven. Though prayers and other devotional ceremonies are daily passed through, they seem to have a vast deal of spare time to smoke, chat and enjoy themselves.

But come! The sun fast sinks into the arms of twilight, and veils these sacred scenes in deeper gloom and solemnity. We move slowly and reverently across the court, as if our very tread might start to life the strange inanimate monsters roundabout, and are again in the land of the living. A variation of our return led us past a lovely waterfall. The path through the cedar forest, amid antique shrines and ancient ruins, was something impressive and romantic, and as the falls were brought to view it was a beautiful sight to behold that immense torrent tumbling over a precipitous cliff and strike with thundering accents upon the rocks below, as if in "hollow mockery of the tombs," which strewed the gorge. And, as we stood gazing in mute admiration upon the picture, involuntarily came into my mind: "Ah! if these trees could speak; if these waters could unravel their tale; if these shrines, these temples, these tombs, could unfold the palimsist that screens the mysteries of the past, what story of strange deeds, what mighty secrets of horror, untold suffering for religious belief or disbelief, would be enrolled upon the tablet of revelations!"

We moved on and reached our abode, and pondered over the scenes we had witnessed. The solemnity of the burial ground is sufficient to be impressive, but how much more so when so magnificent, so elaborate, so kingly a mausoleum reposes over the city of the dead. It must certainly be admitted that the Japanese are one of the most loyal and enthusiastic nations of the world in their respect for the religion they follow.

Many days have passed since we sojourned in this earthly paradise—Nikko, with its two hundred falls and gorgeous temples; and as one looks back, a multitude of strange fancies crowd in upon him — visions of undefinable splendor beyond the power of pen to portray; of golden shrines and temples; of grim and frightful dragons; of priests who pass with noiseless footsteps; and he hears the deep-toned bell toll mournfully like the lament of a lost soul in the pit of destruction.

THE SACRED BRIDGE.

and a network of blue sky, adds beauty to solemnity, and gloom to stern magnificence. There the very atmosphere seemed pregnant with a death-like humidity, strange and unnatural; rich green mosses and plants of

IN FAIR VERONA.

VIRGINIA DARE.

UR way lay through Verona, and three of the party, being young and romantically inclined, were unanimous in their desire to see the city of Romeo and Juliet. The fourth, whose viade-mecum was Dickens's "Pictures from Italy," was inclined at first to dissent, but, finding upon investigation that the great novelist was not put out of conceit with the unfortunate lovers after visiting their haunts and surroundings, agreed that it might be the proper thing, under the circumstances, for us to follow his footsteps, which at once settled the question.

Veronese hotels have not the best of reputations, so, having gladly accepted a hint from our landlord in Venice, we went to a modest albergo on the river, where, after a jolting ride in an omnibus (think of an omnibus in the city of Juliet!) through the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and under an old Roman arch, we found rooms and a view which amply justified his commendations.

There was still daylight enough for a short tour of exploration, and as Juliet's home was too remote, we made our way to the famous Arena, said to be the most perfect specimen of an ancient amphitheater in existence; its forty-three rows of seats, formed of blocks of red, white, and yellow marble, each six by three feet, and put together without cement, stand as they stood sixteen hundred years ago, having been repaired at various periods. The subterranean cages for wild beasts, and cells for martyrs and gladiators, are all there, the only thing out of repair being the conduits by which the center was once flooded with water for naval spectacles. The coping wall back of the seats has fallen, except for a short space which threatens to furnish a small earthquake some fine day to the inhabitants of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. The structure has a seating capacity for twenty thousand persons, and it is still used for public spectacles, its center showing where modern circuses have taken the place of the combats of gladiators and wild beasts

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER AS JULIET.

which amused the leisure and wiled away the ennui of the inhabitants of ancient Verona.

Fancy the sensations of the old Ostrogoths and Romans could they revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see the Wild West show and Buffalo Bill in their great Arena!

After an early breakfast we were off to the house of Juliet; it stands in a narrow little street, the Via Capello, through which an incongruous street-car runs, and it has a huge, open gateway, above which is carved the armorial hat of the Capulets. The house, long known as the *Osteria del Capello* (the Inn of the Hat), is built around three sides of a dirty, open court in which empty carts and wagons were standing; untidy garments were flapping out of the windows, and high up on a little balcony a slatternly girl with

ADIGE RIVER, VERONA.

unkempt locks was hanging out clothes, stopping to look at the strangers as she did so. It would have required an imaginative Romeo to say to this Juliet, "Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand!" and any gallant who tried to climb that balcony would certainly break his neck. The house is still known as "*la casa di Giulietta*," the house of Juliet, and it bears a tablet with this inscription:

Queste furono le case
del Capuleti
Onde usci la Giulietta
per cui
Tanto piansero i cuori gentili
E i poeti cantorono.

(These were the houses of the Capulets from whom issued Juliet—for whom gentle hearts have so much wept, and whom so many poets have sung.) The slatternly girl and the dirty court were decidedly disillusionizing. It was laughable to see the disgusted look of a young German student, our vis-a-vis at table in the albergo, whom we found there before us, and who had a decidedly sheepish air on being caught, as if it convicted him of romantic tendencies.

The famous lovers must have been less renowned in the seventeenth century than in our own, for that conscientious traveler, Mr. Evelyn, does not mention them.

Strange to say, few tourists take the trouble to hunt up the former palace of the Montagues, which is in the Via Arche; it has shared the fate of Juliet's home, becoming an inn of the lowest class, both families having long been extinct.

There is much else to see in Verona, and we saw it as conscientiously as Dickens did, and were as loath to leave it as he was. The city has a population of sixty thousand.

To an inhabitant of ancient Lutetia, it was probably nothing to overlook the plains where Caius Marius fought the Cimbri in that famous battle, when the women, "standing in mourning by their carriages, killed those that fled; some their husbands, some their brothers, others their fathers; . . . . last of all they killed themselves." But this was much to a wanderer from the New World. It was something also to stand beneath the ancient cypresses of the Giusti Gardens and remember that John Evelyn had stood there 250 years ago, and that he found the one at the entrance "the goodliest cypresse I fancy in Europe;" even in his day it was "a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely cover'd and thick to the base," and he possibly discussed it later when hobnobbing with Mr. Pepys.

The Via Capello leads into the great Piazza delle Erbe, the former Roman forum, with its column surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, to show its subjugation to the city of the lagoons. It is now a market-place, filled with carts and booths laden with produce and eatables, and surmounted by umbrellas. We ate al fresco at one of these which looked clean and respectable. The traveler in Italy has to swallow a goodly portion of his allotted peck of dirt, and we felt that ignorance in this case was bliss. We also purchased quaint little flat baskets, woven of straw, braided in fancy colors, which seemed almost the only things that are distinctively Veronese.

If there were nothing else in the city worth seeing it would be the famous monuments of the della Scala (Scaliger) family, erected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They stand in the heart of the city about the little church of Santa Maria Antica, little over a stone's throw from the Palazzo dei Consiglio, or Town Hall, with its statues and busts of famous Veronese, ancient and modern. The monuments are as perfect as if built yesterday, and yet that of Can Signorio, who died in 1375, was erected in his lifetime, under his personal supervision. The knights bestride their steeds in coats of mail, with drawn swords or lance at rest, as they did in life. The sunlight brings a sort of sardonic smile to the face of Can Grande, as if he were thinking, like the poet Gay—

Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it—

and there is a weird look in the eyes of his charger as he turns his head above the church door, and looks down at you through the cavernous eyes of his mailed harness.

The hand-made iron railings around the tombs, with their endless repetition of the ladder (scala) of the family, are so delicately wrought that they vibrate to the touch, yet still are perfect after the lapse of ages.

The fifty-odd churches of Verona have treasures in pictures and carvings too numerous to mention; that of St. Anastasia is noted for the beautiful monument at one side of its entrance, which marks the resting-place of the Count Castelbarco, who, in great part, paid

TOMB OF CAN SIGNORIO.

the cost of erecting the church. It also has a very curious holy water font which is known as "Il Gobbo" (the hunch-back); the hair and ragged clothing of this ingenious work of art are of gray marble, while the protruding knees, the feet, hands, and face are white. It was carved by the father of the famous Paul Veronese, and is much admired by all tourists visiting the St. Anastasia church.

Everywhere one comes in contact with relics of remote antiquity; the church of St. Zeno has an old tombstone which is shown as that of Pepin, and the castle of San Pietro is erected on the site of an older castle said to have belonged to Theodorie the Goth. But the most curious antiquity of all is the old Roman theater, which lies, partially excavated, fifty feet below the soil of surrounding houses, in an out-of-the-way part of the town. Its site had been entirely forgotten, it was covered with small houses, and a convent crowned the summit; one day some children playing on a slope felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and without a moment's warning went down into the earth. Their screams brought their mother, who also fell in her efforts to rescue them, but frightened neighbors came to her aid, digging them all out, and thus exposing a marble stairway which was part of the theater.

Juliet's supposed tomb is visited by all truly sentimental Veronese pilgrims; it lies in the out-of-the-way garden of a suppressed monastery, said to have been the burial-ground of the Capulets. It is a huge stone trough, which finds many doubting Thomases amongst those who happen to know that in the beginning of the century it was quite a fad with the traveled dandies of the day to have rings set with a piece of the so-called sarcophagus. Byron, who speaks of it as being of granite, wrote to Mr. Murray in 1817 that he had brought away some pieces for his daughter and his nieces; and the Empress Marie Louise, when duchess of Parma, had a set of bracelets and earrings made of it, as did many ladies of Verona, until the government put a stop to the destruction. A traveler who visited Verona in 1852, writes that at that time the sarcophagus was of red marble, one end of which was badly broken.

Whatever the truth, we did not regret going, but were grateful that the memory of the unfortunate lovers had lead to our stopping to see the city which "that prodigie of learning," old Julius Cæsar Scaliger, grandiloquently called "the eye of the world, the star of the Italian sky, and the flower of cities."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN RELIEF.

The modern newspaper fights shy of giving any portion of its space to a subject which may seem to benefit some particular individual unless it is paid for it, but when an invention, that is really worthy of mention, and interests the general public as well, is brought forth, there should be no scruples about telling it and crediting the inventor as well.

The latest discovery in the photographic art is the Bas-relief Photograph, now being produced by I. W. Taber, the well-known photographer, at 121 Post Street, in this city. This remarkable invention is an entirely original idea with Mr. F. A. Taber, who has experimented for a long time in perfecting his discovery, and after surmounting the many difficulties which he encountered, has finally achieved a most perfect success.

This production promises a revolution scarcely less in importance to that of taking pictures in color. It combines the principles of sculpture with those of photography, and its greatest value lies in its prominent physical points of accentuation in the subject, and all the accessories of art, finish, and coloring necessary to produce a reality and a revelation.

The rotundity of feature, curvature, and points of facial expression are brought out faithfully exact in life-like images. For this reason raised figures will supersede the old flat photograph of light and shade.

Mr. Taber's genius has added another laurel to the list of successful discoveries and enterprises of San Francisco, and the city is to be congratulated upon being the possessor of so profitable an artistic idea as this one is fast becoming.

This wonderful photograph has already become known in the East and in Europe, and plans are now in progress for the production of these pictures in London, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, where they will become the fad of the coming fashionable season, as their deserved popularity in these cities is already assured.

Patents have already been secured in the United States and Great Britain, and applications are pending in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and other European countries, all of which, it is believed, will be allowed in due time.

The process has been sufficiently applied to topography to establish the fact that it is as great a success in landscape as in portraiture. Taber has likewise become celebrated through the introduction of the iridium process on a flat surface, but by a combination of this art and the bas-relief, he has achieved a double distinction, and the photographic world has been correspondingly enriched thereby.

ANOTHER SAN FRANCISCO TYPE. Taber Photo.

SOME LAW POINTS.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

There has been an attempt made in many of the States to bring about an abolishment by the Legislatures of "days of grace" on commercial paper. The effort meets generally with the indorsement of bankers and business men. The following States have abolished days of grace, California taking the initiative:

State and Date Act Passed.	Date of Taking Effect.
California, March 21, 1872	Jan. 1, 1873
Connecticut, April 2, 1895	July 1, 1895
Idaho	June 1, 1887
Illinois, June 4, 1895	July 1, 1895
Montana	July 1, 1895
New Jersey, February 12, 1895	July 4, 1895
New York, May 10, 1894	Jan. 1, 1895
Oregon, February, 1893	May, 1893
Pennsylvania, June 18, 1895	Jan. 1, 1896
Utah	1888
Vermont, November 4, 1892	Jan. 1, 1893
Wisconsin, April 5, 1893	April 5, 1894

This custom of days of grace dates almost from the origin of banking. It had its beginning, I am told, in a very queer incident. A Hebrew money-lender in Venice, in the fifteenth century, held the note of a Christian for a loan which fell due on Good Friday. The Christian refused to pay on that day, or until the following Monday, alleging the holy character of the day as an excuse. He was taken before a magistrate, who passed the matter on to the council, which decided the Christian in the right, and further passed an edict that any note falling due on a Friday could be lawfully paid as late as the following Monday without the maker of the note incurring the reproach of not discharging his debts at their proper time.

Considerable interest has been excited in legal circles by the action of a court in reference to a stenographer's refusal to disclose secrets of her employer when ordered so to do by the court. The controversy ended by the employer explaining matters, and allowing the perusal of the document previously refused by the stenographer, after which the Judge complimented the stenographer on her fidelity to the interests and instructions of her employer. A stenographer is a part of the mechanism of an office, and should no more be called to account than a pen or pencil held in the hand of a writer. If priests, doctors, and lawyers are privileged against being compelled to disclose secrets confided to them, the same certainly should be true of the stenographer.

A court in Lancaster, Pa., has decided that "bay" windows on the second floor front of residences are illegal, and must be removed. This will cause a wholesale tearing down of "bay" windows. The city council passed an ordinance in 1871 to prevent the erection of bulk or "bay" windows. The ordinance was never enforced, and hundreds of buildings since 1871 have been erected having these windows.

The amount of law-making in this country is simply appalling. It is one of the evils with which the American people allow themselves to be inflicted. Judges and practitioners are beginning to protest against the infliction. One remedy would be the less frequent meeting of the Legislatures, and the limiting of the sessions. The first volume of the Session Laws of 1895 of the State of New York covers over a thousand pages, containing 1042 separate laws. There are two more volumes to come, and this means that the last New York Legislature passed more than 3000 bills, and it will require 3000 octavo pages to print them. The Legislature was in session less than a hundred days, so that more than thirty bills were passed in each branch of the Legislature per day. Will any one dare to claim that these bills received sufficient consideration, especially in view of the fact that the average time for the session of each day is not over three hours? It has been figured out that each bill received on the average of six minutes of consideration, not counting the time required for taking the vote. Can anybody wonder that the people are losing their respect for both the laws and law-makers, and are clamoring for a change?

This, That and the Other

Lillian Plunkett Ferguson

An exchange gravely informs us that it is dangerous to fill a kerosene lamp when it is burning. Furthermore, it avers that lamps should be kept clean. It is such pearls of wisdom as these, illuminating the printed page with their ingenuous purity, that make us realize our total and helpless dependence upon the daily press.

Broken and bent in the wild wind's clasp,
Swaying and moaning, a giant tree
Trembled and fell in the fatal grasp
Of the tempest that raged over land and sea.
And through the night hours, the drenching rain
Tapped like a ghost at my window pane.

Brightly the sun of the morning shone
On flower beds crushed by the cruel gale;
In my desolate garden I sighed alone
For bud and blossom and tendril frail:
When lo! at my feet in that storm-swept spot,
Nestled, unhurt, a forget-me-not.

Down in Santa Barbara a football club played a game, the proceeds of which were to go for free beds at a local hospital. The boys were so badly battered up at the close of the match that they filled all the beds themselves.

What an olla podrida of news the wires bring us! One learns that the Princess Maud makes puns, that ex-President Harrison will marry, and that the Duchess of Marlborough has twenty staircases in her new home.

Over the way where the lanterns are swaying,
Quivering fireflies, to and fro,
Diamond-dewed by the fountain's spraying,
Shadowy figures come and go.
Softly the sound of the violin's sobbing
Steals through the garden's perfumed square,
Dreamily sad, while the waltz's throbbing
Rises and falls on the still night air.

Close to my casement, around it and over,
Climbing, caressing, a jasmine creeps;
Faintly atar breathes the sweet-scented clover;
Down by the pond a fair lily bud sleeps;
Drowsy and warm in its nest, a brown swallow,
Safe under cover of velvety leaves,
Hidden where never a footstep may follow,
Stirs as the maple sighs over the eaves.

Over the way flows the waltz's slow measure:
Borne by the current, the glittering throng
Drains to its dregs the frail goblet of pleasure
High on a wave-crest of billowy song.
Rhythm and perfume and silvery laughter,
Vows spoken—broken—a kiss lightly won—
Ah me, what memories haunt the soul after
The music is hushed and the dance is done!

The collecting of meerschaum pipes is the fad of a San Francisco girl. Already the velvet-lined case that holds these weed-scented treasures contains more than two dozen "beautifully colored" specimens given to her as souvenirs by admiring friends. What greater proof of devoted friendship could be had than this? A man would almost rather lose his reputation than his meerschaum. Indeed, the amount of solicitous pride and care bestowed upon this inanimate object of masculine regard passeth feminine understanding. Diverted into other channels, it would restore peace and happiness to many a loveless home.

In a recent issue an Eastern pictorial paper printed, over the caption of "Courage," the figure of a bloomered young woman standing statue-wise upon a pedestal, holding victoriously aloft, and by its tiny tail, a mouse. Even such a departure from feminine traditions as this may not be impossible in real life before the nineteenth century closes. Perhaps, too, a girl actually posed for that picture. But, if she did, that mouse was chloroformed first.

It would be difficult to make Paderewski believe that this country had ever wailed about hard times. The gifted Ignace has found it, instead, a veritable gold mine. But then, with such a name, such a mane, and such a brain, what cannot a man accomplish?

Oh, a desert wide is a lonely place;
And so is the rim of a mountain's crest;
The eerie poise of an eagle's nest;
Or rock in mid-ocean where never a face
Looks through the desolate, misty space;
Or forest glade that no foot hath pressed.

But the loneliest spot of all, I say,
Is a bootblack stand on a rainy day.

An inspired rhymster poetizes on "cheeks kissed by the moon." It is safe to surmise that their owners, however, prefer such demonstrations at shorter range.

A Sunday School out in the Mission has an infant class, and at a recent gathering the toddlers were each to stand, face the rest of the assembled classes, and repeat a few words of Scripture. The smallest of them was a little fellow who, by the way, had a pet terrier at home named Watch. His Scriptural selection was "Watch and pray." But the poor child was taken with stage fright on this, his first public appearance. Facing the audience, he piped out, "Watch—watch—and—bark," then fell upon his teacher's neck and wept.

She went upon the stage, although
She couldn't sing or act,
And every night from pit to dome
The theater is packed.
Oh, no, she cannot act, and yet
Success her effort crowns,
Because, you see, she's beautiful,
And wears such stunning gowns.

While the silver question is still a vexed problem, and many differences of political opinion agitate our statesmen; while the country is perturbed over affairs of international significance, and there is a strong effort on the part of our citizens to grasp the real meaning of the Monroe Doctrine; while it would seem that our congressional and senatorial representatives are spending their valuable time in riotous living at the giddy Capital, nevertheless a matter of the gravest national importance has been felicitously adjusted—a matter, indeed, that has troubled the intellect of diplomats ever since American legations were elevated to embassy rank. This was the doubt as to the precedence, at Cabinet dinners and other official "functions," of foreign ambassadors and domestic statesmen. Secretary Olney's name will go down in history as that of the man who brought about the settlement of this social difficulty, the solving of this puzzle in etiquette. Precedence hereafter will be given to the ambassador.

This relieves the public mind of a serious strain. It was a fearful thing—especially to us who dwell afar from the haunts of such epicurean delights—not to know, when a Cabinet dinner was announced by Associated Press dispatch, which would get his soup first—the Vice-President, the Ambassador, or the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Let us be thankful that this great question has been settled amicably, so that the administration can see its way clear to the consideration of such minor details as foreign policies and the national debt.

He thinks he is the happiest of men;
With joy his bosom thrills;
But oh, 'twill thrill quite differently when
He foots her drygoods bills.

According to history, when leap-year was first recognized, St. Bridget met St. Patrick and offered him her heart and hand, which were declined. St. Bridget declaring that this was a violation of the laws of politeness, a compromise was agreed upon by which St. Patrick escaped the bonds of matrimony by giving her a kiss and a silken gown, which for centuries formed the penalty paid by a man who rejected a woman's proposal. If this custom obtained now-a-days, it would be a good way of replenishing one's wardrobe. But then there would always be the awful possibility that the man proposed to might accept.

No wonder Los Angeles is going ahead so rapidly. They have lots of newspaper enterprise down there. One of the leading dailies in that thriving southern city advertises that it prints marriage and birth notices free. In booming the matrimonial market of course it follows that homes will be built, tradesmen made happy, and the census-taker's responsibilities increased. There are more ways than one of building up a country.

There was a time, not long since, when
The wardrobe of the gentler sex
Was quite a mystery to men—
A thing to worship and perplex.

For, in a cloud of silk and lace,
Like some fair goddess she would rise,
A charming nymph of airy grace
To float before their dazzled eyes.

But now she dons their ties and shirts,
And telephones to her costumers
To build for her, instead of skirts,
A half-a-dozen pair of bloomers.

"Be anything but an actor," was the late Arthur Dacre's advice. Alas, so many of them *are* anything but actors.

"Is my hat on straight?" politely interrogated a voice in my ear, as I turned into Powell Street.

Now, this cry has reverberated throughout the ages. Doubtless it was the very last thing Eve said to Adam when they vacated the Garden of Eden. It is the one feeling that makes the feminine world kin, and bitter indeed must be the enmity between two women who will not——

"Is my hat on straight?" softly repeated the voice, and I turned obligingly to do looking-glass duty to——a large green parrot.

"Good morning, Polly," said I; "how are you feeling to-day?"

At this innocent inquiry my new acquaintance flew into a rage, tried to swallow the bars of her cage, ruffled her plumage until it resembled a feather duster in a north wind, and shrieked vindictively: "Shut up! Go away! Don't talk to me!" Evidently I had made a dreadful mistake.

A face appeared at the window. "Loretta," called some one, soothingly. The result was magical. "Pretty Loretta," crooned the parrot, swaying contentedly on her perch, "dear, good, pretty Loretta! Finest bird in town. Lor-ett-a." The vowel ended in a demi-semi quaver that would have done credit to a Tivoli chorus-girl.

"It makes her angry to be called Polly," explained the girl at the window, "and so I named her Loretta, after my canary that died. Sing 'Sweet Alice,' Loretta."

Forthwith the neighborhood resounded with "Ben Bolt." Shades of Trilby, how that bird did sing! From near and far an audience gathered, until I found myself in danger of impalement on the garden gate. "Come in," said the girl at the window, unhooking the cage, and I went.

Loretta is a bird whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Her accomplishments are not entirely on the vocal order. She can whistle "Robin Adair" and "Get your Hair Cut" in a way that would turn a small boy green with sheer envy. Moreover, she is a bird with musical preferences, and will not learn an air that she does not fancy. We had coffee together, and became quite friendly, and I have reason to hope that my *faux pas* at the outset of our acquaintance is forgotten and forgiven.

"Don't step on the baby!" The warning startled me as I was making my way over a pile of debris on Ellis Street. I glanced at the cobbles, then into the gutter, but saw no jeopardized infant. A derisive laugh sounded above, where something big and green was rocking recklessly in the sunshine. For the second time that day I had been deceived by a parrot.

An hour later, on Bush Street, a "Good afternoon" was spoken at my side. The salutation was repeated twice, but I walked resolutely ahead, determined not to be "taken in" again. I have been trying ever since to explain matters. It is so very difficult to make a friend believe that you mistook her for a parrot.

In the days when North Beach, instead of the Park, attracted Sunday crowds, a wise, loquacious parrot used to swing and sun herself and entertain the multitude there. Probably no bird of her ilk in San Francisco ever enjoyed so extended an acquaintance. She disappeared about the time that North Beach went into innocuous desuetude. Perhaps, like many another old resident, she is living out her days in peaceful seclusion. Possibly she long since turned up her toes.

A very prim, religious "bachelor" lady in the Western Addition once thought she would add a parrot to her lonely menage. It is always well to know something of the previous career of those whom we admit to the family circle. Having been on a number of sea voyages, this polly's early education in choice, selected blasphemy was not neglected. In point of fact she could swear in several languages with a nicety of pronunciation to be heard to be appreciated. She was apt to give fullest play to her linguistic powers when hungry. The lonely spinster carried her companion home on a Saturday night. The calm of the ensuing Sabbath morning was broken in a way that chilled the very blood in the good lady's veins.

"Wake up there!" yelled the new boarder, as her mistress turned over for another nap. "Wake up! Why in —— don't you give me my breakfast? ——!——!!"

"Actually," said she to me afterward, "I had to send for a messenger to take that awful bird away."

In a gilded cage on Pacific Heights dwells a parrot in luxury that many a human being might envy. This bird sings and whistles wonderfully well, I am told, but she maintained an air of haughty, sullen reticence when I called, and positively declined to be interviewed for publication.

Parrots capable of the highest cultivation come from South America, and, when young, sell in the stores for ten dollars. That they are so long-lived—their limit being fourscore of years, with proper care—is, perhaps, partly owing to their abstemiousness. A diet of bread, coffee, and corn is the culinary regime of these strange but companionable specimens of the feathered tribe.

ITEMS.

Alameda does not approve of England's new poet laureate. Queen Victoria should be informed of this.

Shakespeare is frequently credited with the quotation "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but its author was William Congreve, wit and dramatist of the seventeenth century. He makes one of his characters say, "I know a lady that talks so incessantly she won't give an echo fair play—it must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words." Congreve was a society pet, and Westminster Abbey is his resting place.

Stern father of the girl—I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor a while ago, and I want you to know I don't like it.
Young Man—You may not, but I do.

Where there's a will there's a way——out of it. Ask the lawyers.

It seems a little inconsistent that a firm which demands great rapidity of its stenographer during business hours, should insist that he pursue an exactly opposite course out of business hours.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Bessie—I've seen twenty summers.
Clara—And twenty winters, too.
Bessie—Mercy, no; I'm not so old as that.

"Have you any friend in this town?" asked the cashier at the bank.
"No," replied the stranger; "I am a football referee."

Mr. E. E. Bunce. California Land Agent, 1008 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., has a large list of choice city and country property for sale and exchange; Orange land from $10 to $25 per acre; colony tracts, timber tracts, and mining properties; also Eastern property for sale and exchange for California property. Terms can be arranged to suit purchaser. Send for catalogue.

"Come, dear, kiss my cheek, and make it up," she said, forgivingly.
"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up."

After it is all over, how much we love the dentist who tells us that was the worst tooth he ever pulled.

IN MARBLE TIME.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald 'Dole.*]

"Bet a agate I kin beat
Any kid what's on the street
Playin' marbles—I'll be found
When the marble time comes round.

"After school, at noon, an' night,
Jest as long as it is light,
We all git to raisin' Cain,
'Hunchin' marbles in the lane.

"If I git the 'lag-line' first,
Then the fellers git it worst;
'Cause I 'muckle' everything;
Make my glass 'taw' 'skin the ring.'

"I kin always knock out 'thribs,'
Of them ring surrounded 'mibs';
Nigger Rastus can't beat 'dubs,'
Neither kin that kidney Stubbs.

"If I 'plunk' at Polo Ned,
Every time I 'kill him dead':
I kin 'fudge' or 'knuckle down,'
With the biggest kid in town.

"I kin play at 'vents' or 'fats,'
Holler 'smugs' at cheatin' Pats,
Kin 'lay up,' or 'dog the game'
When they's chance to do the same.

"Shorty Murphy plays for 'keeps.'
But I'd ruther, by a heaps,
Play for fun, though I'm the 'prime,'
The 'hot stuff nibs' of marble time."

NEW GOLD.

BIRDS OF SPRING.

Down by the brook in the tall meadow grass,
Patiently, day by day,
Sat a dear little brown bird over her nest,
Silent, for she said in her heart: "Lest
I wake my darlings, my loved ones, my best,
Too early by my lay."

"I must wait," she said, as she watched a bee
Soaring on gauzy wings;
"I must wait," when she heard the bobolink's glee;
"I must wait, for surely a bird like me
Must have joy before she sings.
And joy comes not in leaving my nest
And in flying away, but in doing my best."

Down by the brook in the tall meadow grass,
Helplessly, day by day,
Lie four little homely, shapeless things,
Waiting for feathers, and strength in their wings,
Knowing nothing save that which the mother bird sings
To her nestlings every day.

"Why don't you fly?" asked a bumble-bee,
As he came down from the sky,
When their wings were weak, though they were brown,
And feathers took the place of down—
"Why, birds, why don't you fly?"
But the birds chirped low in their mother-tongue,
"We must wait before we fly."

High up on the branches above the brook
Sang four birds, day by day:
"We waited, we waited, but now we will sing,
Now we will make the welkin ring
With our happy roundelay."
And the mother made melody with the rest—
"Oh, this is my joy! and this is the best!"

POSSESSION AND HOPE.

There are two little songsters well known in the land,
Their names are I-have and O-had-I;
I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But O-had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-had-I's that sit far and high,
On roots and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing on: "Be cheery! Be cheery!"
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let O-had-I but once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now laying, now panting, now creeping,
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
With his bright golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song
Will count his I-have a choice treasure,
And whenever a O-had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

An actor, while playing in a small village, was representing the part of a persecuted guardian of an orphan heir. Of course, the pursuers are on his track, bent on killing him in order to secure the inheritance. For a long time he escapes; but at length he is seized and thrown into a room, the three doors of which are then locked and bolted. On recovering himself, he runs to one door and shakes it—"Locked!" He then runs to the second—"Locked!" He runs to the third, which opens readily at the first effort. The actor shut it again with a bang, and exclaimed in a tone of yet deeper despair—"Locked!" Thundering applause.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

A country paper makes the surprising and incredible statement that men are in business for trade.

"I'm afraid there's something the matter with Tommy."
"What makes you think so?"
"He sits in a corner all day long and doesn't say anything to anybody. Either he is going to be a great poet, or he is going to have the measles. I can't yet decide which it is."

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not easily get over his surprise. He tells the story in this way: "I went to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Mr. Smith in?' Says the man with the sojer cap, 'Will yer step in?' So I steps into the office, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and the walls of the building began rinnin' down to the cellar. 'Och, murther,' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?' Says he, 'Be aisy, sor, they'll be all right when yez come down.' 'Come down, is it?' says I, 'and it's no office, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in.' And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof just over my head, and, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hivins entoirely."

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you have to do in the afternoon?
Youth—Yes, sir; I was to wake him up when I saw you coming.

Traveler—Were you troubled with *mal de mer* while you were crossing the ocean?
Old Lady—Really, I don't know. I was that dreadful seasick I couldn't think about anything else.

Assistant—Yes, sir—that's one of the best clocks we have in the shop. It goes eight days without winding.
Mr. Harseed—Is that so? How long do you make out she'll go when you do wind her?

"The officer arrested you for being drunk," said the judge, severely; "very drunk indeed."
"Yes, your honor," replied the culprit; "but there were extenuating circumstances."
"What were they?"
"Why, your honor, you see, I was under the influence of liquor at the time.

Fond Parent—She's got a lot of music in her.
Sarcastic Neighbor—Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape.

Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates, European plan, $1.00 per day upward. American plan: $2.50 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer,* Props.

NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.
There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

NO WHERE

can such a delicious repast be gotten as we have

NOW HERE.

SWAIN BROS., 213 Sutter St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

OUT OF THE EARTH!!

JACKSON'S

NAPA SODA.

A NAPA SODA LEMONADE IS LUSCIOUS.

Depot, 619 Howard St., SAN FRANCISCO.
329 N. Los Angeles St., LOS ANGELES.

THE LEADING FINE CHAMPAGNE OF EUROPE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

GOLD LACK

WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED.

CABINET GREEN SEAL.

This favorite and well-known wine is admirably adapted for banquets and festive gatherings.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.

Sole Agents.

314 SACRAMENTO STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high-grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

BICYCLING

Chief of Police Badenoch will introduce the bicycle in the Chicago police department. At least fifty wheels will be purchased by the department. The idea is to use the wheel where neither horse nor patrolman can meet the demand. It is the chief's intention to place in all of the stations, except those in the downtown district, two or three wheels upon which officers can respond to emergency and private calls in advance of the patrol wagons.

The wheel will also be found of service in places where the noise of an approaching patrol wagon gives the alarm in time for peace disturbers to make their escape. Then neither horse nor wagon can get over the ground or around corners and through dark alleys with the speed and quickness of an expert wheelman. Patrol sergeants will also be mounted on bicycles in the outlying districts where there is a large amount of territory to be covered. In these localities the machine can be used to the greatest advantage during at least ten months of the year.

THE LAW OF THE WHEEL.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS.

The anomalous character of the bicycle and its use, necessitates some slight variations in applying the law of carriages and vehicles to it, and it seems that the wheelman in riding the road partakes somewhat of the nature of a horseman, and to some extent reaps the benefits and disadvantages of the immemorial usages and customs applicable to him. For instance, it seems that there is no law requiring a horseman to turn to the right. The rule seems to be that a man on horseback should be governed rather by his notions of prudence, and should be required to consider somewhat the convenience of vehicles which he meets—depending upon their character. A horseman should yield the traveled track to a vehicle, particularly if it is heavily loaded, where he can do so without peril. The fact that bicycles and horses can pass along a track much narrower than that required for carriages, and that they also occupy much less space in length, are of weight in determining the duty of the wheelman or rider. So, too, is the fact that his control is more absolute than that of the driver of horses attached to carriages. A bicyclist, however, cannot be forced to ride his machine on dangerous ground, and the cardinal rule, subject to the above considerations, is: "Keep to the right."

In general terms, the law of the bicycle may be summed up in the following paragraphs:

All persons have a right to use a public highway in the ordinary manner in safety, and municipal corporations or cities are liable to bicyclists for injuries incurred by reason of defective roads, provided they are not guilty of contributory negligence. But a municipal corporation is not an insurer, and all that is required of it is that it shall use reasonable diligence to keep the highway in reasonably good condition for safe travel by the ordinary means, or vehicles in general. But the corporation is under no special obligation to wheelmen, and an obstruction or defect which will cause an injury to a wheel or its rider, will not sustain an action unless it is also sufficient to operate as a defect with relation to vehicles in general. Thus, a stone might be disastrous to a bicycle, and still have no effect upon a carriage, and in such case the wheelmen would probably have no action.

The driver or owner of a vehicle, who wilfully or negligently causes a collision or damages a bicycle while left standing by the street curb or roadside, would be liable for the injury; but it is the duty of a wheelman to avert collision if possible, and he cannot recover damages unless he himself was free from contributory negligence in permitting the collision or the injury complained of.

A person injured while committing an illegal act cannot recover therefor; so in States having Sunday laws, a wheelman riding on Sunday for business or pleasure cannot recover damages if injured.

When bicycles are going in the same direction the hindermost may pass the others on either side. But one riding on the left-hand side of the road probably assumes all risks, and is prima facie guilty of negligence.

Though in general a bicycle has no right upon the sidewalk, a pedestrian has a right to walk in the highway, and may cross the street where he pleases, but he is guilty of negligence which will prevent recovery of damages if he attempts to cross immediately in front of a moving vehicle, and for the purposes of such a case, the fact that the vehicle is on the left-hand side of the road is not alone evidence of negligence to charge the rider or driver.

If the bicyclist rides at an immoderate rate of speed on a highway or street, and while so doing injures a pedestrian, he may be liable either civilly or criminally; for his recklessness in riding at such a rate of speed will, in general, be held to supply the want of criminal intent. Thus, it has been held that where a bicyclist kills a human being while going at a dangerous rate of speed, he may be convicted of manslaughter. But, what is "an immoderate rate of speed?" is a question to be determined in view of all the circumstances of the case, as to time and place, for what might be a perfectly safe rate of speed upon a country road, might be murderous on a city street.

MRS. JOHN BRADBURY OF LOS ANGELES—FROM A LATE PHOTO BY TABER.

WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE.

HENRY J. GARRIGUES.

But how should women be dressed for bicycling? The usual long skirt is objectionable in every respect. It impedes the free movement of the legs, pumps air up against the abdomen, and is in great danger of being caught by projecting parts of their own machines or those of other riders, as well as by other obstructions found on the road. To avoid these inconveniences many women have shortened their skirts, and some have done away with them altogether, wearing so-called "bloomers," a wide, bifurcated garment extending from the waist to the knee. This garment, combined with a waist and leggings, forms a neat, practical dress for a woman rider. True, it is at present ridiculed, and even condemned by some as immodest. However, before men say anything against the decency of bloomers, they had better reform their own trousers, which are not much more decent than becoming; and since a bathing costume—allowing the lower limbs from the knees to the tips of the toes to be exposed in tight-fitting stockings—is admitted by every one as a proper costume for a woman to appear in on a beach frequented by hundreds of lookers-on of both sexes, it is hard to understand what objection there is in the name of modesty against a piece of wearing apparel that by its wide proportions entirely hides the outlines of the body.

From a medical standpoint bicycling is valuable both as a prophylactic and as a curative agent. Like other outdoor exercises it takes its votaries away from the vitiated air of closed rooms; but it has several advantages peculiarly its own. It is less expensive and safer than horseback riding. It has much more variety and interest than walking, except in localities that offer such steep ascents and descents that the bicycle cannot be used. It also allows the rider to see much more and to cover a much greater distance in the same time. It has the advantage over games that it can be indulged in for a longer time without causing fatigue or becoming tedious. It is highly exhilarating and promotes sociability, since it is both pleasanter and safer to ride in company than alone. In women it is apt to overcome the impulsiveness and whimsicality which render so many of them unhappy. It has also a beneficent effect on a purely physical condition peculiar to their sex.

It is calculated that a hundred thousand machines are in use in the City of New York alone, and a proportionately large number is used in other cities and in the country. Taking this widespread use of bicycles into consideration, the percentage of accidents is certainly a very small one, and the "wheel" in this respect compares favorably with horseback riding, driving, swimming, sailing, and skating.

In some cities, and in some parts of the country, physicians have adopted the wheel as a means of inexpensive, pleasant, healthful, and rapid locomotion. In a city like New York, with its poor cobble-stone pavements, this would hardly be feasible. The policemen have to some extent adopted the wheel, if for nothing else than for the power of overtaking erring bicyclists. Many stores have small delivery wagons built as tricycles. The Street Cleaning Department is mounting its inspectors on bicycles. Even for warfare the peaceable bicycle has been pressed into service, wheelmen being used to carry messages from one part of the territory occupied by a military force to another. Bicycling is, therefore, no longer a mere fashion that may fall into disuse and give way to a new one. It is a wholesome and inspiring exercise, and has proved of practical value as a means of rapid locomotion.—*From the January Forum.*

A cyclist, who had braved the wintry blast not wisely, but unmuffled, met a newly married friend and told him of the agony his molars caused him. "Ah," said the friend, "I, too, had the face ache recently. Caught cold in my jaw when out one evening awheel, but when I went home my wife petted and caressed me so much the face ache vanished. You take my tip." "I will; is your wife at home now?"

"There, there, my little man! What are you crying about?" "'Cause I'm having a heap of trouble; that's why I'm crying. I just bored a hole in my tire so I could blow it up, and now all the wind's coming right out again."

HAWAIIAN NUMBER

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. APRIL, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

STEAMER DAY, HONOLULU.

IF ONE were asked, after a sojourn at this famous watering-place, his impressions of the hotel itself, outside of its incomparable surroundings, he would say: The management is as nearly as possible faultless; the proprietors have covered all the details in a masterly way, evidence of which is apparent, wherever one turns, from the ground-floor to the top of the house. The absence of fuss and flurry is markedly noticeable. The visitor's wants are met without apparent effort, and the every-day machinery of this great caravansary moves with the regularity of clock-work. There is manifest at all times a smooth, even, careful, business-like management, that assures to every one a fair and impartial treatment.

Not the least important impression one acquires here is that of the reasonableness of the charges. It is safe to say that not only is the expense of a sojourn at Del Monte not greater, but it is even considerably less, than that ruling at other first-class establishments, both at home and abroad.

As to the cuisine, it is on record that this department is in keeping with the demands of its surroundings; and that is saying a good deal, for one naturally expects much in this direction, yet no one comes away disappointed.

The rooms are spacious, scrupulously clean, abundantly and lavishly furnished, conveniently lighted and heated, and the safety precautions in case of fire are complete and effective. As to the minor conveniences of every phase, there is nothing that one may need but that may be had for the asking. One is placed in telegraph and telephone communication with the outside world; the news arrives twice per day; express and postoffice services are at hand; and, in short, there is the possibility of catering to every desire (and even whim) of every reasonable person. It is a little world in itself, yet quietly secluded from its annoying bustle. A three-hours' pleasant rail ride transports one to the metropolis of the Pacific; and, as has been voiced by the great traveling world, it is a matter of great unwisdom for any traveler "doing" California not to visit Del Monte.

"The Queen of American Watering Places."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1896. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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ABOUT OURSELVES.

THE great increase of subscribers to THE TRAVELER during the past few months has been almost as phenomenal as it is gratifying, and is due to the fact that it is, without question, the handsomest periodical on the Coast, if not in the United States. Think over the different publications you have read, and see if you can recall any one whose illustrations and typographical appearance equal those of THE TRAVELER. We employ the best artists and writers in collecting choice and interesting views and new matter for publication. Our representative, whom we recently sent to the Hawaiian Islands, has just returned with a superb collection of views from the Paradise, some of which are reproduced in this issue. Over four hundred yearly subscribers have been added to our list from the Islands, and, together with those that have been coming in from all other parts of the world, we feel as though we were taking rank with some of our Eastern periodicals in general circulation.

Few realize the cost of publishing a high-class magazine. When it is known that the item of paper alone that is used throughout THE TRAVELER costs $125 for each five thousand copies; that every engraving in it averages 30 cents per square inch; that every colored frontispiece that has appeared in THE TRAVELER from time to time is rated at $1.50 per square inch, amounting to about seventy-five dollars for a single cut, to say nothing of the cost of running it through the press four times, some idea may be gained of the cost of production. The typesetting and printing, of course, form the largest item, and the uninitiated, perhaps, do not realize the extra time and skill required in "running around" irregular shaped cuts. These little freaks of the printer's art are more expensive than most people imagine. Plain typesetting is the general rule of most magazines, but when it comes to "rounding" a circular cut, it represents time, skill, and money. There is also to be taken into consideration the remuneration to artists and writers, as well as the small incidental expenses that, in the aggregate, form in themselves a large item.

It is this policy of sparing no expense for effective and artistic results that has placed THE TRAVELER where it is—the representative high-class journal of America. We have been seriously thinking for some time of making our subscription price $1.50 per year instead of $1.00, and it may be that we shall shortly adopt it. Ninety-five per cent of our readers are of the cultured and well-to-do class, and we feel as though they would as willingly remain with us at an advanced rate as they would for the small amount of $1.00. We feel this way, not because of an avaricious spirit, but because the rate of $1.00 a year is not profitable for the work of art we turn out each month. Now that our subscription list is so rapidly increasing, it seems to us that we should not be called upon to furnish the journal at a price that is not remunerative. THE TRAVELER, unlike many other periodicals, is never thrown into the waste-basket after it has been read. It is a work of art—a parlor ornament, and the various beautiful illustrations it has presented from time to time would form a veritable album for perpetual preservation. But this is only a thought of ours, and we want our readers to know how we feel about it. We are going ahead with rapid strides, but why shouldn't we ask a price proportionate to the expense?

LA FIESTA AND HOTELMEN.

FROM April 13th to the 26th Los Angeles and Southern California in general will be the gayest and liveliest section of the Union. The National Association of the Hotelmen's Mutual Benefit Association convenes at Los Angeles this year, and the most elaborate preparations have been made by their Californian kinsmen for their reception and entertainment. It is expected that nearly six hundred members from all over the United States will be on the special train due at Los Angeles on the evening of the 13th. They will be dined and wined in royal style from the summit of Echo Mountain to Coronado-by-the-sea, and no pains or expense will be spared by their brethren here to make their visit and impressions of California most memorable and pleasant. The great Fiesta de Los Angeles will be inaugurated one day before their departure for San Francisco. Judging from the announcements that have been made the coming Fiesta will far eclipse the previous displays, and should not be missed by any one who can possibly spare the time and money to witness it.

A "FLYING" SNAP-SHOT.

SOME NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THE CALIFORNIA PITCHER-PLANT.

THE remarkable Darlingtonia, or California Pitcher-plant, is the only species of its genus, though it belongs to the same order as the Eastern *Sarracenias*, or "side-saddle flowers."

It is indigenous to cold, foggy localities in the northern part of the State, especially Mt. Shasta, and usually flourishes at an elevation of from 5000 to 7000 feet, though fine specimens have been discovered at an altitude of less than half the former number.

The radical evergreen leaves or pitchers, which measure from two to four feet in height, are said to be the elongated and enlarged petioles or leaf stalks, the true leaves being the curious mustache-like appendages

CALIFORNIA PITCHER-PLANT.

at the mouth. As these are often highly colored and are furnished on the under surface with numerous honey-secreting glands, they are also the principal lure, though the flowers and the interior of the hood are provided with a similar intoxicating nectar.

Unlike most pitcher-plants, the opening of the trap is on the lower side immediately beneath the arched dome of the crest; so that the liquid, which partially fills the tube, must be either absorbed through its walls from rain or fog, or be secreted by the plant itself.

The crest, or hood, much resembles the elevated head of a huge snake, and is of such a lacy, transparent texture, that it produces the effect of a skylight, imprisoned flying insects beating vainly against it in hopes of escape, only to fall back stupefied upon the mass below.

The inner sides of the pitchers are covered with numerous short fine hairs, which point downward like the wires of a mouse-trap, and form a most insecure footing for the hapless victim that attempts to escape.

The insects ensnared are mainly winged varieties, such as flies, grasshoppers, bees, wasps, and all sorts of beetles; though ants, spiders, and even slugs, worms, snails, and large grubs frequently crawl up the broad green path that leads to certain destruction.

It was asserted by a reliable authority that a missing swarm of bees was found partly digested in some of these carnivorous pitchers, when their keeper went out into the meadows to cut the grain. In one of these deadly traps, the writer discovered the perfect skeleton of an enormous grasshopper and also a beautiful beetle of purest gold color, which fell to pieces on being removed with a twig. But what was more remarkable was the presence of three pine-needles, six inches in length, which were as firm and straight as though just fallen from the tree; though how they ever worked their way in will ever remain a mystery.

Birds sometimes split open the pitchers with their beaks, in order to feast upon their contents, and wily spiders have actually been known to spin their webs over the entrance to the tube, hoping, doubtless, to capture some of the unwary flies, which, sooner or later, were sure to be attracted by the honey of the adjacent flap.

The solitary, nodding flowers are of a dull orange in color, sometimes veined with crimson, and are borne on the extremities of naked stalks, from two to four feet in height, the blossom itself averaging only two inches in diameter.

The five petals and five sepals are of about an equal length, the former being cleft in a semi-circular fashion in the middle of the side edges for the admission of insects, which, after sipping the nectar and distributing the pollen, usually meet their fate in the voracious pitchers, and thus aid in nourishing the plant.

In June the flowers ripen into erect pods, an inch or more in depth, containing multitudes of tiny seeds and somewhat resembling the seed-vessels of the large garden poppy.

Experiments have been made in feeding the leaves with meat, either raw or cooked, and some specimens have actually been known to die of over-eating.

The California Indians formerly considered certain portions of the plants a panacea for smallpox, but their manner of use is a mystery to the uninitiated.

Though sometimes erroneously known as "orchids," they do not possess a single characteristic of that order of plants, unless it be that of growing in swamps, as do some species of the fragrant *Habenarias*.

THE STAR-FISH AND THE SEA-URCHIN.

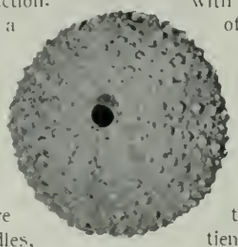
All strollers along our sea-beaches are familiar with the common star-fish or "five-finger," which is cast up by the waves on the sand, or is found alive clinging to the rocks at low-water mark. But not every one is acquainted with its wonderful structure and curious habits.

When the Chinese or Italian fishermen land their nets at sundown, any number of star-fish, sea-urchins, and other marine animals may usually be obtained for the asking; and if observed in a jar of sea-water, will afford a great source of amusement and instruction. When desired for cabinet collections, star-fish should be drowned in cold, fresh water, and nailed on a board to dry in the sun.

The upper, rough leathery surface serves as a shield for the softer under portions, which are composed of innumerable tiny tubes or tentacles, ending in small suckers, which enable the creature to glide over the rocks and to seize its prey. It fits itself to a nicety to every obstruction in its path; and, on approaching a narrow crack, simply folds back the side rays, and passes through without difficulty.

In the middle of the lower side is placed the voracious mouth, and at the extremity of each arm is a little red eye, which would escape the attention of one not understanding the formation of these creatures.

Innocent though star-fish appear, they are as harmful in oyster and mussel beds as army worms are in the grain-field, or wolves in the sheepfold. Clasping the unfortunate mollusk in a relentless grip, they proceed, with considerable rapidity, to corrode one of the valves of the tightly closed shell (probably by some acid secretion), and then invert their stomachs into the opening and literally "eat" the inhabitants "out of house and home." Another most annoying habit is that of stealing the bait off fishermen's hooks, and sometimes they are drawn up on the lines of patient anglers, who hoped to land a prize.



SEA-URCHIN.

In great disgust at these proceedings, the uninitiated usually tear or cut the pests to pieces and throw them back into the sea, thinking thus to put an end to their destructive existence; but a more foolish proceeding could not be imagined, as each severed ray becomes in time a perfect individual, thus increasing the possibility of their ravages from five to even twenty fold, as some star-fish possess that number of arms.

One variety of the Asterias, known as the "brittle star," has a singular trick of breaking its long, curling rays to pieces, when disturbed or captured. The five-pointed species sometimes elevates its body into a position resembling that of the foremost boy in a game of leap-frog; and during incubation, a period of over a week, the eggs are held in the bent arms.

The well-known sea-urchin, or Echinus, sometimes called the sea-hedgehog, is a near relative of the star-fish, belonging to the order of Radiates. It varies in size from the dimensions of a clover-burr to those of a large orange, and is usually brownish-gray or deep purple in color.

The thickly set, bristling spines, sometimes one thousand or two thousand in number, are fastened to the shell by a true ball-and-socket joint, and are as movable as the hand or arm. When the animal dies, they fall off by friction with the waves, leaving a globular skeleton, covered with knobs and points. By means of these spines the sea-urchin progresses slowly with a rolling gait; and is aided in climbing by the myriads of fine, thread-like suckers, which are protruded through the pin-holes on the shell and adhere firmly to the slippery rocks. Increase of size is attained by the addition of lime obtained from the sea-water and deposited around the edges of the little plates composing the hard outer covering.

These creatures are mainly vegetarians, rasping off sea-weeds and small marine plants by means of the five strong, sharp teeth arranged pyramid-fashion around the mouth. They are sometimes considered a table

STAR-FISH.

delicacy, being boiled like an egg, and the soft, vital parts eaten by the aid of a spoon or a piece of bread.

Some sea-urchins take up their residence in round holes, which, in a mysterious manner, they dig in the hardest rocks, increasing the size of the cavity with their own growth.

A study of these and other curious denizens of the deep will give added zest to many a seaside stroll, and increase one's knowledge and interest in the wonderful works of Nature with which this world is stored.

THROUGH THE AZORES, OR WESTERN ISLANDS.

J. B. CUTTER, M. D.

ABOUT twenty-one hundred miles from the coast of America lies a group of islands, little known to the modern tourist.

At Flores, so named from its association with its wealth of flora, the principal attraction is its beautiful sloping green hillsides, divided into thrifty little farms by hedges of bamboo. Here life is divided into periods, marked only by the arrival and departure of the bi-monthly steamer, and it must be a dreary and dreamy existence.

Twelve hours' run to the eastward brought our good ship "Vega" in sight of the long ridge of conical hills, each with a depression at the top, and which is the first picture to greet the approaching traveler to the Island of Fayal. In the teeth of a gale we entered the Port of Horta, the semi-circular roadstead, exposed to the fury of the winds.

A dream of loveliness is the first impression of the little City of Horta, nestled in the embrazure of its protecting hills. Once on land the perspective is materialized, as one walks from the quay.

The little avenue up which we wended our way is a narrow thoroughfare paved with rounded cobbles, skirted by narrow sidewalks of smooth volcanic stone, and only wide enough for a single pedestrian. The houses are made of the same material, three or four stories in height, white or pink washed, and with red-tiled roofs. The windows extend to the floors, with narrow balconies without, and are often decorated with luxuriant vines and cages of tropical birds. In the street is a striking panorama: men passing with strange burdens, and water-carriers bearing earthern vessels suspended from either end of a yoke, which rests upon the shoulders, boys and girls with huge baskets of fruit and other merchandise poised upon the head, and women in that strange Azorean costume called a capote—a cloak, and great hood, which reminds one of an exaggerated Shaker bonnet, beneath which one may sometimes catch a glimpse of the softest olive complexion, and a mild, brown eye. The Azorean women are not beautiful, but they still retain some of the voluptuous charms of their ancestors. Little donkeys, heavily laden with bulky burdens, are a common sight, and add an interest to the picture. Thus passes by an endless caravan, its unique character being sometimes relieved by the passing of the gay trap of some nobleman. Many are the interests and attractions of this, the first city of our Azorean acquaintance, and many a magnificent view greets the eye, but of all the most sublime is that of Pico, the noble mountain which crowns the sister island. Not more than two miles to the southward it stands, rearing the eternally white apex of its perfect cone, 7613 feet above the sea.

Tinted by the golden rays of the rising sun, as I first saw it on the morning of December 18th, it stood like a guardian angel watching over the destinies of the pretty little City of Area Larga at its feet, whither our ship was bound. Upon all sides of its sloping base are verdant groves and fruitful vineyards, the competence of its simple and happy inhabitants. The Pico wine is much favored in the Azores, and its dairies are the main source of supply to the neighboring islands.

A little to the north and east is Graciosa, as its name imparts, chiefly noted for the extreme beauty of its aspect and scenery. There is little but our admiration for the diversity of its charms to detain us here.

We made a brief stop at the little Port of Vellas, and a short distance further on at Topo, where we were received by a band of music and fireworks in honor of the Governor, Doctor Neurouha, who was our guest and en route to Angra.

As we approach, one of the first things to catch the eye is a monument surmounting a neighboring hill-top, made from the stones of the quay upon which landed in 1832 Dom Pedro, on his expedition to Brazil.

Angra is also distinguished as having been the residence of Queen Maria da Gloria from 1830 to 1833, when her authority was established over all the islands.

In September previous to our visit, a hurricane had made a disastrous passage through the islands, leaving devastation everywhere.

We passed along the coast line some fifteen miles to the City of San Matthieus. Here long stretches of sea-wall of ponderous masonry were swept away, and acres of low-lying districts invaded by the floods.

As we passed, upon our return to Angra, the estates of many wealthy residents, I was impressed by a strange custom. Over the entrance gates of many of these fine places were placed the figureheads of ships that had been stranded upon the shores. One, a dashing African warrior, with shield and spear and massive headgear, stood poised in startling contrast to the fair features of a siren, which at one inauspicious time had guided the fate of an American or British bark.

Though not the largest, Angra is the most attractive

ANGRA, THE CAPITAL.

of all Azorean cities, for its streets are broad, well paved, and clean, and there are many plazas and pleasant drives. Life in the country is charming, and one is impressed by the humble courtesy and hospitality of the peasants. They are devoted to their families and flocks, making occasional trips to town, driving their little donkeys or ox carts, which are a curious production of wicker sides and solid wooden wheels. They make a weird and almost musical noise as they proceed at a snail's pace, due to the squeak of the axles —"a music dear to the heart of the Azorean peasant."

There was at one time a law which required the soaping of the axles before entering the city, but as the story goes, a revolution occurred as to the basis of taxation. Some bold aggressor demanded redress, and cried: "Down with the income tax!" "Give us tithes!"

"Tithes!" echoed the mob, "and liberty to squeak our carts through the streets!" The country roads in spring and summer, and even to some extent in winter, are almost a bower of flowers, vines and shrubs, and are often for miles lined with high stone walls from twelve to twenty feet, enclosing gardens in the highest state of cultivation. We left Angra with a sense of genuine regret, and nightfall found us headed to the southeast, after having loaded cattle and several hundred hogsheads of alcohol for Lisbon.

A night's sail upon a tranquil sea, and we were soon anchored in the little harbor of Delgada, formed only by its great jetty, one of the longest in the world, which has been under construction for thirty-five years, a large portion of the unfinished extremity being each winter destroyed by the sea.

After the reception of the usual flotilla the steamer was boarded by the port doctor, and customs officials, under whose august surveillance the vessel was immediately placed; we were rowed to shore and made our way to the Consulate. Having completed the important matter of exchange, equipped with a supply of Azorean coin, we set forth upon a tour of inspection.

There are many things of interest in Ponta Delgada and on the Island of San Miguel, but the center of attraction to the visitor is the strange region known as the Valley of the Furnas. This lies thirty miles toward the eastward, in the heart of the Island. A nephew of our host invited us to drive in a cabriolet, a strange vehicle peculiar to the Azores, drawn by three little English ponies, harnessed abreast, with a typical zila as coachman. Slowly we wound our way through lovely country roads, bordered with honeysuckle and jasmine, over pavements as hard and smooth as asphalt. The sides had copings of heavy masonry, and each ravine was bridged with stone. Visitors in winter are few and far between, and our carriage was followed by a crowd of dirty children begging, kissing their hands and crying, "Ah, senor, senor!" Like their cousins of Madrid and Lisbon, to beg they are not ashamed.

On we drove through fields and narrow village streets, forgetting quite that it was almost Christmas Eve, until at last we reached a quaint old town at the mountain's foot, and an even more antique inn. After dinner came high mass at the cathedral, a gorgeous celebration, then a night spent in the hard Azorean beds, and an early start on donkeyback for Pico Ferro, the steepest of these mountain peaks. At its base is the valley of Furnas, with boiling sulphur springs, seething lava beds, and geysers of rainbow hues. A brief visit to the beautiful estate of Grena, an attempt to fix one final view of the Furnas as a panorama, and our last day in the Azores came to an end.

Hot springs are numerous in many parts of the Islands, and vapor may be seen issuing from almost every crevice. But the most remarkable phenomena are the boiling fountains which rise chiefly from a valley called the Furnas, near the western extremity of the Island. The water ascends in columns to the height of about twelve feet, after which it dissolves in clouds of vapor. The ground in the immediate vicinity is entirely covered with sulphur. At a short distance is the Muddy Crater, the vortex of which is forty-five feet in diameter. Its contents are in a state of continual and violent ebulition, accompanied by a sound resembling that of a tempestuous ocean. Yet they never rise above its level, unless, occasionally, to throw a short distance a spray of the consistence of melted lead. There is almost always, however, a cold spring near the hot one. These springs have, for a considerable period, been largely used as a cure for rheumatism, scrofula, and similar maladies. Bath-rooms and like bathing conveniences have been erected at these points.

In spite of all we hear about South American hospitality, a lady from Brazil tells how they combine business with pleasure. She with an uncle went to dinner at the house of one of the wealthiest of the merchants there. Everything was lavish in the extreme, but on leaving, the merchant said, "If you have any washing, send it here." It appears that in all the wealthy households they take in washing as an employment to their large retinue of servants. "But imagine my surprise," said the lady, "at the end of a formal dinner party to be asked for my soiled linen."

AN ENGLISH SPA.

JAS. P. MORRISON.

THOUGH not so interesting, historically, as many other towns and cities in Great Britain, Bath possesses an unique prestige, as having been for more than a century the preferred resort, year after year, of health-seekers and the world of fashion—from 1703, when the virtues of its therapeutic waters were illustrated in the august person of Queen Anne, until the time not very remote from our own, when owing to the rise into favor of Cheltenham, Brighton, and other watering places in England, and the opening of new spas and health resorts on the continent, its prosperity began somewhat to decline. Its popularity has been, however, of late years, on the increase again. It is no easier to account for the freaks of fashion than for those of nature.

The beauty of Bath is an old story; indeed it is proverbial. Lord Macaulay described Bath as "that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio": Carlyle declared it to be "the prettiest town in all England": and Walter Savage Landor averred, in his usual downright way, "that it was the only place worth living in, after Florence." The *London Globe*, as far back as the thirtieth of October, 1869, in an article discussing the attractions of English towns, said: "Bath is, with perhaps the exception of Edinburgh, the most beautiful city in the Kingdom."

Of the valley in which the city reposes the physical features are distinctly marked and impressive. Bath lies in the center of a vast amphitheater of hills that present the most varied outlines, and every variety of light, shade, and color. In some places bold eminences rise, and impend over the low lying fields and orchards; in others, a green and gradual ascent presents a widening prospect. Everywhere there is a happy blending of town and country. At the end of each street verdant slopes of rugged rocks meet the gaze. No matter where you stand, whether on Claverton Down, rising six hundred feet above the level of the sea; on the still loftier range of Lansdown, with Beckford's Tower; or on Beechen Cliff, or on Sham Castle—everywhere a lovely panorama is spread out before you. Being well protected on all sides by hills the climate is never severe, and is even genial and balmy in the colder months of the year.

The medicinal value of these healing springs even now would seem to be less extensively known than in the interests of humanity it deserves to be. Numbers of English people annually resort to the Continental spas for means of relief from some lingering disease, apparently ignorant of the fact that almost at their doors and in the city so accessible as Bath, there exist fountains of healing of equal or greater efficacy, and under conditions of far greater comfort and convenience.

Among the diseases to which the Bath waters are specially applicable are rheumatism, gout, various intestinal diseases, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous debility, eczema, and other skin diseases, bilious affections, dyspepsia, and catarrh.

The many buildings devoted to the baths form a conspicuous feature in the architecture and embellishment of the city. Not to enumerate them all, there is the King's Bath, adjoining the Grand Pump Room, about 60 feet in length and 40 feet wide, and containing over 50,000 gallons of water at a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit; the Hot Baths, the spring supplying which has a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and the tepid Swimming Bath for gentlemen only, 60 feet long and 25 feet wide, and containing more than 37,000 gallons of water.

There is also a swimming bath for the use of ladies and gentlemen alternately, an elegant structure 51 feet in length and 27 feet wide, and with a capacity of 35,000 gallons of water. In addition to these are the new Royal Baths, built in 1869 on the site of the old White Hart Hotel, and a large number of public and private baths with every requisite for the convenience and comfort of the bathers.

Then there is the Grand Pump Room, erected in 1796, which figures so much in the literature of that period, in the diaries and letters of Mrs. Thrale, Mme. D'Arblay, and in the novels of Jane Austen, situated in the Abbey yard, adjoining the King's Public and Private Baths, and which is the rendezvous now, as it was then, of the elite and gay society of Bath. It is a structure of the Corinthian order, 85 feet in length and 56 feet wide, in which there is a marble statue of Beau Nash, and where a select orchestra plays every day during the winter months.

There is a continuous stream of mineral water from the spring in the Pump Room, of about 8½ gallons a minute, at a temperature of 114 degrees Fahrenheit.

The whole town is built of Bath stone, which is soft and white when quarried and first used in building. It hardens with time, however, and gradually becomes dark, resembling, after a few years of exposure, the black buildings in London which were once gray. The inhabitants have a fancy for window gardens, and the bright flowers and green leaves about the windows form a pleasing contrast to their somber-colored surroundings. Bath stone and Bath brick are known all over England; also Bath chairs and Bath buns, which originated there.

Among the many objects of interest in Bath are the Abbey (1495–1616), the most perfect specimen of the later Gothic extant; the Literary and Scientific Institution (1824), with its museum of Roman and other remains, its library, herbarium, and unique scientific collections; Pulteney Street, a quarter of a mile in length, and pronounced the finest specimen of street architecture in Europe; the Royal Victoria Park, opened by the then Princess Victoria, in 1830, containing specimens of nearly every tree that grows in Great Britain: Widcombe Old Church (1502), with Manor House, by Inigo Jones, and the Roman Baths, which visitors should not omit to carefully inspect. In a very old house, with a new front, next to the Theater Royal, now a second-hand furniture shop, lived the celebrated Beau Nash.

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY GUITARESS. Taber Photo

There are several good specimens of hotel architecture, the Grand Pump Room Hotel, for instance, near the old Abbey, and in which there are several mineral baths. The interior of the hotel, however, is not so "grand" as its name and its imposing exterior would lead you to expect.

A good class of English and also Americans of quiet and refined tastes favor the York House Hotel. It is an establishment of the first class, having a central and beautiful situation. Next door are the post and telegraph offices; in the immediate vicinity are the Royal Victoria Park, the theater, the Assembly Rooms, and the attractive Crescents of the city; the principal baths are within walking distance, and the railway stations are reached by cab in five minutes. The public rooms are handsomely fitted up, and the bedrooms are luxurious in size and very homelike. Meals are served at small tables and the tariff is moderate. It is essentially a house for the patronage of families. E. Ashcroft, who has a hotel in "Clifton" Bristol, is proprietor of the York House Hotel at Bath.

The Great Western Railway which takes you to Bath from Paddington Station in London (one hundred and seven miles) in four hours, is one of the important British roads. By the Great Western you go to Torquay and Plymouth, on the southwest coast, and to such interesting points as Warwick, Stratford-upon-Avon, the old town of Chester and beautiful Leamington. The road traverses a lovely part of the country. En route you get a glimpse of Windsor Castle and pass through Taplow and Maidenhead on the Thames, the road skirting the river for many miles, affording delightful views of the Thames—not a wide sheet of water, but very picturesque in this region.

Long before you approach Bath the Avon is sighted, and as you near the station the eye is greeted by the noble hills which surround the ancient city.

FEMININITY IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

Most men are strongly of the opinion that a woman's first duty is to be pretty. If this is so, it becomes interesting in these days, when the women have taken not only the hats, collars, neckties, and shirts of the men but are even making bold efforts to appropriate their trousers, to inquire wherein lies a woman's chief charm. Does it not consist in the very fact that she is a woman and not a man? That in physical form and temperament she differs from man? And does not this render it undesirable that women should part with their distinctively feminine apparel, and try to look as much like men as possible? Not that any good reason can be urged against the adoption by women of a garment, either Turkish trousers, bloomers, or knickerbockers, which will allow a free and unimpeded movement of the legs, and thereby aid women to attain that physical health and development which is, after all, a woman's chief charm in the eyes of men. In a dress worn for cycling or any other special purpose, fitness or unfitness for that purpose is the main consideration. In a woman's ordinary dress, prettiness, elegance, and, above all, femininity, are of the first importance. A curious fact, which has often been noticed, is that the civilized woman has developed an extraordinary dread of exposing her ankle, combined with a recklessness of display of the upper portion of her body. One result of this is that a premium is placed upon a display of the feminine ankle, so that a clever Parisienne can work more deadly execution with an inch or two of silk stocking and half a yard of lace than a beautiful woman with shining shoulders and rounded bosom bared in a Worth gown. The reason is that fashion and convention sanction the latter display, but frown on the former, thus placing a dangerous weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous coquette. Evidently there is nothing inherently improper or immodest about a woman's stocking or the lace edge of a woman's skirt: all depends on the woman wearing it. The amount of the female form which may, without loss of modesty or self-respect, be displayed, is so much a matter of convention that it is impossible to say where modesty ends and immodesty begins. It is the manner in which a dress is worn that is the really important thing. The ugliest, plainest costume worn by a bold woman becomes suggestive, while comparatively scanty raiment, if sanctioned by general custom, may be worn with perfect modesty. It is the woman in the clothes that makes the difference. Even where the appeal to sex is indelicate, it is evident that the attraction lies in the femininity of the wearer. The attractiveness of the low-necked dress lies in the fact that it is an essentially feminine garment, and displays a part of the form which is characteristically feminine. The feminine woman, be she good or bad, a *mondaine* or a *demi-mondaine*, will always be attractive to men, while the mannish woman parts with the source of her best and strongest influence. Judged by the standards applied to man, she is not a success, and as a woman she is a rank failure.

PICTURESQUE HAWAII.

D. G. WALDRON.

LEAVING San Francisco for the Hawaiian Islands on the splendid steamship "Australia," you make the voyage to Honolulu in about six days. Everything on board is first-class, equaling the same service on the "Cunarders" between New York and Liverpool. As early morning dawns on the day of arrival, while coming under the lee of Oahu, the tourist will be shown the beauties of Hawaii; the bald, rounded summit of Koko Head; the rugged, fire-burnt, weather-scarred outlines of the extinct volcano, Diamond Head; then the cocoanut palms bounded by the glistening surf-bound beach of Waikiki, and finally the entrance to Honolulu harbor. Your eyes feast upon the loveliness of the great city, with its picturesque tropical homes, its shipping, its laden piers, its business blocks, and its buzz of commerce.

What a sea of pleasant, joyous faces line the docks to greet us with the welcome "Aloha." We pass up the wharf through a throng of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, who assemble here twice a month to see "who comes." The native customs officer pleasingly chalks our gripsack at the gate, and a coupe, driven by a native Jehu, takes us to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

After putting me in a nice cottage, and being well dined, I felt "at home." The grounds upon which the hotel stands comprise an entire square of about four acres, fronting on Hotel Street. This large area affords ample room for a lawn and beautiful walks, which are laid out most artistically, with flowering plants and tropical trees. There are twelve pretty cottages within this charming enclosure, all under the hotel management. The hotel and cottages afford accommodations for two hundred guests. The basement of the hotel contains the finest billiard hall in the city.

The main entrance is on the ground floor, to the right of which are elegantly furnished parlors. A broad passageway leads from the main hall to the dining-room. The apartments open on to broad verandas, where a magnificent view of the Nuuanu Mountains may be seen through the wealth of tropical foliage that surrounds the balconies and ladens the air with perfume.

Band concerts are given upon the arrival and departure of all foreign steamers. The new band pavilion is picturesquely located on the front lawn of the hotel premises, and, lighted with colored electric lights, presents a veritable fairy scene.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises, and are furnished throughout with electric lights and electric bells. The clerk's office is furnished with the telephone, by which communication is had with residents and the leading business firms of the city.

After taking the desired rest, and visiting the picturesque and quaint surroundings of the city, having had a grand "luau" with the natives, and having viewed the dazzling panorama of "The Paradise of the Pacific," from the old Punchbowl Crater, it is in order to go to the Volcano, now, at this writing, in active operation. C. D. Chase, General Passenger Agent of the Kilauea Volcano House Company, courteously gives us all needed special information concerning the trip.

A round-trip ticket to the Volcano costs $50. This includes all expenses, allowing three days at the Volcano. The Secretary of Wilder's Steamship Company will do all in his power to instruct travelers as to their needs en route. Voyagers will remember that they travel on fine, well-equipped steamers, with electric lights, etc., the employees being most courteous. The Volcano House is a modern-built hotel, costing in the neighborhood of $55,000, and capable of accommodating seventy-five guests. Here, on the verge of a living volcano, one enjoys all the comforts of a home. The natural sulphur steam baths are one of the features of the place, and attract a great many people suffering from rheumatism, consumption, paralysis, nervous prostration, scrofula, and other skin diseases. All are speedily cured, the steam sulphur baths and the pure mountain air being the only necessary remedies.

1. Old Plantation. 2. Banana Plantation. 3. Kapiolani Park.
4. A Tropical Home. 5. Pineapple Plantation.
6. Coffee Plantation, Puna District. 7. Scene on Oahu Railway.
8. Cutting Sugar Cane. 9. Glimpse of Honolulu.

We left Honolulu Tuesday at ten A. M. on the steel steamship "Kinau," a most excellent sea boat, touching at the old historic port of Lahaina. We pass on "O'er the waters as smooth as glass" to Maalaea Bay. Continuing to Makena thousands of acres of sugar-cane fields are passed, extending from hilltop to shore. "I've come six thousand miles, and this view alone pays me," said a party from Montreal.

Continuing across the Hawaii channel we reach Kawaihae. This port lies in the center of the great grazing country of Hawaii. Thousands of cattle are seen feeding on the slopes above.

From Kawaihae we proceed to Mahukona, a railroad port; heretofore the stops made have been too short for tourists to land, but here one can go ashore. Mahukona (the mist that rises from the sea) is near the birthplace of Kamehameha, and it was from this port that he sailed forth on the expeditions which made him King of all the islands of the group. Leaving Mahukona we soon pass the grazing country, coming to endless fields of sugar-cane. Beyond, the cliffs of Pololu rear their heads 3000 feet above the sea; endless waterfalls leap from their summits to the sea beneath. Passing these cliffs, so rugged and difficult of access that their summits have never been reached, we again come to the cane fields of Hamakua and Hilo, a continuous view of sixty miles. First, high cliffs, against which the ever-restless waves dash; just above, the black rocks, and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever-changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp but not unpleasing contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane. The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far-famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The Hilo Hotel was filled to overflowing; accordingly I found pleasant quarters in a handsomely furnished cottage at the lovely tropical home of C. E. Richardson, Esq., who, by the way, is one of nature's noblemen, an American by birth, and a resident of Hawaii for forty years. Hilo and its surroundings has a population of 6000. Its sugar industry is great, the output of last year being valued at $1,050,542, while its coffee industry is fast improving, with the assurance of its bringing the highest price in the San Francisco market.

Hilo is destined to become a great commercial mart; it has a harbor well sheltered from wind and storm where vessels can lie in safety. It needs a large wharf for freighting, and I learn that one will be completed in the near future. Claus Spreckels, with his fabulous wealth — the man who has done so much to build up the great industries of these islands, and who has given employment to thousands of men here, as well as in our Pacific States, is pursuing his usual progressive policy; he has erected several large business blocks. Hilo is a business mart. It has large stores, library, benevolent societies, a court and Government house with ample grounds, embowered in tropical trees, a bright newspaper (the Hilo *Tribune*), good schools, and churches of all denominations.

The city is lighted by electricity, the power used in generating being taken from the beautiful Rainbow Falls located near the city limits. It has two large sugar mills running night and day, the cane being brought in by railroads from the numerous plantations. It has iron and carriage works, soda factories, large lumber yards, drug and book stores, a photograph gallery, and one of the largest livery stables in the islands. These stables are owned by the jolly, indefatigable Jack Wilson, who employs sixty men and two hundred horses, mules, donkeys, etc., carrying freight, mails, and tourists to the Volcano House.

Boarding one of his well-equipped six-horse coaches at eight A. M., we ride over the finest lava road in the world—perhaps the only one in existence—making a gradual ascent of 4000 feet above the sea level of Hilo Bay, through boundless fields of sugar cane, coffee plantations, magnificent tropical jungles of palm and fern trees for a distance of thirty-one miles. A good lunch is had at noon at Mountain View House. Changing horses we proceed on, catching here and there a view of the "old blow holes" of extinct craters. The "Yankee Jehu" cracks his whip as we glide over the

molten beds. He "toots" the welcome stage-horn, and our eyes are fixed in wonder as we view the rising steam and smoke coming from the hundreds of hot blow-holes encircling the Volcano House for miles around.

We received a hearty welcome at the Volcano House, where we are well entertained with a good supper, a good room, and a soft, clean bed.

On the next day we leave the Volcano House for the crater of the living volcano at five P. M. Horses are available for those not caring to walk.

Once on the floor of Kilauea, interest is quickened. One can pick out old and later flows, mounds, hillocks, gulches, and chasms, in every form and variety. One soon begins to feel the heat. This comes not alone from the crater, but also from the gnarled, twisted, somber lava beneath our feet, and a haze, like the fumes of a hot summer air, wave and float from many quarters about the pit.

Lanterns are carried, and Albert, the trusty guide, carries a lunch and a big canteen of water.

As we approach the Lake of Fire, sounds are heard as if some immense iron works were near at hand: first, a heavy jar, then a puffing and hissing, combined with a steady, dull, heavy roar. The lava beneath our feet trembles more and more, evidently from the continuous falling of heavy bodies. As yet we have seen nothing, but as we mount a slight rise, a chasm filled with mighty fires appears at our feet.

Ours was a gay party of young people, and our progress over the lava had been a noisy one, but a sudden silence fell over all as the crater in its awful sublimity appeared before us. Below was one immense expanse of writhing, seething, boiling red and white hot lava. At frequent intervals a huge mass of liquid fire would raise itself, apparently without effort, some ten or fifteen feet above the surface of the lake, falling with a crash, causing the whole crater to tremble; again a fountain of white hot lava would rise with a hiss, similar to that of an immense rocket.

One can well understand that the natives believed that the Lake of Fire was inhabited by spirits. The constant motion and the erratic and unexpected movements of the fire are totally different from anything seen elsewhere, and it resembles nothing so much as an immense throng - the constant change in color, and of light and shade, makes the comparison yet more vivid. No description of this work of nature can be extravagant; no tongue or pen can rightly portray its awe-inspiring sublimity. In every detail it is superlatively distinct.

After working thus for perhaps twenty minutes, all motion suddenly ceased, and the lake in its sudden cooling was covered by a heavy black crust. A gleam of fire now and again appeared, to be suddenly extinguished. After thus lying dormant for perhaps twenty minutes, the surface of the lake was lighted up by breaks in the crust of black lava. Through some unexplained reason the whole surface sinks, and the lake appears as if an entirely different kind of lava had issued forth. It foments and boils and seethes, and creeps and jumbles and tumbles until one would think that all the imps of Satan were appearing in nature's grand ballet: and as if fittingly to close the scene there are a series of explosions and collisions, fountains and shocks, to make the grand finale. Then again the lake cools and darkens as if some immense black curtain had been drawn across its surface preparatory to the next scene. Thus it continues hour after hour, day after day.

To see the crater once is not to see it for all time—each minute it is varied: and even the guide who frequently visits it ten times daily, finds it as great a novelty, and he views it with as eager an interest, as the tourist who looks upon it for the first time.

A longer pause than usual brings us to ourselves; our interest had been so intense that we had lost conception of time, and we were surprised to find that we had remained five hours at the crater's brink.

Upon returning we found a second dinner waiting for us, which the keen mountain air made very acceptable. Those who were tired found comfort in the steam sulphur baths, while the rest of us took solace before the open fire in the quaint parlor of the old house.

It is a mistake to look upon the Volcano House as a place of temporary sojourn. Through its location the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone are raised here to perfection. Beef, poultry, eggs, mutton, butter, and milk of the finest quality are supplied from a mountain ranch near by. Many berries, unknown in other parts of the world, are here found in abundance. Visitors find here pure air and a quiet which fills them with a feeling of peace, both with themselves and the world at large. Business cares are forgotten, and the many walks and drives give ample exercise for the body and mind.

A word about the sugar and coffee industry. Sugar-cane grows in the Hawaiian Islands to perfection. Spreckelsville Plantation, the largest in the islands, yielded alone one season 15,000 tons of sugar. The output from all the islands for the year ending December, 1895, was 294,784,819 pounds, valued at $7,975,590, and all of this immense product was consumed in the United States.

Coffee culture is comparatively a new industry. It is only since a remedy for the blight has been discovered that it has yielded sufficient returns to make its cultivation a commercial success. The oldest plantation was only begun five years ago. Notwithstanding the many blunders incidental to a new industry, it has paid dividends on the total cost of the investment of one hundred and twenty per cent. A second plantation, now four years old, will pay with its first crop not only the original cost of the investment, but a considerable bonus. In general, sure returns of not less than twenty-five per cent can be looked for on every fairly well-conducted coffee plantation within the Hawaiian Islands, estimating that coffee be sold in San Francisco at fifteen cents per pound. A considerable difference in price of coffee is due to the locality. The products from the districts of Hilo, Puna, Olaa, and Hamakua have brought twenty-two cents per pound during the past year, and with improved manufacturing processes this price will be increased several cents per pound. The districts before named possess every requisite for the successful cultivation of coffee, and the heaviest crops per acre are produced there: all are readily reached by water communication. The Hawaiian Government has lately enacted a law by which lands in new portions of these districts will be sold in tracts not to exceed one hundred acres each to one individual at a nominal sum, and as fast as lands are taken up the Government is pledged to build roads to them. This will throw open to purchasers every facility for their immediate cultivation.

Coffee is one of the few agricultural products that improves through keeping. The world's area, where it can be grown successfully, is so limited that there is no danger from overproduction. The pioneer, of small means, must make up his mind to withstand three years of moderate privation and self-denial. Every available dollar should be devoted to the purchase of land and the putting in of the crop. After that time the returns are so large that a life of comfort, if not of luxury, can be looked forward to.

The climate of the coffee belt is perfect, the temperature ranging from sixty to ninety degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year.

The Wilder Steamship Company have ports of call at frequent intervals throughout the coffee districts, and offer to the cultivator of coffee special inducements, with a view of encouraging settlement.

Those desiring to take up land, and to have it cultivated until it comes in bearing, can do so at reasonable terms.

Tourists should not forget to take a day's outing over the Oaha Railway, thirty-three miles to Waianae from Honolulu, passing the rice fields, sugar-cane fields of the great Ewa Plantation, and the renowned Pearl City, the site selected by Admirals Irwin and Walker for the great naval station for the United States. For beautiful home sites, balmy, invigorating climate, and a wide range of indescribable scenery, this location has superior attractions for all those who appreciate so great a variety of advantages.

The City of Honolulu is long and narrow, being about three miles long on the seaside and about half a mile wide, and extending nearly two miles into Nuuanu Valley on the land side, with an average width of about half a mile. The houses are rarely occupied by more than a single family, and in general the yards about each dwelling are ample. The private residences are attractive and are every year being constructed more in accordance with the privileges of the climate. The lanai, or veranda, is the distinctive feature in Honolulu house construction. It is being gradually evolved into a novel room of three sides, broad and airy, and open on one side, with a protecting screen that can be lowered as required. An afternoon tea on a lanai, open toward one's garden, with orchids and choice ferns, and a delicious breeze for inspiration, is one of the treats of tropical life.

Waikiki, the favorite "outing" of Honolulu, with its fringed sentinels of cocoa palm, offers its attractions of sea beach and delightful temperature of water for bathing, free from danger by its guarding reef, at times a picture of grandeur with its playfully angry surf. Tramcars convey passengers quarter-hourly to or from the city; or by carriage, the beauties of a drive, after a refreshing salt bath, can be had through and around Kapiolani Park, where every variety of the tropical tree and shrub can be seen. A beach road extends along to the foot of Diamond Head.

1. A Glimpse of Hilo. 2. Volcano Kilauea and Lava Beds. 3. Vol
7. Volcano Stables, Hilo. 8. Hilo Ho

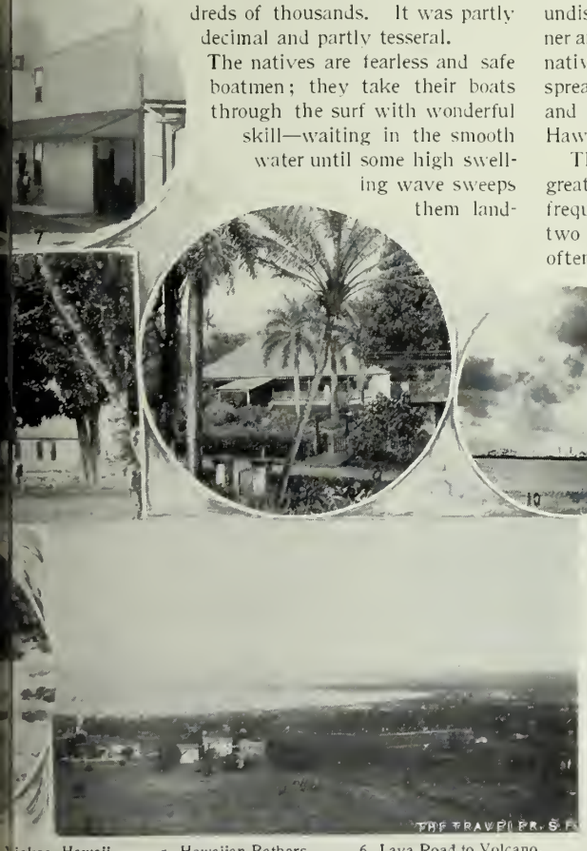
In the opposite direction from Honolulu, the trains of the Oahu Railway and Land Company connect Honolulu with Pearl River Lochs, by two or more trains daily, whereby the recently established Ewa Plantation at Honouliuli, and the new town of Pearl City at Manana, and its peninsular attractions have been made possible. Excursion trains to Remond Grove and points beyond to Waianae, at frequent intervals, afford an excellent opportunity for tourists and others for the study of the interesting features of two leading industries; viz., sugar and rice. At no other point throughout the islands can these two be seen so advantageously working, as it were, side by side.

Then to watch the surf off Diamond Head after a southern storm is a revelation of the ocean's power. Standing on the site of a heathen temple, where once sacrifices were offered to the gods of the storms and waves, you watch the great billows as they come rolling in, dashing against the rocks beneath with tremendous force, throwing clouds of spray fifty feet in the air, that turn into showers of molten gold in the sunshine. Above the incessant roar of the waves ring

the shouts of the native bathers, diving and swimming through the great billows. The more violent the surf, the greater the joy and excitement. Sometimes canoes with long outriggers, each with its single occupant, come racing in over the breakers guided with wonderful skill. At Diamond Head, perhaps, there is a better opportunity of seeing the ancient sports of the Hawaiians than at any other place on the island.

The primitive Hawaiians were very bold and skillful navigators. There can be no question that they frequently visited in their little canoes the Society Islands and Tahiti, south of the equator and 2400 miles distant from Hawaii. How they could cross such vast wastes of ocean seems at first mysterious; but they had a knowledge of astronomy such as we sometimes marvel at in the old Egyptians and Chaldeans. They knew the planets, and had names for the brighter stars. They also had a good calendar. Their year was three hundred and sixty-five days long, and began when the Pleiades rose at sunset. They had twelve months, of which eleven had thirty days each, and the twelfth thirty-five days. They had also a primitive arithmetic and a system of numerals in which they could number up into the hundreds of thousands. It was partly decimal and partly tesseral.

The natives are fearless and safe boatmen; they take their boats through the surf with wonderful skill—waiting in the smooth water until some high swelling wave sweeps them landward at railroad speed, always nearly engulfed by the high crest of the foaming breaker, but always just escaping and safely landing their heavily loaded whale boats, that in the hands of ordinary boatmen would be dashed into thousands of pieces.



iakea, Hawaii. 5. Hawaiian Bathers. 6. Lava Road to Volcano.
idence. 10. Moonlight, Hilo Bay.

A large portion of the Hawaiian Islands, now under cultivation, was comparatively valueless until foreign enterprise and capital reclaimed it. Lands were worthless for Hawaiian farming, and would have remained an unproductive area had it not been for foreign capital and energy and grit. Thus the largest plantation at Spreckelsville, the two remarkable plantations at Ewa and Makaweli, to say nothing of others, show what American enterprise can accomplish in the face of grave difficulties.

The Arum esculentum, or taro plant, with its broad, lily-like leaves floating on the water, is a part of all Hawaiian landscapes. The Kanaka's farming consists in the cultivation of this plant alone; other things may grow if they will, but to the taro nearly all of his labor is devoted. Great skill is displayed in irrigating and preparing the soil. The beds are made of rich, soft mud, each bed being enclosed in a wall of earth impervious to water. The plant is propagated by setting out the tops of the ripe root; water is then let in upon them, and retained until the planting of the next crop. It is said that forty square feet of taro will supply food for an ordinary-sized family for a year. The root can be eaten in many ways; boiled, baked, or fried is equally good, and the young leaves when boiled make a very good substitute for spinache. It is said, with much truth, that every one, particularly the natives, who eat the taro (poi) are never troubled with indigestion. In fact, many have been completely cured of this *ugly disease* by the use of the taro flour being lately introduced from Honolulu.

Every great occasion to the Hawaiian is celebrated by a luau or feast. This feast is elaborate and requires long preparation. The variety of dishes provided are numerous—roast pig, ti root, raw and cooked fish of many kinds, sea mosses, live shrimps, sweet potatoes, mixtures of cocoanut, fruits, and always plenty of poi, that most delectable of all foods for the natives. The method of cooking the luau is peculiar. The different meats and fish are wrapped in taro or ti leaves, placed in a pile of stones, which have been made red hot in a fire built in a pit. The pile is then buried in grass and earth, water is thrown on, and the whole is left undisturbed for many hours. Meats cooked in this manner are exceedingly tender, and foreigners as well as the natives enjoy the flavor acquired. Grass mats are spread upon the ground and gaily decorated in ferns and flowers. Forks and spoons are never seen, the Hawaiians using their fingers with great dexterity.

The beautiful and gigantic banana plant grows in great luxuriance in the Hawaiian Islands. Its leaves frequently measure eight to twelve feet in length and two feet across. The fruit grows in great clusters, often one hundred pounds' weight in a single cluster. It is calculated that upon a given surface of ground one hundred times as much weight of fruit is produced as that of wheat. The banana is, however, not so extensively relied upon as a food in the Hawaiian Islands as in other tropical countries. Its use by women was restricted years ago, under certain religious and superstitious regulations, a violation of which was made punishable by severe penalties, even to that of the death sentence.

Probably there is no better place in the world to see the night-blooming cereus in all its glorious beauty than Honolulu. Just at the entrance to the Manoa Valley stands Oahu College. The stone wall which surrounds the college grounds is covered with a luxuriant growth of this cactus. At the seasons of its blossoming thousands of flowers open in a single night. Going to this wall at the verge of the evening, the visitor can watch flower after flower quiver open, making the air heavy with its delicious fragrance. Soon the whole hedge is covered, gleaming white in the silvery rays of the moonlight, a scene of indescribable beauty, only to be conceived by those who have beheld it. The flowers often measure twelve inches in diameter, averaging much larger than the usual hot-house specimens; it is said that upon this wall from eight thousand to ten thousand of them have been seen open at one time.

George W. Vanderbilt's chateau at Asheville, North Carolina, is situated in one of the choice spots of America. The estate, which extends from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghany Mountains, covers an area of more than a hundred and twenty square miles, and is a broad plateau three thousand feet above sea level, splendidly wooded, and diversified with valleys, lakes, and rivers. The scenery is most beautiful. From his library windows, Mr. Vanderbilt commands a view of five snow-capped peaks and half a dozen streams. The eastern, northern, and southern approaches form a splendid and admirably cultivated garden, while the western portion has been left in its original wild state. There are facilities of the most modern stamp for all sorts of outdoor sports, from bowling and tennis to fox-hunting, quail-shooting, fishing, and boating.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL OPTICS.

THE GREAT REFLECTOR AT ECHO MOUNTAIN.

A few feet below the steps of Echo Mountain Hotel is located the great reflector, containing the electric search-light. This light is estimated to be of three-million candle-power: it was the largest at the World's Fair in Chicago, and is to-day the most powerful artificial light in the world.

The apparatus is an illustration on a gigantic scale of the workings of the human eye, with its great lens, shaped like a lentil, double convex, thick at the center and thin at the edge.

The disk is over fifty inches in diameter, wonderfully bright and clear, without flaw or blemish. It is larger by far than any of the object-glasses of the telescopes of greatest fame.

Such a lens, if made out of one piece of glass, would be worth a fortune, if it were possible to cast such a large piece of glass without flaws, and anneal it, and possible to grind that one piece of glass accurately to its required shape.

As you approach the lens from the steps above, you see a wonderful colored picture standing in mid-air in front of the instrument. It is a giant picture of the surrounding country, with all the soft and perfect colorings of the small reflections, you observe, upside down, on the ground glass of a photographic camera. But what a size! nearly fifty inches in diameter.

As you go nearer yet, you suddenly observe a great change; you still see the landscape in colors and your own picture small and inverted, and, side by side with it, another picture of your own person, very large, erect, in motion. And if you go still nearer, then the first picture altogether vanishes, and only your own reflection remains in sight, upright.

If that great source of light were not placed between that mirror and lens, its rays would simply stream out in all directions into space, and they would lose their power within a short distance.

The lens and the mirror, each separately, and both jointly, have the power to gather all the stray beams of that mighty light, and send them in a bundle, all united, all traveling parallel, wherever that bundle of rays is directed to by the operator, lighting up, in rapid succession, every locality you may desire to illuminate within fifty miles from that wonderful lens and arc.

The instrument is of great weight, but, by means of one screw, you can turn it in a horizontal circle or plane, and, with another, you can direct it up or down to any angle. This gives it a universal motion, the same as a ball-and-socket joint would. One instantaneous turn of the screw will deviate the illuminating beam fifty miles from one locality to another, singling each out from the darkness, the most brilliant illustration possible of the marvelous speed at which light travels.

There is not another place in the world where you will find an opportunity to see optical effects so magnificently illustrated, and on so large a scale, as on Mount Lowe by the great search-light reflector.

Madeline Kilpatrick, the clever trick rider, is a small, delicate blonde, but her slight figure is rather muscular, and there is nothing she is afraid of. Speaking of wheeling, she commends the pursuit for women, advises them to wear bloomers, but attributes all dangerous ailments to bad positions. She says:

"In the first place, every woman should learn to adjust her wheel to suit her, and then, instead of sitting perfectly straight so that her backbone rests on the saddle, she should bend very slightly forward so as to take the weight from the backbone, and she should also learn to support her weight in part on the pedals and handle bars. She can stand more jar and weight on her feet and arms than she can on her backbone. Now, when I advise you to bend a little forward, I do not mean that you shall hump over like a scorcher, but, with shoulders erect, assume an easy, graceful attitude. If a woman sat up all afternoon in a carriage as straight as a ramrod, with her weight thrown entirely on her backbone, she would be completely worn out.'

THE SAD LIFE OF ADELE HUGO.

BARBARA MOSS.

IT WAS while sojourning in Paris in the summer of 1892, that I became interested anew in the family of Victor Hugo. The philanthropic eccentricities of his son, and the romantic sorrows of his favorite daughter were related to me by an American student of literature and art in the French capital, with more particularity than had ever before been my fortune to hear. I will endeavor to give the narrative as told to me.

* * * * * * * * *

One day, during the stormy times that followed the fall of the empire of Napoleon III., the son of Hugo, passing along the narrow Rue La Fontaine in his voiture, saw a gendarme brutally beating a poor old laborer. He reined up to the curb, and demanded to know the cause of such an outrage.

"Who are you, to interfere?" taunted the officer.

"A son of Victor Hugo, and as great a lover of justice as he," was the reply.

The officer strutted on with no further word. The humble offender, in answer to Hugo's questions, said he had saluted a friend with the loyal citizen's cry, "Vive la Republique." The gendarme behind and near him was a Bonapartist, who kept concealed his treasonable sentiments in order to retain his place on the Republican force, and had taken this chance of a coward to vent his pent-up spite.

M. Hugo took the blood-besmeared, shabby old fellow to his own home, where he was given the attention his condition required. He also reported the gendarme, and had him arrested.

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And poor Adele. When the *coup d'etat* of "Napoleon the Little" (title given by Victor Hugo) took place in Paris in December, 1851, the poet's burning words for the preservation of the Republic, and the prevention of the Empire, caused his exile from the land of his nativity—the France that he regarded with an almost idolatrous love. He took his family to Belgium, and established them as comfortably there as his circumstances would allow.

In Brussels at this time resided a wealthy and somewhat distinguished English family, named Pinsen. Neighbors in nearness of residence, an intimacy, that ripened into infatuation, sprang up between Lieutenant Pinsen, an officer in the English army, and the beautiful Adele.

Dark-eyed, dark-haired, brilliant, graceful, accomplished, and of passionate temperament, she threw all the fire and fervor of her nature into this first supreme attachment.

The Pinsen family objected to the engagement. Victor Hugo's name was not yet carven in its high place on the scroll of the immortals. The family were not possessed of wealth, and were exiled for disloyalty.

The Pinsens were English—British—simon-pure, and true to their traditions. The young couple scorned their interference. Hugo, pere, was enraged when he heard the true condition of affairs, but his entreaties to his daughter, to summon her pride and remember her filial duty, fell on deaf ears.

A form of secret marriage was accomplished, and, shortly after, Lieutenant Pinsen departed to join his regiment in England, promising very soon to return for his beautiful bride, when the secret union should at once be supplemented by a public ceremony in London. Directly his regiment was ordered to move, and Adele received a hurried message, asking her to hasten to London, that she might accompany him to Halifax.

Victor Hugo said Lieutenant Pinsen should come to Brussels to marry his daughter; she should not go to him. Mlle. Adele defied them all, and declared she would go. Unable to change her determination, her mother decided to accompany her to London.

Arrived there, they found that the Sixteenth Regiment had already taken passage for Halifax, and while Adele was tearing her heart out in vehement sorrow and denunciation, the bowed and mortified Madame Hugo sought vainly for any information concerning the recreant lover, or any word of explanation or advice he might have left for them.

Stricken, crushed, the deserted girl and her sympathizing mother returned to Brussels. The father was furious. He loved his daughter beyond common expression, and that she would not forswear her unworthy lover and promise to forget him, exasperated him beyond measure.

Adele became calm, grew pale and silent, and indifferent to everything that transpired around her, and all efforts to arouse her interest or enthusiasm were futile.

One evening she was missed from her accustomed places. Suicide was first thought, but it was soon known that she had taken passage on an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, from whence she proceeded direct to Halifax. It has been said, so scant were her means for this voyage, she sailed from Europe in the steerage, and so continued until the ship's officers discovered the lady of gentle birth and breeding, and, to spare her threatened illness, placed her under the care of the stewardess.

This has been denied and reiterated, but it doesn't matter. She was courageous and determined enough to do it, and the long journey was an expensive one.

Arrived in Halifax, she took lodgings under an assumed name, and made haste to seek out her erstwhile devoted lover.

Alas! he only censured her for her obstinate imprudence, and shared none of her dreamed-of rapture at the unexpected and romantic meeting, and showed no appreciation of her frenzied devotion.

She changed her place of abode to be near him, and dogged his movements persistently. She succeeded in maintaining the secret of her identity, being known only as "the eccentric and mysterious Miss Lewly," until one day a French servant saw lying on a table in her room a letter addressed. "Visconte Victor Hugo, Guernsey, England." (The family had been obliged to remove from Brussels, and had settled in this quiet place, in the most beautiful of the Channel Islands.)

The maid was intelligent enough to report her discovery understandingly. Confession followed, and all being told, she was known about the house as Madame Pinsen, wife of Lieutenant Pinsen of the British garrison, and daughter of the great Victor Hugo.

She kept her quarters more closely than ever after this expose, but Halifax papers told how she was seen to take long walks in solitary places with her faithless lieutenant.

The romance of so distinguished a person in their midst, and the unhappy notoriety that followed its frequent mention in the public prints, along with her lover's increasing coldness and cruelty, so preyed upon her excitable nature, her behavior grew more and more morbid and unnatural, and the few who knew her intimately began to whisper of insanity.

Mrs. Saunders, the kind woman with whom Adele lived during most of her stay in Halifax (according to the *Herald* of that city), wrote to Victor Hugo of his daughter and her needs. M. Hugo replied, thanking her for her kindly interest in the unhappy girl, bade her see that Adele was comfortable, and that the bills be sent to him. This was done, and receipts for these bills were found among the poet's papers after his death.

At length, to crown her crown of sorrows, there came rumor to the deserted one that Lieutenant Pinsen was to wed with a rich and handsome lady of a neighboring town in the Province.

Mlle. Hugo was not so lost to herself in her insanity that she did not at once put her wits to work to have the truth concerning herself and Lieutenant Pinsen reach the ears of the new fiancee, and in a form that she could but listen. The high-minded lady dismissed him forthwith, and bade him think no more of her. Adele never saw her, but received her thanks through a messenger for saving her from a deplorable fate.

From Halifax the broken-hearted, half-crazed woman followed the Sixteenth Regiment to Barbadoes, where she took no measures to conceal her identity or the story of her fruitless wandering. Before her departure, however, she counseled with a Halifax lawyer, who pitied and befriended her, as to a suit for breach of promise, but was discouraged, from the fact of the clandestine marriage, which, unacknowledged, under other circumstances would be brought into such a suit.

In Barbadoes her situation became pitiful in the extreme. She was finally adjudged insane, and returned, under escort, to Europe, passive until she reached England, where she became violent, and was placed in a private asylum for detention and treatment. Later, she was removed to a home for incurables in Paris. Fierce and melancholy by turns, she talked little, and shunned observation.

* * * * * * * * *

The narrator of this sad, half-told story believed she died in 1889 or 1890, but I was told later by one who should know, as he was a sanitary officer for public institutions, that she had been seen within the year riding with her brother on the boulevards of the city, so closely veiled she was recognized only by those who knew the burning dark eyes and abundant gray hair.

* * * * * * * * *

It was with this story haunting me that I went next day with my American-Franco friend to search out the memorial mansion on Avenue Victor Hugo, only to find it dismantled, and the family all "gone away."

This the concierge shouted at us from an open window of a chamber, and we had to content ourselves with gazing at the tablet whereon was inscribed: "In this hotel died Victor Hugo, May 22, 1885."

Walking farther out the avenue we came upon the memorial chapel and annex, being builded in "Place Victor Hugo."

From thence a cab carried us to the Pantheon, where reposes the dust of the illustrious exile—the incomparable patriot, poet, and magic weaver of tales that break the heart, fascinate the senses, and enlighten the understanding.

A recital of the gloom and glory of the funeral by the garrulous guide—"the whole city was in black," he said, "and every child, even, carried a funeral wreath"—was of minor interest to me. I could not banish from my thoughts the sad story of poor Adele, the brilliant woman whose life was wrecked by her own devotion, and the faithlessness of an unworthy and cruel lover.

In wandering about the outskirts of the City of Mexico, or other towns, one is constantly coming across women washing garments in running streams. They beat the clothes upon flat stones, and use plenty of soap. Near Chapultepec, the suburban residence of President Diaz, and again near Coatepec, a village in the State of Vera Cruz, I photographed women washing clothes in streams, in which they stood with their skirts tucked up to their knees. Often, too, one may see a woman washing her long hair in the clear water.

Concerning the *tortillas* which the majority of Mexican women are daily occupied in making, an observant British traveler has this to say: "Until the Mexicans turn from *tortillas* to grinding their corn and making bread, the drudgery of manufacturing *tortillas* will prevent their women from rising in the social scale, and keep them in their present overworked and degraded condition. The daily recurring task occupies so much of their time that they keep neither themselves nor their houses clean, and are unable to attend to their children. Clearly the watchword of the advocates of women's education in Mexico must be, 'Down with the *tortilla!*'"

The Windsor, though not the newest of Denver hotels, still holds first place in the hearts of her citizens, and is not only favored with the lion's share of transient business, but also secures every banquet of importance given in the city; this prerogative, however, being necessitated by the fact that, by the peculiar construction and arrangement of its culinary departments, the Windsor is the only hotel in the city capable of successfully coping with large gatherings. Prospective visitors to Denver would do well to request a copy of the new descriptive booklet just issued by the Windsor, entitled "The Evolution of the Modern Hotel."

James Whitcomb Riley has retired from the lecture platform. He gives as his reasons, continually recurring stage fright and a strong aversion to travel. Familiarity with strange audiences and frequency of public appearance did not relieve his nervous tremors.

A SUMMER OUTING ON THE OHIO.

VIRGINIA DARE.

DURING the piping days of summer the resident of cities along the Ohio, who cannot get away for a long outing, turns with delight to the river, and, leaving business cares behind, takes a few days off on its waters, certain that he will be cooled by balmy breezes, and feel the need of a blanket. To the more adventurously inclined, who can afford to feel that "time was made for slaves," the trip has an attractive element of uncertainty about it, as from June to January the waters are generally falling; as the boats draw at least three and a half feet, and occasional soundings show but four feet of water, there are possibilities of being landed high and dry on a sand-bar, thus making the trip a sort of *Reise in das Blanc*—a journey into the unknown.

"If an accident happens," says an old river man on one of these trips, "just turn over in your berth, and go to sleep, for even with a big hole in the bottom there is no chance to wet your feet."

This is amply demonstrated in passing the wreck of a big steamer, which, starting out with a gay excursion party, came to grief at the end of a pier leading to a small town; she presented a melancholy spectacle, with chimneys toppled over, one side of her bow half buried in the water, while her stern rose high out of it.

The beautiful dark-green surface of the river is as placid as that of an inland lake, which its curves and windings make it closely resemble, and the receding waters leave a broad, sandy beach, filled with fossil shells, on each side, above which tower tree-clad cliffs to a height of several hundred feet in many places. Occasional handsome houses are seen peeping from the foliage, in the neighborhood of the cities more particularly, but in general the signs of life are confined to plain farmhouses, to numerous skiffs and fishing boats, and to the omnipresent house or "shanty-boat," as it is more generally called. These last have little in common with the house-boat chronicled by Mr. Tom Black: they rather resemble large, rectangular boxes, built on floating platforms, and are said to cost anywhere from ten dollars to two hundred dollars, but few cost anything like this last sum. The best are gaily painted, and rejoice in fantastic names; some have lace curtains at the square holes which serve as windows, showing the usual "woman in the case," and vines and plants growing in profusion in boxes, while others are pulled up on shore among the trees, and show all the signs of family life.

In the vicinity of the towns, another craft looms up, which strikes a new comer with its novelty; this is the "horse-power boat"—a comical-looking affair, as broad as it is long. A horse on an inclined treadmill furnishes the motive power for turning two uncovered wheels on each side, which forcibly recall the toy wheels that small boys in the country manufacture with a penknife; the single deck, open at each end, is wide enough to admit carriages and wagons, and the whole is used as a ferry-boat.

At intervals along the banks, the underbrush is cleared up, the trunks of the trees are whitewashed, and there are one or more tents; music and gay laughter, feminine as well as masculine, float across the water, and show that though the sea may be remote a substitute has been found for seaside pleasures.

All these signs of peaceful life make it difficult to realize that a hundred years ago this region was a vast wilderness, so noted for its Indian atrocities that the space between the mouths of the two Miami rivers was known as the Miami Slaughter House. The extinct buffalo still roamed in large numbers on both sides of the river, and Louisville and Cincinnati were scarcely begun. The site of the latter city was bartered in 1781 for a pony, and even in 1803 deerskins were a legal tender, at the rate of forty cents a pound.

Amongst the working crews of river boats an important member is frequently a sheep. Our vessel carried a quiet and well-behaved specimen on the front of its lower deck; it lay down amid the coils of rope near the capstan, and chewed its cud as contentedly amongst the roustabouts as if its foot was on its native heath: being led ashore whenever sheep were to be taken aboard, it took the initiatory steps in a game of "follow my leader." It was still somewhat new to the business, and was held in leading strings on shore, but many have been known which were allowed full liberty on land as well as on the lower deck. They learn to understand the signals, and are always first to jump off, browsing contentedly if there are no duties to perform; but let the bell tap for leaving, then wo betide the unlucky wight who stands in the way! The sheep stands not on the order of his going, but makes a bee-line for the gangway, overturning any one who obstructs the path. Hogs are also used in the same way; they are taught to submit to being dropped into the pens on the landing, where other swine are waiting to be taken aboard, and when the pen is opened they make straight for the boat, and are followed by the other animals.

The Ohio has some beautiful islands, each of which has a history. Of these, Blennerhasset's Island, in the upper part of the river, is one of the most renowned. There the partner in Aaron Burr's wild scheme of a western empire built and furnished a home, surrounded by grounds laid off with taste. Both shrubbery and building were greatly injured by the visit of the militia, who came in December, 1806, to arrest the owner for treason, and in 1812 the house was completely destroyed by fire; since then the Island has returned to its original wilderness, except where cultivated.

OHIO RIVER, NEAR CINCINNATI.

There is a story connected with another island which shows the fertility of Yankee ideas. It is that of a man who proposed to make a fortune by raising cats for their skins. He stocked the island well, employing a man to attend to feeding them, but by some unforeseen conjunction of circumstances provisions became scarce, and the cats, after destroying every other living creature, turned their attentions to their attendant. Their voice was all for war, and the terror-stricken man had to flee to his hut for his life; they besieged every crevice, at the same time waging a battle amongst themselves, which threatened to rival that of the famous Kilkenny felines. An expedition for the man's rescue was fitted out from the mainland, but every cat had to be exterminated before it could be accomplished.

River men from St. Louis have always striven to belittle the Ohio River boats, running to the rival city of Cincinnati, by calling them "Rag Town" boats, and no trip can be made on the river without seeing evidences of one of the Queen City's most thriving industries. Amongst the other queer craft overhauled on the journey is a high-decked barge, wholly covered with an immense pile of bones at one end, and old shoes at the other; they are the jetsam and flotsam of the stream, collected from its shores, and the bones go to the phosphate-mill, which fills the air with perfumes—not those of Araby on the approach to the hilled city. The barge is pushed ahead by a puffing little tug, which gallantly shows the way over a shallow channel to the big steamer in her rear, her officers measuring the depth with a pole as she goes, and calling it out in neighborly fashion to her big follower.

Besides the odors of the fertilizing factories, the neighborhood of Cincinnati is heralded by sundry others, which bid fair to rival the numerous stenches which Coleridge found in Cologne. Yet the city itself is, as Dickens found it in 1842, "beautiful, cheerful, thriving, animated"; its library of 100,000 volumes, housed in a building which, with its lot, cost largely over $300,000, its park and museum, its art school, and the artistic Rookwood pottery, all show what it has done for its citizens.

Strange to say, Dickens's description of an Ohio River steamer of that day might have been written yesterday, so true is it in every particular. Those who think his American Notes overdrawn, should sit down to what he characterized as "the spreads" which pass muster as dinner; the meal still richly deserves the caustic criticism in which he compares it to a collation of funeral baked meats.

There is, however, one noticeable improvement since Dickens's day—there are no gloomy passengers, "beside whom undertakers on duty would be sprightly." The tourist of to-day is so far from melancholy that he is even capable of taking as a joke the experience of a party of excursionists whose boat struck a "snag," or floating tree; having a barge in tow for emergencies, they were put ashore, and, after a walk of three miles along the sands, were transferred in a skiff to a town on the opposite shore, arriving at midnight. Only at low water, however, are Ohio River accidents so harmless; the winter rains and snows bring floods which change the peaceful stream into a raging torrent, from forty to sixty feet deep; accidents then—fortunately rare—mean loss of life, or suffering to be remembered for a lifetime.

Both at Louisville and at Cincinnati the river is crossed by several iron bridges, the cost of which has been up into the millions. The prosperity of the country is further shown by the docks for boat-building, and evidences of many other industries visible at numerous points between the two cities.

It is said that General Harrison, since he resumed the practise of law, has made fees amounting to nearly $200,000. He has earned, outside of the $1000 each for sixteen lectures at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, a fee of $25,000 in the City of Indianapolis *vs.* The Street Railroad Company; a fee of $25,000 in the McKeen-Ives case; a fee of $19,000 in the Morrison will case. Can it be possible that the ex-President desires a second term in the White House?

One has to be pretty careful now-a-days in the way he writes his duns on postal cards. The postoffice regulations are rather strict. Anything threatening, or scurrilous, or abusive, will subject the offender to severe penalties. An eminent attorney at Rockford, Ill., was taken to Chicago recently by a Deputy United States Marshal for a hearing on a charge of having written an offensive postal card to a young man connected with a Chicago bank, dunning him for an old account. It is not likely that he will soon repeat the offense.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKETT FERGUSON

Boston is going to have a horse show. The event will take place this month, and the bean-fed metropolis is perfecting vast arrangements accordingly, for Boston intends to make New York wilt with chagrin in this, her first effort in the horse-show line. It takes Boston some time to wake up to a question of this kind, but she falls into line, spectacles and all, sooner or later. It is a bit difficult to imagine Bostonese of the Browning variety floating around a tan-bark arena to the music of flying hoofs, but then we probably err in fancying that there is no such thing as a resident of the Hub divorcing himself long enough from the thraldom of bookish pursuits to discuss a horse's good points. It goes without saying that Boston will garb herself most decorously at the show. New York, you know, doesn't always do quite as she should in such matters, but Boston—dear me! Did Boston ever do anything that wasn't real nice and proper?

Babies born on the 29th of February are cheated out of a great many birthday cakes.

The only objection that one has to the lotions for removing freckles is that they are apt to remove the complexion at the same time.

Nobody but the late Sultan of Turkey ever thought of such a thing as using the bicycle for an instrument of torture. Whenever any of the ladies of his harem had the misfortune to offend him, he would compel them to mount the machines and ride around a marked track in the palace gardens. Of course the poor things tumbled off repeatedly, whereupon the abominable Sultan indulged in paroxysms of mirth. When each had "bitten the dust" a dozen times, her punishment was completed—for that occasion. Never mind. Perhaps the Sultan is doing penance for his sins in some non-terrestrial purgatory.

One of the latest novelties is a phonographic time-keeper that calls the hours instead of striking them. It is doubtful, however, if anything of modern invention can more effectively arouse one from roseate slumbers in the chilly dawn than the barbaric, cruel, ear-splitting, merciless b-b-b-rrrrrrrrrr!!! of a six-bit alarm clock three feet from your pillowed head.

The women of Denmark are ahead of any other women on the face of the earth in one particular. They recently announced the opening of a woman's theater for the present season. All the plays are to be written by women dramatists. Every character—male included—will be taken by women, while the orchestra, soloists, chorus, conductor, and even the "supers" will be feminine. Denmark appears to have a new woman era all by itself.

A lecturer recently talked to empty seats on "How to be Dutiful." "How to be Beautiful" would have packed the house.

Experiments with the X ray have been wonderfully successful, but it must be borne in mind that it has not yet been tried on a Chinatown odor.

The other day a young man from London arrived in a Northern city, and, wishing to let his friends in the South know of his safe arrival, he went to the postoffice (not the chief one), and inquired if he could send a telegram direct from the office, and how long it would take. The young lady was inclined to be snubbish, and cut short his inquiries with, "I am not paid to answer silly questions." Her face blanched wonderfully, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following message: "Arrived safe. Girls here ugly and bad-tempered."

"Colonel, what do you think of that theory that it is so injurious to drink water while eating?"

"I don't see, sah, why it should not be as injurious then, sah, as at any other time, sah."

Two travelers set forth one day
To journey out of town,
And while one sang a roundelay,
The other wore a frown.

One praised the beauty of the hills,
The green and fragrant sod;
To him the music of the rills
Seemed messages from God.

The other one, with gloom oppressed,
Saw nothing that was fair;
His comrade, seeking for the best,
Found sunshine everywhere.

And lo, the people welcomed him,
And fain would hold him fast;
But shrank from his companion grim,
And shunned him as he passed.

One carried joy and one distress,
Whichever way they went;
The name of one was Cheerfulness;
The other, Discontent.

No matter what we do up this way, those Los Angeles papers criticize us. The *Express* says that we have tried to economize on the cathode rays by taking them from the sun. Dear, dear! Can't we have any fun at all?

Will the Sunday papers never have done with exploiting American girls who have married titles? It is bad enough to know it. We don't want to be continually reminded of it. From Uncle Sam's runaway children we have parted more in sorrow than in anger. And may heaven have mercy on their American souls!

After all, Fresno isn't such a wicked place as it has been trying to make us believe. They raised $4000 down there the other day to pay off a church debt.

A London physician advises hair-cutting for headaches. Now, what earthly good is a prescription like that to a bald-headed man?

A down-town merchant told me the following story on himself:

"I have been so bothered lately with appeals from the mendicant fraternity that I determined to turn the proverbial 'deaf' ear to all of them, preferring to keep my change for my own use, rather than provide beer money for the loafing population that is afflicted with perennial thirst. Well, the other night—long after midnight it was—I was waiting at the corner of Clay and Montgomery for a homeward-bound car, when a tattered specimen of the familiar type approached me with the customary plea for a dime. 'Here goes my resolution into effect,' said I to myself. 'Can't do it,' I answered aloud, canceling all previous good deeds in the philanthropic line by telling a big, big fib, 'can't do it—haven't a nickel to get home on,' I added with guilty desperation, for if I had to prevaricate at all, why not tell a good one while I was about it? My ragged, unkempt visitant looked me over pityingly. 'Here,' he said, sympathetically, diving into the place where a pocket might once have been, 'here—I know how it is to be broke myself,' and before I could realize what had happened he had shuffled off after thrusting a nickel into my hand. At that moment along came my car. It was the last one that night, and I couldn't miss it by chasing my would-be benefactor. So I rode home, feeling meaner than ever before in my life to think that my car-fare had been paid by as disreputable a looking vagrant as ever fell into the clutches of the police."

If Eve could only have worn bloomers and gone a-biking, her mind would have been so taken up, that the chances are she never would have thought of meddling with that horrid little apple.

Odd that during the first sixty years of a woman's life she should be averse to revealing her age, and after that gets prouder of it the older she grows.

Pomona burglars wear silk hats and toothpick shoes. Plunderers in this locality are not so vain. The San Francisco knight of the jimmy is only particular about the size of his sack.

A number of Eastern firms advertise, "Five hundred places to dispose of manuscripts," but the waste basket still continues to hold its own.

Peanut sandwiches are said to be in high favor with fashionable Washington society, and are usually accompanied, at midnight, by a Welsh rarebit, or they appear at afternoon teas with salads. The peanuts go through a complicated process of preparation, and are moistened with sherry or mayonnaise. Is it not a wonder that with such deadly obstacles as this in the path of legislative progress, we have any government at all?

When earth is clothed in a vesture of flowers,
And robins carol their sweetest song,
We should hold the brightness for coming hours
When days are dreary and nights are long.
There is little to cheer us and much to chill;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

The poisons of envy and hate and malice,
O'erbrimming, are held to our lips each day;
But those who drink from the bitter chalice
Are dwarfed and stunted and warped alway.
We should quaff at the springs of sweet good-will;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

A worthier shrine for our love arises
Whenever an idol trails the dust.
And all the dearer some friend we prize is
Because of the one who betrayed our trust.
A solace awaits us for every ill;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

If it be true, as stated, that one of the Russian torpedo boats is named Vzryv, then it is easy to believe that the only way to pronounce it properly is to take an ounce of snuff and stand on your head.

It is very humiliating to discover that you are of the earth earthy: to find that an acquaintance, whom you know cannot dot her i's and cross her t's and whom you are positive eats pie with a knife, is capable of emotion that you cannot feel. For while my neighbor to the right at a Paderewski recital wore a look of seraphic beatification; while my neighbor to the left heaved ecstatic sighs and murmured inarticulate expressions of joy as each number was concluded, I could only gaze in respectful wonder at the piano pyrotechnics; crushed with a sense of my utter unworth, chagrined to find that I was indeed soulless. For I had heard Paderewski and had failed to thrill.

An actress nowadays must be able to take flying leaps from supposedly burning buildings without landing on her nose; vault to and from the saddle with the ease of a circus rider; climb stage trees without tipping them over; sing, dance, faint, and go up in stage balloons. Incidentally, she should know how to act.

I thought I saw two shadows on the wall—
Strange how the fancies run!
I even thought I saw a figure tall,
And just beside it one with waist-line small.

What tricks the eyes do play! I let mine fall
For one brief instant. Shadows on the wall?
Nay. There was only one.

It is surprising how much more cheerfully the girls regard Lent since the bicycle came into use.

That good, estimable, and noticeably humane publication, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is authority for the statement that the only way to make good terrapin stew is to drop the live terrapin into a pot of boiling water, naively adding that, while it may seem cruel, it is really the best way to kill it. Perhaps; but it must be remembered that the testimony of the terrapin on this point has never been taken.

Demure her blushes come and go;
Her eyes upon the ground are bent;
She must not look your way, you know—
'Tis Lent.

The days to you seem dull and slow;
Some sacrifice she must invent,
And this is why she treats you so—
'Tis Lent.

But, oh, when Easter lilies blow,
She wears a look of sweet content,
And breathes the love she dared not show
In Lent.

After a temporary cessation of popularity the V-shaped evening bodice has come into fashion again. The dressmakers call them "V's," but the physicians allude to them with professional contempt as "pneumonia waists."

"Who weeps with you when you are sad, and laughs with you when you are glad, and swears with you when you are mad? The editor. Who has to be both kind and wise, and never (hardly ever) lies, and when he does, creates surprise? The editor. Who owns a heart as well as cheek, is possessed of a spirit proud but meek, and lives on 40 cents a week? The editor."—*Hilarious Exchange.*

"Who rarely what he says recants, but wears a liver pad in his pants, when mad subscribers kick and prance? The editor. Who bears in patient, gentle way the man who 'just drops in' to say, 'Your paper's doggoned poor to-day'? The editor. Who loves the chap who will not calk, but comes at ten o'clock to talk, and stays till four, and will not walk? The editor. Who, when he gets to heaven, will look on men delinquent on his book, and smile when they're by Peter 'shook'? The editor."—*A. J. W. in Fresno Republican.*

Who wears a corrugated smile, a coat that's sadly out of style, and trudges with the rank and file? The editor. Who knows that, try as best he may, he cannot make his paper pay without the scandal of the day? The editor. Who is it scrawls with smudgy ink the thoughts that he has tried to think, and drives compositors to drink? The editor? Who hopes to some day reach a spot—he really doesn't mind how hot—where "copy," paste, and pens are not? The editor.

ITEMS.

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you ware to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Bekaus I see de chain hang out of de pocket in front."

"Go 'way, nigger! S'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dat is a horse inside ob me!"

We learn that the Arcade Depot Hotel at Los Angeles has been doing an excellent business this season. It is one of the neatest little hotels in the city, and its location, within a stone's throw of the main depot, is quite an advantage to securing a large percentage of the traveling element.

Joaquin Miller's poem, "49," which was set to music by a Californian lady, Leila France, is becoming well known. It is a typical song of California. The music was played at the Dedication Exercises at the Native Sons' Building, February 9th by Casassa's Band.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The Wave, in the issue of March 21st, says: "Quite the handsomest publication we have, typographically, is *The Traveler*, and the March issue is up to the standard of its predecessors. Curious as it may seem, *The Traveler* is the only effort at an illustrated paper we have in San Francisco. It attains some very excellent effects, and it is remarkable its success does not induce rivalry. Among the features of the March number are: 'Mexican Types.' 'A Story of a Perilous Flume Ride,' and 'Nikko Temples,' contributed by the editor and beautifully illustrated.

LA FIESTA FLOWER PARADE.

The most striking feature of the Fiesta celebration at Los Angeles, especially for Eastern people, is the flower parade. This event comes near the close of the great festival, Saturday afternoon, April 25th, when the crowd is greatest, and the enthusiasm is at its height.

The practise of decorating vehicles of all sorts with flowers is an ancient one, and has been the principal feature of the famous celebrations at Nice and other European winter resorts for the better part of a century.

To Santa Barbara belongs the honor of first establishing this custom in Southern California; and the flower festival parades of that city were great and notable events for their first beginnings. The Santa Barbara Festival precedes La Fiesta de Los Angeles this year one week, and there are thousands of tourists, as well as residents of Southern California, who are planning to attend both celebrations, and will be able to compare the one feature that both have in common, viz., the flower parade.

The premiums offered in the Fiesta flower parade aggregate nearly $1500. For example, in some classes they run as follows: Floats—First premium, $100; second, $60; third, $25. Six-in-hands—First premium, $75; second, $50; third, $20. Four-in-hands—First premium, $60; second, $40; third, $15.

A considerable amount of quiet rivalry exists among the owners of fine equipages in Los Angeles to work out the finest designs and secure the honor as well as the reward of a first prize.

There is also a lively but good-natured spirit of emulation between the people of Los Angeles and those of Santa Barbara as to which shall offer their visitors the finest and most artistic entertainment. The flower parades of this year are likely to be the grandest and most memorable ever shown in the history of Southern California.

NEW GOLD.

AFTER THE WINTER RAIN.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Ina D. Coolbrith.*]

After the winter rain,
Sing, robin! sing, swallow!
Grasses are in the lane,
Buds and flowers will follow.

Woods shall ring, blithe and gay,
With bird-trill and twitter.
Though the skies weep to-day,
And the winds are bitter.

Though deep call unto deep
As calls the thunder,
And white the billows leap
The tempest under;

Softly the waves shall come
Up the long, bright beaches,
With dainty flowers of foam
And tenderest speeches.

After the wintry pain,
And the long, long sorrow,
Sing, heart! for thee again
Joy comes with the morrow.

FLYIN' KITES.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

"We've jest had the greatest fun,
As is under all the sun;
Me an' Hal 'n Ted 'n Bill,
Over on old Simpson's hill,
Flyin' kites.

"We wuz busy yesterday,
Pastin', stickin', whittlin' 'way,
Cuttin' paper, rags 'n strings;
Cuz yer need a stack o' things,
Flyin' kites.

"Hal he worked with little Ted—
Their whole kite 'n tail wuz red;
Bill's wuz bloo, 'n mine wuz white.
And we made a dandy sight,
Flyin' kites.

"Fer to-day the wind wuz free,
Oh, it blew jest orful. Gee!
I lost off my bestest hat,
But I never minded that,
Flyin' kites.

"Makes a feller hang on tight
To his twine: yer see a kite
Jerks as hard as mack'rel do—
Seems like yer is fishin' too—
Flyin' kites.

"It's such sport to watch 'em sail,
Floatin' 'round with wigglin' tail;
Divin', noddin', 'way up far
In the bloo sky, when we are
Flyin' kites.

"I don't savey how it's so—
But I heard pa say it, though—
That in every livin' place
Everybody's in a race,
Flyin' kites.

"But if you should ever see
Ted an' Hal 'n Bill 'n me
Havin' fun a-kitin': why,
Betcher life, yer'd want to try
Flyin' kites."

CHICAGO LIMITED. VIA SANTA FE ROUTE.

A new train throughout began October 29th. Pullman's finest sleeping-cars, vestibule reclining-chair cars and dining-cars. Los Angeles to Chicago, via Kansas City, without change. Annex cars on sharp connection for Denver and St. Louis. Twenty-seven hours quicker than the quickest competing train. The Santa Fe has been put in fine physical condition and is now the best transcontinental railway. Ticket office, No. 644 Market St., Chronicle Building., San Francisco.

During a mission lately held, printed notices were given to the factory men each day. One notice ran thus: "Come in your working clothes, and bring others." Fortunately the printer saw the humor of the situation in time to prevent a wag arriving with a change of apparel in a Gladstone bag, and so a scene was prevented.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain."

"Because no one has ever fallen off it."

Mistress—How came you to let this fire out?

New Girl (innocently)—I suppose you forgot to tell me to put any coal on, ma'am.

O'Hoolihan (bathing)—Och, Laverty, here comes some ladies!

Laverty—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank, and war-r-rn thim aff!

"Isn't it funny, papa?" exclaimed a small boy, who had been in the kitchen watching the cook preparing the turkey.

"What's funny?"

"Why, when they dress a turkey they always take off his clothes."

"I wish I hed money enough ter make ev'ry poor child in London happy ter-morrer," remarked Ginger Jim on Christmas Eve.

"Wot would yer do?" inquired his pal.

"Put it inter Gover'munt stocks, an' live on de interest," replied the philanthropic Ginger Jim.

"Papa." (She knelt beside the dejected figure, and fondly kissed the drooping head.) "Papa, can I not keep the wolf from the door with my singing?"

He was without hope, although he smiled.

"My child," he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anything from the door, but the wolf is pretty nervy, you know."

He—I never smoke a cigarette without thinking what a fool I am.

She—I didn't know before that there was any virtue in cigarettes at all.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?

Self-possessed Bride (it being her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.

"Perhaps if I were to boil it down," suggested the space writer.

"Wouldn't do any good," says the obdurate editor. "Take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, and it would still be nothing but water."

She had a voice like a siren and when she sang: "'Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though heam a Rome, Be it averse oh wum bull there, snow play sly comb——" and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. Pathetic, was it not?

Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates, European plan, $1.00 per day upward. American plan: $2.50 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer,* Props.

NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

NO WHERE

can such a delicious repast be gotten as we have

NOW HERE.

SWAIN BROS., 213 Sutter St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

MOVED. We have moved the agency for our Homeopathic Medicines and Supplies to . . .

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And have appointed MR. WM. A. BROOKS General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

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Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high-grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

Sanford Ballard Dole was born in Honolulu of American parents, in 1844, and received his primary education at Kauai, until he had more than attained his majority. Young Dole, having chosen the law as his profession, had employed himself in various capacities in order to acquire the necessary means to prosecute his studies. At the age of twenty-two he went to Williams's College in Massachusetts. He applied himself closely, and after the end of a twelve-month was admitted to practise in the courts of Suffolk County, Mass. Soon after this he returned to his native islands, and was admitted to the bar of the Hawaiian Islands until 1887, when he was appointed to the Supreme Bench.

SANFORD BALLARD DOLE

In 1884, he first became a member of the legislature. Mr. Dole was in favor of reform, but he would not participate in extreme measures. He was contemplating leaving the Islands for a much-needed rest when he was tendered a position on the Supreme Bench.

The President has not confined himself exclusively to law and politics, for he has contributed considerably to literature. Among several articles from his pen, one appearing in Johnson's New American Cyclopedia on the Hawaiian Islands is remarkable for its brevity and perspicuity, the subject being handled with exceptional ability.

President Dole was married in 1873 to Miss Anna P. Cate of Massachusetts and enjoys a quiet, happy life at his pretty residence on Emma Street.

OUR HAWAIIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

One of the most popular and best-known men in San Francisco is Honorable Charles T. Wilder, who in 1893 was appointed Consul to represent the Hawaiian Government in this city. Mr. Wilder is a man of superior education, and affable and courteous in his dealings. He has much reserve force, is a ready conversationalist, and well posted on the leading questions of the day.

HONORABLE CHARLES T. WILDER.

Mr. Wilder is a son of W. C. Wilder, one of the prominent residents of the Islands. The Consul-General is a native of Geneva, Kane County, Ill. He left there with his parents for Hawaii in 1869. His boyhood days were spent on the Islands, where he was educated. When he reached manhood he became identified with the Wilder Steamship Company of Honolulu. He is a graduate of the celebrated Miami University of Ohio, also of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. His natural talents attracted the attention of his superiors, and he became an important man in the extensive business of Wilder & Co. Being broad-minded, full of sagacity, and imbued with good qualities, he was elected by the Provisional Government as Consul-General. His success and assiduous devotion to the duties of his position aroused a feeling of admiration everywhere.

TO THE KILAUEA VOLCANO.

GEORGE MANSON.

To the Hawaiian Islands unquestionably belongs the fame of revealing to human vision and human understanding the most wonderful natural phenomenon in existence—a lake of real burning, boiling, seething, hissing, molten lava. This sublime and awful spectacle has no parallel among earthly scenes, and few depart from the islands without having witnessed it.

The route of the Inter-Island Steamship Company from Honolulu to the volcano presents an opportunity to view the splendid scenery of the coast of Hawaii in the daytime, together with time to visit the historic residence and place of death of the Great Kamehameha, and the monument of Captain Cook.

Leaving Honolulu by the fine steamship "W. G. Hall," the tourist will find every comfort and convenience on board. The steamer invariably leaves Honolulu on Tuesdays and Fridays alternately, at ten A. M., giving the passengers fine views of rugged island scenery while running along the coasts of Molokai and Lanai. About five in the evening the anchor is dropped in the Bay of Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, the former seat of government and the old port where hundreds of whaling ships used to congregate. Here a stay of an hour or so is made, and every facility is offered passengers to go ashore, the ship's surf boats being at their service at this and every other landing on the route.

At six o'clock in the morning the Island of Hawaii is sighted, from which point there is nothing but smooth water to the end of the trip. For five or six hours the vessel skirts the Kona coast, with its magnificent scenery and mountain peaks within plain view. About seven o'clock Kailua is reached, and a stay of three or four hours gives the tourist abundance of time to view the royal residences. On this spot is an elegant hotel, where the traveler may obtain an excellent breakfast or lunch.

Half an hour's more steaming brings the vessel to Keauhou, where a stay of only a few minutes is made.

Everywhere along the Kona coast the Hawaiian is seen in his native simplicity. His grass huts abound along the shores, and he comes out to meet the steamer in his frail canoes, laden with fruit, fish, and the products of his handiwork, in the shape of mats, fans, etc. Hundreds of these canoes are seen on this coast, where one will be found in Honolulu, and the ease, skill, and speed with which they propel these frail crafts over the heavy surf is marvelous.

At the next landing place, Kealakekua Bay, every one will want to get off and take a look at the monument erected to the great navigator, Captain Cook, who discovered the Islands, and was killed on the exact spot where the monument now stands, two hundred feet from the landing.

On the way to the next stopping place, Hookena, the great stone temples of King Keawe are passed in plain view from the steamer's deck. Hookena is a growing village, and near it is the coffee plantation owned by J. F. Morgan and F. B. McStocker, two of Honolulu's prominent citizens.

At Punaluu is situated a comfortable country hotel, in which the tourist is housed for the night. In the morning passengers take the railroad through the cane fields to Pahala, a distance of seven miles, and from thence to the Volcano House the trip is made through picturesque and romantic scenery by comfortable coaches. At the Halfway House a stop is made for lunch.

So far, the trip from Honolulu has been a constant succession of delightful changes, but the tourist has yet to witness the grandest sight of all, the great volcano itself. The Volcano House is a handsome two-story hotel, with every late improvement for convenience and comfort. The natural sulphur baths connected with the hotel are unequaled in the world for their curative properties. Careful and experienced guides conduct the tourist to the crater, either on horseback or on foot as he may prefer, and telephonic communication can be had with Hilo and all parts of the island.

The Inter-Island Steamship Company is now building a splendid new steamer of about 750 tons expressly for this route, in order to accommodate its constantly increasing business. Steerage passengers will be entirely separated from the others, and will be located on the main quarter-deck. The new vessel will be fitted with electricity throughout, and will be provided with a powerful search-light for use at night. The new vessel will be put on the route about the end of the year, and will be by far the handsomest of the island steamers.

The Island of Hawaii is the largest of the group, and upon its rugged breast stand the two frowning lavatic upheavals, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, respectively 13,805 and 13,710 feet elevation. From the side of the latter bursts the fervid fires of the famous Kilauea, where the titanic forces of volcanic activity are still at work. Oahu, the seat of the capital, though third in size, is the most populous, and has an area slightly less than 600 square miles. The topography of all the islands is mountainous and the soil volcanic. Gentle trade winds that blow in the same direction nine months in the year, together with frequent rains, insure a deliciously pure atmosphere, free from dust and oppressive heat. Vegetation wears perennial green. Palms, ferns, forests, and tropical jungles; enchanting groves in the embrace of beautiful valleys; banana, pineapple, and cocoanut plantations; and plains and mountain sides wearing the rich raiment of tropical verdure is the dreamy poem of this mid-Pacific gem.

Bernhardt has always been a seeker after new sensations. On one occasion, while visiting Havana, she determined to take part in a bull fight. Every one gathered in the Plaza del Toros to see the actress kill the bull. She was pale and composed until the bull appeared. It was an immense fellow, and kept pawing the ground. "Keep behind me," said the matador, as two horses fell, gored and mortally wounded. Sara had a cape, which she threw to one side and which was speedily ripped up by the bull, but she retained her sword. Presently the bull charged; then Bernhardt clung to the matador's coat-tails, jumping from side to side, and trembling all over. "Take me away—Oh, Mon Dieu, take me away!" she shrieked. It was some time before the matador could comply, and the bull charged again and again, on one occasion grazing the actress's skirts. At last she was lifted over the barrier, and fell limp as a rag on the other side.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. MAY, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

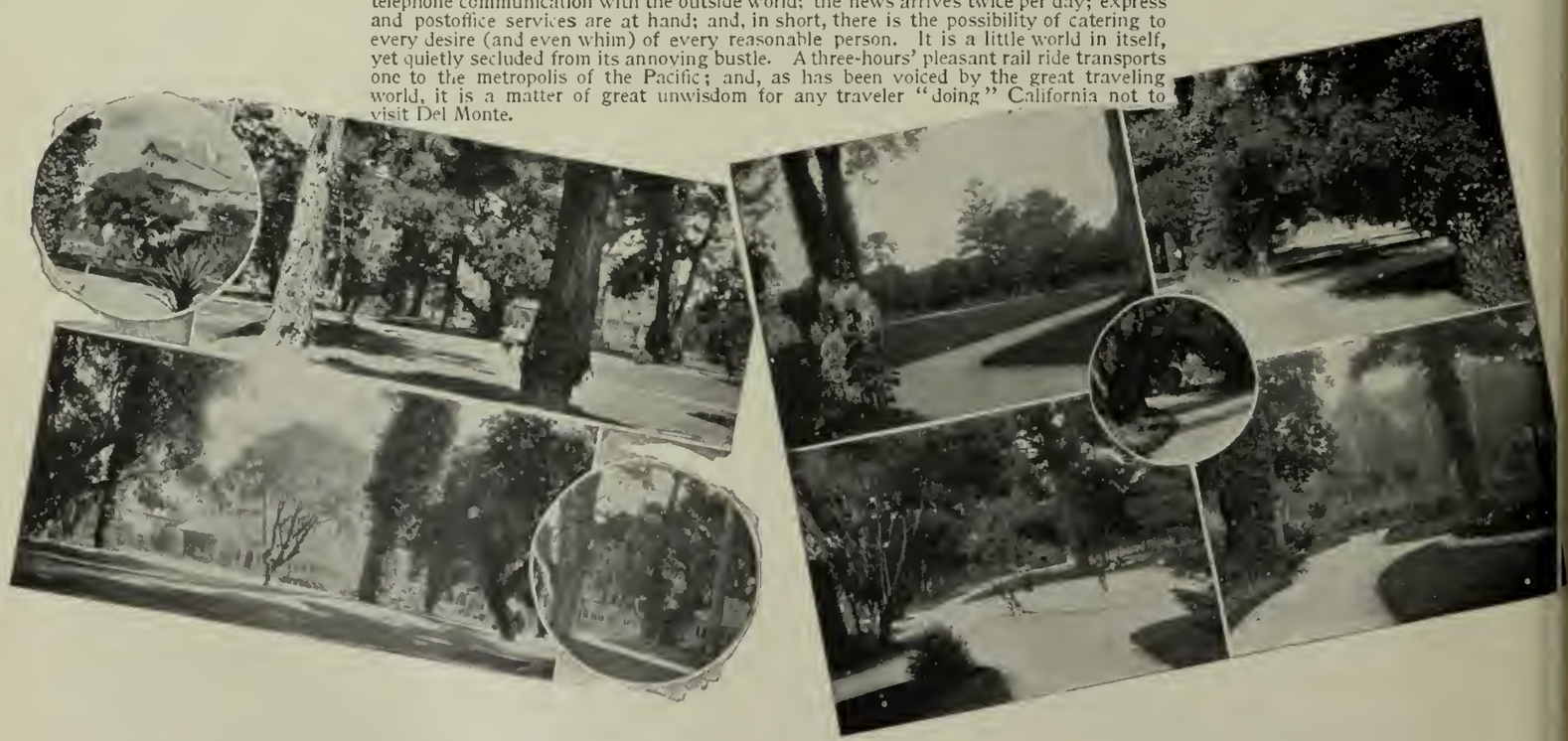
A SUMMER REVERIE.

IF ONE were asked, after a sojourn at this famous watering-place, his impressions of the hotel itself, outside of its incomparable surroundings, he would say: The management is as nearly as possible faultless; the proprietors have covered all the details in a masterly way, evidence of which is apparent, wherever one turns, from the ground-floor to the top of the house. The absence of fuss and flurry is markedly noticeable. The visitor's wants are met without apparent effort, and the every-day machinery of this great caravansary moves with the regularity of clock-work. There is manifest at all times a smooth, even, careful, business-like management, that assures to every one a fair and impartial treatment.

Not the least important impression one acquires here is that of the reasonableness of the charges. It is safe to say that not only is the expense of a sojourn at Del Monte not greater, but it is even considerably less, than that ruling at other first-class establishments, both at home and abroad.

As to the cuisine, it is on record that this department is in keeping with the demands of its surroundings; and that is saying a good deal, for one naturally expects much in this direction, yet no one comes away disappointed.

The rooms are spacious, scrupulously clean, abundantly and lavishly furnished, conveniently lighted and heated, and the safety precautions in case of fire are complete and effective. As to the minor conveniences of every phase, there is nothing that one may need but that may be had for the asking. One is placed in telegraph and telephone communication with the outside world; the news arrives twice per day; express and postoffice services are at hand; and, in short, there is the possibility of catering to every desire (and even whim) of every reasonable person. It is a little world in itself, yet quietly secluded from its annoying bustle. A three-hours' pleasant rail ride transports one to the metropolis of the Pacific; and, as has been voiced by the great traveling world, it is a matter of great unwisdom for any traveler "doing" California not to visit Del Monte.



"The Queen of American Watering Places."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1896. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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YOUR SUMMER OUTING.

THE month of April has given us more than our usual share of rain, and statistics will indicate that as far as quantity is concerned, we have received our full quota for the winter. We may reasonably expect, therefore, that for the rest of the season we shall experience the weeks of fine weather for which California is noted, and beginning with the early part of May arrangements will be made for the customary migration to the country resorts.

Now, let us say a word in this connection. Most people do not know just where they want to go. They have general ideas on the subject, such as the seaside, the mountains, or some mineral springs, but they are undecided what place will suit their requirements as to price, distance, surroundings, amusements, etc. It is for just this object that the TRAVELER'S BUREAU was started. Let us tell you briefly what it is, and what its objects are. We have in our office the pamphlets and other printed matter of all the principal resorts on the coast. They are usually published with views, and give full information concerning the hotel rates, the distance and time from San Francisco, and other data that is of interest to the intending traveler. Some resorts do not publish pamphlets, but we have facilities at the BUREAU to give you the information you seek about any resort. We can tell you just where it is, how to reach it, how long it takes, what it costs to get there, and what the terms are at the particular place. Further than that, we have quite a collection of framed photographs hanging upon the walls of our office which gives an excellent idea of the character and surroundings of the well-known resorts and springs.

As we have often said before, our readers are welcome to call upon us at any time, and we will give them all the information they require about any resort in the country. We do not charge one cent for this service. It is one of the privileges that goes with THE TRAVELER. So if you are in doubt about where to go, or if you want information or printed matter about any particular place or places, just drop into the office, or write to us, and, in either case, you will find that it will be cheerfully forthcoming.

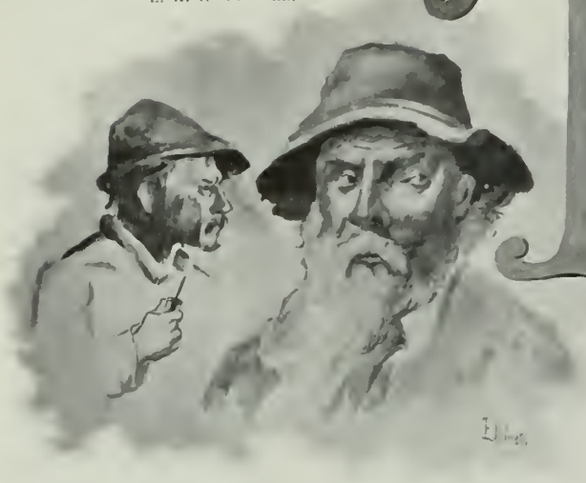
SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

IN THE neighborhood of Nismes, France, a curious phenomenon has been noted in the mountain of Puy du Gouffre. The enormous mass, about 10,000,000 cubic yards, began to slide out of its position a few weeks ago, disturbing the local mines, railways, and other objects which came in its way. The cause of this unusual and extraordinary phenomenon is not yet known, although the damage in consequence is in evidence on all sides. Water pipes have been broken, and it was seriously feared that an inundation of the mines in the immediate vicinity would result.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Mr. Andree's prospectus for his expedition to the North Pole in a balloon seems to be reasonable and definite. He proposes to leave Gothenburg on June 7th in the Virgo, bound for Spitzbergen. He will be liberally supplied with provisions, a balloon house, and all the necessary paraphernalia for the construction and equipment of a balloon. At Spitzbergen the balloon will be inflated, and Mr. Andree, in company with Doctor Ekholm and Mr. Strinberg, expects to be ready to start on his aerial voyage about the end of June. The balloon will carry four months' provisions in a concentrated form, and an electric cooking and heating apparatus. Mr. Andree, who is Chief Engineer of the Swedish Bureau, has been experimenting in aerial navigation, and he now finds that he is enabled, by means of a sail and a rope which drags over the ground, to steer within two points of the compass on either side of the wind. His plans do not seem altogether feasible at first inspection, but he himself is confident of success, and his enthusiasm has proved to be infectious. Most of the culinary supplies have been contributed by the merchants, and many Norwegians and Swedes have made generous donations to the cost of the balloon. The King of Sweden has given $9000, and Mr. Alfred Nobel $17,500. Thus far every expedition to the North Pole has been made by steam or sailing vessel, and has proved a failure in every instance. This is the first occasion where so elaborate preparations have been made for the excursion by means of the balloon, and if theory counts for anything, we may expect some interesting results from the trip. At the same time science will profit materially from this novel experiment whether successful or not, as no doubt interesting conditions will arise governing the action of extreme cold upon artificial gas confined in the balloon. We may even hear of such a thing as solidified atmosphere that we have read about in fiction on arctic voyages, where human voices have been frozen and unheard until thawed out by warmth

WATER FRONT SKETCHES.

E. K. ROUNTREE.



TO ONE strolling on the water front on a warm, sunny morning, an excellent field for the study of human nature is presented. The weary tramp, the unemployed laborer, the wharf urchin and the mere curiosity seeker are all to be found here strolling from one wharf to another, and appearing in their picturesque idleness to ridicule the busy hum of commerce. Individually they are fully as interesting as they are collectively. Here, also, the petty merchant with his basket of fruit or peanuts on sale sits patiently waiting for the stray nickels that are dropped occasionally into his weather-stained palm.

Ships are being loaded and unloaded, noisy little donkey-engines rattle and shriek at their labors in hoisting miscellaneous cargoes from wharf to ship and from ship to wharf. A huge tub has been lowered into the hold of this vessel from Australia, and is now reappearing filled with half a ton of coal. It starts upward and circles away from the vessel until suspended directly over a large chute on the wharf, then with an odd klush! empties a black tongue of coal and descends back again into the hold for a second half ton.

Tin-plate, scrap-iron, salt, and lumber are piled in different heaps on this wharf we approach; but the loading and unloading of vessels is no doubt an old story to most people, so let us hunt up and learn something more about the odd characters we see about us.

Our old friend Weary sits at his ease close by, leaning against a mooring pile. With a bored expression on his heavy features he languidly watches these toilers by the sea through his half-closed eyes. Weary is one of the characters of the water front; no one knows his name, but "Weary" is very appropriate. He lives by doing odd jobs for the truckmen and saloonkeepers in the vicinity, helping to unload trucks during a rush, or sweeping out the saloon of a morning for his beer and free lunch. On a fine morning he wanders from wharf to wharf until tired, and finally, sitting or lying down in the sun, he lazily watches the surrounding activity. On our approach we greet him with a "Good morning, Weary." "Mornin'," he replies, without lifting his head; and the tone of voice implies that he is not in a communicative mood. "What's new on the wharf?" "Oh, nothin', just the same as yesterday," he answers.

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION

He can tell a good story, can old Weary, when you find him in a retrospective mood, but his rheumatism troubles him this morning, and there is no use stirring him up now. Nobody knows where he dropped from, but as far back as the oldest tugboat captain remembers he has been here, content to live his lazy existence from day to day.

Antone sits close by on the same wharf where poor old Joe was always to be found calmly waiting for some one to buy his peanuts. Often have we tried to guess Joe's age by counting the prominent wrinkles on his brown, cheerful face; they reminded us of the rings seen best in the sawed section near the heart of an old oak. Poor Joe! he died of injuries caused by a runaway team.

Antone is a comparatively new comer, but is fully as picturesque as his former rival. At our greeting he pours forth a volley of exclamations. His arch enemy, the small boy, has been annoying him again. "Catcher de mon and buyer de peanutor; no seller de peanutor no catcher de mon," he repeats, excitedly. The gamins of the water front have stolen a few bags of his little stock in trade, and he is lamenting the loss, wildly exclaiming and gesticulating as only the men of his race can. A dime soon restores him to his accustomed good humor, and as he thanks us his red lips are pushed back from his fine teeth in a satisfied grin of pleasure.

And now we come to the passenger wharf or ferry. Newsboys and newsmen are shouting, running, and hobbling around with, "Morning papers! Full account of

A CHARACTERISTIC WATER-FRONT SCENE.

the wreck of the 'Blairmore'!" Columns of interesting reading matter could be written about these dispensers of news. Nearly all are happy, persistent, wide-awake American boys, often bravely supporting a family. Some few are pathetic cripples, on whose faces the tired, drawn look of mental suffering seems ever present. Why don't more of you eager, rushing men of business pause and remember you have a heart, and even in the midst of your hurry from this boat try and make them look happy occasionally. Buy a paper oftener; be friendly, and give them a smile or a kindly word with the nickel you extend in payment, and their faces will light up with pleasure.

Leaving the black wave of humanity that is now streaming up town from the Oakland boat, we come to a wharf on which thousands and thousands of feet of lumber and many bundles of shingles are piled up. Step softly, and let us watch this sleeping tramp curled up on a shingle pile. His features are as calm and composed as those of a child. He looks for all the world as if he might be dreaming of a tramp's paradise, where work, watch-dogs, and the makers of the deadly mince pies are unknown.

One o'clock found us hungry but well satisfied with our morning stroll, and we ate at a clean, neat restaurant just off East Street.

A CHAPTER ON BASKETRY.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

CALIFORNIAN Indians excel in the making of baskets. Not only is their weaving remarkable for its fineness and closeness, but in the shaping and decorating of the baskets they show superior taste. The coarsely woven baskets made by the Indians of New Mexico, Arizona, and Alaska, and the coarser splint weaving of their copper-hued kin beyond the Rockies, compare with the California basketry about as a chromo would compare with a pastel.

The Tulare basket is now the best article on the market; but before basket collecting became the rage you could "pay your money and take your choice." It would be difficult to tell how the craze started. Doubtless the faddist, looking about for more worlds to conquer, chanced on the Indian basket. Be that as it may, the curio dealer, with great foresight, straightway laid in a goodly stock of "coros." Thus it is that whereas a few years ago one could secure a beautiful basket from the weaver for a trifling sum, one must now pay the dealer all the way from $10 to $200 for a good specimen.

Really fine baskets are no longer woven, since the old squaws, who learned from their grandmothers, are fast dying off, and the squaws of the younger generation have not been taught the art.

The weaving of baskets antedated the making of pottery; indeed, it may be said that the latter industry was mothered by the former. The simple needs of her primitive existence led the Indian woman to look about for materials wherewith to fashion household utensils. She found them, ready to her hand—the tough, fibrous roots of plants, the twigs of the willows that grew along the arroyos, the pliant reeds and grasses that bordered the river banks: and these she twisted into forms of beauty and utility. Later came the idea of using the plastic clay. Then arose the question, "How to shape it?"

First, a rough basket was woven of the desired form. Over it was plastered a thick coat of clay, and when this was dried the basket frame inside was burned out. The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico are, as we know, the pottery makers of the West; but the California Indians kept on making baskets until the advent of the white man's cheap tin, when they speedily discovered that basket weaving was very arduous labor. But while the young squaws are not willing to learn the art of weaving, since any old, battered tin will answer their purpose as well as a basket, the making of which involved months of labor, still they are very proud of the fine work their grandmothers did, and can scarcely be induced to part with a basket for any consideration. To the anxious inquiry, "Coros?" a vigorous shake of the head is invariably given: but it is worth while to be persistent if, by so doing, one can secure a really fine specimen of an Indian hand-woven basket.

HATS WORN BY INDIAN WOMEN.

It is interesting to note to what uses the baskets were put. The large basket, shown in illustration, was used as a grainery, and some idea of its size may be given by stating that three people, full-grown, can hide in its depths. Conical-shaped baskets were carried on the back: in them the squaw gathered her store of nuts and seeds. In the flat baskets dough was mixed, and in the deep, bowl-shaped baskets water was heated for the cooking of food by dropping in hot stones. Water was carried in baskets shaped like jugs, pitched on the outside. A basket similar in shape, but larger, and with a larger opening, was filled with acorn meal and set in running water, that the "tannin" in the meal might be washed out.

A very shallow basket, wide at one end and tapering to a width easily spanned by the hand, was their grain sifter; to separate the chaff from the grain, the basket was held in a strong current of air and vigorously shaken. An article shaped like a tennis racket was used to beat the seed-bearing bushes; a large basket, placed underneath, caught the seed as it fell. The bottle-neck baskets, most beautifully shaped, and much sought after nowadays by collectors, were sometimes put to queer uses. Meeting an old Indian in the fields with one of these baskets, the mouth of which was closely covered with his hand, the question was asked, "What are you carrying so carefully?" For answer, the man lifted his hand for an instant, showing the contents to be—grasshoppers! When it is remembered that these Indians will eat anything, from a mud-hen to a rattlesnake, with equal relish, this little incident explains itself.

Large baskets, one placed over the other, did duty as a wardrobe, although it must have been used but seldom, as it would seem that nothing could be spared from the already scant toilet of the dusky dame.

As for the "trinket" baskets, too small to be of any earthly use, yet wonderfully decorated with feathers and wampum, they are legion, and show that the Indian woman, like her pale sister, takes kindly to "fancy work." It is said that every weaver marks her basket in some peculiar way, and that she would know it was her own if she saw it among a thousand.

The patterns, filled in with grasses dyed a rich brown or red, are varied. The "lightning" design is largely employed, as are also the "rattlesnake" and "arrow" designs. The figures of men and animals are not infrequently seen on baskets.

It is truly wonderful to note how, with only the aid of a bone needle or an awl, the Indian woman evolves from a handful of reeds and grasses a basket so closely woven that it will hold water.

The decorated baskets—those having beads and feathers or bright worsted interwoven with the fibres—come from the northern tribes. Very little of this decorating is done by the Indians in the southern part of the State, and the reason for it probably lies in the fact that the southern climate, being so much warmer, breeds that arch enemy to feathers and worsted, the moth, in great numbers.

Indians are, and have always been, inveterate gamblers. The California Indians played a dice game called "Ha" long before the gold discoveries of '49. Following is a history of the game, and an explanation of the manner in which it is played: The game "Ha" is played by men and women, two, three, or four together. The dice are shaken in the hands and thrown into a wide, flat basket, the player throwing until he makes a blank throw, when another takes the dice. When all the players have stood their turn, the one who has scored the most takes the stakes. The dice are walnut shells, halved and filled with tar, into which six pieces of their money (wampum) is pressed.

BOTTLE AND DOUGH BASKETS.

The origin of the game is an open question. Whether the Indians learned it of the white men (sailors who penetrated the interior of California for furs, hides, and tallow) or whether they taught it to the white men, as there was a similar game called "props" played by white men of the Atlantic Coast even before the great migration to California in 1849.

There is quite a history connected with the plaque-shaped basket (Tulare) shown in illustration. It is a gaming board belonging to the well-known Jewett collection, and was secured at great personal risk by the interpreter who was commissioned to beg, buy, or steal it. Watching his opportunity, he approached the gamblers cautiously, and biding his time, waited until the Indians were in a state of semi-intoxication before attempting to bargain with them. He at length succeeded in getting the basket, whereupon they turned on him and insisted that he gamble with them, hoping thereby to regain the basket. He eluded them, escaping into a cactus thicket, where he hid all night, finally making off with the board and dice in triumph, much to the chagrin of the Indians.

To those contemplating the making of a collection, I would say: buy *good* baskets. The coarse weaves, those made for "the trade," are always to be easily obtained. But the fine baskets, the sole expression of the Indian woman's sternly repressed love of the beautiful, are not to be picked up every day, and will never be cheaper than they are at the present time.

THE FAIR SEX IN EGYPT.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AT AN early age the girls of Egypt reach maturity, and from fourteen to eighteen are generally of a very pleasing appearance: they are well formed, and, though plump, rarely become so fat as to be ungainly. But as soon as they have attained their full growth, their gracefully rounded figures commence to become flat, and their beauty fades rapidly. Their complexions vary according to the part of the country to which they belong. In the north of Egypt those women who have not worked in the open air and sun have clear complexions and soft skins of a yellowish hue; those who have been much exposed to the sun have darker and coarser complexions. The people of middle Egypt are darker than those of northern, and as we get further south and into hotter regions, the complexions grow swarthier.

The faces of the women are usually oval, and their eyes dark, large, and almond-shaped, with a most agreeable expression. The great natural beauty of the eyes is still further enhanced by the custom of concealing all the lower part of the face by a veil. Among women of the middle and higher classes it is common to blacken the edge of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, with kohl. Kohl is the fine black powder deposited by the smoke of burnt aromatic resin or almond shells. It is put on with a small metal, wooden, or ivory instrument, which is wetted with rosewater, dipped into the powder, and drawn along the inner edges of the eyelids. This method of beautifying the eyes is a very ancient one, as is seen by the sculptures and paintings in temples and sepulchres.

The hair of Egyptian women is of a deep and glossy black color, and, though it is sometimes coarse, it is never woolly. Their hands and feet are almost always well shaped, and it is a common practise to stain the nails of the fingers and toes with a paste made of water and the powdered leaves of the henna tree. Sometimes the henna is applied as far as the first joints of fingers and toes, or in stripes across the foot; also the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet are stained with the pigment. It imparts an orange color to the nails, and has the effect of increasing the delicacy of the flesh tints of the hands and feet. A single application lasts for two or three weeks. Women of the lower classes often have the chin, the back of the hands, and other parts of the body, ornamented with tattoo marks. It is worthy of remark that most Egyptian women have an upright carriage and a graceful gait, attributable in the case of the peasants to their habit of carrying heavy water jars upon the head.

The dress of the women of the better class is handsome. They wear a very full-sleeved shirt, reaching not quite to the knees, of linen, cotton, or of mixed cotton and silk in stripes. Under the shirt and tied round the waist is worn a pair of very wide trousers of colored striped silk or cotton, or of plain or worked muslin. Their ends are drawn up and fastened with strings just below the knee, and are long enough to hang down nearly to the feet. Over these two intimate garments comes a long, tight-fitting vest, buttoning down the front and reaching to the ground, upon which it trails for a few inches. Sometimes a short vest, reaching only a little below the waist, takes the place of the long one. The waist is encircled by a girdle, and over the vest is worn a sort of robe of cloth, velvet, or silk, embroidered with colored silk or gold, and reaching to the ground. Instead of this last garment an embroidered jacket of cloth or velvet is often worn. Most women wear no stockings, but house shoes of yellow or red morocco, over which a lady, on going into the street, puts slippers of morocco or wooden clogs.

BEAUTY UNREVEALED.

The hair hangs down the back in plaits, ornamented with little trinkets of gold. That men may not gaze upon her charms, a lady, on leaving her own apartments, hides nearly all her face with a long strip of muslin, reaching from the bridge of the nose almost to the feet. It is fastened by a band which passes round the head. An Egyptian woman must keep the top and back of her head, and most of her face, concealed from the view of men, but a display of the bosom or leg is not regarded as specially improper or indelicate. Women do, however, display their faces when they think that it may be supposed to have been done unintentionally, and poor women who have to work and to appear much in the streets find that they cannot live up to the custom of constantly veiling the face.

When a lady goes out of the house she puts on over her indoor costume a large, loose gown of pink or violet silk with wide sleeves, and then completely envelops herself in a voluminous robe of black silk, if she is married, or of white if she is unmarried. It is a decidedly inconvenient costume for walking, and effectually hides all that is attractive in the lady's dress or figure, leaving only the eyes exposed, which appear more charming from the concealment of the other features. The dress of poor women is, of course, much less elaborate than this; their veils, too, are much shorter and generally black.

The women of the higher and middle classes have a set of apartments allotted to them, and into these apartments, called "the harem," the master of the house, and a few near relatives, are the only males permitted to enter. The term "harem," or the prohibited, is also applied to the women of a household, and includes the wife or wives, the white female servants, some of whom are generally concubines, and the cooks and waiting-maids, who are usually black.

Most men have only one wife, and, to avoid domestic quarrels, take no concubines; while others, unable or unwilling to sustain the expense of a wife, keep an Abyssinian girl. The favorite has a black girl, who cooks, and waits upon her, and keeps the rooms of the harem in order. Contrary to the idea commonly entertained, the wives are not kept prisoners in the harem, but are generally free to go out and pay visits and to receive female visitors in their own apartments. On such occasions nearly the whole day is spent in eating confections, drinking sherberts and coffee, smoking, gossiping, and displaying their clothes and jewelry. If the master of the house desires to see his wife on some matter of business while she is entertaining visitors, he must give notice of his desire to enter the harem, so that the ladies may have time to adjust their veils or to retire to another room. Being of a naturally gay disposition, and in no fear of any sudden intrusion of the master, the women indulge in story-telling and fun of various kinds.

A SIESTA.

Egyptian ladies are seldom skilled in music, dancing, or other accomplishments. Accordingly, it is not an uncommon practise to introduce professional female singers into the harem, but it would be considered indecorous to engage public dancing women, who show themselves in the streets with unveiled faces. Yet, on wedding-days, birthdays, and other days of rejoicing, dancing-girls often perform in front of the house or in the court, so that they may be seen by the women from their apartments.

When one man has two or more wives, the one to whom he was first married is usually the higher in rank, and the more highly esteemed. Most well-to-do men, if they have more than one wife, have a separate house or set of apartments for each one. It is, of course, natural to suppose that, when two women are married to one man, and share his affections and attentions, they often quarrel violently. If the first wife should fail to bear children, and the second or a concubine should have offspring, the first wife frequently loses her privileges, the mother becoming the favored one, and receiving the respect and attention of the other members of the harem and of visitors. The wives usually do not get their meals with the master of the household, but they must wait upon him at his dinner or supper, or when he is taking his coffee and smoking his pipe in the harem. They try to fascinate and please their husbands by all the coquetries of their sex.

Ladies of good social position are not much seen in public, for when they wish to make purchases, they do not usually visit the shops or bazaars, but have what they desire ordered and sent to their homes.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

D. G. WALDRON.

ONE of the largest Counties in Northern California is Humboldt, containing 2,297,600 acres of land. Its length from north to south is 110 miles, while its average width is 42 miles. Its mountain region as well as its valleys contain heavy growth of timber land, amounting to 937,000 acres, while its cultivated land area has nearly 500,000 acres; its grazing land, 600,000 acres; its mineral lands, 125,000 acres. The timber lands are usually classified as follows: the madrone, laurel, oak, pine, and redwood, the latter being the most prominent. Competent experts have estimated that the redwood forests of the county covered 538,000 acres. Of this about 40,500 acres of timber have been cut and manufactured into lumber, leaving 497,500 acres of virgin redwood forest.

PARTIAL VIEW OF EUREKA.

The most extensive lumber trade in Humboldt County is successfully carried on by the John Vance Mill and Lumber Company, making the largest shipments to Australia and other foreign countries, probably 75 per cent of the vast lumber trade. They own 10,000 acres of the choicest redwood belts in Humboldt County, some of their best forests averaging 250,000 feet to the acre. To give the reader a faint idea of the magnitude of their vast enterprise, we present on this page their new lumber mills at Samoa, opposite Eureka, also a scene at one of their stations on their new line—the Eureka and Klamath River Railroad—the most important undertaking that has been projected in Humboldt County. It solves the difficulties of the very imperfect means of travel and traffic between Eureka and Arcata as at present existing, will shorten the time about one-half, and in all probability reduce the rates. But far more than this: its projected line northward, up Lindsay Creek, through the Little River country, Maple Creek, crossing the Redwood Creek and up Prairie Creek, will make available to active operation about 100,000 acres of timber lands; in fact would be the only available means of conveyance for this vast district, besides opening many thousands of acres of fine tillable lands now practically closed to cultivation and productive uses by reason of their environments and isolation. Whenever Humboldt gets direct eastern connection, the line of this Klamath road, and the vast body of timber, will be studded with shingle mills, and other wood manufacturing establishments of both hard and soft wood. This is the choice line for a coast road, when the grouping of resources, direction of route, and straight line are considered, and much of the way between the Klamath and Little Rivers, it covers the only practicable route for a trunk coast line railroad, so much needed for the output of Humboldt County's industries.

Eureka, the county seat of Humboldt County, has 9000 population. It has electric lights, excellent water system, street railways, most excellent hotels, and extensive merchandising stores. The city is the outlet of an extensive and resourceful district and is destined to become a large and flourishing seaport. It is already wealthy, and has never been unprosperous. Its only great need at present is railroad connection with the rest of the State. It has two daily and four weekly newspapers, an extensive Chamber of Commerce, an elegant courthouse, one of the finest opera houses in the State, a well-equipped free library, furniture factories, two ship yards, where several vessels are built each year, machine shops and foundries, boiler works, tanneries, five banks, ten churches, a score or more of benevolent and aid societies, efficient commercial organizations, gas works, and many private buildings that would be a credit to the largest city on the coast. Eureka is said to be the largest city within the United States unprovided with railroad facilities connecting it with Eastern and Southern cities. The need of railroad connection is seriously felt, not only as a convenience to the present population in communication and travel, but as a means of development and to facilitate the marketing of products. Railroad connection would greatly stimulate the ocean commerce of Humboldt Bay, by giving an outlet to distribute freights brought from foreign countries, and contributing products from the rich inland districts for exportation.

FERNDALE, HOME OF HUMBOLDT'S DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The Eel River and Eureka Railroad has thirty miles of track, a bay terminus, a rich tributary valley region, and three branch roads. This road is already doing one of the heaviest local traffics done on the Pacific Coast. It passes through Fortuna, one of the finest growing villages in Humboldt, and within a few miles of the prosperous town of Ferndale, having the largest output in the dairy interest in the State. Its land terminus is at the gateway of the rich Van Duzen Valley, up which it could be extended twenty-five miles without extraordinary expense, and, no doubt, would, in case of outside connection, not only because of the traffic it would gain, but to make its road more complete and indispensable as a feeder to the trunk line. Not only has it a profitable lumber trade, secured by long contracts, but the agricultural freights are large, as it traverses the most fertile valley in Northern California.

LANDING ON EUREKA AND KLAMATH R. R.

JOHN VANCE LUMBER MILL, EUREKA.

At Alton the Pacific Lumber Company's road joins the Eel River and Eureka road, adding its fifteen miles of track to this system. This road commands the entrance to upper Eel River Valley, with its wealth of timber and its wonderful possibilities for agriculture and fruit growing.

The Arcata and Mad River Railroad, running fifteen miles from Arcata to North Fork (Korbel's), passes through a farming country to the extensive lumber districts at its terminus. It has a large traffic, and commands the upper valley of Mad River.

TEHIPITE VALLEY.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

THERE has been written page upon page about the Yosemite Valley, and thousands from every land have made pilgrimage thither, until the impression became well-nigh universal that this remarkable gorge was an exceptional creation, the like of which was not to be found elsewhere on the face of the globe. Indeed, had it not been for an article by John Muir in one of the most widely read periodicals in America, this impression would have prevailed to the present day—at least outside of California; for, thanks to our local writers, Hetch-Hetchy and the King's River Canyon are known to most Californians, though for the most part only by name. The Yosemite Valley is not an exceptional creation. The same forces to which it owes its origin have been at work elsewhere in the range. But none of these other valleys are quite equal to Yosemite; so that if the latter is not exceptional in kind it is in quality, and as the years go on it must still attract a much greater number of visitors than any of the lesser Yosemites of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

In the opinion of the writer, who has been fortunate enough to see all these Yosemites, the next finest valley is Tehipite, the canyon of the Middle Fork of the King's River. Aside from the page or two devoted to the locality in Mr. Muir's article in the *Century*, no description, so far as I know, has ever appeared in any periodical of general circulation descriptive of this splendid gorge. Yet, Tehipite is by no means unknown to the residents of Fresno and Visalia. A small number visits it yearly from these towns. Its real fame, however, is yet to come. Like the King's River Canyon, it awaits the building of a wagon road and the erection of a hotel before the hardship-dreading public will go to see it. Meantime, this is all the better for the lover of pure wildness, and also for the sportsman.

SUNSHINE FALLS.

THRONE OF JOVE. SILVER SPRAY FALLS. "Solomons' Photos."

Tehipite has the highest walls, the finest dome—though this, of course, is fairly a matter of individual opinion—the greatest number of high falls, and, in some respects, the most remarkable rock sculpture of any Yosemite in the range. The vegetation of its rugged floor is remarkably luxuriant, and a beautiful lawn occupies its center. Bear trails are all around, and the finest trout may be caught in great abundance in the river. Such, in brief, is Tehipite. The name, by the way, is an Indian one, and like the word Yosemite—the two are evidently of similar derivation—should be pronounced as if spelt Te-hip'i-tee.

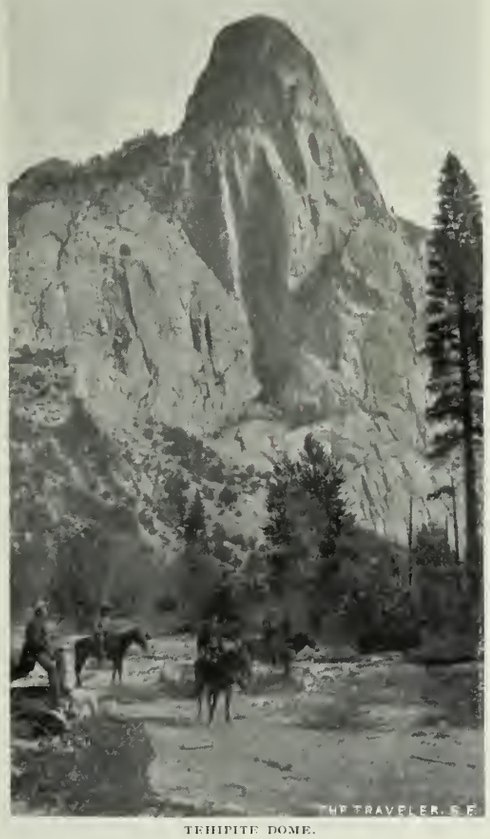
The Valley is usually approached from Big Pine Ridge, but a rather roundabout trail also leads to it from the King's River Canyon, on the South Fork. The road to Big Pine Ridge leads east from Fresno along the section lines of the dusty plain to Clovis, a station on the Pollasky road, and the terminus of the flume of a new lumber company, and then continues its zigzag to the foothills, which in summer are hotter than the plains. After a forty-five-mile ride from Fresno the old Toll-house will be reached, at the base of Big Pine Ridge. Winding up the long hill above the Toll-house, the first mountain water is encountered; the pungent fragrance of the pines creeps into the nostrils, and on the summit their lovely green and the cool of their shade amply repay the labor of the ascent. A few miles beyond the last little settlement Ockenden's is reached, where the Dinkey road turns off to the right and winds through a still more beautiful forest to Dinkey, 12 miles from Ockenden's. This is the oldest mountain settlement in Fresno County. It was once the principal sheep range in the vicinity. A fine grove of Big Trees is nestled in the forest near Dinkey, not far from the little settlement and just south of the Tehipite trail. The trail will be pointed out by any of the sheepmen or miners, and as it is a much traveled trail no trouble will be found in following it. Like all these Sierra paths, it is crooked and has many ups and downs, like our lives; but try to make a better and you will find that there is method in its apparent madness. Several large streams will be crossed, the largest of these being the North Fork of the King's River (25 miles from Ockenden's), which in places flows between walls that remind one strikingly of Yosemite. Finally, Crown Valley, or Collins's Meadow, is reached (36 miles from Ockenden's), a great, open, rolling, grassy hollow, esteemed one of the best sheep pastures in the mountains. From this point on the main trail is called the Tunemah trail, and the Tehipite trail continues to the right down Crown Creek, which flows into Tehipite. The traveler will ride through groves of fir and tamarack, catching an occasional glimpse of the deep canyon of the Middle Fork, until suddenly he reins in his horse at the edge of the chasm, and Tehipite lies beneath.

Opposite is the east wall of the Valley, reaching up 7000 feet to the summits of El Monarco and the Throne of Jove, and on the right, a little way down the canyon, to the Watch Towers, 5500 feet. Lateral gorges divide this great wall into a number of slanting ridges, naked and sharp, and in the flutings between torrents shoot down into the Valley from snow banks that until late summer lie in sheltered places on the heights. These streams are small, but their immense fall—nearly a mile and a half—and the abruptness of the lower third of their descent, give them a peculiarly awe-inspiring appearance. Their rapidity of fall is such that they become a nebulous mist before reaching the bottom. The walls of Tehipite, with some exceptions, are nearly perpendicular in their lower parts, and slope back gradually to the summits. The exceptions are wall faces practically perpendicular from base to crest.

The object that immediately attracts the attention and holds it fascinated is a great dome that rises boldly from the western side of the Valley and just across the entering canyon of Crown Creek. Its position—the apex of the angle between this canyon and the larger canyon of the river itself—suggests its origin. The mighty streams of old first sheered away its sides, and then the ice that came later polished the granite and added the last masterful touches to a piece of sculpture of surpassing grandeur. Not the last, though, to be sure; for, during the ages that have elapsed since the glacial epoch, frost and torrent have been busy cracking off huge blocks which now lay piled in talus heaps at the base of this imposing monument, a striking reminder of the power of nature. Tehipite Dome is at once the El Capitan and the Half Dome of Tehipite Valley. It surpasses the former in height and vies with the latter in the symmetry of its form and the dominance of its summit. From the top of the trail, where we left the traveler, its magnificent contour is lost, for its summit will be seen to be lower than the forest ridge back of it. Not to mar his pleasure, therefore, let us conduct the visitor down the fine trail that winds a distance of 3000 feet through the trees and brush and occasional palm plants and cactus of the hillside of Hesperides, to the open, gravel flat at the bottom, where he may camp near the river, turn out his animals to graze, and enjoy the Dome at his leisure.

From all sides this rock is a visual magnet. Such is its colossal size that, like a celestial body, when you walk to the right or left, it moves also; when you retreat it follows you, and when you walk toward it, it retreats. The color of the granite is a creamy buff, like that of El Capitan, and the chiseling of the front, the rents and gashes, the stripings made by the early spring torrents, are also the same. It is impossible to realize the great height of this rock—more difficult than to realize the proportions of El Capitan and the other monuments of Yosemite—though why I am sure I do not know. John Muir guessed its height to be 2500 feet, and on the morning that my companion and myself made its ascent, a visitor in the valley—an old mountaineer—told me he would give me a dollar for every foot it measured over 2000, if I would promise him a cent for every foot it measured under that height. These were our readings: Altitude of valley floor, 4020 feet; altitude of summit of Dome, 7570 feet; height of Dome, 3550 feet. Mr. Lil A. Winchell of Fresno, (to whom I am indebted for most of the altitudes mentioned in this article, as also for other information that I had not time to obtain during my visit to the Valley,) states that the results of a number of observations indicate a height of 5330 feet above the river, and that this is also the measurement obtained by an engineer who visited this Valley some years ago.

To speak of climbing Tehipite Dome seems almost ridiculous, but, as already stated, the fact is the forest ridge behind runs right down to its summit, the low position of the observer in the valley rendering this ridge quite invisible. We placed a Sierra Club register can on the Dome, or rather Mr. Bonner did, but it is a mere matter of luck that the cylinder does not now lie some thousands of feet below, a battered and unrecognizable mass of tin.



TEHIPITE DOME.

The ascent was an all day labor. First we tramped up the 3000 feet of trail, and a crystal stream beguiling us after our hot climb, we knocked off for our nooning. At two, strapping on our knapsacks again, we walked away from the Valley and down toward the Canyon of Crown Creek, which lay between us and the Dome. Sheer granite walls met us at every point, forcing us at least two miles back from the Valley, where we finally got down to the Creek, forded it at the risk of being swept over a waterfall, and then began a 2000-foot ascent eastward toward the Dome. When we reached the ridge back of it, we found we were separated from the summit by a spine of weather-stained and lichened granite—a kind of hog's back, perilously narrow, one side sloping off abyssmally to Crown Creek Canyon, the other inclining even more abruptly toward Tehipite.

While my friend Bonner was maneuvering on this little wall that ran out to the Dome, and telling me it was not very inviting, I ran along at the base of it, first on the Crown Creek side, then on the Valley side. On both I found that we might pass along to beyond the difficult place on the backbone, but to do this we must walk on smooth granite of such a slope that any little jar, any contact with a smooth part of the sole of our shoes, might cause us to fall or slide. If a twenty or thirty foot precipice lay below, neither of us would have thought twice about trying it, and doubtless we would not have slipped—nor, indeed, in all probability, would we have done so in the present case. But with four or five thousand feet of nether air on one side and two or three thousand on the other, a man who values his life does not willingly trust to the integration of rock crystals and the integrity of sole leather. Nothing ever illustrated to us so forcibly the mind's mechanical appreciation of odds—we tried the backbone instead! One of us had to assist the other, and Bonner being ahead I boosted him, and he climbed up to a point from which the summit of the Dome was easy prey. I had the register can.

"Come," said Bonner, "you'll have to toss it."

"Can you catch it?" I asked.

"Depends somewhat on where you throw it," he responded, pointedly.

We were separated by a slab of granite twenty feet long, set at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. As Bonner dared not move, I must throw the can within reach of his arm. I decided to try to throw it so that it would strike the slab a foot or two in front of him, when I reckoned it would roll toward him a moment, pause a briefer interval, and then start rolling away. I swayed the little cylinder once or twice, while Bonner stared at me with eyes as big as saucers, and then gave the toss. It landed a trifle short—I had been afraid of overthrowing—struck the rock, and was just beginning to tumble sidewise toward the precipice when Bonner's bony fingers pinioned it, and he drew it in with a deep sigh of satisfaction. Only one name was found on the summit, and that was unreadable. It was eight o'clock when we camped in a clump of fir, within 500 yards of the register can. We slept for 12 hours.

The Dome forms a kind of flying buttress that projects into the canyon to within half a mile of El Commandante, the colossal promontory of the opposite wall. Below is the Valley proper, yet above, on the eastern side of the canyon, extending a distance of three or four miles, is found the finest rock sculpture, not only of this region, but, some will maintain, of the whole Sierra. Mr. Winchell, who for years has been an enthusiast on the subject of Tehipite, has bestowed excellent names upon the principal features of the Valley. On the west side, Centinela del Sur, on the south, Hesperides in the center, and Tehipite Dome on the north are the principal rocks. On the eastern side there are first the Watchtowers, 5500 feet, then El Monarca, 7000 feet, opposite the trail; The Throne of Jove, a seven-pointed mass of rock, 7000 feet; Pluto's Portal, a wonderful cleft in the granite, into which a waterfall descends; the Gorge of Despair, an avalanche-smoothed rift that runs back into the mountain at the foot of the Throne; St. Michael's Spear, an upright shaft of granite, 6000 feet; The Mosque of Omar, 7000 feet, a grand double pile of rock that seems to belong to the sky, the Titan's playground—a perfect Saturnalia of confused avalanche gorges, ridges, clefts, and summits; The Temple of the Gods, an ampitheater at the base of the upper series of falls of an entering stream, and finally, The President, 5000 feet. El Commandante is the name of the mass of rock on which the lesser features are—the Titan's Playground, St. Michael's Spear, and the Mosque of Omar. Sunshine Falls are opposite, and a couple of miles above the President. The stream is a large one, and the Falls and cascades are something like a thousand feet in height.

The principal fall of Tehipite Valley, however, is that of Crown Creek, named Silver Spray Fall, or, as Mr. Muir called it, Tehipite Fall. The volume of water is about equal to that of Yosemite Creek. Near the base of Silver Spray Fall is a great cavern in the granite, said to be the occasional habitation of bears. One of the attractions of the Valley for these furry denizens, no doubt, is the big thimbleberry patch that covers several acres in a shady grove.

Tehipite Valley is considerably larger than Hetch-Hetchy, though there is less level floor space. The walls are steep and usually nearly bare for about six miles up and down on either side, but the Valley proper is formed by the recess cut by Crown Creek. The area of the space thus enclosed is about two square miles. The river swims lazily through, in one place dividing into three streams. The trout bite excellently and are of good size. An average fisherman can catch ten pounds in a couple of hours. A protracted sojourn in Tehipite is not desirable, as the feed on the trail side is scarce, but any time after July the river may be forded, and the stock turned loose in a good-sized meadow of rich grass.

It will probably be many years before a wagon road will be built into Tehipite Valley. The spaciousness of the larger canyon of the South Fork, and its easier accessibility, will secure for it the lion's share of attention for some time to come. Just how a road could be built into the Middle Fork Canyon, moreover, would be apt to puzzle an engineer, on account of the uniform steepness of the walls. Eventually, capital will be called on to solve the problem.

The roundabout way to reach Tehipite, spoken of, is a fine trip. From the King's River Canyon a trail leads up Copper Creek, called the Granite Basin trail from the basin-like valley at its head. Crossing the divide, Dougherty Creek leads down to the Upper Middle Fork Canyon, distant 20 miles from the South Fork Canyon. Here splendid scenery abounds, and many visitors from Fresno come thither each summer. Tehipite may be reached either by traveling down the canyon, about sixteen miles (it will seem like 160), or by taking the Tu-ne-mah trail to Crown Valley and then switching on to the Tehipite trail. The latter entails an initial climb, Tu-ne-mah Mountain, straight up for 4900 feet, and several subsequent ups and downs, making in all about 20,000 feet of ascent and descent before the bottom of Tehipite is reached. The canyon route, however, is worse still. It was our method of approach, and I wish to remark that I do not hanker after a repetition of the journey—at least on the eastern side of the river. The canyon is choked with talus, which is overgrown with the most dreadful brush it was ever my misfortune to encounter. The Tuolumne Canyon is a bicycle track by comparison.

TEHIPITE VALLEY—FROM THE TRAIL.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OSTRICH.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

EASTERN invalids must admit that California is a great place for great things, and if there are any with one foot in the grave and the other wanting to get in, any one-lunger beyond the eastern edge of the Alleghany Mountains wanting to move his freight and dump the remaining part of his poor tired body in an Elysium of Arcadian summeriness, let Southern California be his goal. And if there be any man among them who wants to engage in a lucrative and profitable business he would be wise to invest in an ostrich farm in Southern California.

Ten or twelve years ago, seventy birds were imported here from Africa's foreign shores to become inhabitants of this bland and fertile region. They didn't come for their health exactly, or because Africa was too hot for them, but because they were brought here for commercial purposes. From this seventy have sprung some six hundred or seven hundred of these beautiful birds. They yield fifty dollars' worth of undressed feathers, and I don't know how many dollars' worth of dressed. It costs three cents a day to feed them. One young fellow with an experimental turn of mind, finding this out, attempted to feed one on a green three-cent postage stamp. But that ostrich wasn't as green as he looked. He stamped the sense out of that young fellow's body and the cents out of his pocket; and with a deep groan of anguish, the young man expired while a sweet smile stood on his red lips.

The ostrich is neither a ballet dancer, a terpsichorean artist, nor a calamity howler, but he is a high and mighty kicker just the same. Neither Llewellyn nor Altgeld nor Tillman are in it with him; while as for highness he can beat some of our variety actresses, who have kicked themselves into fame and name and shekels, all to pieces. His versatility passes astonishment! He has even been known to try to sing, but though he might make a success on the variety stage, his voice would not charm a keen and critical musical audience, but would decidedly displease their refined and fastidious taste. As a singer-machine the ostrich is not a success. His "bromming" is a distinctly new departure in the anatomy of sound.

The eggs are hatched by the incubative process, though only about eighty per cent manage to survive the operation. The chicks are sun-loving little fellows, and several hours after coming out of their incubator-prison run around like walkers practising for a ten days' walking match. Several days thereafter they start in on a crusade after grub and dissect for their stomach's oft-repeated satisfaction tender vegetative sprouts. It is about this time that the young and lovely dude with puberulent lips should keep away from them, for they would eagerly relieve him of his beautifully-growing sprouts; and perhaps before they were through with their vegetative excursion after precious food, our poor unfortunate dude would be subdued (sub-dude).

OSTRICH CHICKS.

There's no love lost between ostriches, the parents having a mania for infanticide or ostrichicide, I don't know which you'd call it. For nine months therefore the chicks must be kept away from the unlovely and loveless parents. Still ostriches have good traits. They're not always as black as they are painted. The best of their traits is in their feathers. To these you can pin your faith with the certainty of a monetary reward, for even the pinfeathers are worth considerable. Some kinds of feathers sell for one hundred dollars a pound. Ostrich feathers are used for several things. They are worn as plumes in hats, for various utilitarian and decorative purposes. I have even known a man to be tarred and feathered, by a mad and howling mob, with ostrich feathers. Some of the pinfeathers were pinned to his *corporis corpori* with a firmer pinning than confiding faith could do. When feathers are thus attached to a man's personality they stick more closely than a brother of the blood.

Until three months old, the chicks can be bought for twenty-five dollars; and I have known of cases where a juvenile ostrich has been exchanged for two bright golden eagles. But when maturity comes in all its rich transcendent gravity, several hundred dollars is the price, for it is a saying, as true as it is good, that you can't catch an old bird with a few dollars; for they increase in value as they increase in years.

The birds are vegetarian in the strictest sense and never drink whisky or wine or stay out late at nights. They like alfalfa but they have been known to eat old hats, old shoes, old clothes, and other ancient habiliments of wo. They have, on extreme cases of provocative hunger, been known to interest themselves in the flesh of a Celestial being. They have pulled a man's leg with a big bill more vigorously than ever dunning creditor dared to do. Their legs and bodies would fit them for the ballet, and their walk is a combination one, combining as it does the walk of a dude with that of a girl whose shoes are tight. The average life of these birds is thirty years.

It seems to me that it is not necessary to outlaw prize-fighting, to send it out of fashion, or relegate it to the rear of our desires. Let him who wants to be Champion of the Terra Firma of Pugilisticia put up his props, go in and win, conquer an ostrich in the prize-ring while the bright hosannas sing "All hail! The Conquering Hero Comes!" If he wins, the championship will be his. But when he gets through, if he is not dead, he'll wish he was. I doubt if even Corbett could stand up before one of their blows.

I saw an ostrich fight a few months ago down at Coronado City, Cal., and it was about fifteen circuses rolled into one. There were no referees and no time-keepers. Nor did any one attempt to part the birds as is sometimes done in human fights, for the peacemaker would have had the life kicked out of him and would have made his peace in some other world than this.

Two ponderous birds, named Ostrich Jim and Colonel, began fighting over their mess—a division of the cabbage leaves which the keeper had thrown to the hungry birds. There was no arbitration nor no arbiter; there was no bellicose message nor no war manifesto; no commission appointed to consider the matter of a just division; no, nothing but just fight from the word go.

> They fought like ostriches young and well!
> They piled the ground with feathers fair

worth ten dollars apiece or so, but they cared naught for that. They were bloodthirsty and literally tried to kick each other off the face of the earth. The fight, however, was a draw, and both combatants retired to rest with lost plumes, weakened bodies, and less blood. Both had broken wings and both probably desired to recuperate before the pugilistic fever should again cause them to resume hostilities.

THE LIFE OF A DRAGON-FLY.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

The iridescent dragon-fly, or "darning-needle," haunting the vicinity of lakes and water-courses, is the largest and most beautiful of the winged insects.

The larva somewhat resembles the perfect insect, having six strong legs, and two prominent eyes; but it is wholly destitute of wings, and the body is dull gray, shorter and flattened. What corresponds to the lower lip is furnished with a curious jointed instrument, terminating in a pair of powerful pincers, by means of which it seizes its prey and conveys it to its voracious mouth. This is capable of being extended to the distance of about an inch; but when not in use, it is folded flat over the face, whence comes its name of "the mask." Lurking in the shadow of a submerged rock or aquatic plant, this little "water-tiger" darts out its deadly forceps with swift and unerring aim, rendering escape on the part of the unfortunate victim almost an impossibility. Its food consists of the larvæ and pupæ of gnats and mosquitoes, water-beetles in all their stages, polywogs, and fresh-water crustaceans. When hard pressed, they are not averse to feeding upon their own kind; and are sometimes eaten themselves by ducks or fish, while their eggs are greedily devoured by frogs.

They breathe the air in the water by means of gills, like those of their finny neighbors; and, when not engaged in running over the creek bed, or lying in wait for the unwary, propel themselves through the current by forcibly ejecting the water which has been exhausted of its supply of oxygen, through a three-parted tube, or siphon, the motion giving them a forward impetus.

In these primary stages the creature lives for nearly a year, when a mysterious instinct tells the pupa that it is time to leave its dark, muddy haunts for the sunshine and freedom of the river banks.

So, slowly and heavily it crawls up the stem of some reed or water-plant, until several feet above the surface of the stream, when it takes a firm grip on the branch or leaf with the strong hooks on the ends of the feet, and remains for a moment or two motionless.

When the sun and air have dried the soft, moist case, it cracks down the back of the thorax, and the full-fledged fly appears to view. Gradually it crawls and wriggles out of its worn-out garments; but not yet is it ready to enter upon the delights of its new existence, for the wings are damp and crumpled, the great eyes are dull, and the body is short and thick. Little by little, however, the brilliant, gauzy wings are expanded, the compound eyes glow with the reflection of their thousands of facets, and the body assumes its slender, graceful shape.

Several hours are consumed in this operation, then off skims the new-born insect like a bit of flying rainbow; so swiftly that one can scarcely see the rise and fall of its glittering wings.

Its whole life is now spent in the pursuit of prey; for, like the larva or pupa, it is carniverous and greedy in its habits, though the friend, rather than the foe, of man. While on the wing, it consumes immense numbers of flies and butterflies, but more especially gnats and mosquitoes, for which reason it is sometimes known as the "mosquito-hawk."

It chews its food with a sideways motion, by means of jaws or mandibles. Its rapacity seems to know no bounds. One specimen, temporarily kept captive for scientific study, was said to devour no less than forty housefflies in a period of two hours; and it is also asserted that these sharks of the air will even eat parts of their own bodies, if placed within their reach, the act being performed with considerable relish and no apparent inconvenience or unpleasant consequences.

THE GREAT RABBIT DRIVE.

HU MAXWELL.

MANY parts of California, especially Fresno and adjoining counties, have rabbit drives as a sport and it has come to be a fixed feature of the early spring pastimes in the San Joaquin Valley. There have been 177 recorded drives in the State, and the total number of rabbits killed is placed at 372,195. In many of these drives there were only estimates of the killed; but after a bounty was offered for the ears there were nearly always persons willing to collect the spoils for the one cent for each pair of ears. By this means it became possible to arrive at the number destroyed with much greater accuracy than could be done when only estimates were made. But even then the number of pairs of ears always fell below the actual number of rabbits killed, because hundreds, sometimes thousands, of dead were carried away from each drive by those who took part, and the bounty seekers never despoiled the full number killed.

When counts began to be made it was discovered that estimates were nearly always too low. For instance, at the drive twelve miles south of Fresno, on February 13, 1892, the highest estimates did not place the number of dead above 10,000, yet the actual count showed 14,000. Again, at the drive which took place March 12, 1892, twelve miles south of Fresno, in which members of the G. A. R. took part—a reunion of the veterans of this State being in session in Fresno—the enthusiasts with highest estimates placed the number of killed at 20,000, and the actual count showed that number, and it is believed 5000 were carried away and not included in the count.

The greatest number of drives have taken place in Tulare County, but the total number of rabbits killed is to the credit of Fresno County, where the largest drives have been held, where the total number of rabbits destroyed has not fallen below 120,000 in eight years. Kern County comes next, with a record of 105,000, and Tulare has almost the same number to its credit. These figures are based on the Government report on the jack-rabbit, issued in 1896. In the absence of anything more accurate or authentic the figures may be taken as approximately correct.

The largest drive ever held in this State, as well as the best managed and the most exciting, was that which took place near the small town of McMullin, fifteen miles southwest of Fresno, March 21, 1896, under the commandership of Honorable W. F. Rowell.

AFTER THE DRIVE.

In preparing for a drive, a corral covering an acre or more is prepared. The fence enclosing it is too high to be jumped by the rabbits. A gate is provided which can be closed when the rabbits are inside. From each side of the gate a fence is built a considerable distance, the two fences forming an acute angle with the gate to the corral in the apex. In the large drive above mentioned, these wing fences were each four miles long. The Supervisors of Fresno County bought the fence to be used for rabbit drives anywhere in the county. A committee was appointed to take charge of the fence and to be responsible for its safe keeping. Under orders from the committee it is moved from place to place as different communities desire to hold drives. If two or more neighborhoods want the fence at the same time, the committee decides which shall have it first, and from that decision there is no appealing. Preparations for the great drive of March 21st were commenced two weeks in advance, and was thoroughly advertised. When the day came no fewer than ten thousand men, women, and children attended. Arrangements were made for those who were to take part in the drive to assemble at different points, thereby facilitating the formation of the line which was to sweep the open plains lying between the colonies and vineyards lying south and west of Fresno and the West Side Railroad. The country was the rendezvous of rabbits in countless thousands. From there they made inroads upon the vineyards and gardens of the colonists, and the extermination of the pests became a matter of necessity.

SMALL SECTION OF SLAUGHTER.

Before daybreak on March 21st, the people were out with guns and dogs, beating rabbits out of the vineyards and driving them into the open country where they could be picked up in the general drive. By nine o'clock the forces were in position and the formation of the line began. On the north it rested near the station of Collis, and on the south near Caruthers, and between the two points it extended in a huge crescent. From horn to horn of the crescent, in a straight line, the distance was twelve miles; but the length of the line formed by the ten thousand people who took part was twenty-four miles, following the curve of the crescent. No dogs or guns were allowed. The line was made up of footmen, horsemen, carriages, and several hundred bicyclists who operated in the more open country and drove the rabbits rapidly before them when the general orders were passed along the line to advance. Commander-in-Chief Rowell, who accompanied the south wing resting on Caruthers, gave the order to move forward, and the marshals repeated the order from division to division, and in a few minutes the twenty-four mile crescent was advancing. All moved toward the common center—the corral into which the rabbits were to be driven.

The corral was about eight miles distant from the most remote part of the crescent. Although the country, for the most part, was open, yet to a person in the middle of the line both ends were below the horizon and out of sight. The array was imposing, and the discipline was astonishing. Of the whole ten thousand persons engaged, there was only one instance where insubordination was shown; that person was immediately driven from the ranks, and was not permitted to enter again. The excitement began with the first advance. The plains swarmed with rabbits, and they started up from every weed and bounded nimbly away. Every minute others were added to the number, and within an hour the plain was covered with rabbits. They had no difficulty thus far in keeping out of the way. They had fifty square miles of open country over which they could gallop without coming in contact with their pursuers. But every minute lessened the area, as well as increased the number of rabbits. As the line gradually contracted and closed in from the north, south, and east, the excitement grew; but no deviation was made from the steady advance.

When within a mile of the corral the slaughter began. By that time the line had closed in till it was two or three deep, and the rabbits were thoroughly alarmed; they seemed to foresee the fate in store for them, and made frantic efforts to break away. Every man and boy carried a club. The horsemen and bicyclists dismounted and advanced on foot. Carriages kept in the rear of the line. The hour for the final slaughter was at hand.

When within less than half a mile of the corral, the rabbits, as if with one accord, made their last desperate rush for liberty. They came by tens of thousands right into the line. The men dropped on their knees and wielded their clubs. In some parts of the field dead rabbits lay in heaps where they had been clubbed to death while vainly trying to break through the line. The dust that filled the air hid nearly everything from view. But the line advanced, clubbing rabbits as it went. Many of the rabbits died from exhaustion and fright; the largest and strongest were the last to succumb. From fifteen thousand to twenty thousand were killed outside the corral, while probably ten thousand entered it and were killed there. Several coyotes were caught in the round-up and perished with the rabbits, and one which entered the corral was trampled to death by rabbits in their desperate rush round and round the enclosure in their last frantic efforts to escape. Estimates by those most competent to make them placed the number at 30,000, and all agreed that it was the most successful drive ever held in this country.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLUNKETT FERGUSON

There dwells a handsome infant of five tender years in this town who is a veritable "terror." He is as bright as a native son can be, in fact, his cleverness is positively astounding, and he is an only child. I'm sure that two like him would turn his pretty young mother's blonde hair gray. She is in almost constant trepidation as to what he will do or say next, but he seems quite unconscious of the consternation he creates. Recently, during his mother's absence down town, he took advantage of the servant girl's after-dinner siesta to convey the family silver, china, and edibles to the basement, where he managed, no one knows how, to spread the largest cloth in the house upon a long table that the carpenter had been using. There is no estimating the number of trips those little fat legs of his must have made in order to accomplish all this. Going to the nearest bakery and fruit stand, where they were in the habit of trading, and where he was frequently sent on errands, he ordered a plentiful supply of cakes, candy, and oranges, then went on a tour of the neighborhood to invite the children thereabouts to his "party." They came—in droves. When his mother, reaching home, followed mysterious sounds of revelry to the lower regions and appeared upon the scene, her enterprising son, who had attended other children's parties and knew how to play host in proper style, arose from his seat at the head of the table, and with the gravest dignity said, "Will you be seated?" His complacency and mastery of the situation were something to be seen to be appreciated.

He has been firmly impressed with the theological idea that heaven is above, and the regions of his Satanic Majesty beneath, the earth. His grandmother once found him plying his little garden shovel energetically in the flower bed, where he had already dug a large hole. "Howard, what in the world are you doing?" she called out. "Digging my way to the devil!" was the laconic reply. One evening he asked if the earth were truly only a big round ball. "Yes," his mother answered. Master Howard looked up thoughtfully, his chubby fists thrust into the pockets of his knickerbockers. "My!" exclaimed he, "I should think God would have lots of fun bouncing it!"

She does not sing, nor manufacture rhymes,
Nor lecture, preach, nor has she learning vast;
Nor is she that strange creature of the times,
A woman with a past.

Her life has been devoid of incident,
And if you asked about her pedigree
I doubt if she would quite know what you meant;
Nor beautiful is she.

And yet the whole world knows her face and name;
While genius toils, unrecognized and sad,
She scales the dizzy heights of earthly fame
On a nerve tonic "ad."

An astonishing story comes from France, to the effect that a ten-year-old prodigy appeared recently in a Paris concert as a pianist, composer, and improvisor, the program consisting entirely of her own works, and comprising no less than fifteen numbers, nine for piano, two for cello, two for violin, and two for vocal rendition, one of the latter being an air from an opera. Her improvisation is said to have amazed her hearers. She was given five notes—A, A flat, G, B, and C—which she treated with the most wonderful skill and expression. Is it possible that the world will see this child grow up to outshine Paderewski, who, after gathering up a quarter of a million dollars in this country, says that this is positively his farewell tour? It is constantly being said of women that they have never achieved anything in music—have never made themselves famous as composers. Perhaps it rests with the little French wonder to vindicate the assertion that women are only imitators and followers in the footsteps of musical man.

Now is the time the funny man gives his machine a twirl to grind another batch of jokes about the summer girl; the lack of men and how she lures the wretches to propose; for this is all the stock in trade the poor old funster knows. He also knows that though he grinds until the season's o'er, he can't think of a single thing that's not been said before.

Perhaps a man never feels quite so much like taking a woman out and drowning her as he does when she selfishly, wilfully, heedlessly wears headgear to the theater that obstructs his view of a play that he has paid as much money as she has to see. It is strange that women should persist in a habit that menaces public comfort and tramples upon public rights to such an extent that legislation should seem the only road to peace. And it is a disgrace that the law should have been invoked to enforce that which ordinary courtesy on the part of women would have rendered unnecessary. It is said that Mrs. Fosdick was the power behind the throne in passing the anti-high theater hat bill in Ohio. Men will probably rise up and call her husband blessed; but if suffrage ever prevails in Ohio, I would not like to stake anything on Mr. Fosdick's chances of reelection.

In an entertaining contribution an Eastern correspondent tells how women authors work, and the romantic halo, which naturally attaches itself, in the average reader's mind, to the personality of the feminine novelist, takes on extra glory while perusing the article.

One learns that Mrs. Katrina Trask seats herself upon the railing of a balcony in her Saratoga home, where she can behold the peaks of the Adirondacks as they overhang Lake Champlain, and have the benefit of other scenic accessories to stimulate inspiration.

When Amelie Rives takes up her pen, it is the signal for suspended animation on the part of those around her. She retires to an apartment alone, where her burning thoughts are transmitted to paper—presumably of the asbestos variety. The hallways are hushed, and no person in the house speaks above a whisper. As even so ethereal a personage as Amelie must subsist by the plebeian but necessary method of eating, an African servant with velvet-shod feet is permitted at intervals to approach her. This hibernating process goes on until the completion of the story, when it is tried on the assembled and adoring family.

Miss Winnie Davis plans her story lying upon a couch with her gaze focused on the point of her pen. Marguerite of Italy and Carmen Sylvia of Roumania dictate their ideas while pacing a terrace.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward seeks her boudoir when the spirit moves her to attack a writing-pad. If a caller comes, a maid enters silently, stands still and looks at her mistress. Should genius be active, Mrs. Ward does not look up, and the maid noiselessly makes her exit.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger transfers her thoughts to paper in a white and gold reception-room, on a white enameled ledge, surmounted by an electric arch. All this sort of thing fills the mind of the ordinary newspaper woman with wondering awe. Unlike the sybaritic environments of the author, the views which meet her own gaze from day to day are not entrancing. Between hustling for news and getting "copy" in on schedule time, she is too intent upon her work to be conscious of the dusty desk, the stubby pencil, the littered floor, and the occasional onslaughts of the printer's devil. For the newspaper woman is too busy to be literary.

The modern maid cares not to be
A clinging, vine-like, helpless one
Who deems it quite unsafe were she
To venture out at set of sun.

No longer shy, demure and prim
She sits, with scarce a word to say,
But, brave of heart and lithe of limb
She goes her unmolested way.

A truce to churn and spinning wheel!
Instead of piecing patches small
She mounts a shining steed of steel,
Or joins a game of basket ball.

She sings and dances, swims and rides,
And wears abbreviated skirts,
Plays golf and tennis; and besides
(You scarce can blame her) sometimes flirts.

There's mischief in her roguish smile
And wisdom in her laughing eyes,
And if she thinks it worth her while
She'll tease you with her coquetries.

Her waist is somewhat larger than
Her grandma's, pictured on the shelf,
And yet somehow you long to span
Its trim circumference yourself.

Clear-eyed, courageous, and refined,
With her no obstacles appall,
The weaknesses of womankind
Seem to have left her, one and all.

No, not quite all, for, as of old,
Her screams resound throughout the house
If she but chances to behold
The very smallest kind of mouse.

The modern maiden whom we know
Combines in a composite way
The virtues of the long ago
With all the sweet charms of to-day!

No wonder an African proofreader never lives to a good old age. Who could survive such descriptions as a fight between the Unabelinijji and Amaswazlizzi?

A London paper is authority for the statement that Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, whose lines, printed and otherwise, seem to have fallen in rather hard places, receives as compensation for his poetical services a sum amounting to three hundred and sixty dollars yearly. With such royal remuneration as this, Mr. Austin ought to feel that he can look in haughty disdain upon his carping critics.

A bill has just been passed giving a pension of forty dollars a month to a private citizen who was wounded while passing before the rifle range at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. It sometimes pays to get in the way.

"They say!" The Scriptures, the dictionary, the encyclopedia, Shakespeare himself, could not hold their own in a quotation contest with this authority. "They say!" and lo, a reputation is destroyed, the good deeds of a lifetime are obliterated in the public memory.

It is a matter of truth, undeniable and deplorable, that no one can escape calumny. For all that we know to the contrary it is a plant that has thrived throughout the ages, and which time itself seems powerless to destroy. Insidious and deadly of purpose, a bitter foe, it always manages to escape a face to face combat. Its incentive may be envy, jealousy, revenge, or the innate meanness sometimes expressively termed "pure cussedness."

Gossip is a form of calumny homeopathic in its mildness, and seldom really hurtful. It is the cruel, vindictive shaft of slander that most deeply wounds its victim, and no breastplate of moral integrity is proof against its poisonous darts. It was my good fortune to know a woman to whom scandal was so repugnant that she would permit no evil of any one to be spoken in her presence. Her life was as an open book—an example of Christianity. Yet, in the course of time, a lie, glaring in its atrocity, was associated with her name, and coming to her knowledge, as such things always do, so grieved her that it shadowed her otherwise happy life as long as she lived. There could have been no motive in this case but that of malicious mischief.

The scandal-monger we have ever with us, and doubtless the objectionable presence will be in our midst when the last trumpet sounds. Should there be a survival of the unfittest, the fancy can picture no situation so forlorn as that of two talebearers who have plied their unholy trade vigorously, alive upon this earth when chaos comes and the remainder of their kind have been swept away. Would they, Marius-like, sit amid the ruins and weep? No; they would speedily suicide.

"They say!" It were impossible to estimate the heartaches caused by this inkless publication, which indisputably has the "largest circulation" in the world. This origin of spicy news is a tree of so-called knowledge accessible to all who crave its fruit; a fountain that never runs dry. And the partakers thereof, who sin yet escape punishment, why are they permitted to enjoy unmerited freedom? Perhaps they are a necessary evil. Without them life would be too Arcadian. Indeed, the millennium would be at hand.

We cannot fully appreciate the gymnastic and emotional possibilities of vegetables and cereals, nor what antics they are capable of in their raw and marketable state, until we read, verbatim et literatim, a day's market report. It is then that these humble objects assume vagaries of which the consumer never dreamed. It is instructive reading, too. One is pleased to find that oats are "steady," whereas one had the erroneous impression that they were wild. "Butter strong"—surely that is not exactly a recommendation to purchasers. Further on it is revealed that hay, straw, and millfeed are firm, cheese and potatoes dull, eggs weak, pork quiet, apples fluctuating, onions rising, beans lively, oranges falling, wheat climbing, lemons dropping, tomatoes easy, and corn tumbling. All of which is convincing evidence of the hitherto unsuspected power of edible things.

He begged her for a smile—
One little fleeting look—
And waited patiently the while.
He begged her for one little smile;
And then her head he took
And gently, firmly, with his hand
He jammed it to an iron stand.

He begged her for a smile—
And then he grabbed her chin
And jerked it ceilingward, the while
He still insisted on that smile;
Then drove her hairpins in.
He was not crazy; bless you, no.
Photographers all act just so.

People like new wrinkles in pretty much everything except faces.

Nobody knows why the reformer generally goes away from home to begin work.

OLD GOLD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[So many readers have requested the publication of the following, that we give it below. It appeared in the edition of the London *Punch* for April 22, 1865. *Punch* had, during the war, published many cartoons derogatory to Lincoln and laudatory of the Snuth. In the cartoon which accompanied this poem Britannia was represented as laying a wreath upon the bier of the murdered President. On the opposite page was the poem, from the pen of the brilliant editor, Tom Taylor.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbear's the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend!
Of him, your fellow man.
But draw the veil of charity
About him if you can.
He once was called an honest man
Before sore trial vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow path—
It may be your turn next.

Fainting on the great highway
A suffering soul doth lie;
Go stanch his wound and quench his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by.
God will not brook the swift excuse,
The thoughtless, vain pretext;
A fellow mortal bites the dust—
It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word
Against a person's name;
Oh, bear it not from door to door,
To further hurt his fame!
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember then the text,
To "speak no evil," true or false—
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And it may need more light;
Yet, with fraternal love to all,
May we help the cause of right,
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall
It may be your turn next.

—*Exchange.*

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

There is but one thing to be regretted in connection with the Los Angeles fiesta, and that is that the coronation robe of the fair queen was made in Paris. Perhaps it was impossible to build it elsewhere nearer home on such a magnificent scale, but would it not have been more fitting the occasion that the robe in which one of California's most beautiful women stood to receive the homage of thousands, because she represented our native-born flowers, were the product of at least American if not Californian hands? Surely in all the length and breadth of our land we ought to be able to provide raiment fine enough even for a floral fiesta queen.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

[The following epitaph is to be found upon a slab in Old Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Boston:]

"Stop here, my friend, and cast an eye,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so you will be—
Prepare for death, and follow me."

A young man added in chalk:

"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went."

Son (enthusiastically)—Yes, father, I have fully made up my mind to adopt music as a career. I feel it is the only one in which my soul can find its full expansion.

Father (indignantly)—Very well, sir; if you will persist in your evil courses, instead of following your father in an honest hardware business, let me tell you that, when you have reached the height of your ambition, you needn't come playing before my door expecting to get any coppers."

The beggar had a sign up, "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him. "I'd like to give this man something," he said to his companion, "but how am I to know he is deaf and dumb?" "Read the sign, sir," whispered the beggar, cautiously.

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for quite a quarter of an hour, and at last observed: "There are some things in this world that go without saying." "Yes," said the editor, "and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going."

Mrs. Wickwire sat up and shook her sleeping husband's shoulder vigorously.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"I want you to snore either in soprano, bass, alto, or tenor, and confine yourself to one tone. You keep switching from one to another so rapidly that I can't sleep."

The seven broad galleries opening into the rotunda of the Brown Palace at Denver afford a pretty spectacle at night, all brilliantly lighted, and each with its little group of chatting friends, promenading couples, or isolated "lookers on at Vienna." It seems to remove that sense of cheerlessness and loneliness too common in hotels.

Another Schlatter has been discovered in British Columbia. He is said to effect wonderful cures by the laying on of hands. The latter is not by any means an uncommon method. Parents have been employing it from time immemorial upon the anatomies of their unruly offspring, but the difference lies in the fact that they rarely succeed thereby in effecting any but temporary cures.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer,* Props.

NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

NO WHERE

can such a delicious repast be gotten as we have

NOW HERE.

SWAIN BROS., 213 Sutter St.
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Sparkling Champagne Cider.
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MOVED. We have moved the agency for our Homeopathic Medicines and Supplies to . .

119 Powell Street,

And have appointed MR. WM. A. BROOKS General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

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The Pioneer Homeopathic Pharmacy.
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WM. O. BACON,
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Ripans Tabules: at druggists.

Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high-grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

It is only natural that we should severely condemn wives for running away from their husbands, but sometimes, when we see the pictures of the deserted spouses in the newspapers, we do not feel quite so strongly prejudiced as we did.

OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY INA C. TOMPKINS.

IT IS become quite the fashion to decry the "Woman's Page" in the newspaper. At a recent meeting of the New York Sorosis some of the members declared they never read it. And what wonder—with the caricatures that disfigure it, and the silly stuff that gets printed in it? This means, of course, the "Eastern" papers, and the tiresome syndicate matter.

Nearly everybody writes for print, except the busy home-keeper—she who could tell the reading public many things it ought to know, and which it can never learn any other way; she who, herself, gains rest, knowledge, and inspiration by conference meetings, asking and answering questions, and talking over the many subjects of general interest to women.

Then give attention, ye home-keepers of California and of the whole broad country wherever THE TRAVELER wings its far flight! The prettiest publication on the Pacific Coast has opened the door for us, and we are invited to enter and enjoy the Editor's hospitality. A pleasant "suite of rooms" is set apart, which we may make our very own, furnish according to our liking, and there discuss all questions of interest and importance to home, family, and social life. We may exchange experiences, and thus profit by the mistakes, discoveries, and successes of one another.

As the home, in the all-comprehensive sense of the term, is the chief factor in civilization—indeed, the foundation on which everything in life worth living for is builded—a monthly conference of those who uphold its dignity and purity, and guide it to its highest possibilities, is of greater consequence than political conventions, scientific congresses, and theological symposiums.

Then walk in, mothers, sisters, daughters, fathers, and sons, without further ceremony. The field of thought and action, with the home its center, was never so wide and expanding as it is to-day. And yet the sanctity and sweetness of the "heart's head-quarters" is the same, and therefrom radiates the genial warmth of good cheer, kindled by love and guided by intelligence. It cannot be denied that the more of this atmosphere that gets out into the world in these days of striving and unrest, the better it will be for the people that are in it, and the more happiness will surely follow.

Without its heartsome, healthful influence, woman becomes a wreck, and man lapses into semi-barbarism. Bachelor girls and club men may boast of their approach to it, but they are as far from its genuineness as Alcatraz is from Governor's Island. The home where we tell bed-time stories to little children, and where sons and daughters welcome their young companions, and the halls and parlors ring with merriment; the home which possibly has room only for John and Mary and the children, and they have to "make down a pallet," as the Texans say, if any one comes to stay all night; the home on the broad, handsome avenue, and the lonely cabin on the prairie—we want we need them all.

We believe in the fin de siecle woman as the consummate flower of centuries of civilization, and we know that on the swiftest "wheel" she may chance to ride, she will never get beyond the circle of this saving influence. It is the very fibre of her nature, which will fall asunder only with her final breath.

With these reminders "nailed on the door," the meetings of Our Own Household may become—if the members so will it—the most important and enjoyable part of the mission of THE TRAVELER.

THE FIRST CALLER.

When this department was determined upon, we sent out a few of our carrier pigeons to known friends and patrons, and so are able to present some correspondence in this, our initial meeting. Oddly enough, the first person to cross the newly dedicated threshold is a man—and he brings in poetry! when we asked, explicitly, for prose—a few notes on "bachelor housekeeping" (he is a bachelor). He must have been prying around in his sister's apartments when he found the Easter Hat and his inspiration. It goes, this time, because his verses are not bad, as to rhyme and rhythm, and do show keen observation and an appreciation of the grotesque (the ultra-fashionable spring hat *is* a grotesque thing, and aims to be), but he is warned not to do it again.

WELL KNOWN IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. Thora Photo

HER EASTER HAT.

It is weird and wavy, and, oh, the things
That are piled upon it—wings and wings;
The bangs on the brim are a sight to see.
However 'twas done is a mystery!
A soft braid woven with beads sown in,
That might be silver, or gold, or tin;
They shine like dew in the moonlit grass.
Or crystals under the midnight gas.
There are Persian ribbons, fine and wide,
And every loop has a stiff, inside;
There are blades of green, and films of lace,
And violets bunched about the face;
And gauze and jet, for a dash of black,
Set in like the sails of a fishing smack;
With feathers here and flowers there.
And 'Lisbeth says the thing is sweet,
And her woman friends the words repeat;
And the man that hears it wants to—dare
To speak his mind—of all dear things
That a woman wears, or a poet sings.
Since the world was made, or since the fall,
The Easter Hat is the dearest of all.

Portland, Oregon. COUSIN BEN.

WANTS TO BE A CHARTER MEMBER.

And you say we are to have a "Household" in the pages of the beautiful TRAVELER? And we are all invited in with our questions, and answers, and puzzles, and advice? A little bird flitted in and told me this, and I was so rejoiced I could hardly wipe the china without breaking the handles off the cups. It is a happy thought, and I drop everything to get in among the first, be a charter member, as it were. I am so full of questions, downright, honest, necessary questions, that they are fairly running out the corners of my mouth, but I will only jot down a few of the many.

I want some of the mathematical and calculating sisters to tell me if it is better economy to make over old dresses (especially if you must hire some one to help you) than it is to give them away, and buy new ones, and do with fewer ones.

I have just accomplished the wonderful feat of making two old dresses into one new one, and it has taken me ten precious days—all the odd time I could spare from household duties; and now the result isn't a thing of beauty, and will never be a joy for fifteen consecutive minutes. Of course this query is for people of ordinary means, those who need to "make the most" of everything. Rich folk needn't try to answer.

I want to be told, by one who knows, how to make the best salad, of any kind, that can be quickly done, when a friend drops in for luncheon, for instance.

And I want to know if the antithetical term for "bachelor girl" is "old maid boy." I hope my questions will all be answered right away.

MRS. DOROTHY DWIGHT.

San Francisco.

A WORD OF GOOD CHEER.

Greeting to the Household and its Hostess: I have been thinking about "Women and Responsibility," and want to talk it over with you.

To those women who, by force of necessity, enter the lists of the world, the greatest bugbear of life, the fiercest foe to peace, the surest hastener of age, the most certain snapper up of vital forces is—Responsibility. Forced upon unwilling shoulders, it ends almost invariably by crushing its victim. She who accepts it cheerfully, as so many brave women do, finds that however courageous she may feel herself to be, however stanch, undaunted, and bound to endure—the burden, instead of lessening with the years, grows in weight and size in exact ratio to the awakening of the mental and physical forces in her own nature.

She who must, perforce, carry the load of responsibility, should cultivate a certain elasticity of the spirit which comes in obedience to the exertion of the will. She should study to forget cares entirely, at intervals, by indulging in amusements of a light and pleasing nature.

It is by so doing that she helps the human vessel to right itself, and, while riding the crystal waters of an untroubled sea, allows Time, the skipper, to mend the splintered masts and broken spars; to splice the strained nerves, and bail out what bitter thoughts may have been shipped.

Worry will never help a woman to bear the responsibilities of life. It will take from her strength and add to her burden. Let us put the tired hand in the hand of Hope and catch the light from her starry eyes. We must help ourselves, and every struggle gives us strength. "Blessed be Drudgery," wrote one; it is the only sure foundation for strong building. To grumble is to cast a shadow; to take our tasks into willing hands is to garner sunshine for others.

Dayton, Ohio. EVA BEST.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JUNE, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

COUNTRY PETS.

W. S. Hochstadter photo.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

THE TRAVELER.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

***WM. V. BRYAN,** Editor and Proprietor.*
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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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FROM a recent issue of *The Railway Age*, an old-established and recognized journal devoted exclusively to railway topics, we have clipped the following editorial comment:

Bicycle men and women in Chicago are denouncing a very proper city ordinance which prohibits them from running at night without lighted lamps, claiming that the law is not valid because it does not apply to vehicles of every description. Then with what consistency can wheelmen demand a law which requires railways to carry their vehicles free, and "does not apply to vehicles of every description"? The fact is, the various "leagues" of bicyclists are becoming very impudent in their demands for special privileges and immunities. They demand that property-owners build roads for their convenience, insist that railways shall transport their delicate machines without charge, and pay for them if accidentally damaged, run people down on highways and crossings for the pleasure of "scorching," and constantly violate law and jeopardize the public by speeding their noiseless vehicles at night without lights. There is growing need of legislation to regulate these dangerous uncommon carriers.

There is reason in all things, but in the uncalled-for and unnecessary scathing of the bicycling fraternity in this article we feel that *The Age* has widely departed from the spirit and policy of good sound sense to revile one of the greatest industries of the present age, the development of which has done more for the betterment of good roads throughout the country than any other industry in the world.

The attitude of this very influential journal, read almost exclusively by railway men, at once stamps it as partisan in its views, and it cannot lend an independent voice to the support of any enterprise at all at variance with the business of the great railway systems from which it obtains its sustenance.

No one of common sense will deny the justice of an ordinance requiring lanterns on bicycles at night. It is eminently proper and necessary to avoid accidents; but our criticism of the article is the unwarranted attack on the so-called impudence, arrogance, and aggressiveness of the riders of the wheel who ask for the betterment of our roads and the transportation of their vehicles "for their convenience." Of course it is for their convenience. They don't "demand"

INDEPENDENCE. *Taber photo.*

them, as *The Age* puts it. They have sufficient influence and energy, however, to procure better streets and roadways, and it is indisputable that the greater real benefit arising from the improvements so secured accrues to the very large majority of those who do not know the enjoyment of the bicycle.

As far as the transportation of wheels by railway companies is concerned, we can see no good reason why exception should be taken thereto. They weigh from 20 to 40 pounds each, take little room, are easily handled, and come very far below the maximum of 150 pounds of bulky baggage which is allowed on each full ticket. The comments of our worthy contemporary seem irrelevant, inconsistent, and unwarranted by the facts.

TRUTHFUL CIRCULATION.

THE *American Newspaper Directory*, published in New York, is the officially recognized compendium of information concerning every class and character of papers in the United States. It is acknowledged to be absolutely accurate in the matter of circulation ratings, and a guaranteed rating of any newspaper or periodical appearing in its columns is considered by advertisers as thoroughly reliable. Most of the information they obtain is, of course, secured from the publishers, but the requirements of detail, sworn statements, etc., are so rigorous that when they are complied with the *Directory* backs the accuracy of its information by a reward of $100 for proof of error. The publisher of THE TRAVELER is, therefore, gratified to learn that the following announcement appears in the *American Newspaper Directory* for 1896:

In all the States of the Far West and the Pacific Slope, consisting of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, the largest circulation credited to any publication devoted to transportation and traveling is accorded to *The Traveler*, a monthly, published at San Francisco, Cal., and the publishers of the *American Newspaper Directory* will guarantee the accuracy of the circulation rating accorded to this paper by a reward of $100, payable to the first person who successfully assails it.

This broad and sweeping report, inserted *without charge*, and written by the compilers themselves, is significant because it is arrived at by a *comparison* of the sworn statement of THE TRAVELER with that of its local contemporaries, many of whom *claim* a much larger circulation than THE TRAVELER, but when it comes down to the bare truth, THE TRAVELER is given the position as above quoted.

A CURIOUS law case is reported from Milan. A young lady sued a young man—a perfect stranger—for having kissed her, suddenly and without warning, in the open street. When the case was brought up in court and the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, the fair witness was called to the stand to give her evidence against the accused, but the judge was so struck with her beauty that he instantly acquitted the accused on the ground "that so much loveliness and charm had doubtless proved an irresistible temptation." Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the trial was that, instead of being annoyed at losing her case, the plaintiff was delighted with the verdict, and uttered a friendly farewell to the judge as she left the court beaming with smiles, whilst the accused was heartily applauded as he retired in triumph with his friends.

CALIFORNIA MINES PAST AND PRESENT.

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

LATELY I have been prospecting, not "grub-staking" up near Buzzard's Roost, for instance, nor locating near Keswick, Shasta County, clad in orthodox miner's garb, as illustrated by the James Lick statue, but in old diggings of 1848—the diggings at Coloma, El Dorado County, where gold was discovered in January of that year by James W. Marshall. The time-table of the Southern Pacific Railroad says: "Take the 8:30 A. M. train to Sacramento, via Benicia or Niles, then a branch road, via Shingle Springs, Mud Springs, etc., to Placerville; the next day a stage to Kelsey, Marshall's Home, and a ride from there of five miles to Coloma." That, however, is in 1896—I did not go that way. I went down to a little, straggling, tired sort of wharf, somewhere near the present site of the Occidental Hotel, and took a little river steamer, one of those busy, bustling, fussy stern-wheelers, whose noisy propeller offers a continual apology for its slow progress to Sacramento—Sacramento with neither a Capitol, levees nor population to speak of.

The next day I took a steady ox-team to Mormon Island on the American River, from there traveled to Coloma, and later on I went with Marshall to Kelsey, five miles farther north. Marshall was not a miner; he was a millwright, and I have seen a queer drawing by him giving the positions of the men, and telling what each one was doing when he discovered the nugget. Over the head of each man waves a wordy banner, giving the dialogue that took place when the "find" was announced. Planks cut for mortising, timbers guiltless of perspective, trees impossibly placed, rude figures of the miners, make up the curious old drawing, but it is interesting, as it was Marshall's attempt, however rude, to portray the discovery of that nugget which brought California's prosperity.

Marshall's cabin at Kelsey, where he lived from 1872 to 1885 a poverty-stricken old man, dependent for the last nine years of his life upon the charity of his neighbors, comes into view, and also his shop, where evidences of his fondness for inventions may still be seen, although mementoes have been taken and carried to nearly every parlor of the Native Sons in the State. The irony of fate is shown in the fact that the State pays a man $50 per month for taking care of a monument which has been erected to his memory at Coloma, while he died alone and poor. But there are other places—Shasta, with its little houses clinging like ruined birds' nests to the sides of the canyon; Horsetown, with its own block of stone pavement and its deep well, where, they say, lie many hundreds of ounces of gold; that deserted town south of Webber Lake, whose name I cannot recall, but the vivid recollection of whose grassy streets, empty homes, and tenantless houses, rises like a panorama before my eyes; and Kelsey, with its few pathetic, straggling houses—all tell of past prosperity, all sing in quavering accents of

> "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

But what about the days of '96? Is the mining for gold in California entirely a thing of the past? We do not hear so much of it as we used to; there is not so much of a "boom," but there is a steady growth, which in the last few years has received a great impulse, and capital is being invested, slowly but surely, with full certainty of good returns. At Kelsey, where in 1872 Marshall located and patented the Gray Eagle and the Big Sandy mines, which both paid well, and were then comparatively let alone, a company from St. Louis is now working. They have purchased the Big Sandy and worked it down to the 100 ft. level, it paying so well, even with the machinery limited as it was, that they have just let the contract to sink the shaft 1000 feet deeper, and bought new machinery, new pumping plant, jack-head pump, capable of taking out water and sinking to 1000 feet; and, by the way, there is a greater depth of information about mines than I have ever before been aware of. They blast for this shaft with dynamite, and it is to be a double compartment shaft, fifteen feet by seven and a half, and will look like two elevators placed side by side. This Big Sandy has also a 10-stamp mill. Did you ever see a stamp mill? It sounds very big, but after all it is very simple. There is an oblong box of cast iron or mortar, fifty-four inches long, eighteen inches wide and four feet deep, containing two batteries of five stamps each, and each stamp weighing about 1000 pounds. Over these batteries is a camshaft which rotates, and the cams or curved arms catch the tappet on the stem of each stamp and lift it a certain height, when, rotating, they unhook and the stamp falls by its own weight. The shoe or lower part of the stamp is of steel, and the dies in the bottom of the mortar are also of steel, and the quartz is crushed between them, one stamp crushing two and a half to three tons in twenty-four hours. The ore enters at the back, and after being crushed is splashed through a screen of forty squares to the inch on an apron covered with quicksilver, which retains the gold. But this is all outside the mine. Don't you want to go down? It is not an easy thing to do, because there have been many accidents, and there is always danger, but we will put on the invisible cap which imagination always provides and go in with the miners. The shaft usually follows the trend of the ledge, and where they find a vein of ore they follow it out laterally—this is called a level. We stop at the hundred-foot level, and the lights but faintly illuminate a large chamber, far back among the shadows of which we see men at work with pick and hammer and gad. But we want to go deeper, and again we descend until finally we come to where they are drilling for a blast. Holes about one and one-eighth inches in diameter are drilled in the rock by hand, one man turning the steel drill while the other strikes it with a hammer. The powdered rock is washed away by continually throwing a little water into the hole while the drill is being worked.

These holes vary from one to three feet in depth, acording to the character of the rock. They are then charged with from one to three sticks of dynamite—nice, innocent-looking things they are, and the guide tells us a funny story of a miner who possessed a dog which had such a talent for being in the way that not the hint but a kick was necessary to show him his place. That dog ate some sticks of dynamite, and Jenkins, the miner, didn't ever dare to kick him again. This dynamite is ignited by a dynamite cap on the end of a fuse, a spark causes the cap to explode, and this in turn, by the jar, explodes the dynamite.

But some one asks—"Do you work all the time?" And the mining superintendent—he knows all about the mine, and the Idaho in particular—said, "Yes"; and then we listened while he told us that the men worked in eight-hour shifts, and each shift was in charge of a foreman, over whom was a mining superintendent, who in turn reported to the general superintendent, who had charge of both mine and mill. It was less expensive to work all the time than to let the fires go out and then set everything going again. We then remembered having received a letter from a mining acquaintance in Cripple Creek, relative to miners' wages, and we asked what were the wages paid. "Two dollars and a half a day," he replied, "but in some places where the miners' associations are strong they keep up the pay to four dollars per day, as in the Comstock." "How much does the rock pay per ton?" I inquired, feeling that that was the proper thing to ask, after I had gotten well out of the cage and was daring to breathe freely. "Different prices," was his reply, and so I made out a sort of sliding scale between $20 a ton and $500 a ton, and mentally adjusted the mines thereto. Mountain Mine, recently equipped, is paying well, Redding alone receiving $10,000 a month from there in trade.

THE CAGE.

THE 1700-FOOT LEVEL.

PROSPECTING.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

W. V. B.

AS we go to press we leave behind us the remembrance of really the first indication of summer weather. We have been waiting for it for weeks, but only within the past week have our hopes been realized, and with its advent appears the summer girl and the young man with colored shirt, tan shoes, and straw hat. Don't you know, there is something fascinating about hot weather. With us it is always in midsummer when the humdrum of business has materially ceased. A time for merry-making, for the abandonment of worldly cares. We have been through the social duties of the winter. Perhaps we have averaged from two to three nights a week when we have retired about 1 A. M., and the most delicate of the votaries of society and pleasure are stimulated by nothing else than the fever of excitement. What a blessing it is that we have the sanction of the Four Hundred to a summer outing, and that their devotion to their secular duties allows us an interregnum for the Queen of Gaiety during Lent. It is indeed considerate. The latter intermission is of course from purely religious motives; the former emanates from the trite maxim "Variety is the spice of life." However, they both serve their purpose to a certain extent. During Lent it is uncommon to see the announcement of a large gathering of any kind, but the inordinate desire for pleasure is gratified in other directions, which, perhaps, are quite as enjoyable as the dance and reception, mostly from the fact that they form a diversion.

When it comes to a sojourn in the country, how many people know just where they want to go? Of course if it is a matter of relieving and curing any particular ailment it is by no means difficult to ascertain what section of the State, or what character of mineral springs will benefit them most. But as a rule, most people go to the seaside or the springs or the mountains with a general idea of taking a good rest. They have nothing particular the matter with them, but they think it a good plan to indulge in waters that are pronounced good for certain disabilities.

Speaking of springs and mountain resorts, let me say a word just here. What is the use of going to a place which has all mineral springs and no amusements; and what is the use of going to a resort which has all amusements and no springs or climate? You can get them both if you look around a little. There are lots of places in California where the owners have had sufficient sense to provide entertainments in connection with the inducements offered for the use of their mineral waters. For example, let me site you a few places in different parts of the State. They comprise all different kinds of climate, location, altitude, character of amusements and recreation, and should afford a choice selection. In doing so please bear in mind that the mention of these places is not paid for: it is not an advertisement but for your own benefit only.

Take Highland Springs for instance, which is about seven hours' ride from San Francisco. Located in the mountains of Lake County, completely landlocked, it is one of the most enjoyable and picturesque resorts in the State. Some thirty odd springs of different analyses are in constant use here, and guests are permitted the free use of mineral baths. If you want to have a real good time, you will not regret a visit to Highland.

There are many other beautiful resorts on the line of or reached by the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, more familiarly known as the "Donohue Route." It taps nearly all the spas of Sonoma, Lake, and Mendocino counties, which are well known as containing some of the finest mineral springs in the world.

IN THE REDWOODS SONOMA COUNTY. W. S. Hedstadter photo.

To the south of us there are many charming nooks Where can you find a more delightful climate than that at San Jose in the summer season? Its convenience of access to San Francisco is likewise an inducement to many a business man, and the well-known Hotel Vendome is liberally sought for that reason. The beautiful grounds are somewhat tropical in appearance, and the table is beyond criticism. Many a ride can be taken from San Jose to Santa Clara, New Almaden, Mount Hamilton, and the Lick Observatory, etc.

In this same section there is the Congress Springs at Saratoga. It has recently come under new management, and some twenty thousand dollars have been recently spent in improvements on the place. Mountain Home, a quiet retreat in the mountains of Santa Clara County, is another resort that should not be lost sight of. Many people do not care for the excitement incident to the larger places. Here is a modest little villa where all variety of amusements may be had, all kinds of sports at hand, good living, comfort and enjoyment in the full sense of the word.

It would be an unfortunate omission in speaking of the resorts south of San Francisco to leave out the famous Paraiso Springs of Monterey County. There are probably no springs in the State of California that are better known than Paraiso. Situated only six miles from Soledad Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, it occupies an eminence above the valley of one thousand feet. It is completely landlocked, and free from both winds and fogs. If you want to go to the springs for a rollicking, exciting time, don't go to Paraiso. It isn't that kind of a place. There are lots of people there—jolly people, too, and they have their numerous amusements in a thoroughly enjoyable and sensible manner It isn't a case of staying up every night till one o'clock to dance the last waltz with the prettiest girl on the floor. The Four Hundred do not hold sway here, but they come and enjoy themselves. The baths at Paraiso are delightful. Both the soda and sulphur plunges are as fine as any in the world. This year a large swimming tank has been built, affording an additional diversion.

Now, in conclusion, I wish to add again that THE TRAVELER'S Bureau is established for the convenience of our readers. It furnishes absolutely free, either at the counter or by mail, information about any hotel or resort in the State. We have here all the pamphlets of the different resorts, and you are welcome to them if you will take the trouble to call at the office, No. 314 Post Street, opposite Union Square.

FROM INDIA TO KASHMIR.

DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.

WHAT a world of sentiment centers round the magic word Kashmir! Once the favorite theme of the poet, immortalized by Moore in Lalla Rookh, now the summer retreat of the Indian official and sportsman, the home of the ibex, the markhor and the varagingh; formerly the beloved retreat of the great Mogul Emperors Akbar, Jehan, and Aurungzebe, and their favorite queens, now a retreat for the lucky minority of Anglo-Indians who can afford to escape thither from the deadly heat and miasma of the Indian plains 5000 feet below. It teems with flowers and fruit, and under its shady chenar trees and over its innumerable canals and lakes it offers matchless opportunities for a picnic life of infinite variety and fascinating charm.

Arrived at Rawalpindi, the great military center of Northwest India, situated on a plateau 1700 feet above sea-level, the traveler finally bids adieu to the iron horse and places himself and his gripsack in a two-wheeled hill cart euphoniously called *tonga*.

From a hygienic point of view the tonga is an admirable invention. Either by accident or design, one of the two ponies harnessed thereto invariably trots while the other gallops. The result is a series of violent oscillations about the medial axis, now together and again disjointed, which results in a thorough shaking up of every organ of the traveler's body, extending even to the most torpid of livers.

Five hours of this accomplishes more than pounds of podophyllin, and, coupled with the bracing air as he

THE HILL TONGA.

ascends to 7000 feet, rouses an unwonted appetite on arrival.

Few persons besides Anglo-Indians can realize all that is meant by that little rise from the hot plains of India, in May, to the cool air of Murree. There are many worse places in the world than Pindi, as it is usually called, but the change in a few hours from Pindi, in May, with the thermometer at a mean of 90 degrees, to Murree, with only 67, is alone worth all the jolting, and gives the traveler a foretaste of the temperate climate he is about to enjoy in Kashmir, amidst scenery unsurpassed by that of Switzerland, and in a country still unspotted by the vulgarian globe-trotter or besmirched by the manufacturing fiend.

On one side it faces the arid Punjab plains, while on the other we gaze down the valley of the Jhelum 5000 feet below, up to the frowning portals of the Kashmir paradise, which open out between the snow-fringed wall of the Pir Paujal and Kanj Nag guardian ranges.

Imprisoned on all sides by snowy walls 13,000 feet high, untraversed except by one or two passes of 11,000 feet elevation, one line alone of moderate elevation and easy access leads into this wonderful valley—the long and narrow defile through which the River Jhelum winds its way to meet and join the mighty Indus.

No sea-girt island is more isolated from neighboring lands than this continental oasis, and it is this very geographical isolation which has impressed such stereotyped characteristics upon its peculiar inhabitants. Starting from Murree for Kashmir is quite an undertaking, apart from the length of the journey, since there are no hotels, and no accommodation of any sort, besides tents, is procurable in Kashmir, except in the season at Gulmarg, the summer residence of the British resident and the Grinagar elite. Consequently an entire tabernacular outfit and all the hundred and one necessaries of tent life, including pots and pans, have to be carried in. These are usually sent in from Rawalpindi on bullock carts or camels a fortnight ahead of the passengers, since, though the distance to Baramulla, at the entrance to the Kashmir Valley, is only 150 miles, these delightfully leisurely modes of transport only accomplish about ten miles a day on an average, the bullock cart frequently spending a whole day in unloading to cross a stream whose bridge has been torn away by a freshet, while the camel, not infrequently, tumbles over the side of the road, which necessitates the bed of the river being dredged to recover the lost property.

AN AWKWARD CORNER.

After fixing the remaining personal effects, chiefly along the sides of our tonga, as is shown in the picture, we leave Murree and dash down the Kashmir road, which at first descends steadily along the steep sides of the Jhelum Valley from 7000 to only 2000 feet above sea-level. The views along this part of the road are very grand, as we whirl round sharp corners and gaze down thousands of feet into the abyss, at the bottom of which the rock-tossed Jhelum thunders, so far off that we cannot as yet hear the music which will soon be our constant companion day and night. After thirty miles we reach Kohala, where, at a comfortable rest-house, we are again reminded of our geographical position and level by the punkahs in the rooms, and the long chairs in the veranda, and we unconsciously find ourselves converting the 3000 feet of altitude to be climbed up again before we reach the Kashmir Valley, into degrees of temperature to be subtracted from the somewhat tropical warmth into which we have suddenly plunged.

A fine bridge which has here been constructed across the Jhelum marks the boundary between the British and the Kashmir territories—a bridge, probably unique in the world in possessing two toll gates, one on the British side, where the sum of one rupee is demanded for the British section of the road, and the other, on the Kashmir side, where two rupees and a half is extorted to keep up the road for which the Maharaja is held responsible. The Maharaja probably does his best to literally *keep up* the road, but the heavy rains and the difficult nature of the country often let it down in sections of half a mile or so, or a bridge collapses, at which the travelers have to get out and walk across a plank while the ponies are taken out and the tonga dragged through the stream by coolies. These incidents have to be borne philosophically. Impatience is of no avail. The hill coolie's modicum of brain disappears altogether under a torrent of abuse, and only a willing collaboration and employment of quiet direction on the part of the traveler will be of any assistance and tend to abbreviate the ordeal.

Occasionally a corner will be met where instead of blasting away the side of the rock it has been found more economical to build the road out from the face on a bracket of wooden beams like a veranda. Rather nasty when viewed from beneath, but in reality quite as safe, if not safer, than many other parts of the road where, owing to the soaking in of rain water, the entire embankment is in danger of slipping bodily into the river below.

The road, it must be remembered, is quite new, having only been opened about five years, and since it, perforce, follows a river defile for over one hundred miles through a country exposed to the full force of the summer monsoon, its engineering in the first place and its subsequent preservation have both been carried out in the face of extraordinary obstacles. Before its construction the route via the Jhelum Valley was merely a mule track, the only alternatives being the very rough track over the Pir Paujal, 11,000 feet elevation, and the private route from Jammu, forbidden to all Europeans and every one unconnected with the Maharaja's private circle. When, therefore, one is tempted to exclaim against the worries of the way, it is well to consider what difficulties had to be encountered aforetime, and be grateful that in the present year of grace it is possible not only to drive but even to cycle into Srinagar, provided one takes chances as to a third of the road being under repair. Proceeding from Kohala, the road for the most part follows every wind of the river, and the hills on either side grow grander and steeper, but still clothed with every variety of greenery nearly to their tops. Good rest-houses are passed at Dolai, Domail, Ghari, Uri and Rampur, at all of which the traveler can obtain as good accommodation and refreshment as at any first-class dak bungalow in India, or country inn in Europe. At Uri, which is rather more than half way, a fine large bungalow has been built in the center of a plateau, where one can obtain excellent rooms, good wine and even pate de foie gras. The scenery round Uri is magnificent, and comprises peeps at the snowy tops of the Pir Paujal range, on the other side of which lies the famous valley. From here on the road ascends, the air gets more bracing, and the valley widens out into beautiful grassy meads surrounded by fir-clad slopes

BARAMULLA BOATMEN.

like those of Switzerland, while the sparkling streams flowing down the side gullies keep everything marvelously green and fresh. The wonder now begins to grow, and subsequent revelations carry one back to the fairy tale of Alladin and the wonderful lamp.

HOW TO WRITE UP A SOCIETY BALL.

GERALD GIBSON.

IT is surprising that the New York daily papers that report society events do not display more enterprise. True, the names of the ladies who attend balls are given, and their clothes, at least their outside garments, are described with considerable minuteness, but why stop there? After the average reader has received that much information, he naturally yearns for more. After being told what a lady puts on the outside, many readers would like to know what she puts inside. Why not publish what each lady ate for supper, how much of it she ate, and how it agreed with her? If we should ever be called upon to report a society ball, we will instruct our society reporter to do it in the following style, which we commend to the metropolitan daily press:

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin wore a handsome costume of pearl-white satin and wool. The dress was made dancing length, with bouffant sash drapery. She got away with two plates of chicken soup, and gracefully threw herself outside of three or four pounds of boiled redsnapper a la Hollondaise, which she moistened copiously with a pint of Haut Sauterne. Miss Longcoffin is a good feeder. She did good work about the vegetables. Her favorite legumes are pommes de terre and boiled cabbage. Esmeralda knows what is good when she smells it, and then she makes wholesale investments.

Miss Birdie McGinnis wore light blue satin, the sides of the dress being panels of blue brocade. The train was long and square, and bunches of mermet and nephetos roses were in her hair and corsage. On the inside she was lined with canned termatesses, pie with sauce Italienne, clams, beer, galeaux assortis, and other bric-a-brac. Miss Birdie bites off a good deal, but never more than she can chew. Her powers of digestion are calculated to excite the envy of an ostrich.

Mrs. Colonel Percy Yerger was regally clad in black velvet. The dress was a princesse, with round court train. The corsage was square, and she wore a necklace of diamonds and turquoises, with a large pendant solitaire. At head and shoulders were bunches of ostrich feathers, silvered, and clusters of diamonds fastened the bows of velvet ribbon on the shoulder. She created much devastation among the asperges au beurre and pickles, having previously hidden away under her corsage five petits pates a la Parisienne. She got stalled on her third plate of sauerkraut. Mrs. Yerger didn't do justice to herself on this occasion. She was unwell, but subsequently rallied and toyed with the charlotte russe, but evidently she had lost her grip.

Mrs. Judge Peterby wore a dress of pale pink China silk, diamond necklace and bracelets, with a Marie Antoinette collar, and trimmed with pink mermet roses and clusters of ostrich plumes. She went home before the entertainment was half over. Mrs. Peterby would never indulge in mixed pickles to excess. They contain copper and are unhealthy at this season of the year.

Mrs. Schaumburg wore pale pink striped satin over a skirt of white tulle, draped and held in place by clusters of roses. Across the breast was hung a chain of magnificent diamonds, and solitaires glistened in her ears and hair. She excited considerable comment by the rapidity and ease with which she stowed away slabs of cold ham. Rebecca made it hot for the cold ham.

Some captious critics may contend that this style of reporting leans just a little toward vulgarity. They are right. That is the direction in which the daily press is inclined to lean, and in reporting not only what clothes ladies wear, but also what they eat, we claim a scoop on the society editor of the New York daily papers. We strive to excel.

MRS. FRANCES B. EDGERTON. *Taber photo.*

A beautiful and accomplished society woman, and the exponent of Delsarte and physical culture in San Francisco. She is a graduate of both the Boston and Philadelphia schools of oratory, has enjoyed the advantage of a residence abroad and extensive travel. She is an enthusiast on the subject of physical culture and an authority on good social form.

FIRED AT 10:30.

CHARLES REED.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House last night. He was an active young man, with Hibernian type of countenance, and large, horny hands, about the size of hams. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him.

On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Oi am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson; "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dhirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room. "It's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake. Let me explain!"

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, as he rushed him toward the stairs; "we're on to ye! The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking, and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned, panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhirty blackguard, Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him! Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By-the-great-horn-spoon!" gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No. 40; fire at 10:30."

HOW IT IS DONE.

ANON.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip, and Ferdinand, and——"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name. George."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing; I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there, George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobble for?"

"'Pon my word, I didn't, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

The late Alexander Dumas wrote: "Love at twenty is an inspiration, at thirty a habit, at forty a piece of politeness, at fifty a recollection, at sixty an insult." An earlier author classed it: "At twenty love is a passion, at forty an art, and at sixty a vice."

SHIPS OF THE SEA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

MORE potent histories have never been written, no fantasies imagined that are more weird, no tragedies enacted more terrible, and no sadder stories shaped by human lives than those which go down in the sea in ships, or which are torn shred from shred or link from link as the old hulks are stripped of their rigging when their days of service and usefulness are past.

The practical person who wanders over these relics of other days thinks, perhaps, of the money they made for their owners, or the loss they represent in their present condition; the imaginative person regards them as decaying monuments to a glorious "Has Been," and sees something pathetic in their decadence; he looks with a feeling of awe at the massive timbers; views the great frames with regret that their usefulness is over; and gazes with a little curiosity at the faded and frayed specimens of humanity who have found a shelter on the hulks, if there still remains a possibility of shelter; and, if not, he peers through gaping holes in the rotting bottoms at the mud and ooze which cause a shudder at the thought of a misstep.

In the Oakland estuary are a number of these old vessels, some of them hardly more than fragmentary

AWAITING THEIR FATE.

shapes, their previous condition being entirely a matter of conjecture, as there remains nothing but the broken shell to give a hint of what they might once have been. Even the names have been effectually obliterated by the elements, and queries put to the masters of the shipyards, and old water-front hangers-on, alike, men who have kept pace with the changes of twenty years and more in these parts, receive the same unsatisfactory response delivered with the same negative shake of the head.

"I dunno wat she might 'ave been: she's been like that, only not so bad, mebbe, ever since I've knowed her," is what the oid tars say. And that is all. A veritable haunting ghost of the past. A slowly rotting hulk that was once freighted with human beings bearing their quota of joy and sorrow, indifference, satisfaction or defiance; lives bowed down, perhaps, by cares, souls warped by crimes, or happy hearts crushed by tragedies. Poor Jack! how little of real sentiment does the thought of his barren life awaken, and yet his troubles and joys are more real than ours because the variety in his life is so much less.

An immense iron hulk lies in the Oakland creek, showing on its exterior the marks of fire. This is what is left of the magnificent steamer "Eastern Oregon," built in the Cramp shipyards about fourteen years ago for the Willamette Valley Railway Company. She was one of the first twin propellers built, but she failed to come up to the contract as she drew too much water, consumed too much fuel, and did not attain a satisfactory rate of speed, so the railway company refused to accept her.

A suit at law was instituted and finally the steamer was sold at auction, being purchased by the Oregon Improvement Company for $80,000. They put her on the Alaska route, but while in port at Seattle, after a successful trip, three years ago, she caught fire and was so badly burned that it was deemed unwise to attempt to repair the damages, so she was towed to the estuary where she has remained ever since. Recently, however, she was purchased by a company, the price paid being $5,000. Her engines, which are remarkably fine ones, will be removed, and she will be reconstructed as a five-masted schooner to be used in the lumber trade. To such an end has one magnificent steamer come in a comparatively short time.

Another old hulk, which may be seen at her moorings at the foot of Broadway, Oakland, when she is not in transit across the bay or loading coal on the other side, is all that is left of the splendid three-masted schooner, "Courser," which, at one time, plied between San Francisco and Australia, carrying lumber there and returning laden with coal. Her career was eventful, and once she was so long overdue that she was given up for lost, and her insurance money was paid; at another time she was on her way down from the North loaded with lumber, and when just outside the heads a gale struck her, the lumber shifted, and she capsized. Tugs towed her in, when she was raised, patched up, deprived even of her masts, and consigned to the useful but rather ignominious business, considering her former career, of carrying coal. Her motive power is now a tidy little tug.

At the shipyards near the old narrow-gauge landing lies an ancient shell in a state of innocuous desuetude. Nothing is left of her but the rotting frame, and it seems as if every tide must wash the gaping timbers apart; yet once this was an immense steam schooner, the "Protection," well known to all old water-front men. She, too, was engaged in the lumber trade, but was wrecked on the Oregon coast while en route southward. She was patched up sufficiently to continue on her way with the aid of a tug, but on investigation the damage was found to be considerable. The owners scornfully refused an offer of $2,000 for her and moored her in the creek awaiting a better offer. This was years and years ago, and when it was found that her fate was sealed her machinery was removed to another vessel and she was left to decay.

Near the remains of the "Protection" is moored the skeleton of the "Mary Ann"; she was built in 1856 in an Eastern shipyard, and for thirty years was employed as a tow-boat over the Columbia River bar. Eight years ago new engines were put into her, but it was soon afterward found that her hull was beginning to spring, so she, too, was brought to the ship's graveyard and laid aside. Her engines were recently removed to the new steamer "Kodiak," built for the Alaska Improvement Company, and unless somebody comes along who thinks it worth while to spend a lot of money on the "Mary Ann," she, too, will soon be nothing but a useless hulk.

"THE BOUNDING BILLOW." *Marshall photos.*

A queer looking vessel lies out in the estuary, that is certainly an anomaly. It is neither one thing or the other, and old sailors regard her with scornful glances. This is the "Thistle," which belongs to the Alaska Cannery Association. She was originally used as a tow-boat on the bar in Bristol Bay. She has a propeller in each end and decks which slant from

"WIZARD," "WATER WITCH," AND "NEPTUNE."

amidships toward the ends instead of toward the sides. The steamer was built in this peculiar manner so that when struck by heavy seas and turned completely around, as often happened when on the bar, she could proceed just the same, and the water, which swept over the decks, would immediately run off again. However, the plan of construction, while all right in theory, was not successful in practise, and the "Thistle" is to be renovated and made into an ordinary small steamer to be used as a reserve boat by the cannery company.

Perhaps no vessel has a better record than the stanch old whaler, the "Bounding Billow," which lies in the creek near the Alameda broad-gauge bridge. "Do you know anything about the 'Bounding Billow'?" I asked that well-known old whaler, Captain Hallet, not long ago.

"That I do," he answered; "and so does every whaler in the country. Why, some years ago it seemed as if we spoke the 'Bounding Billow' in every cruise; sometimes among the icebergs of the North, and again among the sperm whales of the South. It seemed to me as if that vessel was about everywhere at the same time."

She is a bark, and was built at Chelsea, Mass., in 1854, of live oak, copper bottomed. She registers 240 tons, is 119 feet in length, and something over 27 feet wide, with a depth of 12 feet. Built originally as a fruiter to ply between the West Indies and Eastern ports, she was, in 1874, transformed into a whaler and sent around the Horn to cruise in the Arctic, whither she went annually for six successive years. In 1880 she went into Southern waters after sperm whales, and in 1888, under Captain Charles H. Fuller, made the best record ever made by a whaler, having captured nine bowheads. In 1894 she was removed from service, and a few weeks ago was sold for $175. Since then her davits and lookout cage have been taken down and she has lost much of the attraction which her appearance as a "real truly" whaler presented. What her ultimate fate will be is yet a question. Near her lies another old-timer, the "Alaska," which is said to have been the most successful whaler ever launched.

A queer looking group of vessels may be seen with their prows deep in the mud of the Alameda side of the estuary, and the nearer one approaches to them the stranger they look. Close inspection reveals such well-known names as the "Water Witch," the "Wizard," and the "Neptune," and the mind reverts to past years when these were the best-known tugs on the Bay, flitting hither and thither as their assistance was called for; now they are taking a rest, not exactly "done up in flannel," but in a variety of other things that make a most grotesque appearance. Canvas, matting, and old burlap are all called into requisition to protect the timbers from the action of the sun, and the result is a something which bears a resemblance to a mummified boat.

RESIDENCES OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Queen of the United Kingdom has five residences, of which three are official and national, while two are her own private property. The oldest, greatest, and noblest of them all is Windsor Castle, which has been called "the most royal of royal residences." Windsor was certainly inhabited by William the Conqueror and other Norman kings, and the mound on which the Round Tower stands dates back to the Saxon period. The Round Tower, or keep, is the most striking and conspicuous portion of the Castle, for from its top floats the Royal Standard. It is the official residence of the Constable of Windsor. The Lower Ward was built by Henry III., and the great chapel of St. George was designed for Edward IV., but has since been entirely renovated and rendered most gorgeous. In the choir of the chapel are the banners of the Knights of the Garter, the oldest order of chivalry in existence. Several kings and queens are buried in the chapel, but there are no monuments to any royal personage later than James I.

The Upper Ward is entered by the "Norman" gate, which was designed by Wyatville for George IV. The outside is from the design by Wyatville, but the inside of the gate is very ancient. When the Court is not at Windsor, certain apartments in the north part of the Upper Ward may be visited by the public. In the State apartments, the Classical and Gothic styles are somewhat intermixed, but the woodwork and metalwork are of exquisite design and finish. The Park attached to Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England, and comprises nearly all that remains of the great Berkshire forest of King Harold's days. The Home Park is joined by an avenue of elms called the Long Walk to another great stretch of woodland. The elms were planted by Charles II., and, being now two hundred years old, are beginning to show signs of age. The Great Park contains an ornamental lake called Virginia Water, where are some curious mock ruins, made up of real Roman pillars brought from Tunis.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle, ancient as much of it is, and vast as is its extent (its buildings occupy twelve acres) is a palace first and a castle afterwards, and in this respect is unlike the Tower of London, which has been a royal residence, but is really a castle or a fortress.

It is a curious thing that the official designation of the British Court—the Court of St. James—should be taken from the dullest and dreariest of the royal palaces. Indeed, the Palace was originally a small almshouse for decayed ladies, and was called the Hospital of St. James. In 1531, the Hospital was surrendered to King Henry VIII., and the nuns were pensioned off, their domain becoming St. James's Park. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., added much to the structure, and kept up a large establishment in it. Charles I. spent a good deal of his married life at St. James's, and most of his children were born there. It is built of red brick, much blackened by the smoke of London, and, though levees and receptions are sometimes held there, it is a dull-looking place.

A much more extensive and commodious residence is Buckingham Palace, near Victoria Station, in the heart of London. The site of the Palace was bought in 1703 by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who erected on it a house in the prevailing style of the day—of red brick with stone dressings, and having the wings joined to the center by curved colonnades. It was a charming residence, which George II. tried in vain to buy from the Duke's mother, who lived in it after her son's death. In 1761, George III. succeeded in buying it, and had a new front built from designs by Wyatt. George IV. pulled it down, and transferred its splendid collection of books mainly to the library of the British Museum, building on its site a new palace from designs by Nash. Queen Victoria had a chapel erected and made other improvements. A ballroom and concert-room were added, and, to increase the accommodation for the royal family, a new court was built. But, though the structure is somewhat imposing from its size, the style of the architecture is poor, and much of the ornament is meaningless. Its facade is unworthy of a great nation, and ought to be rebuilt in stone or marble.

The houses of Grosvenor Place overlook the Palace garden, though the ground on which they stand might have been bought for one hundred thousand dollars at the beginning of the reign of George III.

The ballroom of the Palace is very large, but has little to recommend it except its size, for its decorations are somewhat tawdry. The best apartment is the throneroom, the door of which opens onto a fine staircase. The picture gallery contains some good Dutch pictures, and the library some interesting portraits of the royal family and of distinguished Englishmen.

The Royal Mews, as the stables and coachhouses attached to the Palace are called, contain the State coach, about forty carriages, a riding-school, and many handsome horses.

As a private person, Queen Victoria owns two residences, Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland, and Osborne House in the Isle of Wight. The property of which Her Majesty's Balmoral estate forms part, originally belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey, who sold it to the Earl of Fife. In 1848, the Prince Consort leased it, and four years afterwards bought it for $160,000. The Castle was built at the Prince's private expense, and cost about half a million dollars. It stands on gravelly soil on a level space, on the banks of the Dee, which sweeps round it in a semi-circle. Immediately round it are lawns and pleasure grounds; in the distance are bare, rugged rocks. The Castle, being built of granite obtained from a neighboring quarry, and in the Scotch baronial style, harmonizes with the landscape. Owing to the hardness of the material, there is little carving or ornament, but the structure, whether in sunlight or in the softer radiance of the moon, looks always bright and clean. Its most important feature is the massive square tower, which, with its corner turrets, is visible at a great distance. Balmoral commands fine views, and the surrounding region has many historical associations.

On the river-bank opposite to the Castle is the little village of Crathie, at the parish church of which the Queen attends divine service. The manse is near the river, and in the country churchyard beside it rest many of the Queen's faithful servants. Many families reside on the estate, and the Queen manifests great interest in their welfare, attending baptisms, funerals, and other occasions of grief or rejoicing. It is not among the humble folk living round Balmoral that one finds anarchists and king-haters; they all respect and love the Queen, and take a kind of proprietary interest in the members of her family.

The apartments of the Queen and the royal family occupy three sides of a quadrangle, the rest of the buildings containing offices and rooms for servants and officials. The ballroom is in the center of the building, and the dining and drawing rooms, the billiard-room, and the library, are on the ground-floor. The rooms occupied by the Prince Consort are still sacredly kept in the condition in which they were in his lifetime; they command a fine view of a deer-forest, where he secured many a noble stag. The Queen's rooms look up the valley of the Dee toward Braemar. They are simply furnished, the furniture being made of fine-grained ash, and the carpets and hangings chiefly of the Royal Stuart tartan. Scotch symbols, such as the thistle, are much used in the internal decoration of the rooms. The pictures are mainly steel engravings of Landseer's works, and of pictures representing royal weddings and other family events. There are also many photographs of members of the royal family and several of the Queen's drawings. The writing-table in the Queen's sitting-room is covered with books, papers, and photographs of her relations, and on another table are several dispatch-boxes. On the writing-table stands a fine painting of the Prince Consort, and not far off is a large photograph of the Duchess of Kent.

The Queen regards Balmoral as a quiet retreat from the ceremonial of court life at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, and visits it in the spring and autumn of each year. The suite in attendance is reduced to the smallest possible number, and consists of a lady-in-waiting, two maids of honor, a cabinet minister, an equerry, a secretary, and a physician.

The Queen lives a simple and regular life at her Highland home. All her mornings are devoted to the transaction of public work and the duties of her sovereign position. She is an efficient and methodical worker, and by no means the idle woman that people commonly suppose a queen to be. In the afternoon she either walks in the grounds or takes a long drive; frequently she pays visits to the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood. She is fond of the open air, and often reads or writes at a table set under the shade of a tree. She has climbed to the tops of several of the hills that surround Balmoral, and often brings home from a long ramble ferns or mosses to decorate the dining-table. In the evening old Scotch entertainments are given to the Castle servants and their friends. The Queen herself attends the gatherings, and encourages all present to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

Near Cowes, a watering-place in the Isle of Wight, and the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club, is Osborne House, the Queen's marine residence. It is Italian in design, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and terraces. Its most striking feature is a flagstaff, one hundred feet in height.

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

COMMANDING a view of the town and harbor, and occupying a picturesque site at the head of the valley, stands the old Spanish Mission of Santa Barbara, its white walls and twin towers boldly outlined against the rocky slopes of the Santa Inez Mountains, while far below it sparkle the ultra-marine waters of the placid bay.

The church is nearly a century old, having been completed in 1820, and is said to be the best preserved of all the California missions, as well as the only one that has never been without a Franciscan friar.

It is now in charge of about a dozen Fathers, arrayed in long, coarse brown robes, with a cowl and a girdle of knotted rope; while their feet are shod in sandals, their faces clean-shaven, and their hair cropped close to the head.

Sight-seers naturally gravitate in this direction; and our party was not behind in its exhibition of interest.

Following the windings of the pretty country road, we made a final turn at an old orchard and the ruins of a stone fountain, and dismounted at the long wing of the building, where, opening off a wide corridor, supported by large stone pillars and furnished with a row of prison-like windows, are the dormitories and living-rooms of the priests.

Here we were greeted by genial old Father Fox, with whom, after some delay, was made a tour of the vicinity.

While biding his time we amused ourselves by reading the names ruthlessly scribbled by tourists all over the adobe walls, and by chatting with a group of black-eyed urchins squirming their bare feet into the dust in the sunshine.

As with our guide we climbed the cracked, grass-grown stone steps leading to the facade, our attention was directed to another venerable monk, with cowl well drawn up over his shining bald head, and a carpenter's white canvas apron tied securely about his ample waist, frantically endeavoring to scale a fence in order to feed a bleating calf from a basket of greens carried on his arm, and we longed for a Kodak to immortalize the scene.

Within, the church is dimly lighted by half a dozen small, high-set windows, and a peculiar mustiness pervades the atmosphere. The floor is of hard cement, worn smooth by the tread of many worshipers, and the walls are composed of huge blocks of sandstone, nearly six feet in thickness, and plastered with adobe.

At the end of the long nave is the "high altar," enclosed in a low wooden railing and adorned with tall brass candlesticks, crucifixes, altar cloths, large statues of saints, and artificial paper and tinsel flowers. In the right-hand corner is the tomb of Garcia Diego, the first Bishop of California; and over a Latin inscription to his memory hangs his queer official hat.

MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

On the walls of the sanctuary are a number of good-sized oil paintings, vividly representing such awe-inspiring subjects as "Inferno," "The Crucifixion," and "The Day of Judgment," as well as less harrowing scenes of "The Assumption" and "The Coronation of the Virgin."

Most of these, together with smaller specimens, were sent from Spain at the founding of the mission, very early in the century, while other pictures of saints and apostles, added within the last twenty-five years, are the work of the Mission Indians of this section.

An excellent copy of Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," suspended below the dark choir-gallery, is said to have been painted by an artist in Los Angeles.

In the middle of the right wall is a massive double door, a step or two below the pavement, and ornamented above the arch by three grinning human skulls and their accompanying cross-bones, set into the solid masonry.

Through these portals we were conducted into a small secluded cemetery, where, in graves and wooden vaults, overgrown with tall grasses and straggling vines and rose bushes, rest the bones of numerous pious Fathers and their dusky Indian flock.

After inspecting the sacristy, with its quaint old chests of drawers filled with vestments, and examining a couple of shrines or chapels and some mysterious confessionals, we were next led through a glass door on to the porch of the cloister-garden, a quiet, sunny enclosure of about half an acre, where the Fathers spend their leisure hours working among their flower-beds, or resting and meditating on the benches in the shade of the corridor.

Beyond the steps of the vine-shaded veranda no woman is allowed to enter, a single exception having once been made on the visit of Princess Louise.

Within these sacred precincts flourish the palm and the "Spanish bayonet," the scarlet passion-vine and the ruby pomegranate, the fig, the Mission grape, the luscious orange and nectarine, and the olive, the emblem of peace.

Dark masses of ivy relieve the whiteness of the walls, and in the center is a circular fountain, with potted plants arranged around its broad stone rim.

A number of snowy doves were strutting and cooing on the ancient, red-tiled church-roof, and orioles, linnets and humming birds fluttered fearlessly from tree to tree; while out of one of the broad tropical leaves of the banana-plant the clever little tailor-bird had woven its singular nest.

From the garden we next proceeded to the towers, where quaint old Spanish bells call the faithful to prayer, and from which is obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country and ocean.

The long, spiral staircase leading to the belfry was dark and minus a railing, and we were cautioned to tread upon the broad inner edge of the worn triangular steps, lest we slip backward the length of the whole flight.

Our next visit to the Mission was made on the following Sunday afternoon, at the hour of vesper service.

Feeling somewhat out of place we slipped quietly into one of the hard, wooden benches near the door; but no notice was taken of us, visitors being apparently of every-day occurrence.

The scanty congregation had already begun to assemble, and some old Spanish women, heavily robed in black, were fumbling rosaries before the shrines, while a number of brown-eyed, swarthy children knelt upon the cold stone floor in prayer. A strapping young *ranchero*, in a fresh calico shirt and a straw *sombrero*, and with stirrups of stamped Mexican leather, dashed up on a spirited horse, and, dismounting, reverently crossed himself at the font.

Presently the priest entered, clothed in gorgeous vestments of white and gold; and, after bowing before the altar, walked down the central aisle, scattering holy water upon the worshipers from a bowl.

Then followed services of great interest to the Protestant outsiders, who knew not what was to follow, such as the "elevation of the host," the tinkling of tiny bells, the burning of incense, the swinging of the censer and the solemn chanting of responses in Latin.

PRANKS AT VASSAR.

"In order to fully appreciate the pranks of Vassar girls," said a young married lady, "you must remember that one of the greatest burdens on the shoulders of the faculty is to keep the scholars from eloping with designing young men and getting married without their parents' permission. Whenever a marriageable male strays inside the high cedar hedge which divides the Vassar grounds from the rest of the world, he is regarded with suspicion by twenty pairs of eyes until he has satisfactorily accounted for his presence there. The girls, as a natural consequence, form no acquaintances worth mentioning among the opposite sex. Naturally, then, they have to amuse themselves as best they can. You would be astonished by the dash and vigor displayed by these elegant young ladies where there is no young man around to look at them. One day an old Duchess County farmer who had a string of Vassar girls tagging behind, trotted his team five miles in the country without stopping to give them a chance to untie their sleds. They screamed and grew mad and hurled slang and damaged chewing gum at him most of the distance but he merely chuckled to himself and drove on. When he finally turned them adrift they had to trudge back through the snow to the college on foot, as no teams came along to give them a lift. That experience taught the girls to hitch on after the manner of boys, leaving it in their power to free themselves at any instant.

IN LOVE. *Chas. Lamb photo.*

"Do Vassar girls ever play truant?"

"I have frequently known them to run away to New York on Saturdays, when they had only been given permission to go shopping in the town. Perhaps that is not exactly playing truant, however. I remember an experience I had in running off with another girl to see Bernhardt in New York. We went to the evening performance, and, in order to carry out the affair in proper style, we hired the biggest messenger boy we could find, and rented a dress suit for him. Then he escorted us to the theater, and made a very distinguished-looking escort, too. The only trouble with him was that he insisted on going out between the acts to buy peanuts. Of course we couldn't allow him to eat them in the theater, so he always came back after the curtain had gone up, and dropped into his seat with a dissipated swagger, which was really appalling. Well, that night we were intending to go back home by way of the Hudson River, on board the 'Mary Powell,' to enjoy the moonlight, but we missed her, as well as the early Hudson River trains. We got back to Poughkeepsie at a dreadfully disreputable hour, and were under suspicion for a month at the College, in spite of all the fibs we could invent."

WHY CALIFORNIA WOMEN ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

JANET MACDONALD.

THE reputation of our California women for beauty has for many years been national, and is now fast becoming international. The question, long since conceded, used to be asked, "*Are* they the most beautiful?" It is now resolved into, "*Why* are they the most beautiful?"—all doubt as to the truth of the assertion having been laid at rest by the winsome maids themselves. From the crown of their beautiful heads to the tip of their dainty feet, they are the incarnation of Nature's loveliness in woman.

Such an effect must have been preceded by a cause, and the probabilities are that many natural causes have conspired to produce this approximately perfect result, giving to California women this badge of sovereignty. I would not be a Californian did I not claim for our climate just tribute for this result. The humidity of the atmosphere, combined with the pure ozone floating down to us from our snow-capped mountains and perfumed with the fragrance of flowers, that know not death but only that sleep from which they awaken to beautify and glorify every day in the year in this our favored land. The frigid seasons of colder zones are here practically unknown. The elements conduce to beautify our women, as they give to us the beauty of fruit and flower. The eloquence of Nature is demonstrated in perfection of form, grace of movement, and delicacy of coloring. We partake very largely of our environment. Therefore in harsh climates we become rugged, athletic, hardy; but for delicate or voluptuous beauty we seek the warmer climes. The Eastern skies are forbidding, cold, gray, and distant, but California's sky is an expanse of low bending azure, which envelops and enfolds you like God's mercy, and you feel comforted by the assurance that you are indeed in His watchful care.

So that here woman's home is vaulted with a dome of pure azure, and carpeted with emerald; every day is natal, crowned, garlanded with bloom, redolent of perfume, and warm with the sun's bright rays. And in all the glow and affluent effulgence, women

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

repair to Nature's workshop, stretching their lovely limbs in needful exercise, wooing the kisses of the sun, and the bracing, invigorating caresses of the breeze from off the sea. And Nature, just to their demands, repays them with the royal gift of beauty in face and form, and presents us with the noblest gift to womanhood, comeliness, without the aid of art.

In the world, few women are so accustomed to exercise in the open air, and but few climates encourage the practise. Freedom of mind has much to do with grace of body. California women are not only comparatively free from the constraints of conventional life, living close to the warm, pulsing heart of Nature, but troubles sit lightly upon them.

They inherited from ancestors, courageous pioneers to the land of gold, the spirit of bravery and bravado, which made it possible for them to bear with fortitude and composure the varied fortunes awaiting the adventurous spirits in this new land. In the early days referred to, the days of '49, came to this country from many lands, their brave and sturdy sons, men of brain and brawn, of high courage and unexampled ambition. Their labors, losses, and successes were shared by noble, warm-hearted, and brave women. The Americans, English, French, Germans, Spanish, and Italians, sacrificing home instincts and the ties of affection upon the altar of ambition, exiled themselves and threw their fortunes into a land little known, but whose reported fabulous wealth and opportunities besought their occupancy.

They constructed society, administered laws, acquired fortunes, and married internationally. Our present generation, a composite type, is the direct result, and all the days of their lives should they gratefully praise ancestry, which has contributed so lavishly to their physical and mental superiority. The "tourists" of those days were not "one-lungers"; they were hardy adventurers who knew no ills of body or mind, but only courage, fortitude, determination, and energy. These noble qualifications they bestowed upon their descendants, adding, as a result of intermarriage, that strain which gave them also a physical beauty almost divine. Another composite element, also an inheritance, is "Hope," abnormally developed. It is a concomitant of California. Without its benign influence our beautiful State, teeming with Alladin-like wealth, would be still undeveloped. "Hope and Faith!" We hope and we believe, no matter how dark and forbidding the day, that the morrow will bring to us our hearts' desire, cherished anticipations, gratified ambitions. To their mixed ancestry they owe their symmetry of form, their robust health, their phenomenal ambition, and their never-failing belief in their own individual prowess. California has produced not only more beautiful, but more talented women than any State in the Union, or any country in the world, claiming a like population.

The heart of every Californian beats responsive to the names of our beautiful and talented women who have gone forth to reflect honor, glory, and renown upon the home State.

Our capital city, Sacramento, has the honor of being the birthplace of the lovely, talented, and noble Mary Anderson, of whose fame and virtue the whole world is proud, and whose unconditional surrender of honor and renown in the very height of success for the purer and truer atmosphere of home can but be regretted through selfish considerations.

It sometimes happens that real talent is lost sight of in the contemplation of physical beauty of high order. And Maxine Elliott has been compelled to reiterate her claim to talent, for her rich, dark beauty is alluring to the eye, and leads captive the fascinated fancy. But her personal charm of manner is still greater. She is as simple and ingenuous as a child. A true daughter of a soil prolific in beauty and grace. She is one who believes that the solid comfort in the sunset of life is the consciousness of having used one's talents in the highest service to which it was possible to put them, and if the five years of her professional career may be accepted as a promise of future diligence and application, her beauty will but compliment her talent. Daisy Bell Sharp is a candidate for histrionic fame, endowed with beauty, youth and an inspiration in art that is suggestive of the divine afflatus; her career, now in its infancy, will be most solicitously attended. We can at present admire her physical perfections, her grace of mind, her sweet and modest demeanor, and "hope" that her apparent talent will abide with her and develop into greatness.

DAISY BELL SHARP. *Thors photo.*

Among our famous singers we find the names of Ellen Beach Yaw, at the present moment attracting world-wide attention and the wildest admiration for her phenomenal soprano voice with its majestic range, the greatest in the world; Sybil Sanderson, to whose notes of purest melody both the old world and the new have listened with reverential delight; and our own Gertrude Auld, singing to delighted audiences in Europe and America, with constantly increasing ambition in her adopted profession, and the diligence and toil which will, in conjunction with her great talent, procure for her the coveted position in the front ranks of the world's beautiful singers.

In every avenue of employment California girls are taking positions. The professions claim many of our wealthiest, most beautiful, and talented, where, by their ability and strength of character, they are forcing their way to success and renown. Among them we find sculptors, artists, singers, actors, musicians, in fact in every avenue promising satisfactory results to the ambitious. To many women the possession of mere beauty would be sufficiently compensatory, but our California blood demands *first place*, not only in beauty and accomplishments, but in all things where abideth honor.

It is the *California combination* that makes our women the most beautiful in the world—superb health, perfect symmetry, sun-kissed complexion, quick intelligence flashing from wondrous eyes, amiable (because hopeful and happy) temperaments, a divine courage, with the fascinating touch of bravado, and a fearless independence. It is to be found in the daughters of wealth, whose homes are palatial in splendor; but it is to be found also among our shop girls, our country girls, and those occupying the most menial positions. Their step is free and elastic, and they carry themselves with the proud consciousness that they are California girls.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

After an exciting debate, the City Hall Commissioners recently decided not to segregate the contract for a new roof on that historic structure. This is doubtless a disappointment to those contractors who expected to have a whack at the noble ruin, but the chances are that by the time the roof is finished it will spring a leak somewhere, and new contracts will then be in order. The City Hall has been a bonanza for contractors for years, and the present outlook encourages the belief that it is likely to play the bonanza role for some years yet. At any rate, the contracting fraternity need not despair. The next tremblor that travels this way may reduce the huge pile to a junk heap, and then there will be employment for several generations of contractors to come.

A fashion writer declares that "tomato red" lends a dash of color to many otherwise pointless combinations. I can vouch for the accuracy of that statement. I once dined in a restaurant where a pale, æsthetic youth, elegantly attired in a gray spring suit, inadvertently sat down on an overripe tomato that the waiter had carelessly dropped into a chair. There was no mistake about the dash of color on that gray combination. Dashes, also, would perhaps better be used to represent the pale youth's ejaculations, which likewise were, as I am ready to testify, not pointless.

Those who cling to the morning nap habit will be grateful to the *British Medical Journal* for saying that physiology is all against the early rising theory; that experiment proves that a man does not work his best and fastest in the early morning hours, but at mid-day. This may be true of British subjects, who are careful, sensible and methodical by nature, but the average American hustler, with his nervous energy, irregular mode of life and feverish ambition, is not adapted for working in harness with his English cousin. To him early rising is not only positively necessary to business success, but his best efforts are put forth in the morning. Daylight naps, though, are very alluring, and it takes a great deal of determination to nip a little snooze in the bud and rise to face the day's battle. As to the quality of one's work afterward, that quite depends upon the individual.

In an account of a recent concert, a musical critic on one of the local dailies commented thus upon a well-known tenor's voice:

"It is a delight to hear him, and one never gets as much of him as he wants."

It was only an error in grammar, but it was rather rough on the tenor, since he implied his willingness to warble eternally.

Theosophists speak a language of their own. In the rush of a hurried existence the opportunity for learning even its a, b, c has been denied me, but I have a respect approaching veneration for those whose brains have been large and comprehensive enough to master its verbosity, and who have had the leisure to acquire what seems to my insufficient understanding to be a more difficult tongue, with English variations, than Greek or Sanscrit. And when, in a conversation the other evening with a learned gentleman who was unaware of the spiritual darkness in which my soul gropes, he led the way to theosophical themes and gravely informed me that every manifestation of life is a differentiation of atma, I lived over again the agony of childhood when, missing a word, I was sent to the bottom of the spelling-class.

Infinitely fatiguing are some of the statements laid down as law for the world to follow. Take for instance this, which appears in a Western journal:

"If you wish to be quite up to date as a housewife, you must have a gold pencil swinging from a slender gold chain at the belt. A foreign woman of high degree always carries one in this manner in the morning as she studies the maid's, cook's and butcher's accounts. It is an indispensable adjunct to the role of matron, and every well organized household will shortly see its mistress have one."

What nonsense! There may be women who can play at housekeeping in this fashion, but to nine hundred and ninety-nine housekeepers out of a thousand such suggestions are impractical and foolish. The care of a household does not sit so lightly upon the average housekeeper that she can afford either the money or the time to invest in gold pencils and decorate her person with gold chains, slender or otherwise. Foreign women of high degree may do as they please, but over here in America a five-cent lead pencil ought to be good enough for anybody.

Her eyes are pink, her hair is blue,
Her smile a frightful thing to see;
Her violet-tinted nose askew
O'ershadows lips of yellow hue.
I shudder when she looks at me.

Her figure has the native grace
Of pokers and of broomsticks lean;
Her solferino hands and face
Seem clutching, gazing into space.
Her eyebrows are a pistache green.

Her lover leans enraptured near;
His locks, with weird, fantastic curl,
Encircle his magenta ear,
Yet neither thinks the other queer—
This poster man and poster girl!

In San Francisco there are hundreds of mothers who would like to take their children to the seaside this summer, but who cannot afford to do so. They may, however, have a part of the seaside brought to them. In other words, if these mothers are fortunate enough to have a back yard for their little ones to play in, by all means let them invest in a wagon load of sand, dump the shining mass into a corner of it, then turn the children loose. There is more fun to be had out of a sand pile than can be imagined by any one who has never delved in one during the far-off days when joys were long and clothes were short. Sand is an excellent substitute for dirt, a choice of necessary evils, as it were; for the youngsters who coat themselves with mother earth daily are generally the healthiest, and sand is cleaner than real estate, besides being less ruinous to carpets when tracked in by small feet. To the mother with a yard and a kindergarten of her own, a wagon load of sand is a blessing in disguise.

A writer in a New York weekly dilates at length upon the statement that William McKinley wears a solemn expression and clothes of unfashionable make, dwelling on the discovery that the great statesman's trousers bag at the knee. It also comments fatuously upon the fact that in early life Mr. McKinley suffered from nervous dyspepsia, and that as a result he prefers eating his meals on the veranda of his home. This habit, the writer appears to think, is a most extraordinary idiosyncrasy. In brief, these things, taken altogether, prove conclusively to this writer's alleged mind, that Mr. McKinley is quite ineligible to the Presidency.

It is really too bad that we could not have known all this sooner. The Republican party would never, had it been warned in time, make the fearful mistake, as it doubtless will this month, of nominating to the highest office in the gift of the people a candidate whose trousers are imperfectly creased. Such a man is utterly incapable of grappling with national problems. But this is not all. To our horror we are further informed that the writer has never seen such singular eyebrows as Mr. McKinley's on any person but a shoemaker whom he once met. This is, indeed, damaging testimony. We might forgive the roomy trouser, the sober visage, the barbarity of meals in the open air, and any other gaucheries of which this plain, unpretentious American gentleman might be guilty, but that his eyebrows should resemble those of a shoemaker argues his total unfitness for Presidential honors.

Did you ever see a cook book so daintily gotten up and so literary in the quality of its contents that you felt like apologizing to it for taking it to the culinary regions instead of giving it a place on a drawing-room table? Cook books are usually of the kitchen kitcheny. Useful but not ornamental, they are unhesitatingly assigned to the humble companionship of other necessary but not ornate things. Under the title of the "Feasts of Autolycus," Elizabeth Robins Pennell has published a series of extremely entertaining papers anent cookery, which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Something after the manner of the historian who weaves his facts into a romance, the author of this interesting volume preaches the poetry of food preparation, and conjures up a halo that fairly glorifies the kitchen stove. She dwells with artistic word-painting upon the assimilation of condiments, the possibilities of the onion, the beauty of the radish, the succulency of the oyster, until one longs to experiment upon the precious bivalve, and is imbued with the conviction that life holds no greater achievement than the evolving of a salad or the accomplishment of an entree. With an Aladdin's lamp the author lights the reader's way through a paradise of cuisine *chefs-d'œuvre*, where pots and kettles have no part, and dishwashing is a thing unheard of and unspeakable. Alas! that one must awake to stern realities after scaling such ideal heights; for—

There never was a meal, however splendid,
Nor yet how plain the fare,
But that it left behind, when it was ended,
Its unwashed dishes there.

The most sensible woman that ever lived crossed my pathway not long ago. I hope we shall never meet again. Not that I disliked her, but she was so sensible, so uncomfortably, unreasonably sensible! It is extremely difficult to get along with a person who has a fad for being sensible. Have you ever tried it? If I could only have discovered some foible, some flaw, some little feminine fault in the iron strength of her character, I might have loved her, but she scorned the trifling vanities of her sex, and her superabundance of common sense weighed upon me like a pall. In her sensible way she undertook to reform her woman acquaintances. We finally learned to flee at her approach, and when she left our midst we were still wedded, and hopelessly, to the fascinating errors of our ways. One of her self-imposed duties was to lecture us about dotted face veiling and its injurious effect upon the eyesight. Now, if there be any one thing more than another that improves a woman's appearance it is a dotted face veil. Then she inveighed against shoes with pointed toes, proudly exhibiting her own hideous, flat, square-toed abominations that were, she averred, the only "sensible" shoes to wear. Her skirts were skimpy, and, elevated several inches above the lowly earth, brought out those same shoes in striking bas-relief. Voluminous skirts, said she, were too heavy and unhealthful to wear. I know she was right, but—oh, dear! Hats, she insisted, should not be burdened with trimming. Her own head coverings resembled nothing so much as a German pancake. She spurned corsets, as interfering with the development of the human form. Her figure, by the by, was as innocent of curves as a toothpick, although she never had been guilty of wearing anything to compress it. Dear soul, she was so sensible—quite the most conscientiously sensible woman I ever knew! And the most unattractive.

"When women vote," so I have heard men say,
"Their homes they will neglect in shameful way;
There will not be a button on a coat
When women vote."

"When women vote," quoth one small man to me,
"They'll lose their dignity. 'Tis plain to see
The Lord ordained their destiny below—
To cook and sew.

"When women vote they'll think they own the earth;
The place for petticoats is by the hearth.
Why, if we let them have the ballot box,
Who'd darn our socks?

"When women vote they'll run for office, too,
And pray, what then would politicians do?
Must they be forced at this late day to work?
They're used to shirk.

"When women vote they'll have to go to polls
And stand in line with men of coarser souls
Whose very presence will contaminate,
As sure as fate.

"When women vote; that's carrying things too far;
The odoriferous campaign cigar—
Besides, they can't pour whisky down their throats
To buy up votes."

I tried to speak, but language would not come;
This small man's brilliant logic struck me dumb;
Before such wisdom, learned, deep, profound,
I made no sound.

When women vote. Let's try it, gentlemen.
You might not want their ballots back again.
Perhaps—who knows?—you'll sing a different note
When women vote!

Of all the States in our Union, none is so considerate of its dumb animals as Massachusetts. A judge there recently had a case tried before him in which the prisoner was convicted of inciting a dog to combat and abandoning him after the fight, leaving him with two legs broken. The offender was promptly sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. That judge has a heart and the courage of his convictions, and I wish I had the honor of his acquaintance.

Apropos of of the trouble that so frequently follows the matrimonial alliances of American girls and foreigners, an exchange suggests a complicated legal method of drawing up marriage documents so as to avoid difficulties afterward. Does it not seem that the easiest and surest method of all for saving trouble would be for them never to marry foreigners at all?

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of the theater.

"No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

ITEMS.

One of the very best conducted hotels in Southern California is the Brewster at San Diego. It has been most ably managed for several years past, and is to-day unquestionably the best hotel in the City of San Diego. Neatness, attention, and general good service are the elements that have won the position the Brewster now holds, and Mr. J. E. O'Brien deserves not only credit but prosperity for his untiring efforts.

Now that summer is approaching, it is well to bear in mind that the very latest styles in hats can be obtained from Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street.

Glaring sunlight in the country is unquestionably hard on the strongest pair of eyes. Before you leave for your summer outing, drop into the California Optical Company's store, 317 Kearny, and get a pair of colored glasses. They have the best, and know just what will suit you.

For a first-class meal, served in first-class style, go to Swains', 213 Sutter Street.

Of all the large hotels in San Francisco, none have achieved such a remarkable success as the Hotel St. Nicholas. It has been crowded from the very opening. There is only one cause for it, and that is that the management is as near perfect as one could desire. Good rooms, splendid table, courteous attention, and reasonable rates are features that influence the best people nowadays.

The well-known Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara has recently suffered a loss in the death of one of the proprietors, Mr. Gaty. The Hotel will be continued under the management of the surviving partner, Mr. E. P. Dunn, and while his former associate will be missed in every quarter, Mr. Dunn is a man of unusual ability, and there is no question as to the continuance of the Hotel on its former lines.

The El Bonito Hotel at Duncan's Mills is the best hostelry in that section. A week or two in this picturesque region will never be regretted.

The most delightful hotel in all Oakland is the Metropole, under the management of Mr. R. M. Briare, well known as the former manager of the Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco. Clean, comfortable, refined, quietly and picturesquely located, it stands without a rival across the bay.

If you want a good piano, for either rent or purchase, first call on Byron Mauzy, 310 Post Street. He has all styles and prices.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

When, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade. "Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to the table, he continued, "Treat it as you would the enemy." As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags.

"What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished General.

"Obeying orders, sir," replied the Captain, in a firm voice; "you told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, General, what we can't kill, we capture."

NEW GOLD.

JUNE.

[Written for THE TRAVELER by Ina C. Tompkins.]

June is June the whole world over,
Song and sunshine, bees and clover;
Journeys for the restless rover,
Balmy nights for Romeo lover,
June, June,
The world's in tune,
Nature's happy rhythmic rune;
Seeing eyes new joys discover—
Perfume where the sweet winds hover—
Song and sunshine, bees and clover,
June is June the whole world over.

TO MY STOLEN DRESSING-GOWN.

[F. G. Barry in the *N. Y. Home Journal*.]

I have searched the household thro',
From the dingy cellar stair,
To the ghostly garret, where
I hoped to find some trace of you.

In the cellar-way were brushes,
Brooms, and bottles tall and small;
Feather dusters line the wall
Where at night the rodent rushes.

In the garret—congregations
Of a million maimed things!
Accumulated chaos which domestic saving brings,—
Realm of aged and gigantic perturbations!

I have looked in closets, too,
And behind the beds and doors;
And I've even thought of tearing up the floors,—
Still there is no clew of you.

* * * * * * * *

She has hidden you away,
Dear old friend in faded gray!
I shall see you never more.

She has stolen you from me,
In a fit of girlish glee,
And is dumb, tho' I implore.

That's the trouble with a wife!
There is sure to be a strife
As to what you should or shouldn't wear.

When a fellow once is married,
He'll sometimes wish he'd tarried
In a state where he could glory in a tear,—

When neckties could be worn
Just the same when they were torn,
And he needn't change his collar every morn,—

When he might, alone at night,
Sit beside his smoky light,
And at fashion smile contentedly in scorn.

But my dear old friend in gray,
She has spirited you away,
"Because," she said, you were, forsooth,
"too old."

She did not like the rips,
Or the little crimson strips
That, like scars, obtruded from each fold.

But I didn't mind your looks;
With our old-time friends, the books,
We've many a quiet evening spent together;

When the winds without were sweeping,
By the hearthstone we were sleeping,
Unmindful of the howling winter weather.

Then at last the summer came,
And then September, all aflame,
Lighted up the hazy hills;

You and I strolled thro' the vales,
Ling'ring now in shadowed dales,
List'ning to the lulling rills.

Now, alas! old friend in gray,
No more shall we together stray
Thro' the fragrant meadows green.

She has hidden you away;
This I know, tho' she'll not say
A tatter of yourself she's seen.

He (pleadingly)—Would you love me if I were rich?

She—I can't say as to that; but I'd probably marry you.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it is the whisper of a laugh."

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent, who posted a placard, reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

Customer—The butter you sold me tastes just like so much cheese.

Grocer—But you will observe, madam, that I only charged you for the butter.

Agent—Can't I do something with you in the way of life insurance?

Isaacs—Vell, your gompany might send me a supply of plotting paper.

She—I know I'm cross at times, John; but if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same.

He—I have my doubts about that, my dear.

Elder Sister—Come, Clarence, take your powder like a man. You never hear me making any complaint about such a little thing as that.

Clarence (sourly)—Neither would I, if I could daub it on my face; it is swallowing it that I object to.

Vicar (severely to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier in to supper last night.

"Yes, sir; he's my brother."

"But you told me you had no brother."

"So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday, and told us we were all brothers and sisters."

Landowner (to party bobbing in the stream)—Hallo, there! don't you see that sign, "No Fishing Here"?

Angler—Yes, ain't it ridiculous? Fine fishing here; just look at that for a string (holding up a dozen or twenty big fellows); beauties, ain't they? The chap that stuck up that sign evidently didn't know what he was talking about.

Jeweler—I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter twelve years old.

Lady Customer—Well, I have changed my mind now. I think I'll wait until she's fifteen.

Jeweler—All right, madam. Take a chair.

"No," said Tommy, "I didn't hang up my stocking at Christmas. What was the good of hanging up a stocking when all I wanted was a wheel."

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

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OUR CITY HUMMING BIRD.

ELLA M. SEXTON.

A SWIFT vision of beauty is this atom of a bird as he poises apparently motionless among the flowers, his dusky wings whirring so rapidly that they seem invisible.

His brown coat is brightened at the throat by glowing ruby feathers which glisten in the sunshine with rich metallic lustre, a veritable flash of fire as he flies from blossom to blossom thrusting his bill into the depths of each corolla.

That long bill shields a double tongue which extracts not only honey but the little insects which have been attracted to the flower by its sweet nectar. These insects he gathers, too, from the leaves of plants, and they form his principal food. For this reason humming birds seldom live in captivity, as the sugar and water usually supplied them is not enough to sustain life, and they literally starve to death.

The smallest of the eleven species of Trochilidæ found in the United States, these little creatures are very hardy and so numerous that our city gardens are often brightened by their flying visits. In the warm and sunny Mission our humming bird loves to almost bury himself in the deep scarlet cactus blossoms, or to hover, a lazy sybarite, over the heliotrope; yet he faces bravely the chilling winds and fog on gloomy days at the Park, and is often seen among the wild lupins on the wind-swept sand-dunes.

An odd fancy of this bird is to take a bath under the spray of a lawn sprinkler, and he may be seen darting in and out of the cold shower with apparent delight.

He loves also to sway, a mere brown dot, on the topmost tip of a tall eucalyptus, and again will rest on the electric-light wires for minutes at a time. From these high positions he makes sudden dashes, at some larger bird perhaps, uttering the while a shrill chirping note.

The boys, rovers and keen observers as they are, call these birds the "hummers," from the sound made by the rapid vibrations of their wings, and assert that if two are seen together they are invariably fighting. This is indeed true, for such birds are rivals and attack each other fiercely, with much ruffling of brilliant feathers, and an astonishing amount of spirit for such small things.

Occasionally the boys bring in the tiny nest, a shallow cup of moss and lichens fastened to a twig and holding two white eggs no larger than beans.

The little mother in her plain brown dress shows great distress if disturbed, and will fly in the very faces of intruders, while her lord seems quite indifferent. To her also is said to fall most of the work of providing for the hungry nestlings, a labor of love which seems well performed, as year after year the usual number of ruby-throated "living jewels" flash in and out of our city gardens.

A TYPICAL CITY PRISON.

E. K. ROUNTREE.

There is always more or less fascination in reference to the manner in which criminals are apprehended, examined, and punished, and particularly so concerning the life of the felon in our city prisons. To better acquaint our readers with an insight into this phase of human existence, our representative made a tour of inspection during the past week. Sheriff Whelan and his deputies afforded him every facility for the work in hand, and I feel confident in stating that the following outline is absolutely authoritative.

Passing by the north wing of the City Hall, the ominous words, "City Prison" are conspicuous over the heavy iron door leading to the cells within. As we enter the massive portal the guard on watch bangs it to promptly, and the grating of the huge key as it turns in the lock is not altogether a cheerful refrain for the curious visitor. The gruesome greeting, however, is somewhat relieved by the genial visage of the Sergeant who has an appropriate joke to crack before he installs himself as our guide to inspect the gloomy labyrinth of cells.

As we pass by the various dungeons, pale and curious faces peer at us from between the bars, as though in hope or expectation that our visit might have some connection with themselves and their release. These fellows are continually buoyed up by hope and expectation, and were it not for these elements of human nature it is a question if a greater record of desperate acts would not appear upon the criminal record.

Here and there are distinctive marks of the ravages of morphine and "dope," making in every instance a complete human wreck, and wisely the prison officials have devised a system of separation of these various classes of criminals, so that the different phases of criminality are required to occupy separate cells and compartments.

TROPICAL BREADFRUIT.
Specimen Half-tone, Union Photo-Engraving Co.

Adjacent to the desk of the booking sergeant, whose business it is to register the name of the offender and the nature of the charge, are what is termed in prison parlance the "anti-suicide" cells. These are padded and arranged in every way to frustrate the suicidal inclinations of desperate and despondent criminals.

The discipline in the prisons is almost perfect, and the sanitary conditions and cuisine up to date in every respect. The rough work about the jails is done by trusties, who are either short termers or well-behaved prisoners.

There are in all three county jails. One best known as the Broadway Jail, one as the House of Correction, and one as the Industrial School. The first named is in charge of Chief Jailer Sattler, a veritable beau ideal of a ruler of the criminal classes. His splendid and imposing physique and determined expression at once inspires respect and subordination among the rough inmates.

Absolute quiet prevails within the Broadway Jail, and its cleanliness is perhaps its most striking feature. Bathing is compulsory, and each prisoner is permitted two half days each week for exercise in the corridors. Only prisoners awaiting trial or sentence are kept in this institution until their cases are finally disposed of.

The old House of Correction and the Industrial School are on the San Jose Road within a stone's throw of each other, and are occupied by felons whose terms do not exceed one year. The former, in charge of Superintendent Clarkson, contains at the present time 290 inmates, all males. Well-behaved prisoners are permitted to work without the walls, repairing roads and maintaining the picturesque condition of the prison grounds.

At the Industrial School 112 female prisoners are ensconsed under the superintendence of Captain Boyle. It is virtually a large boarding-house in its interior fittings, being supplied with all modern conveniences. The female prisoners are governed with little difficulty, the ruling power being one of firmness rather than coercion, and it is rarely necessary to resort to solitary confinements to tame the refractory boarder.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Did you ever live in a house with a painfully neat woman? I did, and know of but one thing worse, and that's a painfully dirty one. She, the neat one, was the only real bald-headed woman I ever saw. She scrubbed and scolded and swung the duster from rosy morn till dewy eve. I never dared sit on her chair lest I should disarrange the cushion, or rock on her carpet for fear of creasing the threads. I was miserable at the table lest I get a speck on the cloth, and was never quite myself in sight of her house. I think she could rise up in righteous rebellion, if she could, against her thin little body turning to dust after she was compelled to leave it. Her husband committed suicide.

HOUSEHOLD DON'TS.

Don't worry. Worry kills, and work, a reasonable amount of it, saves.

Don't nag. A nagging woman may be a conscientious martyr, and yet drive every one of her family away from her orderly home.

Don't gossip. Consider other homes and other reputations, as you would wish them to consider yours.

Don't pout. Better to "speak your mind, and be done with it," than to make the atmosphere of the house blue and chill for a day or an hour.

Don't get what the Yankee calls "sot." Remember, the world moves, and you must move with it, or get stepped on. Old times are dear, because they are old times. New times are ever so much better.

ONTARIO, San Bernardino County.

Editor TRAVELER:

We have had such a genuine surprise here in weather this spring that I cannot refrain from making a note of it, for snow fell here not long since, and "stayed fallen," as the quaint Taylor said it. But it only "stayed" till ten A. M. the next day.

It gave a few hours of wild joy and excitement to the children who had never made snowballs, and gone into battle with them; and to the grown-up children and the grandparents it recalled the delights of other days, and the way-off Northern home. The dear roses and bright japonicas blushed sweetly through their snowy veils, and the snow-man that grandpa helped the little girl to build, much to her delight, stood up stiffly on the lawn, under the pepper-tree, all day long, as if transfixed with surprise at his unwonted surroundings.

I think we must admit that there are *some* new things under the sun, for we read that the far-famed sculptor, Adelaide Johnson, is married, and her husband, Mr. Jenkins, takes *her* name. So they become, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Is not this quite significant of a new order of things? What think you? But I must not make my stay too long, lest you might not feel like asking me to come again.

AUNT DEE.

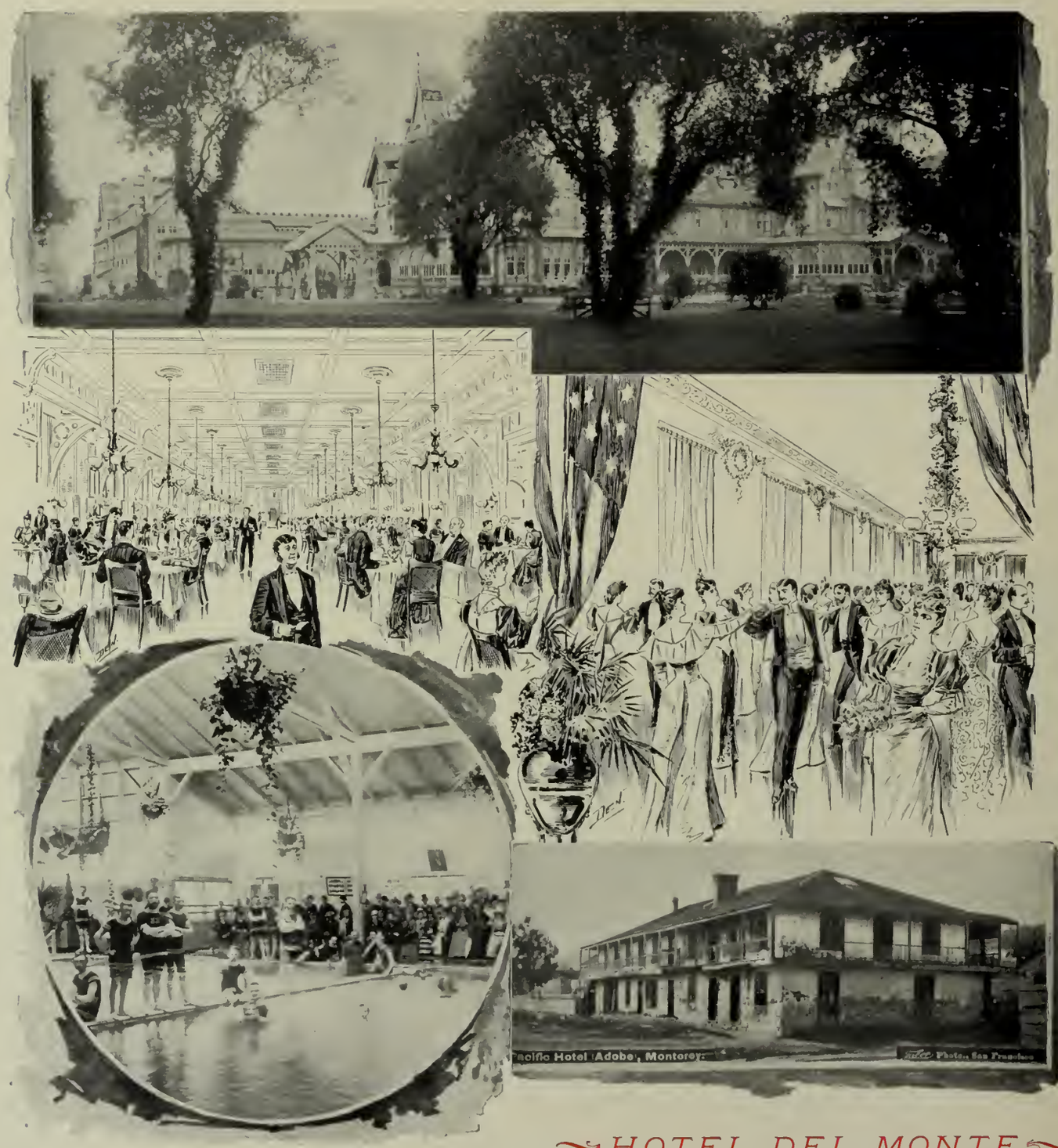
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JULY, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

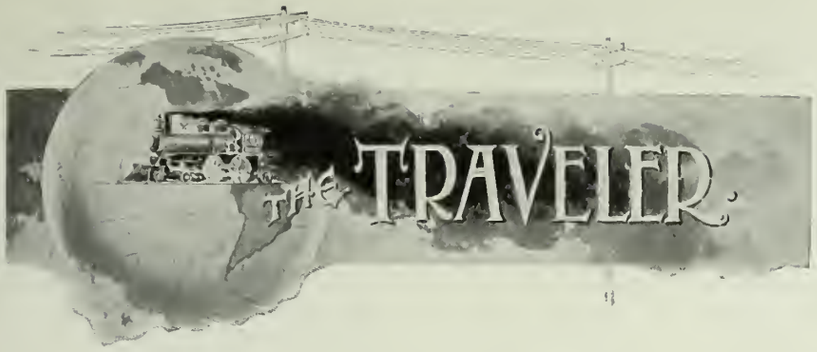
JACK'S LETTER.

O. V. Lange photo



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.



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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge,* reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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ONE of the popular fallacies of the day is that one can travel cheaper in Europe than in the United States. Traveling second or third class there (which is the same as first class in America), costs equally as much, if not more, with inferior accommodations combined. This may be food for thought for those contemplating a trip abroad.

FEW realize the enormous outlay made by some railway systems for the elevation of their tracks in large cities, a source of expenditure not dreamed of when most of the roads were built. The Chicago and Northwestern, which last year accomplished, with remarkable despatch, the elevation of a long stretch of its track within the city limits of Chicago, has begun a similar work on its Milwaukee division, during the progress of which it diverts its trains over a freight branch. The Erie road has just decided to spend one million dollars to raise its roadbed in Jersey City. The tracks, as they emerge from the main yard, will ascend by an easy grade until they can cross the intersecting streets with sufficient headway.

Most people are familiar with the tremendous undertaking of the Illinois Central Railroad at Chicago, in preparation for the World's Fair, whereby their roadbed was elevated sufficiently to handle the enormous local traffic from the Lake front to the Fair grounds. The cost of this work, including the necessary equipment in connection therewith, was somewhere in the neighborhood of three million dollars. Through a recent municipal ordinance, the Illinois Central has been required to reduce the elevation of its road-bed, and are now pushing with great speed the depression of the tracks along the Lake front. When this is done they are required to erect a high wall along the line of the road, which, while it will cut off from the residents and passers by on Michigan Avenue the annoyance of moving trains, will also close from view the fine expanse of Lake Michigan which gives the avenue its attraction.

AGAIN the question is being discussed, this time by New York capitalists, of providing a seaside resort near New Orleans. Many times within the last dozen years has the project been talked of seriously by moneyed men, and several times it has looked as if it would be carried through. But for one reason or another nothing has come of it. There are some difficulties in the way of the consummation of the scheme, but they are far from insurmountable. For the last dozen miles or more, of the forty or fifty which lie between New Orleans and Grand Isle, Fort Livingstone, or some other point where good surf bathing can be had, it would be necessary to construct the railway almost entirely on trestling and bridge work. That would be quite expensive, of course, and many doubt if the enterprise would pay. That, however, is not the general opinion. A well-equipped resort on the beach, if well managed, would surely draw an immense patronage from residents of New Orleans and also from the visitors to that charming city, and the number of the latter, particularly in winter, is astonishingly great. So there is every prospect of success.

THE DAY IS DONE. *Matson photo.*

"WHERE shall I go for the summer" is the byword. It ought not to be a difficult problem to solve, for certainly there is no section of country in the world that has such a diversified climate and unending variety of mineral springs than California. We can almost comprise the extremes of the Torrid and Frigid Zones in our comparatively small distance of 750 miles from north to south. We range in elevations from 200 feet below the sea level to 15,000 feet above it, at the apex of our well-known Mount Whitney, with intermediate heights and locations to suit the most fastidious requirements. Lake County in itself is a veritable condensation of the best mineral springs in the world. It is completely landlocked, free from fogs, enjoys a mild even climate, and has the prettiest little lakelet in the country. Then there is the Santa Cruz Mountains, with numerous homelike resorts nestled in its choicest parts, and while it cannot boast of health-restoring springs, the great redwoods and pines which are characteristic of this section are a never-ending delight and comfort to those who seek real rest and recreation. Just now Southern California is decidedly torrid and uninteresting, except at the seashore resorts, but four months hence its equable temperature is a boon to those who live in more rigorous climes. Northern California, better known as the Shasta region, is at its best. Most all the resorts of note and popularity are from two to four thousand feet above the sea level. While here there are two or three mineral springs of more or less note, this feature is not identified with the celebrity of this charming section. Great pines of healthful fragrance, picturesque streams and waterfalls, striking groups of craggy mountains, and the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the wide world are features which should and do satiate the most exacting.

Truly, California is an ideal pleasure and recreation ground, where all tastes and fads and idiosyncrasies may be gratified, for, in addition to the many attractions above enumerated, there is the shade of the forest, open grassy glades, and incomparable bathing places, all of which can be reached at the extreme period of twelve hours on the north from San Francisco, or eighteen hours on the south.

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

AFTER Niagara, the Shoshone Falls are indeed second among wonderful cataracts. Where Niagara is grand, majestic, sublime, Shoshone is weird, fantastic, and awe-inspiring. Sir Edwin Arnold says there is nothing so picturesque in the whole world as the mighty, tossing, roaring Shoshone Falls, hidden away amid their environment of lava beds, desert sands, and sagebrush, with not a living thing in nature for miles and miles around.

The famous falls are in Idaho, and they may be reached by a journey over the Oregon Short Line Railroad. The nearest station is Shoshone, and the traveler who lands from the railroad train there will be very apt to think he has been made the victim of a popular delusion and an over-rated natural wonder. A team of horses and a stage coach are at the lonesome station to carry passengers to the Falls. The distance is some twenty-seven miles, and the direction is southwest. As far as the eye can see at any point of compass, there is a dead, monotonous level of country. Not so much as a hillock, a tree, or human habitation is visible for miles around. Sagebrush, a blue sky, and sand are the sole components of the landscape. Many a person who has set out to see the phenomenal cataract of the West has abandoned the journey by stage when Shoshone Railroad Station was reached.

The ride in the coach is but four or five hours, and it is not until twenty or more miles have been ridden that the dreary landscape suddenly changes. Then hills of black lava, set off by mountains miles away, come into evidence. With a crack of the driver's whip and a sudden turn in the road, now among lava formations on every hand, the passengers in the coach are whirled through a huge mass of lava rocks, much like an architectural porte cochere, and have their first view of the Snake River, which forms the Falls below.

For three miles farther the lumbering vehicle traverses a roadway along the edge of a canyon over fifteen hundred feet deep. There is plenty of riskiness in the journey to satisfy the most daring. The river below boils, fumes, and foams in its passage over its rocky bed. The sullen roar, roar, roar of the Falls farther down the canyon is heard above all the rattle of coach and harness and the clatter of the horses' hoofs over the lava rocks. The mist from the Falls can be seen four or five miles away, and on clear summer days the cloud of spray is easily discernible many more miles distant.

At the mouth of the canyon are the Shoshone Falls. The walls of the canyon are a dead black, and Sir Edwin Arnold likened the canyon, with its stupendous cliffs of somber lava and the rushing, foaming stream away down hundreds of feet below, to "the grave of a volcano that had been robbed of its dead."

The Snake River, born in the snowy peaks south of the Yellowstone Park, cuts for a distance of 400 miles through an immense lava sheet—a lava sheet that extends from near the Wyoming line southwest for 500 miles, and in many places it is 100 miles wide, making the region a desert, sere, silent, and, until quite recently, lifeless: a region that for long ages was the throne of sorrow and despair. It, however, does not exist without a purpose, for, here and there, oases have sprung up under the miraculous hand of irrigation, and the forbidding lava, disintegrated into soil, has proven wonderfully fertile, rich as the famous volcanic soils of Italy and Sicily, and the desert of a few years ago is becoming known as the land of fruit and flowers, rivaling California in its productiveness. It was said, some time ago, that the Oregon Short Line began in a desert, ran through a desert, and ended in a desert; now it has the reputation of starting in the wonderland of Wyoming, running through Idaho, the gem of the mountains, and terminating in Oregon, the settler's delight.

Here one may see what gigantic tasks were performed in the process of world-building and preparing the surface for man's purpose in creating a desert that, under man's hands, shall blossom as the rose; the land that was last in the estimate of the former becoming the first in the eyes of the horticulturist. What a mighty river of fire and flame this lava sheet must have been—a river of fire 500 miles long and 100 miles wide, produced by a convulsion of nature such as mortals never witnessed. How long did it take for the awful fiery mass to cool, and the red waves to blacken into the present forbidding appearance? How long did it take to make this stupendous rift, somber as a prison-house, through what was once a river of molten fire? How long to crystallize the lava into these huge columns, to smooth off these rounded domes of rocks, and to work the grand canyon into a labyrinth of strange, weird scenes, full of glory and grandeur?

Water did not do it alone. It could not in untold ages have worked into the lava and left these pillared heights to testify to its power and patience, or cut out such a vast chasm between stupendous walls where rocks are piled on rocks mountain-high — a canyon whose overwhelming massiveness baffles all eye measurement; a canyon that is the home of waters whitely flashing down toward the sea, full of rocks dark and wild, a place where the brightest sunlight cannot drive away the forbidding gloom, the home of red and gray volcanic islands, of low domes carved into a hundred fantastic forms, a maze of side canyons full to repletion of pillars and caves, and rich with wealth of green vegetation, of ferns, mosses, and velvety carpets.

One looks at it all as if it were a dream from the porch of the little hotel that is built on the bank, not twenty feet from the brink of the Falls themselves. From this point of view can be seen Bridal Veil, Bridal Train, The Mill Race, Eagle Rock, Bell's Island, and a score of other special features of the stupendous panorama. From beneath your feet comes a dull, throbbing sound, the pulsations deep of the mighty Falls.

You are looking down into a broad, circular amphitheater, sunk into the ground, nearly a mile in diameter, and 1000 feet deep, with perpendicular walls, whose sharp edges are battlemented in huge, fortress-like masses. You hear, as in a dream, the guide say that the Twin Falls are only three miles away; Blue Lake, six miles; Vaulted Dome, half a mile, and the same to Locomotive Cave; that it is only a mile to the Lower Cascade Falls, and a mile and a half to the Devil's Corral. You care not: there is enough here, and more than enough, to hold you spellbound for all the time at your disposal.

The waters of the great river divide at first into seven distinct falls, as if to try their strength, and then join again in a final grand reunion, and united are lost in the swirl of a terrible surge, in the riot of an infuriated whirlpool. First, the waters weave a "Bridal Veil" with a warp of falling waters, and the woof of sunlight rays then plunge in glee down 210 feet into the appalling rent. Near the Veil other branches of the stream dance and whirl around Pulpit Rock, Prospect Point, Cedar, Walgamott's, and Bell's Islands, and then hasten on to join the bridal procession in their fatal plunge. There are a thousand things appealing to the eye at the same time, confusing and enchanting; there are the evergreens, clinging to the brink itself with twisted roots, as if fatally fascinated; there is the sky line, guarded by barbette batteries in isolated blocks; there are a thousand architectural suggestions goading the imagination, and there is the actual brink itself, formed of irregular blocks and prisms of lava falling every hour into the depths below.

SHOSHONE FALLS, LOGAN COUNTY, IDAHO. *W. H. Jackson photo.*

Toward the brink, silent, stern, and powerful the current sweeps along; then, with swifter flow, the waters dash on, a maddened, malignant torrent, that seems to take a fiendish delight in sweeping on with a rush that nothing but the eternal rocks could withstand.

From the shore below the eye looks up to the white front of the Falls and over the black, foam-covered parapet of lava. The great curtain of water is transparent as glass and green as emerald, except where it is churned into foam by the jagged, upheaved, rocky reef, then it is as white as the garments of the morning; or else is tossed into billions of sparkling threads, brilliant with all the prismatic hues.

How tenderly the sunshine falls upon the torn and gashed outlines of the awful canyon and upon the frightened river! How it lights upon the rolling crests of white and the eddies of sapphire blue, and converts the waters, shivered into fleecy spray, into a shower of richest colored gems! How it changes the mists into clouds of incense to the God of waters, and by its miraculous touch weaves over all, from cliff to cliff, a bow as perfect as ever was made glorious in the heavens, an arc of beauteous coloring against a background of glittering, bead-like foam, tumbling in crystal chaos, a rainbow that wreathes the terror and the glory of Shoshone in a heavenly halo! How the

sunlight reflects the solemnity of the cliffs in the smoother patches of water framed in dazzling sheets of foam; or casts the shadows of the tremendous precipices over half the river's width, shadows in blue and shadows beryl green! Who can describe the immense volumes of foam that roll up and are captured by the eddying winds and carried a thousand feet in the air; the fleecy, graceful columns that are ever ascending in all activity, and never the same for two consecutive minutes; or the gorgeous spray columns ever dissipated into a thousand fantastic shapes; or the glittering masses of snow-white foam; or the gray mists that are blown up and down the canyon, hiding the whole scene again and again in their gossamer veil; or the scene that is revealed as the curtain is drawn aside for a moment, a scene that is unmatched and indescribable, the very incarnation of the intensely fascinating? It is as impossible to transfer to paper the insufferable glories before your eyes as it would be to translate into notes the music of the Falls, the everlasting roar, the rich diapason that ever ascends, deep-toned as the voices of fate. There is an inexpressible majesty and power to this magnificent rush and roar of waters that enraptures poet, artist, and musician alike.

MARIE BURROUGHS. *Thors photo.*

Strange stories are told of the phenomena at Shoshone Falls, and scientists from the Smithsonian Institution have spent weeks in trying to learn the cause of these things. Often, when the sky is a perfect azure blue, and not so much as a breath of air can be felt, the steaming spray will rise in clouds away up above the loftiest rim of the canyon. Then suddenly it will blow away, and no more spray will rise. For weeks thereafter there may be no more spray. Then, again, the spray may be so thick and abundant as to fill the whole canyon, fourteen miles long, so that the ebony-black rocks will drip with heavy moisture. The character of the spray has been, also, a matter of much study among scientists. There is a peculiar sediment in the foaming waters unlike that known anywhere else. All the vegetation for half a mile around, the woodwork and windows at the hotel, and the rocks, are coated every few weeks with a sediment that looks much like frost, and has the taste of slacked lime. Very often weird, uncanny sounds may be heard from among the rocks about the Falls, so loud as to be heard a half-mile away and above the ceaseless roar of the plunging waters. These sounds may suddenly start at any time in the day or night, and continue for several days, when they will cease as mysteriously as they began. At times the sounds come with a regular interval, a second or two apart, like the pulsations of a heart. No one has ever explained the mystery. There are a vast number of legends connecting the restless spirits of departed Shoshone Indians with the strange noises.

ANOTHER LOCAL PROTOTYPE.

JANET MACDONALD.

In reference to the acknowledged superiority of beauty in California women, and the reasons why they enjoy that distinction, there is, perhaps, no better illustration than the well-known Marie Burroughs, whose photograph accompanies this sketch. It is not altogether difficult to believe why California girls should be thus favored, for naturally their taste and inclination inspire them with lofty aspirations and high and romantic desires. Consequently, many have adopted professions to the everlasting credit of the State that sent them forth.

Marie Burroughs, a San Francisco girl who has also achieved distinction on the mimic stage, is a typical California beauty, of whom it is said "that her first appearance at the Madison Square Theater, New York, resulted in instantaneous success—due more to her beauty than her talent," but owing to her perseverance, energy, and belief in herself she has secured the applause and admiration of a discriminating public.

This subject, however, is too great to be compassed in the small space at my command or to revert even casually to the extensive list of beautiful and talented women who have been born and reared in this young but ambitious State. A bright and flashing intellect is contributory to beauty. I have endeavored to show that physical and intellectual beauty combine in the happy consummation of the perfect and harmonious loveliness of California women. That this is a truth that has been duly acknowledged, I have only to point to our California girls who have been called to positions of rank, wealth, and prominence, and who have acquitted themselves in a creditable manner.

By birth, education, and inheritance they are aggressive, fearless, and independent. They are born and reared 'neath sunny skies, and partake naturally of their environments. They are, therefore, passionate, proud-spirited, and imbued with the never-failing belief in their own possibilities, and have placed to the credit of their judgment incontestible evidence of their sagacity in a record of which they may well be proud.

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY GHOST.

KATHIE HILLYER.

A peculiar religious festival is in vogue among the Portuguese, which is particularly noticeable when celebrated by the residents of that nationality in California, because the feasts and rites attendant on ceremonies of this character are fast becoming features of the past.

Although the Portuguese will be found scattered over the entire State, their stronghold is in Alameda County, where they constitute a large proportion of the country population. They are steady, hard-working people, who can secure larger crops from a small piece of ground than any one else, except, perhaps, a Chinese or Italian vegetable gardener.

The *Irmandade de Devino Espirito Santos,* or Feast of the Holy Ghost, is quite unique in its way. The younger generation do not regard them with as much reverence as their fathers and mothers do, but rather as a time of merry-making alone.

The establishment of this feast-time occurred several centuries ago, and has been rigidly observed ever since in Portuguese communities.

In the mother country the idea was perpetuated by a silver crown surmounted by a dove, commemorative of the Holy Ghost, which occupied a prominent place in the services and rejoicings. This piece was regarded as symbolical of the higher power and spiritual influence which were recognized as the chief instruments in abating the pestilence.

THE CROWN OF THE HOLY GHOST.

In 1871, the Portuguese of San Leandro, Alameda County, banded together and sent to Portugal for one of these beautiful silver crowns, which cost them in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. Up to within a few years this was the only crown possessed in the United States, but there are at present about a dozen in California, which is, I believe, the only State in which these services are held.

The cost of this entertainment is met by popular subscription, though one of the features of the week is the donation of stock, fruit, and anything of a commercial value, which are auctioned off on the premises and the proceeds given toward the expense fund.

Formerly, before the chapel was erected, it was customary for the head of a family to make application for the crown, and then it went from house to house, each one endeavoring to outdo the other in lavish entertainment. Open house was kept, and the outlay sometimes ran up into the hundreds of dollars.

It was supposed that the crown brought good fortune to the house in which it stood, hence there was much rivalry to possess it. Among the older and more ignorant people a spirit of superstition was rampant, and many were the penances, self-imposed, for the sake of the power supposed to be embodied in the costly symbol. In one instance a woman whose husband was very ill was so imbued with a belief in the efficacy of penance that she carried the crown in her hands to her home while she walked the entire distance, a mile and a half, over a newly macadamized road, barefoot.

Another woman, in a spirit of zeal, walked on her knees over the newly graveled walk from the street to the chapel, thence up the steps and into the building, carrying in her hand an immense cake to be sold for the benefit of the fund.

The season of festivity is inaugurated by the believers in the rites, who assemble at the place where the crown has been kept and march in procession to the chapel. Sometimes as many as two or three hundred little girls and young ladies, each clad in white, escort the crown and the patroness, and are followed by the male members of the community, each clothed in his best attire. The procession is headed by a brass band, and rockets and Roman candles are set off constantly along the entire line of march.

The sincerity and reverence with which the Portuguese regard the observance of this feast are remarkable. For months preceding the day of its celebration preparations are being made by those who desire to participate, and nothing is left undone which would have a tendency to show that the believers have a proper appreciation of the importance of the occasion.

Writing from Paris, France, a friend says: "I suppose it has been said over and over again, but I must say once more, that for cyclists who are satisfied with a ride of eight or ten miles, Paris is a paradise. True, the boulevards are not much pleasanter or even safer than those of London, New York, or Chicago, but the moment you leave the Rue Royale and dart across the Place de la Concord, you feel as though you were flying through the air rather than trundling an earthly wheel over the dull soil. It is not entirely the intoxication of the air, nor altogether the easiness of going, nor the pleasant company you see around you; but all these combine to set you on such good terms with yourself that you feel that life can have but few happier moments to offer you."

A SPANISH SPA.

HELEN F. MONROE.

THE charming watering-place San Sebastian, which may be called the Brighton of Spain, or the Madrid-super-Mer, is a bathing station not visited by English people as it deserves to be, and yet it is one of the most attractive places on the Continent to spend a holiday in, and not difficult to reach. For those who like the sea, the best route is by the General Steam Navigation Company to Bordeaux and from there on by rail, about seven hours. But I recommend one to see San Sebastian at its best during the month of August, which is the height of the season, when the bull fights take place each Sunday of that month. The bathing is grand, no current and the sands superb. The season commences in July and lasts till the end of September. The Queen-Regent and Court generally arrive about the fifteenth of July. Her Majesty, making it her permanent summer residence, has had built the Palais Miramar, which is situated at the extremity of the beautiful Paseo de Concha.

The Queen-Regent's visits contribute largely to the making of the place, as formerly a great many of the *elite* of Madrid and Seville emigrated to Biarritz. The Queen-Regent a few years ago took her morning dip regularly, she being an excellent swimmer, and it was one of the sights to see her enter the briny. But I fancy her physician has forbidden her to continue the sea baths.

San Sebastian is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, who are named Vascongados (meaning Spanish Basque race). They speak a language of their own, a most ancient and most difficult language to learn, and at the same time they look upon themselves as a race distinct from the Spaniards, although they are under the Spanish Government. They have certain privileges allowed them regarding taxes, etc. They are brave and honest to the core, and any one who has been among them any length of time cannot help but admire them. They always extend a welcome to strangers, and are glad to render a service, if asked. There is only one fault that may be found in them, and that is their high morality and religion. But one cannot call that a crime. Still but few English and Americans find their way down to this fashionable Southern sunny resort, which, in my opinion, is infinitely superior to either Dieppe, Trouville or Ostende, and the country is far more picturesque. The English one sees at San Sebastian are those who have run over from Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz for the day, or, perhaps, forty-eight hours at most. But beyond that you can count the English there on your fingers, and this is in the winter season, which is no criterion to judge San Sebastian by.

Still I feel confident that later on San Sebastian will drift into a winter station, for the English like St. Jean de Luz—despite the want of an English church—and especially in the early Spring, when the climate is delightful for excursions. Of amusements San Sebastian has plenty. There is the Casino, which is only second to that of Monte Carlo, where some very high baccarat banks are put up, especially on bull-fighting nights. There are other games, such as monte, tresillo, and other Spanish games. The cotillion is a pretty sight to see danced at the Casino, as it brings out the contrast of costumes of the senoritas of Madrid and Seville, along with the Parisians from Biarritz, dressed up to the height of the latest Parisian fashion. There are two first-rate bands of music; viz., the string or orchestra band at the Casino, under the able direction of Signor Gomi, which plays twice a day, and the Municipal Band, of over sixty musicians, which plays in the Alameda from nine to eleven P. M., which is a sight quite unique of its kind, and on bull-fight nights there is hardly walking room.

As you can imagine, San Sebastian in full season harbors upward of 15,000 strangers, and on fetes and bull-fighting days the number is increased largely by the influx from the neighboring towns and villages. The pelota is another game the Basques go in for, and they gamble at it like fits, bookmakers being always at hand to take the odds.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria had a special performance played before her at Biarritz many years ago. Pigeon-shooting and horseracing they have not got initiated into yet. Racing does not rise into popularity in Spain, though there are regular meetings at Madrid, Seville, Saragossa, and Bilbao, where an Englishman promoted a meeting, but it did not turn out a success, notwithstanding the floating population and English sailors at Bilbao.

Cock-fighting is another distraction they have at San Sebastian. The performance takes place every Sunday after mass. There are two theaters the Teatro Circo and the Principal—and generally the well-known circus of Allegrio of Barcelona, and, besides, classical concerts at the Casino. Sarasate and others have performed there. As to living in San Sebastian, there are different modes of living—hotels, and boarding-houses (Casas-de-Huespedes) abound in San Sebastian in nearly every street. The first and second piso (flat) is a boarding-house, where they charge from five to six francs a day, all included; but the food is Spanish. There are excellent houses to live in, if you want to learn Spanish, as society is very free and easy, quite *en famille*. For one who likes hotel life, the Continental is decidedly the best, from ten shillings to fifteen shillings a day, according to rooms. The Continental is situated in the finest part of the town, right opposite the Bathing Establishment. The Hotel Londres and Exanira are both good and lower in price, and one who likes good A-1 French restaurant cooking can pilot his way to the Restaurant Bourdette, the best restaurant in the place, and take a room in the town, which costs about two pounds, and which is the price, should any one wish to stop a length of time at San Sebastian. Mme. Bourdette takes *pensionnaires* at four pounds a month, wine included—a ridiculously low price, and the meals are exactly the same as if you remained there for a visit. Mme. Bourdette is most obliging, and knows thoroughly the English wants and requirements. One of the best boarding-houses in San Sebastian is over the Cafe Marina, the high-toned cafe of the place, and to see the cafe at midnight or the small hours of the morning cannot but give strangers an idea of the gay and frivolous life of a Spaniard—though poor he is always gay and content, so different from the Italian.

SPANISH NATATORIUM.

Spain has a bad name; but I believe if the country would do more to induce strangers to live there, or even visit it for a length of time, Spain would be more visited than it is. The food—not drink—is the principal objection. But in San Sebastian one will find everything as in France. A great pull one gets in Spain is the exchange on money. At present you win four shillings on the English sovereign; for some people this is a great consideration.

Of excursions around San Sebastian are Hernani, Passages, Ozurum, the pretty run out by rail to Zaraus, which was formerly Queen Isabella's favorite watering-place, where she used to go regularly so as to be near Testona where she took a course of baths. They are purgative waters, good for the cure of dyspepsia and hypochondria.

It is curious that at San Sebastian one cannot hire such a thing as a saddle horse. If it were in England, a riding master would do a rattling trade, and not only that, over the other side of the Channel, situated as are San Sebastian and Biarritz, you would see a nice excursion steamer plying between the two ports, similar to those between Ramsgate and Boulogne, and a mail coach would also have been started. But Spaniards are not so keen on out-door amusements as English people—the Tapis Vert is more the order of the day.

Fontarabia is another place which is well worth visiting. The citadel and the old cathedral are most interesting, and a very good hotel, with the name of the Hotel Miramar, is right overlooking the water. There is also a comfortable little hotel—the Hotel de France, where a great many artists put up. The family are most genial, and all are musical, which tends greatly to kill many a weary hour. In 1873 and 1874, during M. Dupressoir's days, when he ran the Casino for gambling, what with the Carlist officers, refugees, and tourists, he had plenty of "pigeons." You were rowed over gratis in a beautiful gondola from Hendaye. M. Dupressoir made plenty of money, but he was never content. He entered into other speculations, and finished by dying in poverty at Monte Carlo some years back.

To one whose object it is to see the country, I shall recommend to come out or return home by way of Bilbao and Cordova. For instance, on arriving at Bilbao (Hotel de la Terrasse, excellent French food), take the train for Guernica, which place the national Basque song, called the "Guernica Arbola," hails from, and from there coach to Zaraus, passing through Deva, Motrico, and Guitania, and at Zaraus. You again pick up the train for San Sebastian. This section was opened last year, and when the line is completed right along the coast to Bilbao and on to Oviedo, it will open up some of the prettiest coast scenery in Europe, and will be most useful for artists and especially for anglers and sportsmen, as the province of Santander and the Asturias abound in trout; there is also some good salmon fishing and mixed shooting, but in the Basque provinces there is very little of either. For salmon trout, Rivadeselica, near Oviedo (Asturias), and also at Ponferradda, and at the same time Potes, in the province of Santander; around Tumbillo and Monzine are the best places for fishing in the Basque country. The coach from Irun leaves every day (fifteen kilometres), the scenery is very grand and wild in the extreme, of the gorge type. One who is visiting San Sebastian ought not to omit the excursion by carriage to Vera from Irun.

Mineral waters are another resource which the Basque country is favored with; and the principal thermal stations are around Vittoria, which is also an excellent center for excursions, and by a strange coincidence there is a most comfortable hotel of the name of the Quintinilla. From Vittoria one is at no great distance from Zummeragga, where you are not far off from Loyola, the celebrated convent of Ignatius Loyola. The Loyola fete takes place at the end of July, which is well worth seeing and is attended by thousands of people.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ENGLISH society of the higher class take the greatest interest in the horse races at Ascot and Goodwood, the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, the Eton and Harrow cricket match at "Lord's," and the Henley Regatta. Every year at midsummer the charming little town of Henley-on-Thames is invaded by large crowds of oarsmen and fashionable people in the highest spirits and the gayest attire. On the days of the Regatta the river is crowded with boats of almost every form and variety, from the flower-decorated houseboat to the Canadian birchbark canoe, and from an eight manned by crack college oars to a dingy sculled by a cockney. Great luncheons are spread at the chief inns of Henley; to wit, the Lion, the Angel, and the Catharine Wheel. The river-bank is dotted with tents and marquees, and the water is nearly covered with launches, rowboats, punts, and canoes filled with men in showy "blazers" and girls in gayly befrilled and belaced summer dresses. The scene is almost Oriental in its kaleidoscopic variety of color.

There have been, or still are, regattas at Walton, Kingston, Reading, and many other towns on the Thames, but Henley Regatta is by far the most important of them all. It originated in 1839, various eight-oared matches having been rowed on that part of the Thames during the preceding ten years. There was at first only one prize—the Grand Challenge Cup. The Town Cup was added in 1840, and next year medals were offered as prizes for four-oars; in 1842 the Steward's Cup was founded, and in 1844 the Diamond Sculls were presented. In 1845 prizes for pair-oars were added, and in 1850 the "silver goblets" for this race were won by Chitty and Hornby, the former of whom is now Justice Sir Joseph Chitty, and the latter the Provost of Eton.

It was in 1856 that the first keelless eight-oar appeared at Henley, and, though the crew could not sit it at all, they somehow contrived to win both "The Grand" and the Ladies' Plate. Among their competitors were Exeter College, Oxford, and the Lady Margaret Boat Club of St. John's College, Cambridge, and as the boats used by these college crews were much longer than the keelless one, it was ordered that the race should be decided by sterns past the winning-post. This remained the rule up to 1864, since which date the races have been decided by the bows of the boats.

Up to 1856 the University Boat Clubs, if they could not agree to a time and place for a match, met in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Oxford and Cambridge both competed for the "Grand" in 1845, '47, '51, '53, and '55; it was won by Cambridge University in 1858, and by Oxford University in 1863—the last year in which the name of either University appears among the list of winners. Good college eights frequently go to Henley, and have on several occasions carried off the "Grand." But the annual race from Putney to Mortlake is now considered the more important contest, and the two Universities do not any longer compete at Henley.

In 1857 the University crews of Oxford and Cambridge adopted keelless boats of smooth mahogany; but sliding seats (first used in the same year in the United States) were not generally adopted by British oarsmen till 1872, when a London Rowing Club crew on slides easily defeated the Atalanta Club of New York. Several crews used them in the Henley Regatta of 1872. It is true that the Ladies' Plate was that year won by a fixed-seat crew (Jesus College, Cambridge) against a sliding-seat crew (Pembroke College, Oxford), but that was because the Jesus men were much better individually than the Pembroke men.

The Henley course is situated between two locks, Marsh and Hambledon, about three and a quarter miles apart; the stream, which, especially in summer, is slow, being rendered still slower by prohibiting boats from passing through the locks while the racing is going on. The course is about one mile five hundred and fifty yards long, and used to begin below Regatta Island and end above Phyllis Court, but nowadays the starting-line runs between the Berkshire bank of the river and Regatta Island, and the winning-post is nearer Henley Bridge. Formerly, three boats started in each heat, and their stations known as Bucks, Berks, and Center. The old course was a very one-sided one, for in its middle portion the shelter of the bushes on the Bucks shore on a windy day more than counterbalanced the advantages otherwise belonging to the Berks station. If the boat on the Berks station could keep within a length of the Bucks boat till Poplar Point was reached, the advantage of the shelter on the Bucks shore was made up, and an interesting finish resulted. But if the Berks boat failed to get the advantage in rounding the Point, it was almost hopelessly out of the race But now only two boats start in each heat, and the course is staked out, so that neither crew can hug the bank; the difference between the two stations is thus reduced to a minimum.

The principal events at Henley Regatta are the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Challenge Plate, and the Thames Challenge Cup, all for eight-oars; the Stewards', the Visitors', and the Wyfold Challenge Cups for four-oars; the Silver Goblets for pair-oars, and the Diamond Sculls for single scullers. The most important of these is "The Grand," which may be competed for by any crew of amateurs who are members of any university or public school, or officers of the army or navy, or members of any amateur club club established at least one year before the day of entry. An amateur, in the opinion of the Henley authorities, is one who has never taken part in any open competition for a stake, or competed against a professional for a prize, taught any kind of athletic exercise for profit, been employed in or about boats for wages, or who is by trade a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or who has ever been employed in any menial duty.

RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Of the fifty-seven races for "The Grand," twenty-seven have been won by crews from colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, and several others by the Leander, the Cambridge Subscription Rooms, or other crews largely composed of "Old Blues." Last year the Cornell eight entered for "The Grand," and won their first heat, the Leander crew, which was drawn against them, not starting; they lost their second heat.

REGATTA ISLAND, HENLEY.

This year the Yale eight has entered for "The Grand."

Yale has a splendid crew, the average weight of the men being 175 pounds, and the average height 5 feet 11½ inches; four of the crew rowed in the 1895 eight. The Yale men row the "Bob Cook" stroke, which Mr. R. J. Cook taught them in 1873, as the result of his observations of the style of rowing adopted by the London Rowing Club and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is very hard to predict the result of a boat race, for time tests (which it is the fashion in England to pay little regard to) are unusually fallacious in contests depending greatly on wind and stream. But it is interesting to note that the fastest time in which "The Grand" has been won is six minutes and fifty-one seconds in 1891; and that the average time since the introduction of sliding seats is about seven and one-half minutes.

In 1878 a Columbia College crew entered for "The Stewards'" cup for four-oars, but failed to win its trial heat; the Shoe-wae-matte crew got into the final heat, but was beaten. The Columbia College crew, however, won "The Visitors'," for four-oars, a race open only to colleges and public schools. "The Diamonds" were tried for unsuccessfully by American scullers in 1872, 1878, and 1879.

Henley Regatta is controlled by a President and Board of Stewards, almost all of whom are famous oarsmen. It is interesting to observe that a rule requires every competitor to be clothed from shoulder to knee, and to wear a jersey *with sleeves*. There is in the minds of the English public school and university men (who set the fashion in all such matters) a strong and invincible prejudice against the sleeveless jersey, and the wearing of it is considered conclusive evidence of a man's lack of good breeding and education; in English parlance, it is a badge of the "cad." To guard against professionals from foreign countries entering Henley Regatta, entries by competitors out of the United Kingdom must be sworn to before a Notary Public, and certified by a Mayor or British Consul.

Of course, in all sports the visitors are at a considerable disadvantage, but the representatives of the Dark Blue of the New World may be relied on to row a good race, and to win or lose like gentlemen.

DOWN THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

MANY people who habitually travel by rail are ignorant of the delights of a trip by water, or they would certainly choose that method of transportation when time is not an object; for, though freedom of action is an advantage, the passage of time is often a consideration, and, it must be conceded, steamer travel is rather slow when compared to the rate of speed that is attained by our express trains.

A great many people have an idea that the river boats are run for freighting purposes alone, but that is a mistake. They afford a means of transportation and communication with the outside world that the many ranchers living along these streams would not possess, for there are so many sloughs and creeks which are too deep to ford and too numerous to bridge intersecting adjacent lands, that travel by team is impracticable.

It was in crossing one of these sloughs recently that several school children were drowned. The currents are sometimes so strong that a good deal of dexterity is required to manage a row boat even for so short a passage.

The river steamers are very commodious and convenient, with plenty of deck room, large staterooms in which one may pass a night as comfortably as at home, and a table that is well set and well served.

Ordinarily nine or ten hours are required for the trip either way; but as the boat leaves San Francisco for Sacramento in the afternoon, the greater part of the time is passed in slumber; the return trip, however, being made by daylight, ample opportunity is afforded for enjoying the changing views.

The scenery along the river, while always pretty and interesting, is not particularly diversified, nor at any point grand. There are numerous turns and bends in the channel, one of which is so sharp that the people on passing boats might almost shake hands over the railings. The levees are overgrown with willows, but over their tops are visible wide stretches of beautifully cultivated farms, and hop fields with their rows on rows of trellises. These are the prospects as far as the eye can reach on either side, while at intervals, in the distance, may be seen the spires and tree-embowered homes of some small town.

In the reaches where the water has conquered the levee, and yet is not particularly deep, cattle and horses wander and graze on the grass that grows luxuriantly in the wet earth. During the fruit and harvest seasons many small freighting vessels ply back and forth, for the output from the ranches is very large.

The docks at Sacramento are an interesting study, because the character of the vessels to be seen there is so different from those of seaport towns and cities. River boats of every description line the wharves, some of them dainty, graceful pleasure and passenger craft, others broad, flat, awkward-looking freight boats, constructed in such an apparently hap-hazard way that it is remarkable how they are made to answer the helm, and certainly a great deal of ability is required to steer even a steamer on this river, which, in some places, is no wider than the length of the regular passenger boats. This was evidenced in a recent trip down the stream, when the "Modoc," owing to the strong current and high wind, refused to answer her helm, and deliberately swung around in the water after a landing at a little wharf had been effected with much difficulty. The captain went to the wheel, but around and around the great boat swung, tearing off the foliage of the willows as the ends brushed through them. Finally her nose was turned up stream, and it was only when a wider portion of the river was reached that the steamer could be brought around successfully.

This narrow part of the Sacramento is not of great length, and is caused by a division of the river. A vast volume of water flows through what is seemingly a branch, but what is really the old river, the present channel being the result of a new course cut in years past by some unprecedented freshet. Long years ago, before so much sediment from the mountains washed down and filled up the channel, the river was much wider and deeper than it is to-day; in fact, before the railroad was built, ocean steamers, huge side-wheelers, drawing from eight to twelve feet of water, used to make regular trips to the Capital City. The steamers at present used in the service draw from three to five feet. It is claimed that the waste from hydraulic mining was a potent factor in causing the channel to fill up.

The landing places along the river are unique in themselves. If they represent a group of houses dignified by the name of town they are small but rather pretentious wharves with big warehouses attached; but if they belong to some small abode, they are sometimes only portions of the levee cleared of obstructions and covered with straw or dry brush, with a couple of piles driven into the water to tie up to.

1. RIVER DOCK, SACRAMENTO. 2. LUMBER BARGE. 3. CHINATOWN, COURTLAND. *Marshall photos.*

It matters not how humble the pier or how small the article to be delivered, the big steamer, on signal, which is a red flag placed in a conspicuous place, will pause to land or take on passengers, freight, or mail; it has even been known to stop in order to hand out a paint brush.

The river ferries are a curiosity to the stranger. They are platforms, more or less pretentious according to the patronage, large enough to accommodate a carriage and team, open at each end except for a chain that is raised and lowered at will, while a railing guards the sides. Attached to this platform are a number of floats, by which is held up a long rope, the end float being permanently moored near the bank. When it is desired to make the passage of the river, a center-board is lowered in the platform, which forces it across the current. The return trip is made by changing the position of the center-board. The rope prevents the ferry from being carried away. It is a primitive but effective method of transportation.

One hears a great deal about the islands in the Sacramento River during the winter season, and reads accounts of broken levees and overflowed lands, and, with visions of the rocky, hilly islands of San Francisco Bay, wonders how it is possible for them to overflow. A trip on the steamer soon convinces one that the river islands are very different from those which form prominent features of the bay scenery, and instead of rolling slopes or precipitous bluffs they are just stretches of flat country cut into islands by the winding sloughs, and protected from the encroachment of the waters by wide levees around their entire boundaries. The soil is very rich from the alluvial deposits of years of overflow before man confined the raging torrents, and vast orchards, hop fields, and grain fields form a picture that betokens wealth and prosperity.

Some of these islands contain hundreds of acres, all in a state of high cultivation, and the beautiful homes to be seen on many of them prove that, though in this instance as in many others "eternal vigilance is the price of success," it has been well worth the effort and the watchfulness.

Sherman Island at one time furnished nearly all the potatoes used in this part of the State, and was under a very high state of cultivation; but sometime in the early '70's a big flood drowned out the crops and devastated the Island to such an extent that it has never regained its previous prosperity.

When the water pours down from the mountains after heavy storms, it sometimes finds weak places in these levees, and insidiously works a way through until, in an almost incredibly short time, the river is emptying its volume through a great break, and orchards and farms are submerged. Miles and miles of country are thus covered, and during a high wind white-capped waves beat against the embankment on which the railroad track is built, or swish among the foliage of the trees that bend and dip their tops into them.

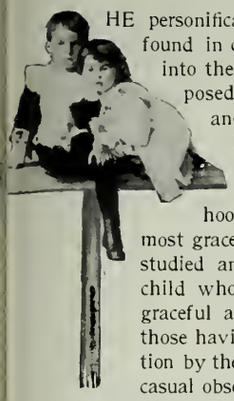
It is almost as exciting to pass another steamer on the river as it is to speak a vessel on the high seas. There is the same enthusiasm, the same waving of handkerchiefs, the same hallooing back and forth, the same watching the vessel fade into a dim speck in the distance, except that in the river one loses the steamer around a bend, and sees only the smokestack and flagstaffs moving slowly among the trees and orchards beyond, giving them the somewhat peculiar appearance of traversing over *terra firma*.

Sometimes at night a brilliantly lighted steamer looms up suddenly in the darkness, seeming almost like a beautiful pyrotechnic display, but it passes silently onward and is soon lost in the obscurity. If one expects to pass the night on the vessel, the monotonous "chunking" of the engines and the general drowsy effect of the warm atmosphere make slumber a certainty, and when, hours afterward, it seems as though the roof was being suddenly crushed in on one, the wandering senses, rudely called together by a swishing, grinding noise, hastily conclude that the boat has collided with something.

It is only the deck-hands, however, washing down the roof of the cabin with an immense fire hose, that shoots a stream of water sufficiently large and strong enough to wash off the soot that had accumulated during the trip, without regard for the feelings of those who, by force of circumstances, are not compelled to rise at such an early hour.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

JANET MACDONALD.



THE personification of artless grace will be found in children who have not passed into the realm of self-consciousness, imposed by the restraints, conventions, and servilities of so-called social life, unless, indeed, the conditions imposed are unnatural and restricted. The childhood of mankind is therefore its most graceful and pleasing period. The studied and superficial contortions of a child who has been trained out of all graceful and symmetrical movement by those having themselves lost graceful action by the same process, strikes the most casual observer with regret. Why? It rings false. Nature has conferred upon her children the gift of *natural* grace, belonging by right of inheritance to the descendants of royal parentage, and all effort *opposed* to her simple and natural laws are out of harmony, out of grace.

Like the hollow, meaningless words with which we strive to conceal our thoughts and emotions in the darkness of deceit and hypocrisy, we see ourselves away back in the dim and fast receding distance small in stature but great in soul, living lives of virtue, honor, and high resolve, and viewing with fine scorn all the false sentiments with which we now salve our conscience by proclaiming in strident tones the expediency of maintaining that certain quality which, more than talent or genius or learning or energy or force of will, lies at the bottom of all material success—that quality which is known among men as "worldly wisdom.'

We are old now, and tall and strong. We are also wise, understanding the world and its wickedness with ease and satisfaction, although we grope quite helplessly for expressions of honor, the entire absence of which we endeavor to convince ourselves. But somehow it does not make us happy to know that this fair world is a wilderness of weeds instead of that bright paradise which we once imagined it to be; and as we grow in this *wisdom*, realizing that everything and everybody is base and deceitful, we lose that artless grace which accompanied unerringly our days of innocence and gracious, unquestioning, and unfaltering faith; and as we reflect upon those little-great people, from whom we are now so immeasurably removed, we realize that we were *once* sincere, truthful, and happy.

All animate expression of thought is natural to the young. They are effervescing with life which springs to all form of utterance, and in and through all they are ever natural and graceful. Even if misfortune attend them while they are at play, and they chance to trip and fall, you will find that they are never awkward or bizarre, but form a helpless but graceful appeal to pity. A man or woman would fall miles with courage and dignity if assured of the correct arrangement of their clothing, especially of their hats, which they would face death rather than lose; but the child is impervious to the fear of appearance; or in other words, they are not yet superficial. In gesture, attitude, tone, pose, and facial expression they are vivid significant, and impressive, for they are in perfect touch with Nature, who is sometimes rude herself, but oh! so very, *very* honest that no human being except a child or a savage can meet her on terms of intimate equality, and it is a suggestive fact that they are also her exponents in expression and grace.

From the grandest babies, upon whose wardrobes the plain and democratic Americans spend fabulous sums, to the very humblest darling, who blinkingly opens its violet eyes to the shining sun, having no home, no roof, no cradle, and, what is infinitely worse, no love or care, and, seemingly, no mother but mother earth, they are all, by the aid of soap and water, and some manual exertion, sweet and dainty of limb, bright eyed, of easy grace and alluring pathos in their helpless innocence, and *all* claim their right of sovereignty. In this infantile prerogative they are simply insolent, and the more you submit to their tyranny the more arrogant they become.

TWO OF A KIND.

I am sure I cannot tell how it may be in other worlds, but in this one no living creature is so sweet and winsome. It must be indeed a hardened heart to which the sweet prattle, the touch of the velvety hands or the tears in the pleading baby eyes, will not appeal. Small wonder that they feel their importance; if they should estimate themselves at their true valuation (which they will do presently) it would be impossible to live in their domain. What joy to watch their growing intelligence, to see the little pattering feet plant themselves more sturdily day by day, until finally Jack is a great boy with enlarged ideas of his own importance, and Josephine almost as tall, and fully settled in the conviction that she has a great future, for it is hard to limit the ambitious ideas of the young.

He deals largely in futures, Jack does, and "when he is a man" he means to do marvelous things. Just now he is in the initiative period, and his greatest ambition is to smoke. One day he gains the coveted opportunity and a large Havana cigar. With that cigar alight, and firmly planted in the corner of his mouth, he is the very incarnation of human happiness, of earthly bliss. At last, if not a man, he feels closely allied to them. How old and consequential he feels. But in the summit of his glory, in the very consummation of his greatest ambition, he forgets that "pride goeth before a fall." Ah, Jack! you are so human. How unconsciously he airs his ignorance, doomed to at last acknowledge its supremacy and just demands preferred by his natural but newly discovered antipathy to tobacco. The wretchedness and misery of existence have never before appealed to him as they do now. No alluring dreams of future greatness, of gratified ambition, tickle his present imagination. The doctrine of "total annihilation" is presented to his mind in a new and alluring light. The fair dream of human endeavor crowned with fame and happiness lies shattered, dead.

After a nauseous night and a late breakfast, when invited by a member of the family to join him in a smoke, which he resents with quiet scorn, Jack says to his mother, in strict confidence, "I wish Fred would not refer to my trouble in that way; it is no laughing matter." Ah, no, Jack dear! it *is* no laughing matter. Your tender stomach resents the intrusion of vile and poisonous matter, as one day your clean and untroubled conscience will recoil from the intrigues and machinations of "worldly wisdom." But you will learn to smoke and not sicken; to stultify your honor with but faint qualms of conscience, because such things are manly, and help you "to *get on* in the world"—send you to Primaries and Conventions; teach you to scramble in undignified and indecent fashion for place and power.

By the time you are six years old they will teach you that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and they will forget to teach you other and compensatory laws; and after you have been bruised and beaten, and misunderstood, and after all manner of cruel and unjust suspicions have been entertained concerning you and your motives, multitudes of unholy desires gather about you like a swarm of bees, stinging you into madness and urging you on to the commission of all the sins in the decalogue, and into your heart will creep, little by little, irony, suspicion, envy, and deception, and the eyes, the sure mirror of the soul, will have lost their clear, earnest, and eager look. You will become self-conscious, and your poses, attitudes, and gestures will have become stiff, studied, and ungraceful; for Jack will have grown into an artificial representation of the *real* Jack whom we knew before he learned to smoke Havanas.

And dear little Josephine will then have ceased to pout because she was not recognized by the Democratic Convention, and the Republican one only "shammed." She will vote then, and have been educated in all the intricacies of political jurisprudence. She may have crushed the fair flower of love, "shammed" herself, and sold her vote, or bought others, or both—for *temptation* recognizes no sex, age, or condition, but levies tribute upon the whole human family, and pretty, darling Josephine, with the lustrous, shining eyes, the silken ringlets, and the sylphlike movements, will have become a lover of preferment and place and power and pomp. She may even enter the lists with Jack and carry off all his honors; who knows? and the twins, will they forever go on gardening? Let us hope so. The occupation has its compensations: it is clean, moral and healthful. Subdue the weeds of distrust, discord, and inharmony, and sow generously the seeds of faith, love, and truth, and in trumpet tones proclaim the divine truth—except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

THE FIRST SMOKE. *Chas. Lamb photo*

IDEAS ON HOME DECORATION.

AUGUSTA KNELL.

IF YOU have your home well kept, with a strong dash of artistic temperament governing it, and your decorations useful, your rooms will be the very embodiment of comfort and contentment. Let the arranging of the smallest detail throw its warmest hue, even to the jar of tall, tumbling roses. Do away with this lamentably cheap bric-a-brac and crowding decorations that fill the room—no matter how well kept it may be—with the stuffiness of smoldering dust.

I distinctly remember the effect of this kind of housekeeping I once visited. It was a large, old-fashioned house, with immense grounds of precisely trained gardens. I walked up the shining steps from out the pure sunshining air, and as I entered a dark and intensely quiet atmosphere fell heavily upon me like some horror. I groped after my usher into a still darker and heavily laden salon, and with bulging eyes I felt for a seat. Just at that moment the girl threw back the half of a shutter, admitting a thin streak of light.

I was thinking how fitted the girl was to her surroundings. Everything she did was with that wake-like quiet and solemnity. She left the room as though I had been a corpse—and indeed I was beginning to feel like one. The dinginess was certainly death-like. The room was literally stuffed, and, like some well-established furniture store, the articles bumped into each other, and in every conceivable place bric-a-brac fairly swarmed; and to add to the thickness of the place, heavy draperies of the deepest dye leant their significance. It was so crowded with superfluity that everything in the room was in the way.

Presently I spied the knob turning, long before the door really opened, and a young woman extremely drawn and yellow-hued, wrapped in a heavy knit shawl, came quietly toward me. I did not expect to see anything else in a house like that—she was a living example of her surroundings. Her inanimateness would have been impossible with sunshine and air and the brightness and comfort that should be about home life in every detail. Home is the very center of life, and everything about it should be in perfect accord. Each year it becomes more and more evident that the home is wanted in the country. The same home, with all its comforts, in a bright, rural form. From hustling every day to the calm serenity and ideal simplicity—that means summer home.

And with this I want to give some original ideas in home decoration.

Of course, the primitive spinned burlap has long been used for all sorts of things, and decorated portieres seemed the finishing touch to its serviceable ornamentation. But a table in the sitting-room of a suburban cottage positively charmed the whole interior with its quaint roughness of cover. The burlap is wide enough for the broadest table, and can be cut to any length. This one was square. The four edges were deeply raveled out and cross-knotted. About four inches above this it was drawn out and caught into clusters and tied with deep orange twine, forming an unbroken line running through the open-work. Some are decorated all over the top with antique designs, and worsteds may be used instead of twine, with probably more effect; at all events, it is an original, cheaply gotten up, and a very durable tapis.

A LITTLE POUT.

The little strips of colored twine you are continually getting from your druggist and stationer can be put to endless uses of convenience. As you get them tie them together, and when it has become a good sized ball full, crochet it around into tight chain stitches until you have formed a round, flat sort of tray, with, of course, the knots on the inside. Edge it off prettily with some predominant colors, and you will have a direct suggestion of the characteristic in the Indian basket. A piece of contrasting silk or satin is cut on a very much larger plan, upon which this worked twine has been attached, and finally gathered at the top with a drawstring, leaving an edge. On opening it spreads flat, conveniently displaying the contents at once; and what woman does not know the various uses to which such a bag can be put. One-toned twine can also be used, but the very idea of gathering the bits of string is original and quaint in itself.

A dainty little footrest, comfortable and oddly artistic, is in a new rice sack stuffed squarely with cotton. A useful improvise in the stuffing is to make use of the scraps of cloth that crowd out the good pieces in the patchbag; and a still more advanced idea is to use finely stripped love-letters—of course, any other kind will do as well. When it has been evenly filled and closed, it is ready to be decorated in many ways. Some grotesque Chinese figures can be painted upon it with a pure originality. Odd designs worked in all colors of twine, forming a border, makes a pretty effect, and with it you have a light, clean, and original foot-rest. Having a smooth surface, it slides easily over the heaviest carpet; the least push of the foot sends it to any desirable place in the room. For cold feet it will be found a veritable boon. If suffering, put your stockinged feet upon it, and you will quickly note the change of discomforture. And so all little attentions of this kind make a very effective tinge to the coziness of the entire room, and go to making up an ideal home that is very much more liked and thought of than the one of grandeur and chilling awe that so often steals the real warmth that should belong to the town and country home alike.

A WIT'S WIT.

There are a few stories of Douglas Jerrold which are well worth preservation. Frank Stone, a very nice fellow, is very disputatious, it seems: so Douglas has dubbed him "The Differential Calculus." Is not that good? One night at a supper-party, a gentleman came in fresh from the opera, and full of enthusiasm about a certain air which had quite ravished him. "In fact," said he, "it quite carries me away." Jerrold said, "Is there no one who can whistle it?"

He once composed an epitaph for Charles Knight (by anticipation), which he declared the briefest on record: "Good night" (Knight). Lord Nugent, it seems, a great friend of Jerrold's, had pirated this joke, as he was used to do with many others, and it was repeated afterwards as Lord Nugent's in Jerrold's hearing. At the theatrical party recently held at Sir Edward Bulwer's, Lord Nugent was one of the people under discussion, and some one said, "He is a fine, honest fellow, is Lord N——." "Yes," said Jerrold, "you may trust him with your untold jokes." A Mr. H——, a young coxcomb, one day hearing some people speak of age and appearance, said, "Jerrold, don't you think I look much younger than I am?" The reply was, "It is not your looks, my boy; it is your conversation."

A HOUSE-HUNTER AT THE SEASIDE.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

One of the most interesting of the smaller animals common along our seacoasts is the queer little hermit-crab, so called on account of its exclusive habits, and also known as the soldier or robber crab in reference to its fierce, combative disposition.

Unlike most other crustaceans it possesses no horny shield or carapace, and being unable to swim, its main

THE HERMIT CRAB.

object in life is to protect its soft fleshy body from injury on the jagged rocks and from the assaults of its numerous enemies.

So it takes up its residence in empty snailshells scattered along the beach, or, if nothing better presents itself, conceals its abdomen in a small hole in the cliff, in a bunch of seaweed, or even in a sponge.

When young the shell of a turban or a periwinkle is generally of ample size, but as the creature grows it changes its dwelling for a more commodious one, usually choosing the abode of a whelk or a similar univalve.

The process of house-hunting is often attended with the greatest care and fastidiousness. Picking out some promising-looking shell the crab first rolls it over for inspection, then balances it rapidly among its claws to ascertain its soundness and weight, then one of the long slender limbs is thrust into the spiral opening to see if the mollusk is still in possession, and if so it is promptly dragged out and devoured.

In a twinkling the bold marauder next works itself backwards into the cavity, and if satisfied with the fit takes a firm grip on the extremity of the interior by means of strong hooks on the end of the body, and rattles merrily away, dragging its new house after it.

No force can remove it alive from the home of its adoption, unless the apex of the shell be carefully broken with a rock or hammer.

Sometimes two crabs fight for the same residence, or engage in sparring matches apparently for pastime, the victor making a meal of the vanquished. If limbs are lost in the encounter, they are speedily reproduced.

One of the large front claws is abnormally developed, serving both as a defensive weapon and as a sort of barricade when the animal is in retirement.

The pert little eyes, set on long, jointed stalks, are capable of seeing in every direction, and the antennæ, or feelers, sweep from either side of the head like an exaggerated French moustache.

The shells of some species are often surmounted by a colony of polyps, or by a good-sized sea-anemone, which the crab is forced to carry around with him wherever he may go. It is asserted by reliable authority that the hermit actually seems to become attached to his curious companions, and when it changes its house for a larger one lifts the anemone from its resting-place, and settles it carefully on top of the new shell.

A small marine worm sometimes seeks shelter in the same retreat, and being prized for bait by fishermen, the life of its unfortunate host is ruthlessly sacrificed.

When instinct tells this little crab that its time has come to die, it leaves its cozy, secluded dwelling and breathes its last on the cold wet rocks, or is washed away by the tide.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

THOSE who have read much of Dickens are struck by some of the peculiar and unique industries and occupations described in some of his novels. But in real life odd and curious occupations for earning a livelihood are continually springing into being. A woman of New York City, well dressed and attractive in appearance, daily explores the dust-bins of milliners and dressmakers, carefully extracting therefrom all bits of lace, feathers, and silk. She contracts for doll-dressing, and has a large number of assistants. She buys up all discarded scraps of the costly silks and satins used by dressmakers. Between these and the dust-bin she collects enough material for very effective creations, deriving from their sale a comfortable income.

Another New York woman earns $2500 a year by buying for wealthy men who are too busy in the daytime and too tired at night to go shopping. During the year she buys on commission thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, flowers, dress laces, furs, and knickknacks, which chiefly go as presents from generous men to attractive women. She is busy the year round and has many assistants.

A number of Boston ladies are gaining a comfortable livelihood by teaching and playing whist.

A woman in England has become what may be known as a professional "baby-namer." She proclaims in the newspapers her willingness to select, for the modest sum of twenty-five cents, a suitable name for any baby of high or low degree. All that the parents need to do to take advantage of her professional assistance is to forward, with the requisite fee, such particulars as to their position in life, temperament, color of the baby's eyes, the month of its birth, and one or two more of like import, and by return mail the applicant will receive a name, which, it is stated, is warranted to give satisfaction.

In one of the great caravansaries of Constantinople there is an old Turk who makes a comfortable living by renting pipes for temporary use by the guests of the hotel. His stand is a little red-curtained bazar, in which he sits with a table before him. On this table is ranged a large variety of pipes of all sizes and of all nationalities. The German meerschaum is there. So is the American corncob; and the English brier and the Irish dudeen are represented in great numbers. Besides, he has the long, rubber-stemmed, cool-smoking Turkish pipes, and the little, slim-stemmed opium pipes of Chinese manufacture. Behind him, ranged in scores of little pockets, are tobaccos of every conceivable variety. The pipes are rented full to the brim, with the renter's own choice of tobacco, for the sum of one scutarae, less than one penny of our money. However, the renter is compelled to leave a small sum of money as security for the pipe.

Two enterprising American lads have gone into monkey and cassowary farming, the skins of which are used for pocket-books. The farm is situated in South Africa. More calls are given, however, for the cassowary than for the monkey. Cassowary skin, when ready to be made into pocket-books, is a delicate tan in color, a shade or so lighter than the monkey skin. It has the appearance of being punctured with tiny holes. These pocket-books are most elaborately mounted. Some not only have capped corners of gold, but on them lies a golden serpent in seeming readiness to crawl over the cover. Others have an enameled flower or two for ornamentation, and the corners are capped with enamel, the same color as that used for the flowers.

Then there is the snake industry. An old man named Abner Dodge, having numerous friends among the rattlesnake fraternity, has for years past utilized his friends and extracted the oil from their bodies, said oil being useful as medicine. He has a regular rattlesnake farm up in the mountains near Pomona. He has as many as sixty of these scaly, reptilian creatures on his farm. He keeps them well fed and fat. He says it pays to do so. With him this industry is a paying institution.

Herman Krueger, an obscure Dutchman, has started a French froggery a few miles west of Anaheim, from which he expects to reap harvests of coin. If this industry is successful, we may soon expect to see the restaurants of Southern California serving up frogs to their numerous patrons and customers disguised under a high-sounding French name—for frogs taste better that way—frogs in all styles, baked, roasted, fried, stewed or boiled. Frogs' legs may be dished up in mincemeat or hash, fricasseed or jammed. Froggeries are a paying institution in France; so are snaileries.

A new industry has come into existence among the Parisians, and camel steak is displacing horse steak in the restaurants of Paris, Algerian butchers providing the supply. The meat is said to taste like beef.

Several dentists in New York have retired from the regular practise of having human patients, and are confining themselves exclusively to canine dentistry, manufacturing for the little pugs of the rich sets of false teeth, or, as is sometimes required, filling their teeth with gold.

But the champion instance of nineteenth century enterprise is furnished by the sympathetic girl who listens to the sorrows and misfortunes of her fellow-creatures for fifty cents per hour! I believe, as the world is constituted to-day, the tenderhearted young lady should never lack clients!

MISS GEORGIE SULLIVAN. *Marceau photo.*

WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES.

INA C. TOMPKINS.

Not since the days of crinoline, bustles, and "back drapery" have women's clothes been so dominating, burdensome, and troublesome, as at the present time, to those who obey the dictates of fashion.

The world of womankind appeared to be profoundly moved by Jenness Miller's healthful, convincing philosophy, and Edmund Russell's grace-and-beauty ethics, a little time ago, and there were symptoms of actual and permanent reform all along the line.

But "the tide swings back in the old-time way." Heavy skirts that need stiffs and wires to hold them in place again envelop the feminine form divine. The corseted waist and bunchy hips are again in evidence. Somebody has aptly said, "The Lord never made a woman's waist"—but the modiste has remodeled His plan, and she is divided into sections as distinctively as are some specimens in the insect world. Apropos, the edict has gone forth from Paris that the slender, wasp-like waist is to be no longer countenanced by Dame Fashion. The real lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, Pallas, and Diana. The Greek women, according to this fiat, must now be taken as examples and followed.

The amount of cloth in corsages and sleeves gives a woman the appearance of being swamped by her clothes. She appeals to man, as of old, by the helplessness of her condition, the perpetual struggle she must make to "get along." She can't carry the smallest parcel because she must use her hands in care of her voluminous skirts. She can't reach the pepper-box at table, if it is six inches from her, because her bishop sleeves will dip into the dishes. She can't even indulge in natural poses of body, or natural expressions of countenance, for there are attitudes and smirks that go with her smart costumes.

Only the skeleton woman can wear the heavy, bunchy, folded, plaited garments with the least approach to satisfaction. Imagine an artist dressing his ideal beauties in present-day styles! His figures are garmented in Grecian simplicity—the beautiful, natural form not buried out of sight or of possible recognition.

Who decrees that a stout woman shall clothe herself to measure a kilometer from shoulder to shoulder, and who admires her thus abnormally shapen? Who says that her stiff, clashing garments shall announce her all-pervading presence every time she breathes and moves? Who attempts to assume that thus garmented she is a thing of beauty or a joy for half a minute, to herself or anybody else?

I heard a devoted young husband sharply reprimanded yesterday when he placed caressing hands on his wife's shoulders, about to give her a kiss. He was crushing the elaboration of stiffened velvet and lace frills that clothed her about.

And now we are told that women's shoes, with the high, small, French heels, are "pattering down the corridor," coming this way. And must we suffer all the warning lectures and literature on the subject over again?

Well, the bicycle girls and gymnasium girls, the University girls with their sensible school clothes—they afford relief from the oppression and give hope for wise evolvement in the future. The very caprice that has brought this avalanche of clothes upon weak and willing womankind may decree the whole array outre and barbarous some fine morning, and the pendulum swing to the other extreme. But there is always "the golden mean," and some who find it,

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

As a partial inducement to the restless New Woman to turn back into the domestic paths of peace and homely household cares, a Philadelphia man has invented a churn and rocking-chair combined, so that the hand that rocks the cradle may likewise evolve the family's butter supply while perusing the latest dissertation on woman's rights and her much-discussed sphere. It has heretofore been argued that a woman's brain has to suffer neglect while she is applying herself to the physical labor of housekeeping. That there is a practical way out of every difficulty is proven by this astute Philadelphian. If he will only follow up his invention by a contrivance which will successfully combine book-reviewing and dish-washing, scrubbing and the fine arts, stove-polishing and mental culture, womenkind the world over will rise up and call him blessed.

"Please tell me, what are editors?"
I shook my head and smiled.
It seemed too bad to tell the truth
To that confiding child.

How could I have the heart to say
That editors are men
Who print the news and then next day
Take it all back again?

The cruel and deforming practise of docking horses' tails is not indorsed by Mr. Wm. G. Layng of the *Breeder and Sportsman*, a fact which is greatly to that gentleman's credit. Many persons labor under the delusion that it is not a painful operation for a horse to be thus mutilated. Even the briefest inquiry into the matter would convince them that it is just as impossible for an animal to be deprived of a portion of its body without suffering, as it is for a human being to undergo a surgical operation and feel no pain. The fact is that the poor horse endures the needless torture only because it is bound so tightly during the process that it cannot escape. It is shameful that docking is not prohibited by law. If the people who sacrifice humane considerations because of their senseless ambition to follow Anglomaniac fads only realized the enormity of their offense against nature, they would promptly discontinue the unfortunate practise, and docking would speedily become "bad form."

Another point of resemblance has been found between men and monkeys—both are fond of beer. Mr. Muddock, author of several books of travel, states that his own monkey, Baba, drank itself to delirium tremens, and it is said that the death of Sally, the chimpanzee, was hastened by drink. Is it not dreadful, when one comes to think of it, that we should place such temptations in the way of our possible ancestry?

The hero in William Black's latest novel is called Argyriades. Now, what sort of a pet name could a girl conjure up for a man out of a cognomen like that?

She is a good wife and mother, this woman of whom I write, but alas! she has the auction habit, and she has it badly.

Perhaps you do not quite comprehend the significance of this. To be an auction fiend is a menace to the peace of a woman's home. She buys, buys, buys, for the sheer love of buying, and neither prudence nor reason controls her purse-strings. Bargains, to her, are the most coveted of earthly possessions, and so she haunts the auctioneer's domain, sitting eager-eyed and expectant, listening as attentively to his "going-going-gone" as though it were the music of the spheres.

I know a man whose wife has the auction habit. He is beginning to look as though perpetual grief were gnawing at his heart-strings, but it is only because the partner of his joys and sorrows is an auction faddist. With her it is gradually developing into a mania. Their Valencia-street house is filled from garret to cellar with everything inanimate conceivable that has known the tap of an auctioneer's hammer. So steadily does the collection encroach upon space, that I fully expect to some day find the family keeping house on the front doorstep, unable to make gangway within. There are clocks that won't go, chairs that have one, two, three, and occasionally four bad legs apiece, mirrors that reflect distorted visions, "imported" goods that came no further afield than the stuffy shop of some side-street manufacturer of antiquities, rockers that refuse to rock, carpets laid bare by the industrious moth, "priceless" oil paintings such as any good pot-boiler can turn out at the rate of one every fifteen minutes, Turkish rugs that came from Chinatown, and a medley of other articles that came from heaven knows where. It is no trifling thing to have an auction-mad wife.

I met her husband the other day and his coat was so shiny that it hurt my eyes. "It's getting worse and worse," he confided to me. "But what can I do? Storage bills would swamp me. We are steadily drifting to our fate. I can see it coming. We shall wind up by being sold at auction ourselves!"

In summer-time, when skies were blue,
Her lover came to softly woo;
He changed her days from prose to rhyme
In summer-time.

To sweetest rhyme, from dullest prose;
Her desert blossomed as the rose.
Ah, who can dream of wintry clime
In summer-time?

Who, in the sunshine of a smile,
Can count on fickleness the while?
Why, love and life are at their prime
In summer-time.

Alas that love should see so soon
The waning of its harvest moon!
That petals should be crushed with rime
In summer-time.

Through falling leaves the zephyrs stir;
Dear Mother Nature grieves for her
Whose wedding bells will never chime
In summer-time.

A Los Angeles mother, whose fourteen-year-old son had run away from home, wrote a description of him to a local daily, in which she stated that he was a freckle-faced blonde, had several scars, a bad temper, a crooked nose, small blue eyes, and was also knock-kneed. Yet there are people who declare that a mother's love renders her blind to the imperfections of her children!

"What will benefit a bad complexion?" wails a correspondent. Soap, water, and exercise, my dear, and an abundance of all three. Leave cosmetics severely alone for six months, adhering to the above formula with religious devotion, and you will be delighted with the result. By that time you will have a wholesome and deep-rooted contempt for those rich red-white-and-purple complexions that proclaim themselves home-made, and that you once imagined were beautiful. And you will like yourself ever so much better when you know that your facial epidermis is absolutely clean. Every night before retiring lather your face lavishly with a pure, unscented toilet soap (there are delightful soaps in market nowadays at moderate prices) and water as warm as can be used with comfort, taking care to rinse those features of yours thoroughly, and then rub gently dry with a soft towel. The San Francisco woman who goes to bed without washing her face carries infinitesimal particles of soot and real estate to her dainty pillow, and expects the insulted pillow to return good for evil by soothing her to sleep. It is horrifying to one who prides herself upon her cleanliness to see in a basin of water the results of an afternoon's shopping. It isn't nice to carry microbes on your cheeks and microscopic samples of town lots on your forehead, but our trade winds are indefatigable purveyors of dust and dirt, and face-veils only incite their derision. Soap and water are our best friends, sisters. Let us use both and be thankful for them.

When Winter "lingers in the lap of Spring,"
And winds blow cold as though from lands of snow;
When buds delay their fragrant blossoming,
And birds won't leave their downy nests to sing;
When you and I are cold and shivering,
And still the Winter makes no move to go—
Why, then, I say he is a mean old thing!
I wish the weather clerk would tell him so!

Who owns the most costly bicycle in the world? The Queen of Italy. Its wheels are of pure gold. Helen Gould, who is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, pays only one hundred dollars for a machine, but she buys several each summer. Many women of wealth let their extravagant fancies run riot in the adornment of their wheels, and the jewelers have benefited largely, in a number of instances, by the cycling craze. Silver mountings are frequently used about the handle-bars, forks, and other portions of the machine, including lamps, cyclometers, tool-bags, chain-guards, and shields for the sprocket-wheels. Strange to say, a man, not a woman, so it is stated, has set the most startling pace of extravagance for cyclists to follow. He is an Englishman, and has spent a thousand dollars in embellishing his wheel.

A wondrous collection of idiotics is the average department headed "Woman's Realm," "Woman's Kingdom," and similar time-worn titles, and which reads as though it were thrown together by the sporting editor while waiting for a detail, or as though the editor himself had clipped wildly to right and left such paragraphs as his scissors had time to operate on while the last form was waiting to go to press. Again, one can almost trace the artistic hand of the office boy in the department's incoherent and surprising make-up. The majority of "women's departments" are sad tributes to the mentality of the sex. Likewise they work mischief in a household. From this irresponsible source many a woman has learned to decorate coal-scuttles, beribbon chairs, construct flour-barrel divans; with a few yards of cretonne, a hammer, and a handful of brass-headed nails, almost any woman can lay the foundation for a future divorce suit. I do not believe that men think home one bit cozier because every available inch of space is crammed with odds and ends in various colors that distract the eye and bewilder the brain. Yet the woman's column goes on calmly aiding and abetting these and similar evils. One paper has just evolved the brilliant idea of suspending Japanese parasols at intervals from the ceiling and utilizing them as "house gardens." Heavens, what a suggestion! Do the authors of "Woman's Realm," "Kingdom," etc., write only when under the influence of some baneful drug or temporary aberration? Screens! says this same paper. Screens make home attractive. Place screens wherever you can find room for them. Another paper calls loudly for ottomans. They should be scattered about all over the house, declares this inspired authority. They, too, make home attractive. Misguided scribbler, whoever, whatever you are, you are wrong, and you should stop writing down such stuff before you have done any more harm in the world. Nothing under a roof has caused so much shocking profanity as ottomans. No other object of human invention has such a fatal propensity for lurking about in the dark to entrap the unwary; and if you ever, ever got up in the night, stubbed your toe on one and didn't say things that you recall with bitter shame, you are too good for this earth. The crying need for reform in journalism is found in the woman's column. "Woman's Bosh" would be a more appropriate term.

A shark sixteen feet long was captured recently in the harbor of Sydney, N. S. W., and it is stated that at a post mortem examination the fish's stomach was found to contain a large dog's collar, a man's coat, a briarwood pipe, some coppers, and an indefinite number of safety pins.

That's nothing. Almost any small boy, less than three feet long, can discount that by turning his pockets inside out. If you want to see something really wonderful in the way of a miscellaneous collection, just take a pocket inventory of any healthy American youth in knickerbockers. For infinite and unique variety, it will discount any prize bric-a-brac museum gathered together by the most enterprising and industrious shark with buzz-saw teeth that ever swam in search of prey. A small boy's pocket is at once a source of keenest joy to himself and despair to his mother, for within its limited but wonderfully accommodating space may be found almost anything from a jackknife to a live horned toad.

The wearing of shoe leather is one of the barbarities of civilization. Enlightened humanity prides itself upon its wisdom, its comfort-producing inventions, its perspicacity in all things, yet, ruled by tradition, continues to torture itself with shoe leather. Surely there is some material upon the face of the earth that is capable of providing warmth and durability for footwear, without the frightful possibilities for bodily misery that leather contains. Yet who would dare to bring down financial failure upon himself by manufacturing a covering for the foot that was not leathery, uncomfortable, and conventional? The fact is that the world is absurdly, passively submissive to custom, and as long as it remains so, the chiropodist will be a necessary evil in humanitarian guise.

The sweet girl graduate now stands
Beside "Fate's shoreless sea,"
The usual essay in her hands
About the "life to be";
"That life," she says, "is like a scroll
Which coming years will swift unroll."

I think the sweet girl graduate
A very charming sight;
In fact, her presence on that date
Quite fills me with delight.
But heavens, how it wearies me
To stand beside Fate's shoreless sea.

In a paragraph entitled "Advice to Husbands," a modern philosopher says, regarding her whom the husband has promised to love and cherish, "A kind word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom." True, very true. But do not forget, O husbands thus addressed, do not forget to follow up that kind word, that tender look, once in a while, with a new gown. Love is a delightful adjunct to earthly existence, but—so are pretty clothes. One *can* live without love, at least there are such instances on record, but one must have a new gown occasionally, unless, indeed, one is altogether a bloomerite. And even bloomers have to be renewed,

ITEMS.

With the passing of Kate Field journalism has lost one of its brightest ornaments, one of its most ambitious workers, a woman of whom the American people may well be proud. Only her co-workers in the newspaper profession can appreciate the efforts she put forth to achieve success. Newspaper women the country over mourn that death has come to her so soon; that a pen so vigorous should be forever laid down.

Willie Slimson—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning, and he was wild.

Bobbie Smitem—Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again.

Willie Slimson—No; neither will I.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street. leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The Gilmore Glen Alpine Springs Resort, seven miles distant from Tallac House, Lake Tahoe, will open twentieth of June. Grandest of mountain scenery surrounds it. Finest of trout fly fishing in its numerous lakes, to which there are good horse trails for free use of guests; also to Tallac Mountain and neighboring high peaks. Daily stage connects with boat at Tallac and Cascade House. Saddle horses and guides at Springs. Charges reasonable. Address

N. Gilmore,
Tallac, Lake Tahoe,
California.

Under date of May 30th, the *Eel River Valley Advance* issued quite an elaborate illustrated number descriptive of Humboldt County, Cal. It is quite interesting and instructive, and those interested in that wonderfully fertile region should procure a copy of this issue.

Swain Brothers, 213 Sutter Street, San Francisco, announce in this issue a new departure in the shape of a table d'hote lunch. This will no doubt be much appreciated by the many patrons of this popular restaurant. and indicates that Swain's is fully up to the times. There is no more elegant and refined cafe in San Francisco.

General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was for many years Queen Victoria's private secretary, was noted for his politeness, and, whenever an artist performed at Court, he always telegraphed the following day to inquire after the performer's health. If a complete troupe performed at the castle, the General employed a formula, always the same, which included the various members of the company. A short time ago Rogers Prat was sent for to exhibit his educated geese before Queen Victoria's grandchildren. The day following the "artist" received the traditional telegram from General Ponsonby, written in the following immutable terms: "Her Gracious Majesty would be delighted to know if the members of your troupe are well, and if they have had an agreeable journey. For my own part I beg you to convey to them the expression of my esteem."

At a police court one day the presiding magistrate complained that he did not believe in a particle of the evidence given by some witnesses in a certain case that had been brought before him. "I believe that they have every one of them told lies," said he. Up rose a lawyer in the court. "Your worship," said he, "I have yet to call a witness on whose veracity the Court may rely." A boy was then placed in the witness box, who stared around him like a wild animal. "My boy," said the lawyer, "you are expected to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand? "Yes, sir." "Tell the Court, now, where wicked people go to who don't tell the truth." The boy stared nervously round him and looked up at the magistrate. "They come here, sir."

NEW GOLD.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

[Samuel Minturn Peck in *New York Home Journal*.]

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat—
She is vain about her feet,
It is said.
She amputates her *r's*,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night,
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair—
Her face, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette
Whom I sing;
On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly,
Dew empearled;
When she wearies, on my life
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATABILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she busted one day,
Exploded, blew up, God take her!
And all the people that saw it say,
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

The poet Whittier once lent a volume of Plato to a neighbor, and when the book was returned asked, "Well, friend, how did thee like Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer, "I see he's got some of my ideas."

Little Boy—The preacher says there is no marryin' in heaven.

Little Girl—Of course not. There would not be enough men to go 'round.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Charles Lamb photo.

Little Elsie (stamping and dancing about the room in a rage)—I wish I was my papa!

Aunt Ada—What is the trouble, Elsie?

Elsie—Towser's chewed my dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just cram full of naughty things to say, and mamma won't let me say 'em.

Miss Hights—Did you have a nice time on your vacation, Mr. Gayter?

Tom Gayter (effusively)—Fine. Splendid air, good hotel, lots of pretty girls, charming scenery, nature's beauties in primal garb—

Miss Hights—Which you studied from the beach, I imagine.

Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscent)—Jonathan, we've been married forty years next Tuesday, and never had a cross word yit.

Mr. Perkins—I know it; I've stood yer jawin' purty well.

Mrs. Perkins—Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, an' I wouldn't marry yer agin for love ner money.

A curious typographical error recently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest it was stated, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

Some visitors going through a country gaol, under the escort of the chief warder, came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly responded the chief warder.

Taking things as they come isn't very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

She—O George, what shall we do if the boat sinks?

He (very pale)—Never mind about that, Sarah; it's not our boat.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommy. "Wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."

Mamma—Ethel, the richest man you will meet in society will be Mr. Cresus. Mind! whenever he speaks to you, you must blush.

Ethel—But, mamma, suppose I can't?

Mamma—Nonsense! Think of something that will make you blush.

"What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so naturally that the servant girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?"

"There may have been such an artist, but never such a servant girl."

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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OCEAN BIPEDS.

HAMILTON V. RAYMOND.

FLEETING birds of the sea! friends of the mariner; ever his companions in sunshine and in storm, on the dreary waste of ocean. Restless, roving gleaners!

No thoughtful person who has occasion to make an ocean voyage can fail to be impressed by the birds that follow the vessel on untiring wing, patiently waiting for some morsel to be left in her wake. How precarious must be their livelihood, how slender their means of sustenance, when they follow so far in the hope of gaining some bit of food that may be dropped by chance or thrown to them by some well-disposed person! Whether gull or petrel or albatross, their patient earnestness must arouse a deep sense of sympathy in the fellow-creature who guides the vessel.

The birds most familiar to the mariner are of two general kinds—those that rarely go far away from land, such as certain gulls and petrels; and those that inhabit the high seas, rarely approaching the land, and then only to lay their eggs and rear their young. Such are the albatrosses and certain pelagic gulls and petrels. By the birds, therefore, the sailor can judge the distance of land, even when far out at sea.

Of the birds met with on the great ocean, easily the first is the mighty, wandering albatross. It is not so commonly seen as some of the smaller species. It is the largest of the sea-birds, and has a spread of wing of twelve to fourteen feet, with powers of flight surpassed, if equaled, by no other living bird. The great condor of the Andes, soaring at will on the wind, is a bird of only medium flight. Ducks and pigeons may surpass it in actual speed for short distances. The condor can retire to the shelter of the rocks or woods when the hurricane begins to rage, but on the broad ocean there is no shelter. When the storm-cloud blackens the surface of the deep, and the waves are lifted mountain-high, and their crests are dashed into spray before the gale, the albatross rises on outstretched pinions, breasting the storm or moving bravely against it. To yield to it or to rest for an instant on the seething waters would be destruction. The albatross seems then to use no extraordinary exertion, only to hold the wing steadily in one straight plane; all the rest is done by a consummate art in balancing. The long, narrow, thin wings, their width one-twentieth of their spread, are admirably fitted to cut the swift gale that would force all else before it. The albatross never flaps its wings unless to assist in rising from the water after feeding. The mythical Dædalus may well have existed in reality, since man has, in recent years, perhaps rediscovered through the study of these larger birds that flight is perfectly feasible, requiring brain rather than muscle, though it is frankly conceded by the most sanguine advocate of aerial navigation that man can never hope to equal the marvelous performances of the albatross.

Then there is the Shearwater, known as the "hagdon," a bird that never goes to land while in the North Atlantic, a fact which has given rise to a firm belief among the Newfoundland fishermen that the "hagdon" lays no eggs, but a sort of fish-spawn which they find floating in the sea. These birds also are common attendants upon fishing vessels.

By no means the least known of these ocean birds is the familiar "stormy petrel," commonly called Mother Carey's Chicken. In the North Atlantic the bird may be either the Leach's Petrel (which nests in Grand Menan and northward), or the Wilson's Petrel. All are superficially much alike, soot-colored birds with white marks, no bigger than swallows, of which they remind one by their jerky, flitting, airy manner of flight. They skim the surface of the waves with wings half-raised and with legs dangling at full length, touching the water—whence their name "petrel," meaning "little Peter," the bird that walks on the water! Their Indian name in the Bay of Fundy, "men-he-bi-meh'-sit," expresses an obvious resemblance to the operation of removing scum from a boiling pot with a "skimmer."

There are no more untiring birds than these. Nuttall's description cannot be improved:

"Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, ascending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow wakes as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, they trip and jerk sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the storm, and, like some magic being, seem to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers. At other times we see these aerial mariners playfully coursing from side to side in the wake of the ship, making excursions far and wide on every side, now in advance, then far behind, returning again to the vessel as if she were stationary, though moving at the most rapid rate. A little after dark they gradually cease their arduous course and take their interrupted rest upon the water, arriving in the wake of the vessel they had left, as I have observed, by about nine or ten o'clock of the following morning. In this way we were followed by the same flock of birds to the soundings of the Azores."

Perhaps the most entertaining of all sea-birds are the gulls, of which several species may commonly be met with, chiefly along the coasts. Gulls, as a rule, find flight more difficult than other birds which we have described. They keep close to the ship, and when they are accustomed periodically to beat over a certain path their wits become sharpened and they afford no end of amusement to the passengers. A crowd of gulls will follow a vessel all day, returning, doubtless, to the nearest land. Next morning there will be another gang at daybreak, but it may be of a wholly different species. A jolly crew are a flock of gulls. I have watched them by the hour flying abreast of the steamer, from ten to twenty-five feet from the ship's rail, every eye on the porthole from which refuse of the cook's galley is dumped into the sea. Generally this grateful event takes place just after meal-times, and a gull will follow a ship ten hours for the sake of one mad dash at the scraps which it expects to be consigned to the ocean. The gull cannot be fooled with anything short of fresh meat or crackers. I have tried orange-peel and scraps of pasteboard, which I tossed into the air or into the sea, and not a bird turned a feather! But if you hold a scrap of cracker in your hand, you shall see every bird draw as near as he dares, with a knowing blink and turn of the head. Toss it into the air, and a wild scream issues from fifty throats; as many pairs of wings flash in the sunlight; fifty pairs of red or black legs dangle in air, and the scrap never reaches the sea!

The great event is when the dinner scraps go overboard from the galley. There is a mad scramble, the air is filled with hoarse cries, the whole flock settles on the water with uplifted wings, each screaming and flapping in the vain effort to get all there is for itself. The steamer goes on, leaving a white, struggling spot on the water in its wake. But presently they start after her again, and with quick, nervous strokes they reach her side, to sail serenely on with her as before. The most amazing piece of business I ever saw was a gull coolly preening itself with its bill while it was following in full flight, apparently without an effort.

The great albatross that may occasionally linger in the pathway of a transatlantic steamer will return at the nesting season and lay its solitary white egg in far-away Patagonia—a wanderer over the face of the globe. Many of the stormy petrels for a brief period leave our waters and go no man knows where.

A sailor will not permit any bird to be killed that alights on his vessel, nor an albatross under any circumstances. It is only a superstition, it is true, but it is one that may well remain. Would there were more like it!

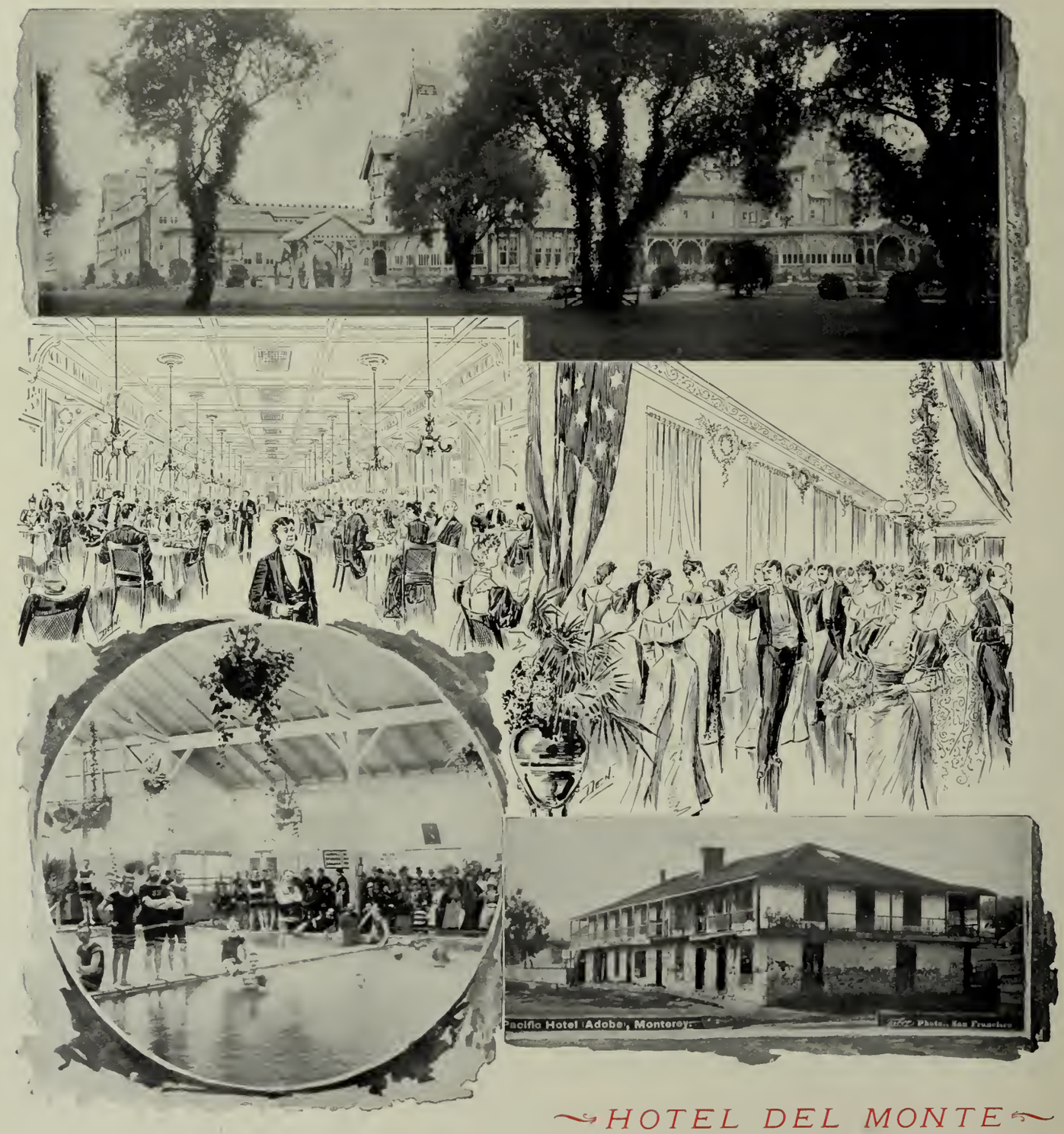
Much of what is told us of the early history of Bath, England, is of a legendary character, and no statement entitled to credit can, we are assured on good authority, be made regarding the discovery and use of its thermal mineral springs, prior to the Roman occupation of the locality about the middle of the first century. Many remarkable remains of Roman workmanship have been found there, among them the ruins of buildings of great magnitude and beauty.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. AUGUST, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LAKE TAHOE AND MT. TALLAC FROM CAVE ROCK.



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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WHEN we pick up the daily papers and read of the terrible disasters in different sections of the Eastern States, from cyclones, thunder storms, washouts, floods, and blizzards, and call to mind the recent unparalleled calamaties at St. Louis and in far-off Japan, we should appreciate the fact that our home is in California, where no material disaster has ever occurred. Kansas has its cyclones. Japan its typhoons, New York its blizzards, and California no dreaded visitation of the elements of any kind. We are popularly considered as the earthquake center, but while it is true we have a tremblor perhaps once in three years, there has never been any very serious damage done since the famous shakeup of 1868, that resulted in three casualties, but this disturbance is hardly worth speaking of when we compare it with the frightful earthquakes in Charleston, S. C., several years ago, and which occasioned a fearful loss of life.

We therefore have much to be thankful for in this, our "glorious climate," where the sun shines almost three hundred days in the year—where the distressing extremes of winter and summer are unknown—where the flowers bloom through the year, and where in midwinter in the central and southern belts the bathing, boating, and all kinds of outdoor sports are at their height, while our Eastern friends are hugging their firesides, or muffling themselves in their great fur coats. Truly, it is a contrast, and an endowment of natural conditions that cannot but make California in the course of time the most prosperous and popular paradise on the face of the earth.

"WHAT is the difference between free silver and a free lunch? The first is 16 to 1, the other 11 to 2." This is one of the by-plays going the rounds, and it is safe to say, that although humorous and intended as a current "catch," it comes pretty near defining the problem of free silver itself. But the term "free silver" is a misnomer to begin with. It does not mean what it would seem to indicate any more than a "free" lunch where you *pay* for a schooner of beer and get the lunch on the side, the latter being part of the consideration and therefore not free. Free silver does not mean that we can have dollars and dimes thrown in "on the side" when we make a purchase. If it did it wouldn't be worth what it is to-day, but it is a recognized commodity, as a medium of exchange, that is now worth about one-thirtieth of its weight in gold, which it is proposed to increase to a relative valuation of 16 to 1, backed by the *stamp* of the United States Government. This is fictitious, however, on the face of it, for we cannot ignore the money centers of the world, and if we expect to trade on an even basis, as we must, we must pay for the commodities we receive in coin of intrinsic value. We might just as well coin copper or some other base metal, stamp it with the Government seal and ask our foreign friends to accept that as to tender a one dollar silver piece that under the regulations of free silver will be actually worth just fifty-three cents.

TYPICAL COUNTRY ROAD, HUMBOLDT COUNTY. *E. A. Brush photo.*

THE bicycle parade and demonstration at San Francisco on July 25th was certainly food for thought, and there was a significance to it that perhaps few realize. There was only one regret, that it was most badly managed from beginning to end, and the very object for which it was formed was to a large extent modified through the imperfect and almost unwarrantable laxity or incompetency which characterized the final details. The promoters of the enterprise, on the other hand, deserve the greatest credit for the zeal, energy, and skill displayed in the inauguration of this novel display, but it was unfortunate that those entrusted with the carrying out of their plans were lacking in the first principles of military system and the management of public parades.

Nevertheless there is a deduction to be made. Probably eight thousand bicycle riders were represented at the gathering, and it is safe to say that seven thousand were voters. Further, this congregation did not represent more than sixty per cent of the total number of wheelmen in this city, which would mean, as a conservative estimate, about twelve thousand adult citizens who ride the wheel. The object, ulteriorly, was largely political in design, with a view to obtaining better streets in San Francisco. The slogan was "Repave Market Street," and was adopted as the war cry because this thoroughfare is the principal artery of the city and the poorest paved. Once accomplish this and its branches will readily fall in line. In municipal affairs party lines should be, and usually are, set aside, and to all citizens of good sense the ballot is cast for those who embody the principles for which they strive. The wheeling fraternity have become not only a factor but a power in the world of suffrage, and those men whose names will head the ticket in the coming campaign will be required to unequivocally indorse the good street movement if they wish the support of the strong organizations agitating this question.

BEFORE the first of September it is expected that the new railway to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais will be completed. It has been an undertaking of no small magnitude and will add one more novel attraction to tourists and residents of the Bay counties.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

ANTHONY E. KAESER.

THOSE who believe tennis has lost its hold on the public interest should have witnessed the championship round of the Tournament on the afternoon of July 4th, at San Rafael.

It was a gay multitude that assembled shortly after lunch, and occupied every vantage spot about the courts. It represented the very essence of wealth, beauty, and fashion. Add to this an exhibition of superb skill, with perfect weather and delightful surroundings—what more is necessary to make any event a success?

The drawings of the players could hardly have been more fortunate as none of the probable winners came together until the third round, though the playing in the preliminaries was marked by the creditable showing of some of the newer players, who had entered a championship match for the first time.

The Tournament was opened by the match between George Whitney and Paul Selby in one court, and by Whitney and Stone in the other. Selby started in by rushing things, and when the scorer began calling games in his favor to love for Whitney, who was a strong favorite for winner of the Tournament, it was noticeable that the spectators flocked to their court and the players of the other match neglected their task to watch events next door. Selby was doing his best, and sent the ball speeding about like a veteran, his drives especially attracting attention as they sped down the side lines or across court, out of reach of the clever player from the California Club. It was evident, though, that he was tiring himself and could not possibly keep up the pace he had set, though the score stood for a while four to one in his favor. Whitney had now carefully measured his man and was gradually taking the affair into his own hands, winning the set after taking five straight games. During the second set, the Oaklander fought bravely, but secured only one game, to six for his opponent, giving him the match and closing the prettiest contest of the first round.

The next match to attract attention was the one between Walter Magee of Oakland and George Whitney, who had defeated Selby in the morning. Many spectators had assembled to witness this match as it promised to be hotly contested, and they were not disappointed.

SAMUEL HARDY.

Magee is a strong player, but what he requires to make himself a winner is the coolness and self-possession of a player like Sam Hardy. He will sometimes play a very exciting rally, returning the most difficult balls, and then lose the point on the simplest of returns. His match with Whitney was characterized by just such playing, though at times both men put up excellent tennis and aroused the occupants of the grand-stand to energetic applause.

The first set closed six games to three for Whitney, and after a few minutes' breathing spell, (the heat being very oppressive), they were battling again. This time Magee kept his opponent better in hand until the game stood five all, and then for some unexplainable reason, Whitney took the next two games, scoring the set seven to five and winning the match.

GEORGE F. WHITNEY

T. A. Driscoll, who held the championship in 1893, came up against Thatcher, who has played tennis at Yale, for the next match. Every one was anxious to see Driscoll play again, for he usually puts up a lively game, coming to the net at every opportunity and covering his court with remarkable agility. Being a left-handed player, he often makes it very awkward for his opponent, virtually reversing the game from his side of the net. He uses the chop stroke very effectively, and, perhaps, more often than any other player of note. His drive is also a good stroke, but sometimes fails him through lack of practise. Mr. Thatcher puts up a game of the Eastern style, relying a great deal on the drive and a peculiar round-arm stroke used so cleverly by Hobart in the East. This year, however, his game was not as accurate or as strong as in 1895, and Driscoll had little trouble in defeating him with the score of six to three, six to two. It was a much more interesting game than the score would suggest and was marked by a number of pretty rallies and difficult plays. This closed the games for the day, leaving four of the best players on the Coast to finish the contest on the glorious "Fourth."

It was shortly after ten o'clock on that day when the match between George Whitney and T. A. Driscoll was called, the conditions for playing being excellent. At first it seemed a toss up who the winner would be, though Whitney seemed slightly the favorite. It was hoped by Driscoll's friends that he would put up his best game, for many would have been pleased to see him contest with Sam Hardy for the championship again. This could hardly be expected, owing to the small amount of practise he had had, having just returned from college. As events proved, this went against him, and Whitney, who was in almost perfect practise, won the two sets and match by the score of six to three, six to one.

At the close of this match the court was occupied by Sam Hardy and Robert N. Whitney, and the contest that followed developed some excellent tennis and was perhaps one of the hardest fought matches of the Tournament. During the first set Whitney seemed unable to cope with the deliberate play of his opponent and lost the set six to one. The second set proved very interesting, Whitney playing with a dash and precision of an expert, finally running the score up to five to three in his favor. Hardy seemed to be playing his usual game, but the San Francisco man was always on hand, which caused round after round of applause from the appreciative spectators. But Hardy, instead of becoming nervous and irritated at a critical moment, played on as steadily and with as much ease as if the score had been in his favor. There was a constant string of startling plays and some remarkable driving that was a feast for the eyes of a lover of tennis. Hardy brought the score to five all, then Whitney took a game, and every one was guessing who would get the set. They were not kept waiting very long, for after a bit of clever playing the former closed the set eight to six, thus winning the match. As affairs stood now, Sam Hardy was to play George Whitney for the All Comers' prize and the right to challenge the champion.

Every one was in a state of expectancy for this match, and long before the contestants appeared on the courts the grand-stands began to fill up until not a seat or vantage spot of any sort remained unoccupied. It was a pretty sight, this throng of gaily dressed men and women—like a great Persian rug with its innumerable colors scattered here and there, and waving as it in the caress of a breeze. A momentary hush spread over the assemblage, followed by a burst of applause as the two valiant victors crossed the courts to the clubhouse. In a moment or two they appeared again ready for the fray, and after a bit of preliminary practise, Joe Daly, the old-time professional whom nobody could beat, mounted the scorer's stand and then began the most important match of the Tournament.

Hardy lost the first three games, and then retrieved himself by winning the next six straight. He kept his opponent in a constant chase by his clever and accurate placing and seemed to outplay him in every feature of the game. At the net he was remarkable, often playing a low volley that was most difficult, and in such a way that he usually scored the point. His drive, too, was very effective and unmistakably showed splendid judgment and swiftness, two elements that one will not often find combined in that stroke.

Whitney, throughout the Tournament, had played excellent tennis and showed that he was in splendid physical condition and had practised his game down to a science. Yet, when he met Sam Hardy in this match, he seemed outclassed, and, after a while, became nervous and lost his self-possession at a time when it was most needed. At times he would brace up and play good tennis, only to drop back again to wild plays and nets. I doubt not he became discouraged after losing two sets and lost the ambition to try and pull it out, or he might at least have made the score better in the last set. The score of the match was six to three, six to one, and six to two, giving the All-Comers' prize, a Columbia bicycle, to Sam Hardy, a deserving tribute for his splendid exposition of this game of all games.

Sumner Hardy, the champion of 1895, is in Alaska and so the great silver cup goes by default to his brother, who is now champion of these Pacific States.

We believe that what Mayo Newhall said in 1892 is about correct, "It takes a body with the legs of a boy sixteen and the head of a man sixty to play tennis."

A writer on the beautiful vale of Kashmir, India, thus describes his first impressions at the gateway: "Suddenly an opening appears ahead as though a giant door had swung back, the river ceases to gurgle and toss, the hills fall back on either side, and the glorious vale of Kashmir appears stretching like a blue sea until stopped by a border of majestic slopes fringed with a line of silvery white. In the foreground, through a fragrant mildly warm air, the eye is enchanted by sheets of flowers, avenues of poplars, quaint wooden houses, quainter bridges, and boats of every size and shape. Further on, as we finally draw up at our destination—Baramulla—the town so picturesquely situated at the opening, through which the Jhelum escapes from the valley—we are surrounded by a group of big, simple-looking Kashmiri boatmen, gesticulating and shouting out at the top of their voices, not unlike the San Francisco hackmen, the superlative merits of their respective belongings. And we feel, in view of such tangible torture of nerves and reason, that we are at last indeed in the Paradise of Kashmir."

The time has come when the governess must have a new accomplishment, one never before exacted since her tribe began to increase. She must now ride a wheel, so that she may accompany her charges when they are taking their recreation. Several advertisements for "Governess Wanted" have recently been published, specifying this requirement as essential.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

EACH month there will be presented under this heading short, descriptive sketches of the plant and animal life of our forests, fields, and shores—as a knowledge, however slight, of the various branches of natural science gives added zest to many a mountain ramble and seaside stroll.

These columns are intended for those who love Nature in her different moods; who delight in the towering grandeur of a forest tree, and see something more than a tiresome weed in the humble dandelion; and while reminding some readers of what they already know, may perhaps serve to open the eyes of others to the wonders that lie about them.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

In the warm, dry soil of our southern counties, and in the arid deserts, the curious *Cteniza*, or trap-door spider, makes its habitat.

On account of its structure and peculiar habits it is always an object of interest, both to the ordinary observer and the naturalist, and prepared specimens and their nests are often sold to tourists as souvenirs.

In size and general appearance it resembles the tarantula of the tropics; but its bite, though painful, is not deadly in character.

Guided by the wonderful instinct of self-preservation, it burrows a sort of cylindrical tunnel in the ground or sloping bank, neatly lining the interior with a silken web of its own spinning, and closing the entrance with an ingeniously constructed circular lid. This is provided on the upper side with a soft, elastic hinge, so that it falls with its own weight, and when shut can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding clay or adobe, especially if overgrown with mosses. When returning from a foraging expedition the spider raises the door with its jaws and descends backwards down the hole, taking a firm grip on the inner surface by inserting its powerful mandibles into two small punctures opposite the hinge, which serve the purpose of a lock.

Sometimes, to afford greater security, a second apartment is constructed at an angle from the bottom of the first, the opening being concealed by a strong silken mesh or hanging. This nest or trap, which is sometimes five or six inches in length, is made by moulding small portions of earth into balls and scattering them from the mouth of the den; and is either enlarged each spring with the growth of its occupant, or an entirely new dwelling is manufactured.

Tiny spiders, just able to care for themselves, have their individual burrows in the vicinity of their birthplace; and, like the adult specimens, often retire into a sort of hibernation for a few months in the autumn.

These creatures are nocturnal in their habits, appearing abroad about nightfall in search of prey, or lurking

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

behind their half-closed portals, ready to pounce upon some hapless fly or other insect.

But it is a case of "the biter bit," for this long-legged, fuzzy web-spinner has a formidable foe in the shape of the "tarantula-hawk"—a large, fierce wasp, with a bright blue body and wings of a yellowish red. Buzzing noisily about in the sunshine, it watches its opportunity to catch the spider off its guard, and a fight between them ensues—the light-footed aggressor usually coming off the victor. After piercing its opponent's body with a sharp, deep sting, which paralyzes but not kills it, the wasp drags its victim to a hole in the ground, deposits an egg in its back, buries it, and then departs on similar ravages. In time, this egg hatches into a larva, which consumes the spider's flesh and then passes into the chrysalis stage, emerging a full-fledged insect.

Sometimes the larvæ are found in the interior of the burrow—a proof that the wasp has actually raised the lid and defeated its enemy in its own haunts. Though possessed of such a powerful venom, its sting is not

NEST OF TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

dangerous to human beings, and it seldom attacks them, unless annoyed.

The *Cteniza* is said to live for quite a number of years, increasing in size each season, until adult life is attained. Though not so formidable as the great *Mygale* of Arizona and Mexico, its appearance and swiftness usually strike terror to the heart of the timid; but it is generally cowardly when outside of its nest.

Large, poisonous tarantulas are often concealed in the bunches of bananas and bales of cocoanuts at the warehouses on the San Francisco wharves, whither they are shipped from the tropics; and workmen are frequently obliged to resort to caustic, ammonia, and nitrate of silver, in order to neutralize the deadly effects of their bites.

THE ABALONE.

Haliotis or abalone shells are such familiar objects on our rocky sea-beaches, that they are apt to excite but little interest or comment, though they are regarded by visitors from the East and other parts of the country as valuable curios and ornaments.

On account of their flattened, semi-spiral shape they are sometimes known as sea-ears or ear-shells, the local name of abalone being said to be derived from the Spanish. These singular shell-fish are found clinging tenaciously to the sides of cliffs or boulders or hiding in the narrowest of cracks in the rocks; and, if desired for closer inspection, must be dislodged suddenly with a strong knife in order to prevent resistance by suction.

It is related of a Chinese fisherman that, while endeavoring to remove a large specimen with merely the aid of his hands, he was caught by the fingers in a vise-like grip, and subsequently drowned by the incoming tide.

There are four or five species of these univalves along our shores, and in size they vary from the dimensions of a bean to a diameter of about nine inches, the smaller ones partaking of all the characteristics of the larger.

The "corrugated" and "splendid" are natives of southern waters, from Santa Barbara to San Diego; the former having a rough, highly arched surface, with prominent holes and ridges, and the latter being remarkable for the gorgeous, iridescent tints of its interior, though in shape it is thin and flat.

With the exception of the black abalone, the red-backed variety is the most common on the coast, and the shells are exported in large quantities to distant countries, where they are manufactured into buttons, beads, inlaid work, and jewelry.

By means of a grindstone and weak acid the exteriors of the smoother species of abalones may be polished to a degree of brilliancy rivaling that of the natural lining; and the broad, circular, inner scar, where the huge muscle of the foot was attached, only serves to add to the general attractiveness.

Of the appearance and habits of the curious mollusks which inhabit these beautiful shells but little is generally known; though their structure may be readily observed if the portion of the rock to which they adhere is chipped off, at low tide, with a hatchet, and the whole placed in a glass dish full of sea water. Patient waiting will probably be rewarded by seeing the creature emerge from its pearly shield, much after the fashion of the snail—extending its tentacles and long-stalked eyes, while the slender tongue, covered with minute hooks or teeth, searches round for its vegetable food, and the fringed, scalloped "mantle" is fully displayed to view.

The yellow, muscular meat is dried in the sun by the Chinese and exported to the markets of San Francisco Chinatown, or to the land of the Orient, and is also made into a soup, relished by certain epicures.

As the animal grows, the perforations on the margins of the shell, which are intended for the outlet of the salt water, become closed on the higher side by a sort of calcareous secretion, and new ones are formed on the enlarging edge.

The presence of bits of broken abalone-shells deep in the soil in the vicinity of some of our sea beaches would seem to indicate the previous existence of native Indian tribes.

QUEER CRAFTS.

E. S. M.

Strange crafts come to an anchorage in the Oakland estuary. Freighting vessels from Russia sometimes winter there, and queer looking boats they are, some of them, with names which are, to us, totally unpronounceable. Here, too, the whalers lay up for the winter, and long rows of these vessels, steam and sail, may be seen during the season.

The stanch old barks and barkentines have all seen their best days, and one by one are being superseded by the modern steamship, as the old captains who sailed these Northern waters are one by one being succeeded by younger men who command the modern craft. The old fellows have to hustle now to find a ship, and when found its destination may be strange and far distant waters.

Even scows are being built nowadays with steam equipment, and it would seem as though the days of the old sailing vessels were going by.

One sometimes learns strange incidents by visiting the shipyards. Links in the life history of people we know that are sometimes pathetic and sometimes seemingly retributive. The frame of a large vessel remained on the ways of one of the shipyards near the old narrow-gauge landing for months and months. It was protected by a sign "No trespassers allowed." But it remained there so long that the old loungers forgot when the last spike had been driven into it; the timbers had changed from the fresh yellow tint of new lumber to the dull gray weather-beaten hue that betokens long exposure to the elements. One day, not very long ago, the shipcarpenter's hammer sounded again, the vessel was finished, almost as if by magic, and it is now among the finest craft afloat.

This was a chapter in the history of a bank, long prosperous, but whose owners are a broken and scattered family, leaving, in their scattering, the wails and reproaches of a too confiding people. The boat was the pitiful evidence of a promise of the future unfulfilled because of lack of coin, which commodity, however, materialized after all, through the instrumentality of interested parties.

Wonderful are the renovations made in these shipyards. Boats of all kinds and sizes are literally cut in two, have a piece put in, and are again sent to sea, larger and better than before. These severed vessels may frequently be seen on the ways under process of enlargement, and it would really seem that when a ship or steamer goes into the creek to take her place there as a hulk, her days of usefulness must indeed be numbered, for the ways and means of the ship-builder in "making over" old vessels are many and diverse.

MISS ARMSTRONG'S HOMICIDE.

SAM DAVIS.

A FEW years ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion on the corner of California and Mason Streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bathroom with a room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, they never having a previous knowledge of their existence. The wires were removed, and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember:

On the fourteenth of July, 1865, a Professor Croftly was found dead in the bathroom I have just mentioned. Croftly was well known among scientific men as a professor of chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion that he was dead. Even the *Call*, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the headlines.

Croftly, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of so curious a nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged, and gapping, and there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made. Even the detectives, who visited the scene of Croftly's death, shook their heads and were at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide," remarked one of the reporters.

"How came those wounds on the back?" asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded the journalist. And neither man had anything more to say.

A post-mortem revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a university.

The newspapers vied with each other in building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair, the coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide, for want of anything better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair—as related at the time—can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact, I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Croftly's remarkable death.

He came to the coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel, and there met Edward Dean, a young man who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. The two became intimate, and finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and homelike. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a casual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California Streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker, and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Croftly and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he liked the men personally, and partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men of taste could wish. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a hack drove up to the door, and a woman clad in wraps bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like most Western girls who are blessed with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A fusillade of kisses followed.

It was his daughter Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through, and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Professor Croftly had suggested the idea of living somewhere nearer the center of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attentions, and, as a matter of course, she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that one of the most effective ways of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover, and the man who treats her with indifference is soon preferred. Some men learn this by experience: Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Croftly soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could ascertain how a woman could form an attachment for a man who hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that *some* women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and do it so neatly and scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed that he was busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congelation might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course you understand that sudden evaporation causes cold."

I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than acknowledge my ignorance.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant," pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of, say, one hundred ohms of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly one hundred gallons of water."

Here the Professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But *this*"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself."

I deemed it would be impertinent to question him further. He then attached the wires of his battery to the water.

"When I make the connecting current the water will become ice."

I watched, much interested, and he laid his hand on a piece of metal which was part of the apparatus, and the turning of which caused the currents to connect. He turned the brass piece, and instantly a cloud of vapor rose from the water. Crystals shot from the sides of the basin with astonishing rapidity, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the water expanding in it caused a strain upon the basin, which pressed out the sides.

"With five hundred ohms," continued the Professor, "I can freeze five hundred cubic feet of water."

I left the house, much impressed with the discovery made by the Professor, and a few days afterward learned of his death. The public considered it a case of suicide. I made a careful examination of the premises, and came to a different conclusion. It was the hand of Alice Armstrong that killed Professor Croftly.

Let us go back a little. After the Professor realized what could be done with his new appliance of electricity, he determined to utilize it in the murder of Dean. He hit upon the grand idea of freezing him in the bath.

"She will not love him cold," he said, and began to arrange his plans. Dean was fond of the bath. He retired at midnight, and always took a bath just before. The bathroom of Armstrong's house was an exceptionally good one. It was situated but a short distance from the suite occupied by the Professor and Dean. The tank was of marble, eight feet wide, ten feet long, and six feet deep, capable of holding four hundred and eighty cubic feet of water. Croftly connected the bath with his own room by means of wires. One entered the bath by the waste-pipe. He reached this by digging in the garden under the pretext of planting flowers. The wire ran down the side of the house and into the ground. It was concealed from observation by a lilac bush. The other was connected with the pipe which furnished water. He bored a hole in the wall and found the pipe, as he expected, running in the rear of the room close to the floor. He then increased the jars of his battery, and raised its strength to five hundred ohms.

No suspicion was excited by this, as he had been for months before making electrical experiments. His apparatus was fixed on a stand near the wall, and the wires from it connected with those leading to the bath. When the apparatus was removed its wires would be pulled away from the others, and no trace would be left of previous connection.

On the night of the third of July all was in readiness. Croftly laid his plans with nicety and deliberation. Dean always took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Croftly had purchased two seats at the Metropolitan Theater and given them to Armstrong, who took his daughter to the play. By eight o'clock everything was quiet in the house. Croftly knew that he was safe from interruption until eleven o'clock, and perhaps later.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then tested his wires over and over again. Everything was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, wherein lay the secret of his discovery. Having done this, he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now nine o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to disperse the shadows, took an easy chair, and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the sultriness of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pangs than he who knows he is about to die. Croftly paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank and murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, five hundred ohms."

There was a gas jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. To Croftly the atmosphere seemed to have been generated in a blast-furnace. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than an hour. Croftly turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and, throwing off his clothes, plunged in. He could discover no disagreeable trace of the chemicals, and once more he felt the delightful sensation of being cool. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

Suddenly the hall door was slammed, and he heard the voice of Miss Armstrong talking with her father. The pair had indeed returned, having left the theater because they did not care to be bored with Mrs. Bow-

ers's hackneyed rendering of Queen Elizabeth. Passing along the hall, they saw the Professor's door open, and the gas in full blast. Armstrong hated to see anything go to waste, and told his daughter to go in and lower the gas, as the room was unoccupied. Miss Armstrong went in, as directed, and her father passed up-stairs. While alone the girl could not resist the temptation to pull a little note from her bosom and read it again. She had received it that morning, and had already perused it about twenty times. It read:

"DEAR ALICE:—Will you be my wife?
"Yours, EDWARD DEAN."

Dean was a man who, when he had anything to say, said it at once, and stopped on reaching the point.

She pored over the letter about five minutes, and then, returning it to its place, looked about her. Her eye presently fell on the instrument connected with Croftly's battery. She took up one of the wires, and she dropped it across its mate. A spark flashed out, which startled her. She drew back, lowered the gas, and went to bed.

At the instant the wires were connected, Croftly was in the center of the bath. A shock and terrible chill passed through his frame, and he felt a cloud of vapor rising from the surface of the water and sweeping into his face. Myriads of spear-like crystals shot out from the edge of the tank, and converged toward him like so many shafts of death. The surface of the water was rapidly freezing. In a moment he realized his situation, and dashed to reach the steps; as he did so he threw himself against the jagged edge of a sheet of ice half an inch thick. There was a frightful gash in his side, from which blood was streaming. He struggled madly amid the ice, and every throe brought fresh wounds. His limbs moved no longer in water; they were enveloped in slush. He called for help again and again, but no one heard his cries. His struggles to free himself caused him to experience excruciating pain, and ceased altogether as the ice closed about him like a vise.

After the evaporation of the chemicals the electricity no longer had any effect, and the heat of the room began to tell upon the ice. The mass melted, and by four o'clock in the morning the corpse of Croftly was floating upon the surface of the bath. He was not missed until nine o'clock next morning, when a search was instituted, which ended when Dean burst open the door and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury after due investigation gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and Edward Dean were married on the twenty-second of the same month.

The above pretty conception is published in "The Traveler" through the courtesy of Mr. Chas. Y. Lamb, author and artist in one. While Mr. Lamb is a professional in his line at Portland, Oregon, he has contributed many of the unique and humorous "snapshots" that have appeared from time to time in "The Traveler." The above cannot but appeal to the lover of rustic simplicity and the portrayal of real life in its most striking extremes.

THE MUSIC OF CHINA.

FRANK L. SULLIVAN.

In the golden days of China the musical art and its professors held high distinction, but now to be a musician, the author tells us, "is the lowest calling a man can profess." There is still, however, at Pekin, a board of music connected with the board of rites, but the officers seem little anxious to distinguish themselves. Once serious music was studied with the classics, but is now totally abandoned. The common people, however, delight in music, and love gong-beatings and clarinet shriekings, but they do not play themselves. The professional musician is a blind man.

According to Mr. Macfarren instruments of percussion were first invented, then those giving sounds by wind, and lastly by the vibrations of strings. The lus, a series of bamboo tubes, the Chinese declare to be the first instrument. I have a drawing of the twelve tubes making the lus, and every other tube is shorter, a short tube being placed between two longer ones. Of course, blowing them in succession makes a fearful gamut, at least to our ears. It is an ascending scale, but with many unfortunate intervals. I have seen (not quoted by Mr. Van Aalst) the exact measurements of the frets on a Chinese guitar. They are arbitrary in their spacings. It is well known that the higher the note acceptable to the European (that is, to suit our ears) the smaller is the spacing.

The great Chinese master who laid down the law for this spacing, so we read, found the seeds of a peculiar kind of a melon. He laid down one seed on the fingerboard, and said that space is one note. Then he moved the seed its length on the fingerboard, made a fret there, and declared that that must be the next note. So this methodical musical sage shortened strings, and so a gamut was given to China, founded not on melodic vibrations, but on linear principles. When you try a scale the first three or four notes cause you to feel but very slight aural injury, but the higher you go up the worse is the infliction. The notation is not readily understood, the author stating that the Chinese theoretically admit seven sounds in the scale, but practically only use five. As to the value of the notes, the Chinese have nothing indicative of this. "The best Chinese musician could only conjecture the general form of a written piece shown him for the first time. To be able to decipher it he must first hear it played." We can understand from this how a blind musician fills all the necessary Chinese requirements.

To play as you please is to keep Chinese time, for "the tunes, modified by individual taste of the performer, may, after a lapse of time, become quite different from what they were originally." Satisfied with a pentatonic scale, with no flat nor sharp, in this the Chinese find all the variations which satisfy their musical tastes. Whether they have a major or a minor scale has been disputed, but Mr. Van Aalst says they mix both together. As to the refinements of crescendos, derescendos, legatos, that is all Italian to the Chinese. To sing in China is to use the nose. Tongue, teeth, and lips pronounce the syllables, but do nothing else. With a *voix de tete* the women squeak, and a very disagreeable thing it is to hear them.

As to the instruments, there are several guitars, a particularly absurd two-string violin, flutes, a telescopic kind of trombone, a long trumpet, cymbals, clappers, triangles, with gongs and drums in endless variety. Elegant Chinese of a former period used to play on the ch'in a long kind of zither that has seven strings. Once there were ch'ins with fifty strings, but a very sensitive emperor—Huang Ti—having heard a Miss Su perform on it "was impressed so deeply" and became so sorrowful by its means that he made up his mind that he could only stand one-half of his emotion and live, so he had an imperial order issued, whereby this instrument was deprived of twenty-five of its strings. The erh-hsien, or ten-stringed violin, is met with all over China. The neck is a hollow bamboo, the body a cocoanut shell. The ten strings are tuned in fifths. A very ingenious and dreadfully complicated musical apparatus must be the yang-ch'in, or foreign harpsichord. It is zither-like in shape, but the strings are criss-cross and rest on two long bridges, so that with the sixteen strings you have forty-eight different notes. The flute, ti-tzu, has eight holes, one blown through, another covered with a membrane, and seven are played upon. The mouth-hole seems to be in the middle. As to the Chinese clarinet, any one who has heard this instrument of torture once will never be anxious to have its ear-splitting sounds repeated. It accentuates all the very worst qualities of the European instrument.

When you come to real noise produceable by wood the Chinese show supreme talent There is the yu. It is a wooden tiger mounted on a hollow box. The backbone of the tiger is cut in ridges like a saw. You run your stick across your yu, and then you make a worse noise than the American small boy who irritates you by drawing his hoop-stick along your picket fence.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "TAHOE."

ANNIE H. MARTIN.

WHEN the proposition to build a steamer for Lake Tahoe, large enough to carry two hundred people, was advanced, the incredulous smiled and said: "It will never be done." But it has been done; the steamer has been successfully launched, and it is now making daily trips around the little lake up in the mountains— Lake Tahoe, "the gem of the Sierras," "the Como of America." June 24th the little village of Glenbrook, on the Nevada side, was thronged with visitors from neighboring Nevada towns, as well as from ports on the California side of the lake. The steamer was decorated with bunting and flags of all nations, our own beloved Stars and Stripes predominating, till the boat had the appearance of a ship under full sail. Shortly after eleven o'clock the monotonous, yet fascinating, singsong of the workmen was heard as the supports and stays were knocked away, and by noon everything was in readiness for the final ceremony.

Upon a platform, festooned with the national colors, sat D. L. Bliss, W. D. Tobey, C. T. Bliss, and W. S. Bliss (owners of the new boat), and their invited guests. A wreath of Nevada flowers, purple lilacs and white syringa, adorned the bow, while from this wreath depended the red, white, and blue streamers which decorated the bottle of baptismal fluid. To Miss Hope Bliss was consigned the red ribbon, Miss Ada Tobey was given the blue, and the tiny fingers of Master Will Bliss, the two-year-old son of W. S. Bliss, grasped the white one.

Robert Forsyth, chief engineer of the Union Iron Works (who conducted the speed trial of the U. S. battleship "Oregon"), arrived on the "Meteor," and was here, there, and everywhere, to see that nothing was wrong. Superintendent of Construction Greig gave an order now and then, and everybody held their breath with expectation. At last the shout went up, "She's off!" and Miss Tobey exclaimed: "I name the——" "Ta-*boe!*" cried the baby. "Of Glenbrook," added Miss Bliss, "and may good fortune attend thee!" The bottle crashed, the champagne foamed, and the people cheered lustily as the "Tahoe" slid gracefully into the limpid waters. General Fremont's brass cannon boomed a salute, the signal for every whistle in port. The "Meteor," "Emerald," and "Tallac," the narrow-gauge locomotives, the mills, and the machine-shop whistles shrieked and yelled in ecstasy, one locomotive giving the Stanford yell—"'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, Stanford!" Hats and handkerchiefs were thrown in the air, the crowd yelled itself hoarse, and the big boat drifted gracefully into the lake. After a time the "Tahoe" was towed to the wharf, and everybody present was invited aboard, where a dainty lunch was served, and the visitors drank to the success of the new venture.

STEAMER "TAHOE"—PRIDE OF THE LAKE

The vessel's length over all is 168 feet and 6 inches, the extreme breadth 17 feet 10 inches, and the indicated speed is 25 miles per hour. She is very strongly built, and has two large bilge keels running fore and aft 80 feet, which will tend to keep her steady in some of the rough weather she will encounter on the lake. Every convenience has been included for the comfort of the passengers. An awning-deck runs all the way from the pilot-house to the stern. The deckhouse is in three sections, the after part being the ladies' cabin, handsomely fitted up in prima-vera paneling, relieved with teak and mahogany. The seats are richly upholstered, with cushions of crimson plush, and the carpet is of the finest Brussels. The lavatories are fitted up in white marble. The gentlemen's smoking-room is handsomely finished in Spanish cedar panels and upholstered in morocco.

Below deck is the dining-room, which will accommodate thirty people. The baggage-room is directly forward of the dining-room, the baggage being handled by a hydraulic crane and windlass combined.

An electric searchlight of 4000 candle-power will illuminate the lake at night, and the vessel has a modern system of electric lights and bells. Hot and cold water are found in the lavatories and bathroom, and the system of steam heating is perfect.

The middle section of the deckhouse is built of steel, in the forward end of which is placed the immense boiler, which is to carry a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch, and which has already been tested with a hydrostatic pressure of 275 pounds. The fine twin-screw engines of 1200 horse-power have three cylinders each. The two propellors are of manganese bronze, and are as perfect pieces of workmanship as mechanical ingenuity ever produced, being fitted up on the same lines as the propellors of the "Oregon" and other very successful warships built by the Union Iron Works.

On the main deck is a clear space of fifty feet, which can be used for dancing. The hull of the vessel is divided into eight water-tight compartments, rendering it impossible to sink her. Captain Ernest Pomin will be in command, and Frank S. Oliver, purser. Pomin has been captain of the "Meteor," the fastest boat of its size in the world, for over twenty years, and has never had an accident. The pleasure of traveling on Lake Tahoe will now be increased ten fold, and there is no doubt but that the new boat will attract hundreds of visitors who have heretofore rather dreaded a trip on the smaller craft.

CALIFORNIANS, BOTH OF THEM. *Falle photo.*

Perhaps the most delightful of Sevillian days are those when one takes a carriage and drives into the country, say to Italica, where there are the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. The horses are harnessed in the Andalusian fashion, with jangling bells and streaming ribbons; the little driver sits erect upon his box, his broad-brimmed hat a-tilt, not a crease in his short Andalusian jacket. Over the hard, tree-lined road the tough little beasts scamper, and you lean back against the cushion, smoke a cigarillo, and breathe the perfect air. The quaint villages have a single street, the houses each a single story. Women are washing in the streams, strings of donkeys come and go, their little backs bending under the weight of panniers of pottery; meek horses amble by bearing a man astride and a woman sidewise; goats, pigs, gipsy-girls dancing by the wayside, soldiers, beggars, and beyond it all to complete the picture, lie the green, rolling fields, the silvery river, and graceful Seville outlined against the blue sky, with her glinting walls of white.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

I wonder how many of the boy and girl readers of THE TRAVELER are fortunate enough to be in the country this month? What a glorious place the country is to a city child, and especially the country of our own California! Only think of the terrible heat in New York these days, and the many thousands of little ones who never get so much as a wee glimpse of green fields and dainty wild flowers, because their parents are too poor to afford them the vacation trips that you are probably at this very moment enjoying. Be thankful that you live in California, where the blessed sunshine is free to all, and where the dear, sweet flowers are waiting everywhere for you to come and gather them.

* * * *

Now, I have a little plan to propose to the children who read THE TRAVELER, and I want you to tell all the friends you have about it. It is this: I would like to have every child write me a little letter telling me what he or she has been doing through vacation, and also if any of you had an adventure of any kind that would amuse or interest others. Surely something must have occurred that would make pleasant reading for all of us. Then I will take the letters and, after reading them carefully through, will write out extracts from each and print them in this department next month. Above all things, don't delay writing your letters, for think how disappointed I shall be if I do not receive them. And you know yourselves that it isn't nice to be disappointed.

* * * *

This reminds me of a little adventure that a San Francisco four-year-old had up in Napa County last month, where he and his mother are camping with friends. His name is Gerald. His mother had just given him a bath, and had lain down in the hammock to read. Fudge, their big, shaggy dog, was plunging into the creek and bounding out again, shaking himself until the drops flew in all directions, much to Gerald's delight. Then an accident happened. Fudge ran too near his playmate and jostled him, clean clothes and all, over the bank and into the water. You can imagine how frightened Gerald's mamma was. By the time she reached the creek, Gerald was bravely trying to clamber up the bank, although the water was up to his chubby chin. "Mamma," said he, as well as he could for the water in his eyes, ears, and mouth, as his mother landed him on the bank like a prize fish—"Mamma, if I only had four legs like Fudge, I could uv got out wivvout being helped, couldn't I?"

* * * *

A bright little girl up in Yolo County has an uncle who is a ship pilot. Of course she has heard a great deal about bicycles, and so the other night when about to say her prayers she got somewhat bewildered when her mother told her to pray for Uncle Jim's safety. "Mamma," she said, after a moment's pause, "I didn't know Uncle Jim had a bicycle."

* * * *

"What makes you splutter so when you're opened?" inquired the milk bottle of the soda-water bottle.

The soda-water bottle looked as if such ignorance agitated its interior, and, after favoring the milk bottle with a withering glance, replied in low but distinct tones, "Fizzical causes."

WATERFALLS IN HARNESS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

MANY are the wonders in long-distance electrical transmission that are being accomplished at Niagara Falls these days. Some unprecedented results along this line have been had in California in the past few years, and in any age but in this one of astounding and successive achievements and almost undreamed-of discoveries in the domain of science, they would command the attention of the whole world. The waterfalls among the Sierras are being harnessed to do work for the people. The greatest records in the transmission of high voltage currents have been made in California in the last year. With the practical solution of the problems of the economical and safe transmission of electrical power for long distances an industrial epoch is opened in the Golden State, and a score of towns and cities will be able to utilize the tremendous water-power that has been going to waste in the mountain streams up and down the State. As Governor Budd recently said: "The finding of a means for harnessing the almost incalculable water-power that has been running away in our mountains since prehistoric times is the most important milestone in the progress of California since the Central Pacific Railroad came to this Coast in 1869."

For over a generation no question has been more generally and earnestly discussed in the State than that of encouraging factories in California, and thereby increasing the consuming population for the products of the fields and orchards of California. The Boards of Trade in every city have discussed means of inducing manufacturers to come here, and the Legislature has passed many bills and created numerous committees for the purpose of trying to get big capital interested in making here the millions of dollars' worth of shoes, paper, wood, wool, and cotton wares, hats, and household goods that the people of the Pacific Coast import from the Eastern States. While the white population of this Coast has increased from less than 200,000 to almost 2,500,000 in thirty years, there has been comparatively little growth in the manufacturing population outside of the two beet sugar factories, the railroad repair and machine shops, and the several shipbuilding yards that had extra consideration from the national administrations. Senator Androus of Pomona Valley, who has given the subject careful study, said, recently, that a manufacturing population of over three hundred thousand might be constantly employed in California if cheap motive power could be had. Costly motive power, derived from coal worth not less than five dollars a ton, has been the one great obstacle that has confronted every plan for factories in this State. The only water-power to be had is on the turbulent mountain streams away up in the mountains and rocky, narrow canyons remote from towns and inaccessible for factory purposes.

The practical demonstration that electricity, capable of doing the work of ten, twenty, or more thousand horse-power, may be transmitted many miles through copper wires, marks the dawn of an industrial era in the State of California, long famous for her gold mines, wines, grains, and fruits. A competent authority in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce reckons that by electrical power transmission some 280,000 horse-power or more may be developed in the more accessible Sierra Nevada canyons. Experiments have shown that the power may be delivered as cheaply as any in the United States. Electrical engineers say that over 350,000 horse-power may be easily developed in the mountains and transmitted to the adjacent cities and towns, and this they say will be sufficient to propel every street car, elevator, printing press in California, to heat and illuminate the whole commonwealth, and to run all manner of factories needed in California for another decade.

The electrical power plants set up at Pomona, Redlands, Fresno, and Folsom in California have shown what electricians and manufacturers may expect. All have exceeded the expectations of their projectors in the cheapness and convenience of electrical transmission. Some $1,700,000 has been invested in such electric plants in this State, but projects are being pushed with all speed for three similar plants—to cost $4,000,000—that will develop about 18,000 horse-power. The Californians have a reputation of doing nothing by halves, and it seems not a wild statement that a dozen millions of dollars will be invested in electrical plants along the canyon streams and in copper wire and machinery in the Golden State in the next five or six years.

The pioneer attempt at getting power out of the waters as they come tumbling and foaming down from the mountains and at sending electric energy through a wire for a long distance was made at Pomona. In 1892 the only system for the electrical transmission of power for commercial purposes that had been made a success was that over the Lauffen-Frankfort circuit in Switzerland and Germany. A company of capitalists in Pomona saw electrical possibilities in San Antonio Canyon, sixteen miles north of the town, and with a capital of $250,000 they formed a company, the San Antonio Electric Power Company, for prosecuting the work. The water right was cheaply bought, because the irrigation companies owning the stream and canyon would not lose a drop of water by the operations of the electrical company. The water is merely run through a mammoth iron pipe, dropped upon a water wheel, and then returned clear and undefiled to its original bed, to go flowing down into the valley below for the orange and lemon groves and the deciduous orchards.

WATERFALLS ON KERN RIVER
To Produce 400 Horse-power for Los Angeles.

After two years of work the system was in running order. Electrical engineers from all the Eastern States came to Southern California to observe the working of the transmission of power through a copper wire many miles long. The Pomona system has been a great success. For three years from 180 to 240 horse-power has been transmitted from the electrical power-house away up in San Antonio Canyon to the towns of San Bernardino, Ontario, and Pomona. The company controlling the system has made contracts for furnishing power on a basis of one cent for each horse-power per hour. Surely there could be nowhere cheaper power than this on the face of the earth.

On several occasions the San Antonio Company has joined its circuit so as to make a continuous circuit of eighty-five miles, when it has sent 186 horse-power over the whole circuit. The power has been used to illuminate the towns of Pomona and San Bernardino, and to operate street cars and stationary engines.

Last October the most important system for long-distance electrical transmission in this country, outside of that at Niagara Falls, was finished at Folsom. A grand celebration, extending over three days and participated in by thousands of people from every part of California, marked the completion of the work and the practical demonstration of the possibility of transmitting three separate currents of 10,000 volts over the wire lines to Sacramento. The American River furnishes the power at Folsom. A dam was built across the River, and a stream of 85,000 cubic feet a minute is run through a tunnel and over double turbine wheels, where power is created for the mammoth electric dynamos in the power-house near at hand. The water is used further down the valley for irrigating, and it is enough to cover well 300,000 acres of land.

In a dynamo-room are several of the largest dynamos in the world, with the exception of those at Niagara Falls, and each weighs about forty tons. They are capable of developing some 40,000 horse-power. There is a double-pole line all along the twenty-four miles from Folsom to Sacramento, thereby guarding against any delay for repairs or renewals, one line always being in reserve. It is estimated that four-fifths, or eighty per cent, of the electric power developed is transmitted to Sacramento along the bare copper wires strung on poles. The twenty per cent of loss could be much reduced, if necessary, by using heavier wires.

A company of New England and New York capitalists has been formed in the last year for constructing the most important electrical system of all in Southern California. It will develop some 25,000 horse-power from the Kern River, among the mountains of Kern County, and transmit the same down through the Tehachapi Mountain canyons, across the Mojave Desert to the City of Los Angeles, some 113 miles from the locality of the water-power in Kern River. The company has engineers now at work in the mountains making surveys for a series of dams to be built across the river. It is reckoned that the motive power the company thinks it can bring to Los Angeles will heat and light the whole city, and will furnish sufficient power for half-a-dozen large factories, besides propelling every street car and engine in Los Angeles and its suburbs.

A company has been formed among the capitalists of Pasadena to utilize the power of the several streams that flow in the canyons north of that beautiful suburban town. Engineers have found that a capital of about $150,000 will give Pasadena and the neighboring villages of Alhambra, Sierra Madre, and Monrovia, in the San Gabriel Valley, an electrical system capable of furnishing some 400 horse-power. The water rights in three of the canyons have already been had in preparation for harnessing the waterfalls there.

Down at San Diego, where one of the most famous of the big dams of the world, that at Sweetwater, has stood for seven years, it is proposed to get some 5000 horse-power at the dam and transmit it to San Diego and National City, twenty miles distant. U. S. Grant, Jr., and Jesse Grant, sons of General U. S. Grant, are interested in a company which has the plan in view. Electrical engineers have reported that nowhere can horse-power be developed and transmitted cheaper than there in San Diego County. There are other great water-powers in the San Diego mountains and canyons, and it is believed the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company is interested in having its civil engineers search there for a new motive power for its locomotives on the Southern California Division. At this writing a committee of three Californians is in New York seeking to interest capital in the field of electrical power development in Southern California for railroad, locomotive, and cotton and woolen factory uses.

But the possibilities of the development of power by the use of waterfalls and streams among the Sierras have only begun to be realized at the present time.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

CURIOUS things has Nature placed in her storehouse of scenic and scientific wonders California—not the least strange of which are the mammoth petrifactions to be seen in the far-famed "Petrified Forest" in Sonoma County. In one sense the word is a misnomer, as one does not usually consider prostrate trees, no matter how many there may be, in the light of a forest. That these trees, in their natural state, constituted a forest, and one not only composed of gigantic trees but of wide extent, there can be no question, and the wonder is that greater efforts have not been made to penetrate deeper into the mystery of their present condition.

The spot is reached from Santa Rosa or Calistoga by roads which wind through the picturesque Sonoma County mountains, than which none more charming can be found in the State.

Nowhere can the eye discern aught that even suggests a dearth of vegetable life, and even after the carriage has passed through a gateway, over which is a sign announcing that the Petrified Forest has been reached, there is no evidence of anything that is at all out of the ordinary. Several immense oaks that are somewhat of a wonder on account of their fantastic shapes, immense size, and unmistakable tokens of age, stand in the yard before the guide's cottage, and shelter an old-fashioned well, from which sparkling, ice-cold water is drawn in an "old oaken bucket."

A little gate, high up on the hillside, leads into the charmed enclosure and onto an exceedingly steep and rocky path, which winds through that portion of the ranch known as "The Petrified Forest," which lies at an altitude of 1350 feet. There are two hundred and eighty acres altogether in the ranch, of which but sixty are covered by the strange petrifactions, though small chips from the stone trees may be found scattered over a large adjacent territory.

Imagine, if you can, massive trunks, shorn of their branches, completely turned to stone and lying prostrate on the ground, many of them still only partly excavated, and all pointing nearly in the same direction, from south to north, though some of them lie a little west of south. Every fissure, every knot, every peculiarity of bark, is as perfect as when the tree was alive and thrifty, and in some instances moss has crept into the crevices and over the rough surface, making the natural appearance still more remarkable.

GIANT REDWOOD. *Marshall photos.*

There is one noticeable peculiarity in this forest. While about sixty trunks have been either wholly or partially unearthed, no trace of the branches has been discovered. In nearly every instance the trunks have been broken, and the remains of the "pride of the forest" lie in two portions, the main part measuring eighty-five feet; the upper part, which lies a short distance away, being sixty-five feet long. This tree was a redwood, with solid bark ten inches in thickness. A sliver from the bark, about two and a half feet long and six or eight inches through, weighs one hundred pounds. The whole of both portions of this mammoth tree has been unearthed, and its base, which is twelve feet two inches in diameter, or thirty-six feet in circumference, plainly shows traces of the upheaval which tore the trunk from the roots and hurled it into space. Some idea of the length of time it has lain in its present position may be gained from the fact that but a thin crust of earth had to be removed before exposing it fully, and that close beside the base, on undisturbed ground, stands a sturdy oak, estimated to be at least two hundred years old, and from a wide crevice in the petrified trunk another oak is growing, which gives evidence of having flourished for half a century.

These petrifactions were discovered quite by accident by Charles Evans, who preempted the claim covering the site of the Forest early in 1862. Sam Brannan, famous in pioneer days, was financially interested in Sonoma County, and when Evans established his ownership and discovered what a strange possession was his, aided him in making the matter public and enabled him to proceed with his explorations.

Scientists from all parts of the world have visited this section and studied long over its peculiar formations and the causes which induced them. They have unanimously decided that where these mountains now rear their tree-crowned tops there was once a beautiful fertile valley, in which stood a forest of gigantic trees, rivaling in size those of our famous Mariposa Grove. Further, they aver as their belief that this valley was inhabited by a strange race, and that when deeper explorations have been made the remains of people and animals will be discovered, and that these remains, and perhaps other now hidden things, will be of inestimable value to science, and serve to unravel many mysteries of bygone ages. Up to the present time the only petrifaction unearthed, outside of the trees, has been that of a perfect specimen of a rattlesnake, which is now in a museum in Paris.

These scientific men believe that a tremendous upheaval, caused by volcanic action, rent the valley and stood it up on end, as it were. This disturbance was accompanied by a fervent heat which, through some chemical action, caused everything in the animal and vegetable kingdoms in this area to turn to stone.

This theory is borne out by the lava bed, which, though not extensive, is plainly indicative of the original force which rent even the mountains in twain. Great knobs and masses of lava project from an arid soil, and though one steps from a petrified tree almost to a level floor of lava, there are no petrifactions to be found in the territory covered by the lava, though they lie all around it.

In one of the largest of the knobs is a deep depression just the shape of an immense human foot. This was originally called "The Devil's Footprint," but the guide considered that he had to deal with a public of many minds, and has rechristened it "The Giant's Footprint."

Some strange and apparently contradictory things are to be observed in the forest. Two trees, lying side by side, a small portion only of each having been unearthed, give evidence of diverse conditions at the time of their uprooting.

In one the heart of the living tree was evidently rotten, and, instead of petrifying, it became charred, and now presents the appearance of partially burned wood, while the bark has turned entirely to stone.

LAVA BEDS.

In the other tree the heart was sound, but the bark was, apparently, almost wholly decayed, and reverse conditions resulted: the heart is petrified, and the outside is still but rotten wood, or, in places, partially turned to stone.

The varieties of tree growth which have been identified are redwood, pine, oak, spruce, and tamarack. There has been but one specimen of the latter variety uncovered, and that is so perfect in its corrugated bark and tapering form that it has been christened "Beauty." It was an immense tree, and if now standing among other giants of its family, which grace the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, would be looked upon with awe. The peculiar feature of its presence here is the fact that no tree of its kind has ever been known in this locality.

Apropos of this, though a digression from the subject, is the equally strange fact, I was about to say coincidence, of an immense pine, which must be several thousand years old, and is larger than any I ever saw on the mountains around Lake Tahoe which stands on a high knoll on what is known as Glenwood Farm, about six miles from the Petrified Forest. No tree of its variety is to be found in the vicinity.

The "Giant" presents a wonderful sight as the eye rests upon its enormous bulk. About one hundred feet only have been excavated, and it is supposed that quite two-thirds of its entire length are still underground, and that its base must measure at least twenty feet in diameter, or sixty feet in circumference, as the upper end is five and a half feet in thickness.

This portion of the trunk shows evidence of having been violently sundered, and it is possible that another portion of it lies far away. Growing so close to the fractured end that the trunk has encircled the splintered projections, stands a large oak, and even high up in its living branches may be traced portions of the stone tree, which became embedded there in some inexplicable way. This living tree is estimated to be over one hundred years old, and it looks its age.

In every break and cranny of the stone bark living trees, grasses, or mosses have found a lodgment, and this fact must make the philosopher pause to ruminate. "Even in death we are in life," and though these trees have been turned to unresponsive stone for centuries, yet have they received and nurtured a new life.

Another "show" tree is the "Little Giant," although only a small portion of its length has been uncovered. Its base is estimated to be nine feet fourteen inches in diameter.

The remains of some of these trees are so perfect that their age may readily be ascertained by counting

the rings still plainly traceable on the solid stone. Here and there huge oak knots have been found as perfectly defined as when some Titanic force wrenched them from their stronghold.

While the hand of man has lifted the earth which sepulchered the majority of these long buried "monarchs of the forest," Nature has aided man's efforts in her own way, and in a little water-course, which carries a stream only in the winter season, are to be seen rare specimens of various kinds, one of which was once a beautiful spruce.

"Do you want some gum that will last you a lifetime?" asked the guide of the little folks.

A unanimous "Yes" greeted the question, and in answer to his "Come on, then," they crowded around the prostrate spruce. In what had been "sap pockets" in the living tree the "gum" had petrified, and looked like beautiful soft-toned agate in various shades of gray. It is said to make exquisite settings for jewelry as it is susceptible of a high polish.

All the trees which have been wholly or partially uncovered lie near the surface of the ground. No effort has been made to discover what lies beneath, and no excavations have been carried on for some years; it is the intention of the owners, however, to make extensive explorations sometime in the near future, and then the eyes of the scientific world will turn eagerly in the direction of "The Petrified Forest."

THE DAILY BATH.

A daily bath is not only a luxury, it is a necessity. A plunge bath is not within the compass of every one. A sponge bath is always feasible. This may be taken with no appliances beyond the bowl of water, the sponge or wash-cloth, the soap and towel. It is more easily managed with the aid of a large foot tub, in which the bather may stand while she uses the sponge.

The temperature of the bath is a mooted question upon which doctor and patient disagree. To some persons there is nothing more bracing and invigorating than a cold plunge, while others do not recover for hours from the chill such a bath gives. Certain physicians recommend a very hot bath and assert that it is as stimulating in its after effects as is the cold plunge, and less likely to produce ill effects. Nearly all unite in declaring immersion in the tepid bath relaxing, and thus detrimental to health.

The question is one that each bather must settle for herself. What suits one may be positively harmful to another. Certain it is that the hot or warm bath is more cleansing than cold water. The sudden chill of the latter closes the pores and prevents the escape of the effete matter it is the object of the bath to remove. The woman who takes a cold plunge for its after effects should first sponge herself off in warm water and achieve cleanliness before she indulges herself in her "bracer."

Only the best soap should be used in bathing, and many women do not use soap at all, preferring the bags of bran, oatmeal, or almond-meal, which may be procured from druggists or other dealers in toilet articles. By the use of these bags the skin is cleansed and softened delightfully. A greasy skin is sometimes benefited by the addition to the bath of one or two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Borax is also excellent for this purpose.

The hand may be employed in scrubbing the person, and may either be bare or covered with a bathing glove of rough Turkish toweling by those who prefer this method to the use of a sponge or wash-cloth. A vigorous rubbing assists the action of the skin.

Whoever feels a chilly sensation after a warm plunge, and experiences difficulty in regaining her normal temperature, should try the experiment of sponging herself off with cold water when she leaves the hot bath, and see if the slight shock will not tone up the skin and prevent any subsequent chill.

The beneficial effect of a bath is greatly heightened by a hard rubbing after leaving it. A rather coarse or rough Turkish towel should be used, and the friction should not be stopped when the moisture has been removed but continued until the body is in a glow from head to foot. This operation will only require a few moments, and it is well worth the trouble.

THE MISSION BELL.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

It hangs in yonder shaded dell,
A scion bound to San Miguel,
An ever-trusted sentinel,
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The bronze-skinned Indian of yore,
Replete with superstition's lore,
Welcomed unto his native shore
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

It once proclaimed the marriage seal,
And tolled for death with muffled peal,
Or sounded mass in voice of steel,
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The bat that wings his way at eve,
Whose parabolic flights deceive,
Doth tarry long, is loath to leave
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The spider spins her silken line
Secluded, and her weavings fine
With filmy festoons oft entwine
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

Ah! if that silent tongue could tell
The many times it used to knell,
Recast in memory would dwell
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

NICKNAMES OF STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Alabama—The name is of Greek origin, signifying "here we rest."

Arizona Territory—An Indian word meaning "sand hills."

Arkansas—French and Italian words signifying "bow of smoky waters." The fictitious name of the State is "Bear State," from the number of these animals formerly found there.

California—From Spanish words meaning "hot furnace." The fictitious name is "Golden State."

Colorado—A Spanish word meaning "colored."

Connecticut—An Indian name signifying "the long river." The nicknames are "Freestone State," "Nutmeg State," and "Land of Steady Habits."

Dakota—Indian word meaning "allied."

Delaware—Named in honor of Lord Delaware. It is called the "Diamond State," from its small size and intrinsic value; also, "Blue Hen State."

Florida—From the Spanish "flowery," so called from the abundance of flowers and the day (Easter Sunday) upon which it was discovered. From its shape it is sometimes called the "Peninsula State."

Georgia—Named in honor of King George II. of England. The nickname is "Empire State of the South."

Illinois—An Indian word signifying "tribe of men." The sobriquet is "Prairie State," also "Sucker State."

Indiana—So called from the Indians. The original meaning of the word Indian is "river." The nickname is the "Hoosier State."

Iowa—An Indian word meaning the "sleepy ones." The fictitious name is "Hawkeye State."

Kansas—An Indian word signifying "smoky water." The sobriquet is "Garden of the West."

Kentucky—An Indian name signifying "the dark and bloody ground." The nickname is "the Corn-cracker State."

Louisiana—Named in honor of King Louis XIV. of France. The sobriquet is "Creole State."

Maine—So called from Maine in France. The fictitious name is "the Pine-tree State."

Maryland—Named in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria of England.

Massachusetts—An Indian name signifying "Blue Hills." The fanciful name is "the Bay State."

Michigan—An Indian word meaning "the lake country." It is nicknamed "the Lake State," also "the Wolverine State."

Minnesota—From Indian words meaning "cloudy water." It is called "the Gopher State."

Mississippi—An Indian word for "Father of Waters." It is nicknamed "the Bayou State."

Missouri—An Indian word meaning "muddy water."

Nebraska—An Indian word meaning "shallow river."

Nevada—Spanish signifying "Snow-clad." The fictitious name is "Sage Brush State."

New Hampshire—Named from Hampshire County, England. The sobriquet is "the Granite State."

New Jersey—Named for the Isle of Jersey. The sobriquet is "the Jersey Blue."

New Mexico—Spanish; named from the country of Mexico, meaning "the place of Aztec—god of war."

New York—Named in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. It is called "the Excelsior State" and "Empire State."

North Carolina—Named, with South Carolina, in honor of Charles I. of England. The fictitious names are "the Old North State," "the Tar State," and "the Turpentine State."

Ohio—An Indian word signifying "beautiful." It is nicknamed "the Buckeye State."

Oregon—Signifying "the river of the west."

Pennsylvania—Penn's woodland is the signification. The sobriquet is "the Keystone State."

Rhode Island—Named from the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Rhodes signifies "a rose." It is nicknamed "Little Rhody."

South Carolina—Named in the same manner as North Carolina, which see. The sobriquet is "the Palmetto State."

Tennessee—Derived from Indian words signifying "river of the big bend." It is nicknamed "the Big Bend State."

Texas—Spanish, said to signify "friend." It is nicknamed "the Lone Star State."

Utah—Named from the Utes or Utah Indians.

Vermont—From the French signifying "green mountains." It is called "the Green Mountain State."

Virginia—Named for Elizabeth, Queen of England, the "Virgin Queen." It is nicknamed "the Mother of Presidents"; also "the Old Dominion."

Washington Territory—Named for President Washington.

West Virginia—See Virginia. It is nicknamed "the Pan-handle State."

Wisconsin—Named from its principal river, and that from the French, meaning "flowing westward." The fictitious name is "the Badger State."

Wyoming Territory—An Indian term meaning "large plains."

Trip, Trap and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

My friend was going into the country for a several weeks' outing. "Oh, yes, I know I shall have a lovely time," said she, with a sigh, "a perfectly lovely time; but it does seem so selfish to go away without George. Some women, you know, never give a thought to their husbands, working day and night in town without any vacation, in order that their wives may enjoy themselves at a fashionable resort. I am not one of that kind, and I worry about George being so lonely. I declare it quite takes away the pleasure of the trip," and the dear girl jammed down the lid of her trunk with another sigh for her sinful selfishness.

I have seen "George" at various intervals since then. He is looking remarkably well and cheerful. I question the good taste of a man who wears an expression of serene joy under such circumstances. It isn't very complimentary, to say the least. Of course, he is immensely fond of his wife, I am quite convinced of that; but men have such queer, comfortable ways about not letting absence interfere with the buoyancy of their spirits. Perhaps their happiness springs from the fact that their wives are enjoying the good things of this life at their expense. At any rate, George is not an object of pity. The brutal truth is that he seems to be making the most of his emancipation. I saw him twice at the theater, and he was not alone. On the Oakland boat last week he was being charmingly entertained by a fair companion. By a singular coincidence I held in my hand my friend's last letter, and drew it from its envelope to read again the closing lines:

"It is delightful here, and I am having a very pleasant time. Have you seen George lately? I hope the dear boy isn't *too* lonely."

If she only knew how beautifully that "dear boy" was getting along!

The shade trees made a pathway cool;
They lingered by the little pool,
Which is, you know, the usual rule—

The little pool that, framed in grass,
Reflects, as in a looking-glass,
The faces that beside it pass.

Above their heads a bird sang sweet;
A blossom fluttered to their feet;
They leaned upon a rustic seat.

Perhaps they leaned too near. ('Tis true
The seat was wide enough for two.)
We cannot help what people do.

And if his arm—oh, well, what then?
Such things have happened—will again;
Yes, even with the best of men.

Afar, adown the mossy dell,
They heard the tinkle of a bell,
What happened next I need not tell.

For surely, in a world like this,
It is not very much amiss
To give—and take—one little kiss?

Why, even you, who words of blame
This very instant seek to frame,
Might, possibly, have done the same!

There are more than fifteen thousand telephone stations in New York City. Here is a chance for the statistic fiend. He ought to be able to inform us how many "hellos" are spoken in the course of a day in the big metropolis.

A fearful and a wonderful thing is the American college yell. No Indian war-whoop was ever so terrifying as this verbal earsplitter, which, the almanac tells us, is classified into more than two hundred varieties, each as deadly as the other. Here are a few of the choicest specimens, culled for the benefit of TRAVELER readers who may be interested in philology:

"Rah! rah! rah! Mis-sou-ree! M-S-U-Ni-var-si-tee! Hoo Rah! Hi Rah! Yes, Sir-ee! Whoopeeee!" "Razzle dazzle, gobble gobble, Sis boom bah! Mississippi! Mississippi! Mississippi! Rah, rah, rah! (four times), Mississippi!" "Zip, Rah, Who! D-P-U! Rip, Saw! Boom, Baw! Bully for old DePauw!" and "Rah, rah, rah, rah! Whiz, whazz, whirr! Sizz-ah, Han-Han-Han-o-ver!"

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:"
How trite these words, yet sentimental, too!
We know that in each bosom, unconfessed,
Is some dear wish, some prayer, some fond request,
We trust will yet come true.

I have a wish I long for ardently—
I do not ask for beauty or for brains,
Because Dame Nature absent-mindedly
Forgot to parcel out these gifts to me;
Nor sigh for worldly gains.

I do not ask in marble halls to dwell
(They'd be too cold); nor do I crave renown.
But, oh, more than this tongue of mine can tell,
I yearn to some day have, if all goes well,
A pocket in my gown.

An editorial attache of a local morning daily has a precocious eleven-year-old son, who secured for the family a month's camping trip to the Yosemite this year. It is entirely owing to the audacity and sagacity of this bright youngster that he and his relatives enjoyed an outing in the grandest of the world's parks. Some time ago they planned to take this journey, and the event was looked forward to with great delight. Preparations went forward extensively, supplies were laid in, overalls were made for various small pairs of legs, and nothing else was talked of in the family circle. Then, by one of those lightning changes that strike in upon the serenity of a newspaper man's life, the head of the household was transferred to another editorial department, and told that a few days was all that could be spared him in the way of a vacation. At home this news was regarded in the nature of a calamity, and the family was dissolved for a time in tears, from materfamilias down to the smallest wearer of the new overalls. The next day the managing editor received a letter, written in a large, round scrawl, which ran thus:

"Dear Sir:—If you knew how badly we all feel, I think you would let papa take us to the Yosemite. We can't wear our overalls in the city, and, besides, our groceries are all packed. Yours truly, ——"

Affixed to this was the eleven-year-old's signature. The family were en route for the Yosemite the day following.

Strange that blessings so often follow in the wake of evil, as for example, we are informed that, owing to the hard times, there has been a radical decline in the summer novel market. This is indeed good news. The law of compensation is at work. As a means of mental and moral enervation this species of non-literary literature has long been an active power. The summer novel is usually a travesty on literary art. It bears the same relation to the world of letters that paste diamonds do to the real article. Boys and girls whose early training has not been such as to inspire them with a healthy dislike for this kind of trash are influenced for evil by steady perusals of the summer novel, which appeals to the worst side of their natures, aside from vitiating their tastes for genuine literature. There is nothing legitimately educational in the summer novel. Inane, vapid, silly, false, inartistic, and sometimes erotic, it cannot fail to work injury to young minds and to debilitate maturer intellects. Death to the summer novel! And may a better class of fiction take its place, to amuse and interest without weakening the intelligence.

The traveling public may have wheels in its head, but they do not inconvenience landlords to anything like the extent that the wheels they have in their baggage do. Since the bicycle became part and parcel of a man's luggage, mine host has known no peace. Beginners have a mania for taking spins in their rooms and along hotel corridors, in both of which pilgrimages they make fearful havoc with walls and furniture, to say nothing of the noises attendant upon collisions with the objects these indoor riders may run down in their zeal to master the wheel. It is difficult enough to tame a bicycle out of doors and with a ten-acre lot to cavort in, but indoors it is destruction itself. Then, too, a rider's frequent and ineffectual attempts to embrace the floor are not soothing to lodgers beneath. All this continues to happen in spite of the rules laid down by the landlords. The latter have much to contend with, also, in the matter of fads. Wild tales are told of great artists and their pet idiosyncrasies, as for instance the one about Bernhardt and her tea bath. From all accounts, which may or may not be credited, the lissom Sarah has been a regular mascot to the American plumbing fraternity. It is related of her that upon arriving at a hotel the great tragedienne immediately sends for ten pounds of tea and proceeds to steep herself in the bath tub, to the utter demoralization of the drain pipes. Surely the landlord is not a man to be envied.

The reading public has derived considerable amusement from the methods used by Mr. Belasco when he trained Mrs. Leslie Carter in the way an actress should go. It was something of a revelation to those out of the profession to learn that, before becoming a star, a woman must cheerfully submit to being hurled against the wall like a handful of putty, whacked, jerked, and thrown into proper theatrical shape. Even singers, too, must suffer, it seems, in order to be successful, according to a great maestro, who once said, in speaking of a promising but cold-voiced cantatrice: "She sings well, but she lacks something, and in that something, everything. If I were single I would court her, marry her, maltreat her, and break her heart, and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

These are rather severe processes by which to develop one's latent qualities. Is it not a temptation to a woman to forego fame for the luxury of obscurity, if the price of the former is broken bones and a broken heart?

There are city ordinances for the protection of a citizen's peace, but there is, alas, no law that can reach out and gather up in all his bombastic glory the man who talks aloud throughout an evening's program. He is a nuisance and ought to be suppressed. At a piano recital which I attended not long ago, such a person—a young man with an expansive smile that stretched around behind his ears, and a stupendous belief in his powers as an entertainer—sat in the row behind me and kept up a steady flow of conversation, or rather a monologue, during the rendition of each number. At least twenty persons had their entire evening spoiled by him. I, who was there on a newspaper pass, could afford to suffer in silence, but how about the twenty who had paid for their seats? Verily, they would have been justified in interrupting the program long enough to bind and gag the offender, and so teach him a much-needed lesson.

Would you think it would require three hundred and seventy words to tell how to make a cup of tea? This large slice of the language was recently used by a writer in *Harper's Round Table* to elucidate the brewing of that favorite beverage.

It is rather amusing to the hard-working American woman to read about the "demnition grind" of an English or American society woman's life. One is told, in the summing up of the society devotee's hardships, that after the 9:30 breakfast there are letters to write, the housekeeper's accounts to look over, and then the dainty breakfast gown must be exchanged for cycling costume or riding habit. Returning from her outing my lady must dress for lunch, receive or pay calls, attend concerts or receptions, drive through the park, dine, make an elaborate toilet with her maid's assistance, be seen at the theater and perhaps several balls, after which this hard-worked woman sinks wearily back upon her carriage cushions, scarcely able to drag herself to her boudoir and her maid. Thus the days go on. Hard work! To the woman who is directing her energies wisely, and who has really earned the right to be called hard working, such an existence seems the veriest child's play. Hard work! Why, the professional and wage-earning woman does more actual work in a single day than her pampered sister performs in a year.

It is to be regretted that San Francisco cannot, figuratively speaking, sit at the feet of her grown-up sister, New York, and learn a few things about housekeeping, or rather housecleaning; for San Francisco is an untidy metropolis, and her streets are anything but pleasing to the eye, because they are filled with debris of all kinds, tossed hither and thither by the restless winds. Wherever the blame lies, the fact remains that ours is not an orderly city. If only we had some of Colonel Waring's "White Angels" out here!

The visits of these New York angels are not few and far between. They come and go systematically, day by day, and their two dollars per diem wages are well earned. Moreover, New Yorkers are not privileged to make a waste-basket of the streets. It is only the San Franciscan who, with a wild abandon peculiar to himself, flings far and wide the rubbish of which he would rid himself. One of his guileless amusements, on his way to and from his office, is to tear to infinitesimal bits, as though he would multiply his sins of commission as generously as possible, the stray letters and other papers for which he no longer has any use. It is astonishing how much damage can be done in this way by one individual, yet if he were accused of a lack of civic pride, how indignantly he would resent it! When the careless acts of one are repeated by hundreds, yes, thousands, daily, it is no wonder that this town looks as though every day in the year were the fifth of July. It is, of course, a public misdemeanor to litter the streets, but people who want to can easily take advantage of the fact that a policeman's eyes cannot always be upon them. Our public-school teachers are faithful in their efforts to instil into the children, who are the citizens of the future, habits of personal cleanliness and feelings of personal pride. Indeed, they are doing real missionary work along these lines. All intelligent persons know the possibilities of disease that lie in rubbish. Others are so indifferent, that were a microbe as large as an elephant they would not see it. These are the people—we all know them—who run headlong into signs marked "Danger," and then want to sue for damages the man who put up the sign for their protection. But even these might be taught to have some respect for the city they call home.

ITEMS.

Said a wise acquaintance to me the other day: "Beauty and goodness are the flowers of civilization." That just shows how mistaken a person can be. For instance, I had an idea that the flowers of civilization were Corbett and Sharkey.

The bicycle has made its way to the sunny South, and bloomers are seen along the cornfields and where the oleanders grow. Southern maids, always conservative, were not easily won over to the bifurcated skirt and the steely steed, but at last they have joined the vast procession, and are not leaving all the scorching south of Mason and Dixon's line to be done by Sol's rays. Their sisters of the progressive North set the bicycle pace, ran the bicycle race, yea, turned upon them the bicycle face, long ago, yet they awoke not from their languor nor would they be enthused. But time has worked its customary wonders, and now the most exclusive girls are abroad in the Southern land, a-wheeling as though life held no greater delight for them than to grasp a handle-bar and spin through space. Fashionable calls, of course, cannot be made with the bicycle as a purveyor, although a minister recently sanctioned the presence of the bloomerite in church. Society women will have to wait for the flying machine to be perfected if they would pay etiquette calls without doffing their finery and getting into bloomers.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street. leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The following beautiful toast was offered many years ago at a private gathering, but like many of the literary gems of the century it is without fatherhood as far as known. For real sentiment, brevity, and beauty we have never seen its equal.—ED.

"May the blessing of God wait upon thee, and the sun of glory shine around thy head. May the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness be ever open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days, nor sorrow distress thy nights. May angels' hands thy eyelids close, and the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek. And when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtains of death gently close 'round the scenes of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction."

The Supreme Court of Michigan has held that where a husband deserts his wife, and comes into Michigan, and establishes a residence by remaining in the State for the time required by the statute, and then brings suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, he, and not the wife, is guilty of desertion, and the deserted husband or wife, as the case may be, is entitled to standing in the Michigan courts, and to be allowed to file a cross-bill showing the actual facts and opposing the deserter's application.

One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge:

"Man, did ye never try photography?"

"No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly.

A pause.

"It's a hantle quicker," said the voice.

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

Another pause. The final thrust was:

"An' it's mair liker the place."

An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him and the Irishman tasted it and said:

"Which did you put in first—the whisky or the water?"

"Oh," said the employer, "the whisky."

"Um-hum," mused the Irishman; "well, maybe I'll come to it bye and bye."

NEW GOLD.

THE PUNISHMENT OF HOPTI FAN.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Elaine Hollis.*]

Yatteri Hoodi Hopti Fan
Was a titled native of fair Japan;
A marvelous doll in a flowing gown,
From his patent adjustable shoulders down
To his sandled feet with their silken hose
And patent adjustable wooden toes.

Floralette Angeline Gladys Grace
Was a sawdust belle with a waxen face;
Although an American, bred and born,
She turned her admirers away with scorn,
And lavished her love in a reckless way
On this penniless foreigner, bold and gay.

Alas! 'tis a terribly sad mistake
To wed with a noble of foreign make!
Her feelings were dreadfully shocked and hurt
To find that her Fan was a wicked flirt;
He would smile, as he posed in his gorgeous gown,
At every feminine doll in town.
No matter how homely, or short, or tall,
Or armless, or headless—he loved them all.

His frivolous conduct, alackaday!
Turned Floralette's beautiful hair quite gray.
I grieve to relate that they came to blows.
And she trod on his patent adjustable toes.
His beauty is ruined. He lies on the shelf,
A wreck of his former brilliant self.
His fate is a warning to every man—
Yatteri Hoodi Hopti Fan.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf.*]

Though far away from childhood's home,
Across the vanished years to-day,
I let my fleeting fancies roam,
And dream once more of childish play;
Of days so like the sweet refrain
Of music and its dying strain.

Once more I rove a fragrant vale,
And breathe its pure elixir air;
Again my spirit doth inhale,
The old-time harmony so rare,
Which made life's morn an endless May
With naught to hint of its decay.

Or now within the forest grand,
My heart is bounding fresh and free,
While light comes through like golden sand,
And all around is minstrelsy
That mocks the poet's power to sing
Such praises of perpetual spring.

My dreams begin to fade, and I
To count the shadows of my years;
As, one by one, they now pass by,
No seal is on the fount of tears;
And there is strength imbedded deep
Within the heart that still may weep.

Then I will dream of childhood's home,
Though many heart-shades linger still;
Let me keep bright its radiant bloom,
With waters from affection's rill;
Oh, let life's morning holy light
Pursue the wavering shadows flight!

AT THE TELEPHONE.

Said she: "Will you take me to dine to-night?"
"Well, rather!" said he with a wink;
"I'll hit on a place that is out of sight,
If you'll give me a minute to think."

So she laid her ear to the telephone,
While he thought in silence profound,
And she presently said in a dulcet tone,
"I can hear the wheels go round!"

His fad, they say, is headgear. The hats that he has bought
Would fill the very largest kind of shelf;
But if the head they cover has a solitary thought,
He keeps the secret bravely to himself.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Charles Lamb photo.

"Hush, there are visitors in the drawing-room!"

"How do you know?"

"Listen! papa is saying 'my dear' to mamma."

Shadbolt (in the crowded tramcar)—McStab, this is the first time I ever saw you rise and give your seat to a woman.

McStab (of the suburbs, in an awe-struck whisper)—'Sh! That's our cook.

"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"W'y," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

The gaudy big chrysanthemum
Is chosen by the few,
But cabbages is larger, an'
They make a better stew.

Miss Singleton—But tell me, dear, does a man get really angry every time he comes home and finds dinner isn't ready?

Mrs. Benedict (sweetly)—Yes; just about as angry as a woman gets every time she has it ready and he *doesn't* come home.

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him; but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to the hospital?

Lady—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him.

A man who believes in the old saying, "See a pin, pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck," saw a pin in front of the postoffice the other day, and when stooping to capture it his hat fell off and rolled into the middle of the street, his braces gave way, his collar split open, and his false teeth, which cost him £3 when new, fell out and broke on the pavement. He picked up the pin, however.

Man with Watch (handing it over)—It isn't three weeks since you cleaned and overhauled this watch, and it's out of order again. It won't go.

Watchmaker (examining it, winding it up, and handing it back)—That's all it needed.

Man with watch goes away in a towering rage, and watchmaker loses a customer.

Newlyrich (showing guest round his house)—And this gun was carried by my great-great-grandfather all through the Peninsular. A wonderful relic, isn't it?

Guest (noticing date stamped on lock)—Wonderful! Why, it is nothing short of miraculous.

Newlyrich (puzzled)—Miraculous?

Guest—Yes; for a man to carry a gun through the campaign that wasn't made till 1830.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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On Austin Creek, in Sonoma Redwoods. N. P. C. R. R., via Sausalito ferry, trains leaving at 1.45 P.M. Hotel Cazadero rates, $10 to $14 per week. Elim Grove Hotel rates, $6 to $8 per week. Tents, $3 to $5 per week. Send for circulars.

C. F. BURNS, Proprietor,
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THE GEM OF LAKE COUNTY.

WM. V. BRYAN.

PLEASE notify all purchasers of tickets for Highland Springs, Lake County, that we have not an available room in the hotel or cottages at the present time. Traffic to Highlands must be checked temporarily. Kindly advise all patrons accordingly J. CRAIG, Manager.

This was the gist of a telegram sent to the ticket agent of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway at San Francisco in June last, and indicates one of the most phenomenal pilgrimages to a Californian resort ever known. For weeks many families have patiently waited for an entry to these popular Springs, and, until after the Fourth of July, the pressure was so great that many were contented with accommodations in the large comfortable canvas tents furnished by the management for those who were gladly willing to occupy them.

The question naturally arises, What is there about Highland Springs that should incite such a scramble to go there at most any price, under most any conditions?

In the first place, Highland enjoys the most accessible location of all Lake County's resorts. It is just fourteen miles by stage from Pieta Station, on the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, the trip being made in about two and a half hours over one of the finest turnpikes in the State. It nestles in a picturesque arm of Clear Lake Valley, and is only eight miles from the Lake itself. Another of its charms is its freedom from fogs, winds, and mosquitoes, which prove such a drawback to many of our well-known resorts. The climate is dry and delightful and the temperature remarkably even.

The moment one arrives at the Springs there is something about the general surroundings and the cordiality of the welcome that make you feel at home. The truly rural appearance of the place, the groups of jolly guests in light dresses, the laughter of the little children in pursuit of their amusements, all form a most cheery impression upon the new visitor. You can have here a most delightfully lazy time doing nothing; but if you enjoy activity and amusements you can have all you could wish for. A large dance-hall is provided for the guests just one hundred yards from the hotel. This is also supplied with a regulation stage, and is frequently used for both amateur and professional performances. Delightful walks may be taken in most any direction. Then again, there is tennis, croquet, billiards, swimming, and boating in the large pond near by, the best of hunting and trout fishing, and a "lover's retreat." What more can one ask for? If you're a nimrod or sportsman you can have your fill; if you're a flirt, you can flirt to your heart's content, and if you have passed that time of life when your heart ceases to palpitate at the rustle of a newly laundried summer gingham, you can stroll down to the ever inviting hammocks suspended within

HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

the "retreat," and, in bachelored seclusiveness, ponder over the good old days when you used to make a fool of yourself.

But I haven't said a word yet about the waters. Undoubtedly there is no resort in California so prolific in its variety of mineral springs, which are, of course, the most important feature of Highlands. Even collectively they are not claimed to be a panacea, but they come pretty near affording a relief and cure for the common ailments to which the human frame is subjected.

The principal springs are termed the Seltzer, Dutch, Arsenic, Neptune, Magic, and Diana, all of different properties, and are specially noted for their speedy cure of rheumatism, liver troubles, dropsy, stomach and intestinal disorders, gout, and kidney complaints, etc. It is not a place termed a "cure all," but it comes pretty near it. The attention and general service are of the best, and although largely patronized by stylish people, there is no "style." You can wear your sweater or negligee shirt to the dinner table without comment. Your dress for the morning will be equally appropriate until you retire. The ladies can do as they please. They usually do, but no one would be startled if they dined in bloomers or "full dress" at Highlands. It is a case of "go as you please," and so they all feel happy. If you don't believe it, just try it yourself and you will then better understand why Highland Springs is so popular.

But this isn't all. You get here the real old bread, pies and cakes "like your mother used to make," and served by a contingent of Lake County girls in neat, tasty dresses appropriate to the weather. The famous Seltzer Spring is transported to the dining table in its evanescent state and its indulgence at all times lend zest to the appetite. The eggs, milk, vegetables, etc. are produced on the grounds and furnished fresh on the sideboards each day, so that while the real necessaries of life are provided for one can justly have little to complain of the cuisine.

Not to be lacking in details, there is John, the porter, an all-around mechanic and general purveyor of good nature, who makes it his business to do most anything for your comfort and pleasure, from dispensing the product of the delicious Seltzer to suspending your hammock in the shady nooks near by. Are not all these conditions sufficient to popularize this resort?

Among the recent arrivals are the following: San Francisco—G. H. Wheaton, G. W. Brewer, Chas. Towe and wife, L. S Adams, Mrs. W. Greer Harrison and family, Mrs. Asa R. Wells, F. D. Monckton and family, S. E. Slade and family, W. T. Wheatley and family, Julian Sonntag and family, Mrs. J. Reis, Hon. J. C. B. Hebbard, Hon. S. C. Denson and family, Hon. J. M. Seawell and family, W. S. Dreypolcher, H. R. Mann and family, H. G. Van Wyck and family, Mrs. Geo. S. Ames and family, Hon. Wm. R. Daingerfield, Mrs. Wm. P. Daingerfield, Aug. Weihe and family, Mrs. T. Savage and daughter, Mrs. G. D. Toy and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien and family, C. H. Hoffman and family, Mrs. Henry Moffat and daughters, Thomas E. Hughes and wife, Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan and family. Oakland—Dr. J. S. Adams, Dr. C. E. Mueller, Geo. H. Strong, C. F. Rodolph and wife, Mrs. Mattis and daughter. San Rafael—Hon. F. M. Angolotta, Allen C. Curtis. Mare Island—Mrs. Albert S. Barker, Mrs. B. H. McCalla and daughter. Honolulu—J. C. Buck and family.

HIGHLAND DEER.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The following complimentary notice appeared in a recent issue of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. It is pleasant to know that our efforts to make THE TRAVELER a journal of art are noticed and appreciated by our contemporaries: "THE TRAVELER is unusually interesting, and abounds in a profusion of elegant half-tone engravings, as well as a great variety of reading matter. It is but justice to say that THE TRAVELER is the handsomest periodical published on the Coast, if not in the United States, and it is particularly noticeable that the standard of excellence originally adopted has never deteriorated, but has been gradually increased until now it is a credit both to the publisher and the territory it represents."

"Why didn't you have me called at six o'clock?" roared a commercial traveler in one of the New York hotels, as he faced the clerk, and banged his fist down on the register. "I did," calmly replied the clerk. "You did not, sir." "I tell you I did." "You did not, sir, and I can prove it." "All right, go ahead; but you can't prove it." "Yes, I can." "Prove it, then." "Well, you did not have me called at six o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned, and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize. But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't bother an American hotel clerk.

She—In your opinion who is the coming man on the money question?

He—My landlord, the silver-tongued orator.

For church weddings everything pertains to formality, and the invitation as well as the ceremony is impressive in all details. The names of the parents heading the invitation are now more often written in full, thus insuring a good-looking line at the top of the note. The use of the initials, which are indefinite, is to be discouraged. The "r" and "rs" in "Mr." and "Mrs." are frequently engraved above the line, owing partly to the English custom of so doing and because when the parents' names are long, more space on the line is gained. With short names the abbreviations are preferable on the line with the other small letters. For the same reason "and" in full is substituted for the abbreviation, although the latter is more often used. The line "request the honour of your presence," almost invariably appears on a church invitation with "honour" spelled with a "u."

The names of bride and groom are separated by the little word "to" although some consider "and" quite as proper.

The omission of the prefix "Miss" from the daughter's name is customary on an invitation but should never occur when the bride is a sister, cousin, or niece of the people issuing the invitations.

If a widow is remarrying she uses the prefix "Mrs." with her Christian names and the surname of her deceased husband.

If the bride is an orphan, with no one to issue the invitations for her, the heading reads, "The honour of your presence is requested," etc.

When the bride has more names than one it is customary to use all.

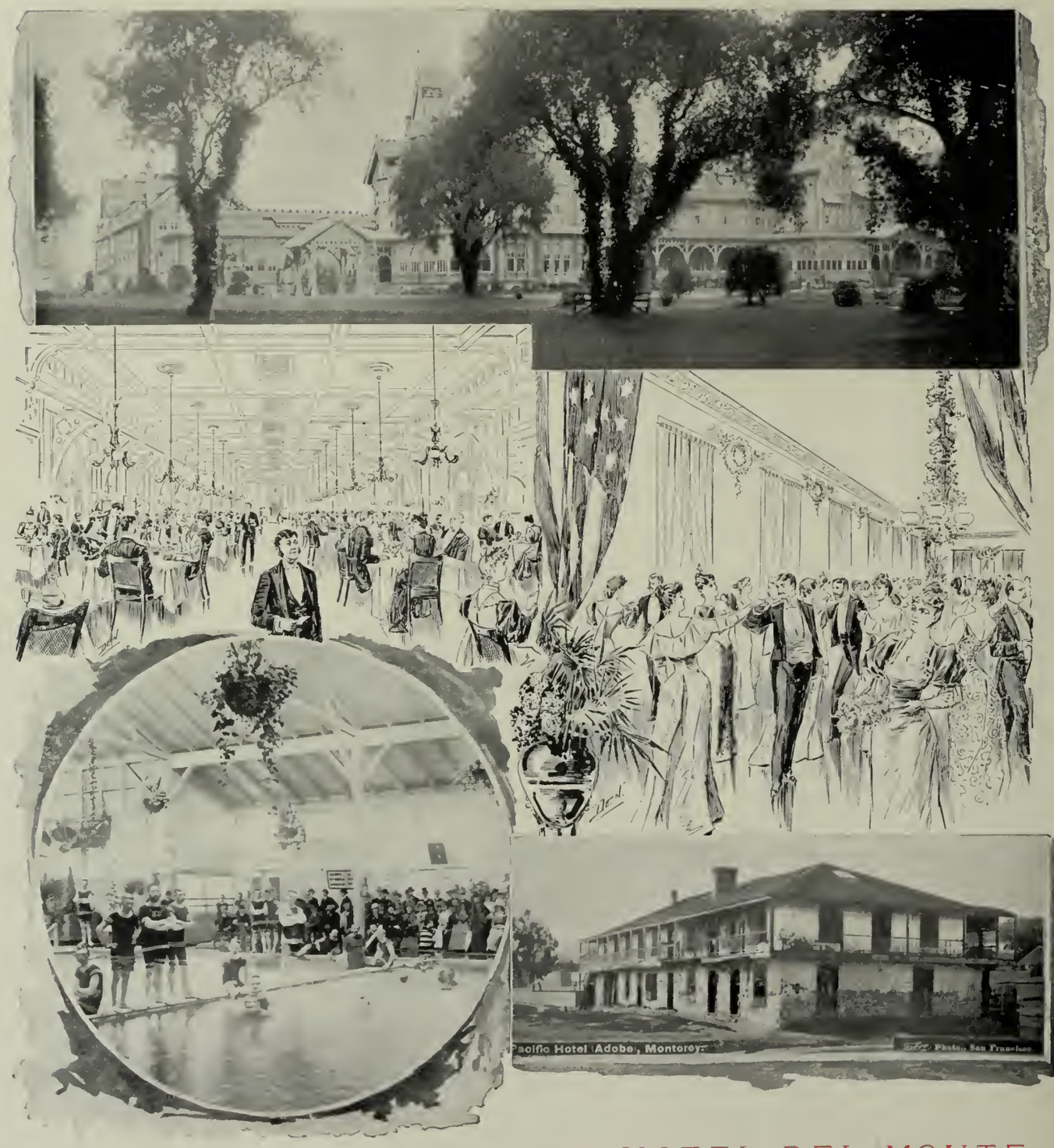
The address of a well-known church is generally omitted although it is quite frequently a convenience for out-of-town friends to know it.—*September Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SEPTEMBER, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A LESSON IN GENEROSITY.



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1896. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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$1.50 PER YEAR, JANUARY 1, 1897.

In the April number of THE TRAVELER appeared an editorial in which we explained the tremendous cost of publishing a magazine of this character. We gave facts and figures that must needs set the appreciative to thinking, and in the course of our article stated:

"We have been seriously thinking for some time of making our subscription price $1.50 per year instead of $1.00, and it may be that we shall shortly adopt it."

We have been conservative in the consideration of this step; we have made many inquiries, and asked advice of a large number. We fully realize that in these days of cheap literature the tendency in prices is downward rather than progressive. The result of our investigations, however, is that our opinion, as stated in the April issue, is still unchanged; namely, that "ninty-five per cent of our readers are of the cultured and well-to-do class, and we feel as though they would as willingly remain with us at an advanced rate as they would for the small amount of $1.00."

On January 1, 1897, THE TRAVELER will have passed through the fourth year of its existence, and beginning on that date the subscription price will be $1.50 per year. Some changes will be made in its character, and it is not unlikely that its size will be slightly reduced, but this will be more than offset by several additional pages of reading matter. No change, however, will be inaugurated that will in any way give less scope to the beautiful engravings which have established its reputation in the past. On the contrary, these will be increased. The TRAVELER has made the most remarkable increase in paid circulation during the current year than at any similar period during its existence, and it is our aim and ambition not only to improve it, but to push it still further to the front by making it more beautiful, interesting, and voluminous. If we do say it ourselves, there is no magazine or journal to-day in the United States that is so artistic and beautifully illustrated as THE TRAVELER of San Francisco. If it maintains the support and encouragement it has received in the past we shall have no cause for complaint, and will feel proud and gratified to know that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

JUST at the present time much interest has been centered in the bicycle, not only because of the phenomenal increase in its use, but its general utility, its acceptance as a health restorer, its convenience as a motor, and its purveyance to the pleasure and exhilarating enjoyment of its devotees, so that a conservative estimate may place the number of adult male riders in San Francisco at not less than eight thousand, and the lady riders at about three thousand.

THE "CLOTHES" OF THE DAY.

These figures are significant, and mean that the bicycle enthusiasts are shortly to become powerful factors in our municipal politics, and their influence of pivotal weight. In this age of corruption, of fraud, and of bossism, sentiment has no sway. It's a case of "diamond cut diamond," and we must fight our opponents with their own weapons—influence and power. Paris, the most delightful and fascinating city of the world, secures millions of dollars from visitors, who go there simply because of its attractiveness, its magnificent boulevards, its lakelets, its picturesque parks, and places of amusement.

Why cannot San Francisco profit by the experience of Paris? We can never approach this result until we overthrow the present local dynasty and at least be sure that we receive dollar for dollar of the amount subscribed for the maintenance of our city government. Human nature judges from outward appearances; therefore let us revolutionize the character of our streets and at least make a good impression on our foreign visitors. The wheelmen are now a powerful contingent, and if they will only amalgamate in a common cause to repave our main thoroughfares, the object can be accomplished. The wheelmen should be represented in our local Board of Supervisors. They must put up their own candidate, and one who is personally interested in the object for which he is announced. There should be no party lines in this matter, and a project of this character should receive the support of all who are interested in decent streets. All we require are interest, energy, system, and perseverance. Is it worth the effort?

Apropos, some relief may be obtained from the system of charges announced by the railroad for the transportation of bicycles if influence is brought to bear on the proper party and there is a united effort on the part of bicyclists with this object in view.

AN EVENT of some importance took place on August 26th, when the press were invited to take the first trip over the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railroad. Of late years much progress has been made in the building of mountain railways, and, with the exception of the new venture, we have but one other in the State. From Mount Tamalpais a magnificent view may be had of the Golden Gate, the peninsula of San Francisco County, as well as a splendid panorama of the country in the background. With the projects in view for providing entertainment for the public, the new venture should prove *the* attraction for tourists who wend their way hither. The additional interesting fact that the fare will be but one dollar for the round trip, from Mill Valley to the summit and return, will likewise appeal to the tourist and pleasure-seeker. It promises a magnificent return for the capital invested.

ESTHETIC CAMPING.

L. C. KELLOGG.

DOUBTLESS there are many persons who know but little of the benefits, delights, and comfort that are to be derived from camp life. The city belle who dances away the precious hours of summer at a fashionable hotel, calls it "*vulgar*," and not to be thought of excepting for papa and the boys, who are *so* devoted to hunting and fishing. Others, with a desire to escape from the chains of artificial life which bind them fast all winter, would like to try a life free from conventionality for the brief weeks of vacation, but think of camping as a synonym of dirt, flies, snakes, and general discomfort, which misconception leads them to avoid camp life.

The opinion of scientists, artists, and poets on this subject differs from this, and is voiced by Muir, "Going to the Mountains." He says, "Going to God's clean, healthy wilds, near or far, is going home, and, therefore, it seems to me that the annual outing *wise* people take nowadays from dust and care, and early death, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times."

Lovers of Nature have followed in the footsteps of these great men, and we now have in California a class of refined, cultured people who seek the untrodden paths, and, by camping out, live an ideal life near enough to the great Mother of us all to hear her faintest heart-beat. They learn the songs her rivers sing, the stories that her wild woods tell, feel the exultation that her stately mountains draw forth, and the longing to *be*, to *do*, and to *conquer*, which her oceans inspire. They quaff the water from fountains which renew and preserve youth, fill their lungs with pure air, their veins with red blood, their minds with a knowledge of God's handiwork, and their hearts with a reposeful happiness no other life can bring.

That there need be no discomfort about it, we have proved by actual experience. For two summers a few congenial friends have combined and established a private camp on the upper Sacramento, in Shasta County. They employed a cook, and took with them, as freight, a complete outfit, including wire-woven beds, easy chairs, hammocks, etc., each person putting in his or her share of expense to the camp "ginger jar," and, consequently, feeling a sense of proprietorship, and an interest in making the summer home comfortable and artistic. The ride to the "Sweet Brier District" is of one night's duration on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The scenery, after leaving Redding, is entrancing: combining foaming river rushing joyously along through a canyon clothed with noble conifers, deciduous trees and shrubs, mountain meadows of vivid green, ragged cliffs and granite crags, as well as towering mountains—chief among them snow-crowned Shasta. We came to our destination one bright morning in June, and pitched our camp under a true California sky, bluer than any other, and rarely ever treacherous, for it is only once in two or three years that rain falls after May, and then the exception is a brief thunderstorm in July.

The spot we chose for erecting our tents was by the side of the companionable river, in a nook made beautiful by massive trees and clinging vines. Each tent was a castle unto itself on our ten-acre island, being separated from its companions by little groves of vining maple, *cascara segrada*, hazel, and yew trees, without a vestige of poison oak. Our view was of a great hillside three hundred feet high, and green from base to summit, with varying shades, from the umbrella-like saxifrage, or Indian rhubarb, and five-finger fern dipping into the river, up through terraces of Douglass spirea, azalea, dogwood, maple, cottonwood and oak, to the monarchs of the forest—the pine, spruce, and cedar. This friendly hill shaded our sleepy eyes from the sun until we were ready for our eight o'clock breakfast. This, and all our meals, we had around the white oilcloth-covered table in our beautiful out-door dining-hall, which was formed by a circle of large trees that completely shaded it. The carpet, renewed weekly, was sprays of fragrant spruce and fir. The savory dishes that were served to us testified that our cook was a good one. Deliciously cold, pure, mountain spring water was piped to our convenient and pretty kitchen. The river yielded its rainbow trout and royal salmon to the skill of our fishermen. Venison was sometimes brought in, and from the country farmers, the butcher, and the grocer, whose store was a half mile away, we obtained dainties fit for a king, in the shape of milk, cream, chickens, eggs, fresh meat, and mountain berries and vegetables. And what appetites we carried to our festive board! And how long we lingered over each meal with joke and story! The woods and meadows

SWEET BRIER CAMP.
View from south end of reservation for campers.

gave us of their store of flowers to grace the table, and our improvised vases of tomato cans covered with cretonne, and tacked on the trunks of trees, were always full. Early in the season we gathered tiger lilies, spirea, and ceanothus; then Shasta lilies, columbines, ferns, and orchids, down through the regular succession, until we came to golden-rod, dock, and autumn leaves. The awning over our heads was finished by a fringe of yew or spruce, and from the center hung a rare lamp made of the vertebræ of a long since equine. The hall rack, for fishing and hunting accouterments, was made of a portion of the same anatomy, and looked as rich as old ivory. Colored lanterns, and hanging baskets filled with ferns, were suspended from every available place. Our rustic sideboard was made between three trees, and our sitting-room was a covered platform adorned with branches and ferns, with cattails and red berries. Our library was a series of boxes covered with paper, curtained and fastened on an immense spruce. In it was many

"A booke for a shadie nooke,
With the grene leaves whispering overhead."

The one absolute rule of camp life was pleasure and good nature, so our days passed most happily and too swiftly. At night we sat around a blazing camp fire and told stories, played games, or sang songs, without a thought of care, then sank to sweet repose on comfortable beds. With tent doors wide open, the sight of the stars cheered us, the sweet balsamic air and the melody of the murmuring river lulled our senses and wrapped us in undisturbed and refreshing slumber.

Many were the excursions, and delightful ones, that we had from this central point. On the railroad to fairyland at Shasta Springs and Mossbrae Falls; again, to Sisson, for a view of the mountain and a visit to the State Hatcheries. One day enjoying the beauty of the Hedge Creek Falls, and a draught of delicious water at Upper Soda Springs; another time, by trail, to the wonderful Crags; and, again, to the McCloud River, and, on one occasion, to a chain of beautiful lakes to the northwest. All these places are easily reached by ladies, except the two last mentioned; they are rather hard trips for any but enthusiastic sportsmen eager to capture Dolly Varden and other trout which fill these waters.

Our pleasures were so varied that it would take a volume to tell of them all, and many were the pleasant memories we carried home with us, but, best of all, the store of health and vigor with which to withstand the friction of city life.

On returning, we compared experiences with the friends who went to a boarding-house because they dreaded "the dirt," etc., we were to have. To their astonishment, our "pecks" about balanced. As for flies and poisonous insects, they are conspicuous by their absence from the Shasta region, while our friends at the boarding-house were compelled to sleep under mosquito bars. Even the snakes were not to be dreaded in camp, for I heard the ladies mourn that only *one* skin had been secured for a belt. Then, in regard to comfort, we "ate, drank, and were merry." We slept like tops, and arose the following morning like "giants refreshed with wine." What more of creature comfort do even kings desire? There was another consideration that in no small degree contributed to our good spirits, and that was the contrast our pocket-books made when compared with the slim and ghastly affairs that our friends exhibited, for ours "had a penny in them for good luck," and, we all agreed, for another camping trip to "*Nirvana*."

A large speculator of St. Louis, who often overdrew his account at one friendly bank, wanted $10,000 for a certain deal, his balance in bank at the time being $100. The obliging cashier suggested that he draw on some distant party. "Any one," said he, "as long as the party is far away from St. Louis." Smith drew at sight for ten thousand dollars on the Sultan of Turkey. The draft was duly forwarded by the bank, reaching New York, whence it was sent to a London correspondent. It then came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to their Constantinople branch, where it was duly presented for payment to the Sultan's chamberlain, the latter bringing it to his highness. "Who is this 'John Smith'?" said the Sultan. "Don't know," replied the chamberlain. "Do we owe him anything?" "No," replied the other. "Then I'll not pay it," replied his high mightiness. "One moment, if I might advise," said the astute counselor; "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are seeking a two-million loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?" "Pay it," said the Sultan, and it was paid. One can imagine the astonishment of John Smith and the quick-witted cashier when they learned that the draft had been honored by the person on whom it was drawn.

AMONG THE WOOD RANCHES.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

ENSCONCED in the foothill region of Southern California, the rugged mountains of Northern California, or the rolling, tree-girthed hills of the central portion of this great State, is found the ranch or cabin of the woodman. Perched high among the rounding peaks or snuggled between protecting slopes, his home is reached by roads that wind along the banks of a shaded stream or around the curves of densely wooded hills; it breaks suddenly on the sight, and usually a chorus of dogs announces that the stranger, too, has been discovered.

It was my good fortune to spend a portion of the summer among the wood ranches of the mountains which traverse Sonoma County, and though I have visited the timber regions of nearly every portion of the State, there is no range more densely wooded, containing a greater variety of trees, more abounding in beautiful streams and springs, or more thoroughly the home of the woodman, than these wonderfully charming hills which furnish the fuel supply of Santa Rosa, St. Helena, Napa, Calistoga, and the various other towns lying at their base.

The air is spicy with the breath of the fir, redwood, pine, laurel, alder, willow, buckeye, madrona, manzanita, oak, and maple. The oak is found in several varieties: white, black, live, and tan oak.

Not all the trees are really valuable for firewood. The black oak is considered the best, though madrona and manzanita bring a higher price and are really better fuel, but the trees are so small and the wood so hard that the cutting requires too great an expenditure of time to make it pay.

There is a strange idea prevalent regarding the wood of the white oak. That which grows in the valleys is soft, and is known, locally, as "mush" oak; but in the higher altitudes the wood is almost, if not quite, as hard as that of the black oak, still, the dwellers in the towns refuse to purchase it because they will not be convinced that difference in altitude affects the quality of the wood. The bark of the tan-oak is much in demand at the tanneries, owing to the quantity of tannin it contains.

The wood of the pine, fir, and redwood is either worked up into lumber or cut into three and four foot lengths for engines and furnaces.

The largest of these trees, however, were utilized long ago, and even the saw-mills have disappeared. To-day only the wood-cutters are at work, and their labor never ceases throughout the year, though there are fewer trees felled in the summer season than in the spring and fall; the wood then cut is hauled during the summer months, or after it is sufficiently dry to be sold. The drying process, usually requiring from two to three months' time, is a tedious operation.

CHARCOAL PIT READY FOR COVERING. *Marshall photos.*

Until ready for hauling the cut wood is stacked in tiers, each tier containing just a cord, and on some of the ranches hundreds of cords are standing waiting to be carried away to the markets; and though thousands of cords are sold annually, hundreds of thousands yet remain uncut.

It is barely possible that the woodman, mounted on the high seat of his stanch wagon with its tall side-racks, does not realize what a picture he presents to the artist observer who, as he rests contentedly under a mammoth tree by the side of the dusty road in the early morning, watches the procession of laden wagons go slowly toiling by; nor do the hardy choppers consider beauty of scene or the effect of color as they wield their axes against the unyielding tree trunks.

Sometimes the rancher and his sons do all the work of chopping and hauling, but where there is a scarcity of sons or available relatives, or when the owner does not live upon his mountain possessions, men, usually Italians, are hired for the purpose, "finding" themselves, and receiving the magnificent sum of one dollar and a quarter a cord. An industrious man cuts, on an average, about a cord a day.

Another industry connected with the woodman is that of charcoal making, which is carried on chiefly by Italians. Oak wood is used for producing the charcoal, and the process is rather interesting.

A level piece of ground is selected, and a cone of earth four or five feet high is built, from the center of which rises a tall pole. An oak tree has been cut into four-foot lengths, the largest pieces being about six or eight inches in diameter.

These lengths are placed around the cone of earth, and against the pole, end on end, with the larger pieces in the inner circle; the pieces in each circle, or row, decreasing in size until the outer circle, constructed of the smallest branches, is in place. Thus the whole tree, except the foliage, is utilized, and really this, too, is used, for when the cone, containing about twenty cords of wood, is complete, a layer of green twigs is placed over it, and on top of this about four inches of loose earth are thrown.

Holes are made in this layer of earth to allow the smoke an outlet, and the center pole is withdrawn. A fire is built on the apex of the cone from small pieces of wood which, after a time, fall into the cavity made by the withdrawal of the pole, and thus the inner circle of wood is ignited.

After the third day the aperture at the top is tightly closed, and not reopened until the fire has ceased to burn, the holes in the layer of earth giving sufficient draught.

When the smoke no longer issues from the pile, it is assumed that the wood is charred to the proper degree, but the cone is not opened for two weeks. The holes are banked up and the pile is left to cool. Should the flame inside the cone receive too much draught the wood would burn too rapidly, and either be entirely destroyed or it would be consumed to such an extent that too little carbon would be left to make good charcoal. Consequently the pile must be watched day and night, and the earth kept in a moist condition.

From eight to fourteen days are required in the process, the longer the time the more perfect the charring and the better the coal. The output of one "pile" or "pit" is about two hundred bags of charcoal, each weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and several piles are often kept burning at the same time.

The burning is carried on in the summer months only, but the wood is cut and split during the winter, so as to be thoroughly dried when required.

BURNING CHARCOAL PIT.

Many of the wood ranches are now also producing farms; for the owners, as the trees are felled and the wood removed, proceed to clear the slopes for cultivation, thus laying the foundation for a future competence; though if they began to cut wood twenty or thirty years ago, and possessed not only the right kind of trees but the right kind of industry and business energy, it is more than probable that they already have comfortable bank accounts and attractive homes with commodious barns and outbuildings.

While it is no easy task to clear these slopes, and sometimes requires years of effort, the result is more than ample payment for the endeavor, as the soil is rich and is easily worked, producing a much better quality of grapes, fruit, and berries than the valley lands, though the harvest is somewhat later.

Here and there in the shady canyons one comes onto a little schoolhouse attended by, perhaps, not more than eight or ten scholars; and yet this small complement may represent every grade contained in the schools of the metropolis. The children of the ranchers sometimes walk a couple of miles to attend this little school. They gain strength of arm and limb from necessary labor on the ranch, strength of character from the honest toil, and a consequent knowledge of nature; and their mental powers are developed and trained by painstaking, competent teachers in the little schoolhouse in the clearing.

The hills are permeated with springs which keep the creeks ever flowing; but it is a question whether, when the slopes are entirely denuded of their tree growth, springs will continue to bubble up or seep from amid the strong brakes or dainty maiden-hair and "goldbacks" which hide the porous soil; and if the springs dry up what will feed the sparkling, singing streams which now afford spawning places for the salmon and homes for thousands of gamy trout?

In the future when, instead of carrying the axe, the rancher goes out to attend to his grainfields, his vineyards, or his orchards, he will not hear the saucy call of the quail or the mournful note of the dove; and while the country roads will miss the heavily laden wood wagons, the beautiful mountains will have lost their charm for the summer visitor and the artist. That time, however, is far in the future, and the generation of our children's children will still hear the ringing sound of the axe, and see the neatly piled cords of wood dotting the clearings in the hills, and gaze upon the blue-shirted woodman raising clouds of dust along the county road as his horses sleepily plod along, pulling the high, springless wagon, loaded to the top with what are termed "stove lengths."

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AUGUSTA KNELL.

BEFORE capricious fin de siecle cast its shadow over clubdom, the word club—since it first signified quarters—had always seemed to stand out radiant in a halo of little frock-coated men hilariously dancing upon one foot then upon the other in a sort of festive propriety. It was rude and invasive to extend these privileges to the gentler sex. But that little source of whimpering quarrels, gratified anger and heartaches has been effectually revolutionized, and husband and wife have become so congenial that a faint dash of club is the proper caper for both. For a man, the club is indispensable. To be a member of a reputable club gives him prestige; and, besides this, there are a great many reasons why a man may belong to a club without losing the least fondness for his home.

And so among women the club has become quite as prominent, and probably much more interesting. Woman's club is a direct aid to social advancement. All topics of the day are brought to them by the brightest of lecturers and duly discussed to practical advantage. And so instead of the club being a prophesied source of trouble and endless gossip, it has proven to be the very center of both intellect and social position, and, like the good husband's habitat, without losing the least fondness for the home.

Among the first ideas of club life for women was the organization of the Century Club by Julia Ward Howe, the poetess so famed by her great national poem. She originated the idea, and was encouraged by a contingent of society's ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent, wife of Honorable A. A. Sargent, where the club was started. With the same advantages the gentlemen enjoy, and with prestige of membership, the Century combines all the comforts and luxuries of the most approved associations, and like the Bohemians, the ladies indulge their frivolities with

MRS. F. L. WHITNEY, *Founder Forum Club.*

equal fervor. Although woman's club is entirely different as to mode and character of entertainment, still now and again the conventional is abandoned for the proverbial jinks.

Their recent "Open House" on New Year's Day was one of the most successful affairs the club ever held, heightened as it was by the novel display of the grotesque in the shape of bill-posters loaned by the gentlemen Bohemians; and the gaiety that vibrated between those tinted walls evidenced the same appreciation for artistic amusement that was ever manifested by stern Bohemia, and can only be discussed between the very exclusive circle of members and their *bon amis*. The secrets of their private meetings have never yet been wafted beyond the door sill.

The membership of the Century Club is limited to 230, and this is never varied from unless death or resignation gives way to the next name on the long waiting list of applicants. Strict unwritten laws help to govern the club, and with the equally strict censor to conduct its affairs, has always been kept absolutely *recherche*.

Their elegantly appointed clubhouse on Sutter Street has been the scene of annual breakfasts fairly glowing with originality in its menu cards and toasts. For this the Century members are noted. The present President of the Century Club is Mrs. Hon. John F. Swift, who held successful reign for two consecutive terms.

The Town and Country Club is very much after the style of the gentlemen's monastery of comforts, and is noted for its exclusiveness and also for its luxurious equipment throughout.

The dainty suite of clubrooms is given up entirely to the members, and situated as it is in the very heart of the shopping circuit, the ladies find their club a source of delightful enjoyment. The rooms are artistically arranged in every detail, and from each corner you observe all the comforts of home The library shelves are filled with the very best of literature—in this the members admit that they are extravagant—near by, a silken pillowed couch suggests an uninterrupted chapter, or a boon for the weary. A shining cherry writing-desk awaits the members' pleasure with all its accessories, and daintily covered tea-tables, adorned with delicate delft service, subserves at all times the pleasure of the ladies and their guests. In everything the refinement of femininity is apparent, and it is needless to say that the success of the club lies in this individual enthusiasm of each member to do all in her power for its welfare. The formation of the Town and Country Club sprang from the longing want of such a resort among society ladies. The advantages of a trysting place, and the convenience of writing a hasty note or letter, became desirable, and it was then that the idea of clubrooms first suggested itself to Mrs. Norman McLaren and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Ash. These ladies at once undertook its organization, and carried it to a successful issue. The rooms are located on Post Street.

The Laurel Hall Club has the honored distinction of being the first woman's club organized in San Francisco, and was so named in memory of its founder, Mrs. L. Manson-Buckmaster, Preceptress of the Laurel Hall Seminary in San Mateo, Cal., which Institute ceased with the life of its donor.

Mrs. Manson-Buckmaster planned the object of the club, which is for the general enlightenment of its members on all current topics as well as on social advancements. The hospitality of the club has ever been well known. With the honored organizer in the chair, the association was affected in proper form with a charter membership of twenty-two, all of whom are college graduates of the Laurel Hall Seminary. The club rapidly began to increase its membership with local professional and society ladies, and from its incipiency it has achieved phenomenal success. Occasionally the ladies institute enjoyable entertainments for their friends, and these diversions are invariably novel, and celebrated for their delightful versatility of entertainment. The President, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, who is in the second term of successful autocracy, is one of the most enthusiastic followers, and is untiring in her personal efforts. The elegant breakfast given at the Palace Hotel by the President to the club members indicates the *entente cordiale* among them.

MRS. E. T. Y. PARKHURST, *Founder P. C. W. P. Association.*

The Philomath Club, conducted much upon the same principles of other literary clubs, was likewise organized by Mrs. Lowenberg, who has been honored with its presidency since its first appearance in clubdom, two years ago.

The San Francisco Sorosis Club is composed of ladies of such varied talent and wit that they confine their social enjoyments largely among themselves, and even the brilliance of the club affairs is sufficiently attractive to warrant their clanish propensities. The main object in this is to develop all the talent that exists in the club, each for the benefit of the other. The Sorosis was organized on the lines of its New York namesake, receiving therefrom much advice and encouragement: and, with four enthusiasts, together with the promising support of twelve more, the young Sorosis was then formed at the home of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, one of its most fervent supporters, where it began its very successful career.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association is an organization of writers, among whom are some of the most prominent on the coast. Its members, in most part, are professionally engaged in journalistic or literary work, and are important factors of the daily press.

The Association was evolved from the Pacific Coast revision bureau, which was originated by the late Mrs. Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst, daughter of Honorable John Swett, and whose object was to promote the interests of her fellow-workers, and to encourage them in their literary pursuits. In this Mrs. Parkhurst was ably assisted by the renowned humorist, Opie Read. Her bright and progressive ideas were at once accepted and vastly aided its good work. The project of an association of the press writers at once became uppermost in Mrs. Parkhurst's mind, and was as enthusiastically received by the prominent litterateurs, who subsequently composed the charter members of the Association, now so well known throughout the United States. The ladies were called together by Mrs. Parkhurst and the organization affected. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster was installed as president.

The club immediately began to flourish, and many of the names upon the roll may be found upon our library shelves. Honorary members, such as Madame Helena Modjeska and a number of other professionals and scientists, are identified with the press members, and among the life members is Ruth Emelie Parkhurst, who, at the tender age of three months, was unanimously elected in memory of her mother.

Like most press clubs, they too have original entertainments for their members.

Mrs. Ada Henry Van Pelt, the President, now in her second term of office, is the editor of the *Pacific Ensign*. Besides being a bright writer, Mrs. Van Pelt is a gifted inventor, and has added not a few useful contrivances to the world of progress.

The Association's sixth annual convention will be held on the first Tuesday of September, on which occasion new tributes of loving remembrance will be paid to its beloved founder.

Mrs. Frank L. Whitney, President of the Forum Club, well known as a successful organizer, was entreated by several of her friends to form some kind of literary and social club. Last September she spoke to many friends and acquaintances, inviting them to her home to see what could be done. To

her surprise about forty met, proceeding at once to perfect what is now known as The Forum Club of California.

New members rapidly applied for enrollment, and by the time they were ready to print the constitution and by-laws there were over one hundred and fifty members.

The object of the club is to bring together all the leading talent of the day, as far as practicable, both local and foreign, and in that way to post its members upon the leading topics of the times. Many ladies were attracted to the Forum on account of the understanding that no member would be required to contribute to the entertainment of the club unless they so desired.

Each "afternoon," tea is served. The entertainments to friends are eagerly looked forward to and enjoyed, attracting a present membership of two hundred, which may be deemed remarkable for the first year of its existence. The club's first public reception last winter was a most brilliant affair, and elevated the Forum upon the high pedestal of the other prominent women's clubs of America.

A new club of young ladies has just been organized, with the promise of a perfect success. The idea manifested itself among young women employed during the daytime, and who are unable thereby to take advantage of the pleasures which club life offers. A few talked it over, and then matured their plan. This they announced to Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Secretary of the San Francisco Sorosis, and a prominent club woman, who enthusiastically promised to do all in her power to help them. Mrs. de Greayer then spoke to a few of the club women identified in women's work, and they, in conjunction with her, formulated the plan, joining their efforts with those of the originators in the accomplishment of the project.

Many good suggestions were adopted in its formation, given by Mrs. George Ripley, recently of Brooklyn, where she is a member of the Twentieth Century Club of that city. The lady, in association with Miss Dodge, is well known throughout the continent as an earnest and successful enthusiast in just such kind of work.

The associate ladies will undertake to outline the program for the education and entertainment of the active members; lectures, entertainments, and social events of the highest order are now being arranged for their benefit, and quarters in the Mercantile Library Building will be at their disposal at all times during the day and evening. The new club is known as the Alter Ego Club, where the intellectual attainments of the ambitious young woman will have ample opportunity for development. The president is Mrs. Blanche Paulsell, and in the new scepter lies a fertile field for good work in club life.

Wedding invitations are consigned to the post from two to three weeks preceding the date of the wedding. Those sent to friends and relatives abroad are started on their foreign journey fully three weeks before. The paper most preferred is that white product of American manufacture that is variously designated as dull kid and parchment finish, in size between octavo and billet. When folded it fits an envelope that is almost square, and which offers a choice of either a pointed or a square flap. In town the pointed flap is considered the proper thing, while the country favors the square one. The envelope enclosing the note is without gum and of the same weight as the enclosure, while the outer one, intended as a carrier only, is of a lighter quality and gummed.

The round hand script, without flourish and with little shading, and that has a tendency toward the medium and the small in size is very much in vogue.

A TYPICAL RESORT.

W. V. BRYAN.

It is with difficulty that one who has ever had the good fortune to spend his outing at Highland Springs, Lake County, can repress an ever present enthusiasm to extol the attractions of this popular Mecca. There is an underlying current of satisfaction, enjoyment, and exuberance of spirits that must needs come to the surface, and although in our last issue we outlined to some extent the reasons for the remarkable popularity of this resort, we have since experienced a few brief days thereat at a period when most of our fashionable outists deem the best of the season over. Comparatively few realize that in many sections of California the fall and winter seasons are the most delightful of the year. Particularly is this so at Highland Springs, where, strange as it may seem, over three hundred days of sunshine is the record for the year. This tells its own story. Lake County has its rains, to be sure, but they conveniently come at scattered periods, and while this section enjoys its quota of the rainfall, they receive ordinarily in twelve hours what other areas receive in two weeks. *Ad interim* there is clear, warm, and sunny weather while we in San Francisco are donning our galoshes and umbrellas for weeks at a time.

It is well to bear these facts in mind when we are depressed by the vagaries and dolorousness of the elements, and to know that we San Franciscans may find the same cheering contrast during the winter months as we can in the summer, which custom has decreed shall be our outing period.

Highlands is a comparatively short distance from the borders of Clear Lake, where, during the year round, may be taken some of the most delightful excursions. When there is an indication of an uninteresting day for the guests, Mr. Craig, the manager, proposes a trip of this character, which is always hailed with delight by the vivacious contingent at the Springs. Busses and surreys are provided for all, and, after a short ride, the party is landed at Lakeport, where the little steamer, "City of Lakeport," is in readiness to convey them around the borders of the Lake. Mandolins, guitars, banjos, and anything else in the musical line are in order.

The accompanying illustration gives some idea of the typical summer girl, recklessly poised on the rail of the excursion boat, wafting sweet music to the jolly revelers near by, while the little craft glides noiselessly through the smooth, limpid waters of the Lake. And who shall say she is not "out of sight"!

THE SUMMER GIRL AT HIGHLANDS.

Highlands is liberally supplied with burros—and other kickers—and, if there is nothing better on hand, a burro picnic party is always in order. A generous basket of delicacies is provided, and a most enjoyable day may be spent in the hundred and one charming nooks contiguous to the Springs. But be careful of the voracious little burro. If you leave him within smelling distance of these good things it is sixteen to one you will be minus your broilers, doughnuts, pickles, and ham sandwiches just when you are ready for the attack. Even the sardines, corkscrew, and beer bottles have no terrors tor these four-legged ostriches. There are numerous methods of enjoying oneself, so that you are never at a loss for something to do when at Highlands.

TROUT FISHING NEAR HIGHLANDS. *Marie Fauvompre photo*

Because of the moderate elevation of Highland Springs, 1450 feet, and that it is land-locked by a spur of the Coast Range Mountains, it is entirely free from the brisk winds and fogs that are prevalent at many other summer and winter resorts. It is rarely the temperature falls below sixty degrees even in the winter months, at which time it averages about sixty-eight degrees, so that from this fact alone one can gain some idea of the real delight of a sojourn at Highlands while we are eating our Thanksgiving turkey or plucking presents from our Christmas trees.

No less a feature of the springs is the immunity from danger for children. Here they may romp from morning till night, with every facility for their amusement, and yet there is no place on the grounds offering the possibility of an accident. When at Highlands, parents do not worry about their children's safety.

To sum up, therefore, it would be difficult to find a more all-around attractive spot than Highland Springs. With its picturesque and secluded location, its delightful drives, its splendid fishing and hunting, its incomparable climate, and its variety of mineral waters, it justly deserves the title, "The Switzerland of America."

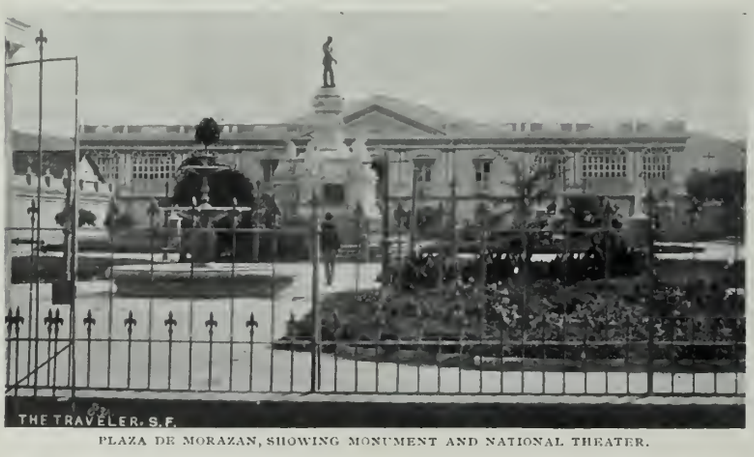
A GLIMPSE OF SAN SALVADOR.

J. J. PEATFIELD.

PROBABLY if an untraveled native son of the Golden West could make a quick aerial voyage from California to San Salvador, passing the time spent in his transit in sleep, he might, on awakening, imagine that his airship had gone astray and landed him on some other planet, so strange to him would be the aspect of the place. The inhabitants would seem to him to be still in the boyhood of their progress. The low one-storied houses; the narrow streets with their inverted roadbeds: the sluggish oxteams, preceded by barefooted drivers—conductors, I mean—with pointed goads ten or twelve feet in length; the brown-skinned people, and, above all, the Indian type of countenance and the more than occasional appearance of a naked child, would suggest to him that the people among whom he had been dropped were like those of early days in the history of the human race, when men began to build themselves cities and congregate therein.

Let us suppose that he roams about the city outside the more pretentious central portion of it—not of large extent—where are situated the principal plazas, the cathedral, the White House, theater, and other buildings which rise to the dignity of two stories. His first sensation will be that of feeling closed in by walls, broken only by iron-grated windows and wide entrance doors. His view is so limited, and the streets are so narrow, that from few vantage-points can he get sight of the surrounding mountain slopes. Turn which way he will he finds himself hemmed in by low housewalls, the fantastic coloring of which will strike his attention. Here he passes a house painted a deep skyblue, there, one in dull red; and as he wanders on, yellow, green, purple, and brown, in a variety of shades, besides numerous non descript dingy colors, attract his observation. Every owner paints his house according to his taste.

As regards the lowness of the buildings, the cause is readily found. San Salvador has been sorely smitten by earthquakes, and time and again has been partially laid in ruins. So disheartening were these almost periodical catastrophes that some years ago the Government decided to move the capital to another site. Nueva San Salvador was laid out on a location which was believed to be less affected by seismic waves; but the project was not carried out; the new town has risen to become a city of considerable importance, but the ancient capital still continues to be the seat of the government, which is patiently indulging in the hope that the subterranean foe has exhausted himself.



PLAZA DE MORAZAN, SHOWING MONUMENT AND NATIONAL THEATER.

Of course, in the construction of the houses the main object aimed at is capability of resisting earthquake violence, and architectural style is altogether sacrificed, and no little household convenience. The walls, outer and inner, are composed of a skeleton framework of strong cane, filled in with a tenacious mud, and firmly attached to, and supported by, massive pillars of hard wood sunk deep into the ground. This combination of mud and cane possesses a very desirable degree of elasticity, and constitutes an exceedingly tough wall. Even the faithful old adobe cannot claim to resist the rending action of earthquakes with a like obstinacy, and most of the houses are built as described. When the walls are thoroughly dry they are smoothly coated with fine plaster, or are externally faced with corrugated galvanized iron, which is much in vogue, both as an outside protection against the weather and as roofing.

The rains are so very heavy at times during the wet season that the arched roadbed is impracticable, since it would cause the houses to be flooded. The streets, therefore, are sloped down from the raised causeways to their centers, and as the water from the roofs is mainly directed into them, they become swiftly flowing watercourses during a heavy rain. A *ten minutes'* downfall has been known to convert a dry street into a torrent, and the writer has seen a photograph of it that was taken by Mr. Henry H. Burrell, Director of the El Triunfo Company, and who kindly furnished the photographs from which the illustrations to this article are taken.

As you approach the outskirts of the city, the scenery of the surrounding country, of which you have occasionally been getting glimpses, breaks into view, and you stand in admiration at the fretwork pictures of light and shade presented by mountain-sides and hillslopes, particularly if the sun's position is favorable to display, in all their ramifications, the ravines, gullies, and seams, the chines and ridges and chasms into which the surface has been cut up on the sides of the extinct Volcano San Salvador by the resistless agency of water. The crater of this venerable defunct is now occupied by an extensive lake.

Turning back to the central and busy part of the city, the visitor will not fail to notice the almost total absence of show-windows, and will not find himself impeded by crowds attracted by gay displays of goods behind plateglass. The stores, with very few exceptions, have no windows, but are provided with wide doorways which admit purchasers and light alike. Most of the stores are well stocked with goods of every kind, foreign and domestic, the prices of the former being about the same as those in San Francisco, while articles of native manufacture are still cheaper. During the hours from eleven A. M. to one P. M., the Salvadoranian's breakfast and resting time, business is suspended, the shops are closed, and the streets assume an air of abandonment.

There are three principal squares, situated in the center of the city: the Plaza de Bolivar, the Plaza de Armas, and the Plaza de Morazan. The first is the most attractive one, being laid out in garden-beds, in which a variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees are planted, among which may be observed the bread-fruit tree, with its large handsome dark-green leaves, the cocoa-nut palm, and the *arbol de fuego*, or fire-tree, as it is called by the natives, which, when in flower, presents a most gorgeous dome of brilliant crimson, relieved here and there by fronds of bright green foliage. This plaza is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing, inside of which, under the shade of orange trees, extends a broad promenade, well paved with flat tiles along the four sides. The center is occupied by a bandstand, and every evening, except on Mondays, the public is entertained from half-past seven until nine by the military bands, whose performance is a credit to them.

On the north side is the cathedral, an edifice of some size, with two belfry towers surmounting the facade, and a dome rising from its center. Its plain walls, however, its front constructed of lumber, and its hollow wooden pillars, are far from imposing, while its roof of corrugated iron, and the facing of the farther outside walls with the same flimsy material, give one the impression of trumpery construction. But this lack of grandeur and solidity must be attributed to the suppressive effect of the ceaseless fear of the destroying earthquake.

BARRACKS, UNIVERSITY, AND POSTOFFICE.

The Plaza de Armas, or Military Plaza, is a large open square, innocent of adornment of any kind. Three sides of it are flanked by broad, plain porticoes extending in front of low buildings that are used for stores. The municipal building and its right-hand neighbor, which are double deckers, situated on the south side, are exceptions. On the fourth side, the eastern one, stands the church of the Rosario, which occupies about half the length. At the southeastern corner is the White House of the Supreme Executive Power. It has a stately appearance compared with the buildings near it, being of two stories and surmounted by a clock-tower, from which dial and bell punctually inform the public as to the right local time. During the diurnal breakfast epoch, when shops are closed, the silent place has a melancholy deserted look.

On the south side of the Plaza de Morazan is the theater—another building that stands among its fellows like Saul among the Children of Israel. It is really a handsome edifice, and, with its gilt decorations, ornamental work, and a liberal supply of glass, is a bright setting on the south side to the beautiful little plaza which it overlooks. The Plaza de Morazan pleases the eye, and is not depressed by surrounding squatness. With the theater on the south, the Banco Internacional on the west, surmounted by ornamental spires, and another high building adjoining the latter, it is relieved from unattractive surroundings like those which oppress the other squares. It is laid out in unpretentious flower beds, grass plats, and broad cemented walks. In its center stands a handsome marble monument erected, in 1881, in honor of General Francisco Morazan, whose memory is dear to every liberty-loving Central American. The marble structure supports a bronze figure of the unfortunate hero, and five tablets of the same metal, in high relief descriptive of military scenes in his career of war, decorate the sides of the monument.

Mention should be made of the University and Postoffice, which occupy an entire block in one continuous building, situated on the west side of the cathedral. This is the largest and most solid-looking two-story edifice in the city; there are, however, other structures of the kind, belonging to enterprising private individuals who have had the hardihood to rise above the ground floor in house building.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ONLY eight miles from Oxford is the little town of Woodstock, formerly a royal manor and the residence of several English kings, from Henry I. to Charles I. Some traces of the old manor house or palace remained until 1723, but its site is now marked by two sycamores. "Rosamond's Bower," and the labyrinth constructed by Henry I. for his sweetheart, have also disappeared, but "Fair Rosamond's Well," a spring of clear water, knee deep, enclosed in a stone basin and shaded by dark cedar trees, is still to be seen in the great park of Blenheim.

The present lords of the Manor of Woodstock are the Dukes of Marlborough, the first of whom was John Churchill, a genius upon whom fortune, three or four sovereigns, and countless fair women showered their brightest smiles. Charles II. having made him a baron of Scotland, James II. gave him a barony of England, William III. conferred the Earldom of Marlborough upon him, and, as a reward for his services as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Flanders, and his magnificent series of victories over the French, he was created a duke. He also received a pension of $20,000 a year and the royal manor of Woodstock, the latter being held from the sovereign at an annual rental of a small silk flag. The nation built for him and his successors Blenheim Palace, for which Queen Anne paid out of the Civil List about $1,200,000, and the Churchills some $300,000 more. The designer of Blenheim (named from Marlborough's culminating victory) was a well-known man of that day, Sir John Vanbrugh, so famous for the massiveness of his structures that a wit suggested as his epitaph the lines:

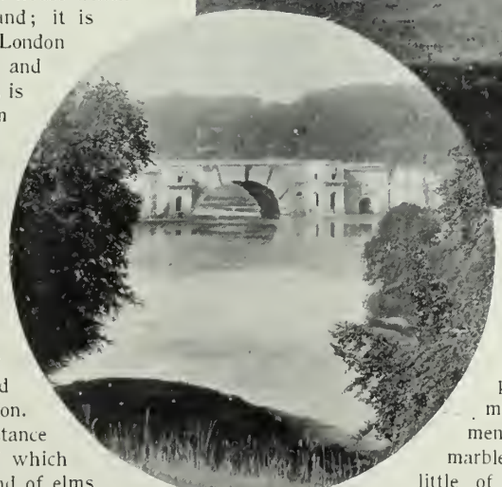
"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

But in Blenheim Sir John designed a house which is probably the most palatial in England; it is certainly more so than the Queen's London palaces of Buckingham and St. James; and Windsor, though a truly royal residence, is rather a castle than a palace. Blenheim stands in a noble park of 3000 acres, entered from the main street of Woodstock by a handsome stone archway called the Triumphal Arch. There are other entrances to the park, but this is the chief and public one. It was built in memory of the first duke "by the command and under the auspices of his well-beloved wife Sarah, that it might be an everlasting monument of his glory and of her affection," so we are informed by the translation of the Latin inscription.

Once within the park we see in the distance the Palace, the prevailing yellow tone of which contrasts well with the green background of elms and other trees. The center of the Palace—a lofty Corinthian portico—is recessed, and from it run two curved arcades connecting the center with the right and left wings, which are massive towers. The main building and these towers form three sides of the grand court, the fourth of which is open toward a fine lake. The main entrance faces north, and in the eastern wing is an archway for carriages. A door in the middle of the north front admits us to the lofty entrance hall, which is adorned with a large allegorical painting of the Battle of Blenheim. On the left of the hall as you enter from the grand court are the Duke's private rooms, containing many fine pictures, chiefly by Dutch artists. Behind the hall is the saloon, or reception-room, with marble chimney-pieces and door-cases, and painted walls and ceilings. The paintings are allegorical, and represent the first duke drawn in triumph in a chariot over the prostrate forms of warriors. To the left of the saloon are the great and small drawing-rooms, the grand cabinet, and other rooms all full of magnificent pictures. Indeed, the palace is crowded with the work of the greatest masters wherever there is wall space to hang them. About twelve or fifteen years ago the National Gallery bought the famous Blenheim Raffaelle for the great sum of $375,000, probably the largest price ever paid for a picture. The small drawing-room is filled with pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, among them being the famous one entitled "The Fortune Teller," a portrait of Lady Charlotte Spencer. For so magnificent a house the rooms are not large, the saloon being forty-four by thirty-five feet, the great drawing-room thirty-three by twenty-three feet, and the dining-room thirty-four by twenty-six feet; but as all the rooms communicate by large doors they can be thrown into one suite about four hundred feet in length.

In the grand cabinet, at the southeastern corner of the Palace, are some splendid paintings by Teniers, Raffaelle, Rubens, and other masters. Through the state bedroom we come to the bow-window room, which is ornamented with fine tapestry and commands a fine view to the east. On the other side of the saloon, to the westward, are three staterooms, on the walls of which the first duke's great victories of Donawert, Lisle, and Malplaquet are represented in superb tapestry glowing with life and brilliant color. But the greatest room is the library, which runs along the west front of the palace; it is a brilliant apartment originally intended for a picture-gallery.

NORTH FRONT BLENHEIM PALACE.



SECTION BLENHEIM PARK.

It is lighted by recessed windows on the west, and gleams with polished white marble; its basement is of black marble relieved by a little of a buff color. This magnificent apartment, three hundred feet in length, contains a marble statue of Queen Anne, and portraits of many Spencers and Churchills. Beyond it is the chapel, one side of which is nearly filled by a splendid monument to the first duke.

Returning from the chapel and starting again from the entrance hall, there is a suite called the coral rooms, which was often occupied by the Prince of Wales when he was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford. From the hall leads the grand staircase, hung with innumerable portraits, as are also the bedrooms. Besides all these rooms there are a bachelor's gallery, a billiard-room, and laboratories, the eighth duke having been very fond of practical chemistry.

From the south or garden front of the Palace stretches a great lawn, with splendid gardens to right and left of it. The eighth duke was very fond of experiments in horticulture, and devoted much attention to his gardens and conservatories, which extended over eight acres. The pleasure-grounds at Blenheim are a fine example of the peculiarly English art of landscape gardening, to which the Italian garden under the eastern tower of the Palace, with its flat, formal, brilliant flower-beds, presents a striking contrast. Below the lawn is an enclosure of some acres, in which, when I last saw Blenheim, were several kangaroos and emus.

Through the park flows a little river named the Glyme, over which was thrown a bridge, so grand and massive that it made the trickling little stream ridiculous, and provoked the following couplet concerning the great duke, who was decidedly close:

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

A clever gardener dammed up the river and created a fine lake, on the waters of which proudly float many white swans. Across the bridge, and exactly facing the center of the palace, is a great Doric column, crowned by a colossal figure of the first duke; on the sides of its base are marble tablets, on which are recounted the hero's achievements. But it is tiresome to enumerate details, suffice it to say that Palace and park lack scarcely any charm of art or nature, and together form one of the noblest gifts ever presented by a nation to a military leader.

A few words with regard to the owners of all this grandeur. The first duke was so handsome that he was known throughout Europe as *le bel Anglais;* that he was also very licentious was, in the days in which he lived, only natural. He married Sarah Jennings, a favorite of Queen Anne, and a lady of imperious temper; but he was much devoted to her, writing most affectionate letters during his busiest campaigns and after his hardest won victories. Sarah sincerely repaid his affection, and so faithfully cherished his memory that she refused an offer of marriage from the great Duke of Somerset. The first duke's only son dying while an undergraduate at Cambridge, his daughter was permitted, by special Act of Parliament, to succeed as Duchess. When she died without issue, the title and estate passed to Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, the eldest son of Anne Churchill, second daughter of the first duke. Thus the family name became Spencer-Churchill, and the Dukes of Marlborough are also Earls of Sunderland. The third duke was a soldier, and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Dettingen. The seventh duke was a minister in one of D'Israeli's Cabinets, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The eighth duke, while still Marquis of Blandford (as the eldest son is called by courtesy), earned an unenviable notoriety by his wife's divorce, but was a man of marked ability, and might have achieved a high reputation in public life. After succeeding to the dukedom, he married Mrs. Hammersley of New York, who is now Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, and stepmother of the present Duke. The ninth duke recently married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, one of Fortune's most favored sons, thus uniting one of the greatest fortunes of the New World with one of the most picturesque titles and romantic estates of the Old.

OUR LITTLE VOLCANOES.

H. G. TINSLEY.

IN THE press despatches of the daily newspapers there recently appeared a few lines relative to the present season of unusual turbulence among the little volcanoes along the Lower Colorado River, in the land of the Cocopah Indians, which was the first intimation that thousands of American people had that a land of volcanoes exists within Uncle Sam's domain. Indeed, there are comparatively few Californians who have had an idea that within the borders of their own commonwealth there have been through countless ages hundreds of ceaseless, active volcanoes and "fire spitters." None of these burning mountains are as large as Vesuvius, to be sure, but they are fully as active, and more noisy and restless. A party of adventure-seeking travelers have returned recently from a trip down the Colorado River from old Yuma to the Gulf of California.

The exact situation of this region of volcanoes is about two hundred miles southwest of Yuma, and fourteen miles from where the Colorado River flows into the Gulf of California. The Cocopah and Yuma Indians call the country "Bad Man's Hunting Ground," and not a redskin of any of the tribes in the southwest can ever be induced to even visit that region. All Indians are superstitious, and those in Arizona and Northern Mexico believe that the land of the volcanoes is the next door to hell itself. There are numerous legends and stories among the Pimas, Maricopahs, and Cocopahs about the horrible beings that have in ages past come from among the volcanoes to the injury of the Indians, and of the spirits of dead and wickedly inclined redmen that wander about down there in the sulphurous atmosphere, only waiting an opportunity that would enable them to wreak their vengeance upon some unsuspecting savage.

EDGE OF VOLCANOES.

The air for miles around the valley of the volcanoes is heavy with foul fumes, and only persons of strong lungs and throats can stand the odors, even several miles away, for more than a few hours. When one has gone into the midst of the volcanoes the smells are not only abominable, but very dangerous to any animal life, unless there is a strong breeze blowing to carry the sulphur-laden air away. There are undoubted stories of persons who ventured too far among the volcanoes where the air was calm and heavy with the poison from the bowels of the earth, and who died in a few minutes. Several years ago, Professor Smedley of Ontario College fitted up an apparatus whereby he could carry a rubber bag full of air while he was exploring among the liveliest of the volcanoes. In some way his device did not work, and he had gone only two hundred yards into the valley of the fire spitters when he was seen to stagger and fall by several companions, who, at the risk of their own lives, rushed in to his rescue and saved him from instant death. As it was, the whole party was ill, and did not fully recover from the effects of inhaling the poisonous fumes for a week or more.

The first sight of the land of the volcanoes is one never to be forgotten. The feeling, as one gazes over an area of thirty miles, under the hot burning sun of the desert, dotted everywhere by literally thousands of hummocks and mounds, and blue smoke curling up from countless numbers of these, and flames and particles of molten lava from others, is that here indeed is a literal inferno on earth. The mounds of volcanoes are of all sizes; from that of a hogshead up to an eminence some one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. The majority of them are about fifteen feet high, and are sixty feet in circumference at the greatest point. Most of these little volcanoes are active, and, when they are not spitting forth vapors and lurid flames, are boiling and stewing within, very much as a steam engine about to raise its safety-valve. The noise of several thousand volcanoes seething, grumbling, and bubbling fills the average visitor with indescribable sensations.

"Bad Man's Hunting Ground" is reached only by a boat from Yuma down the Colorado River. The journey can be made only at a certain season in the year, and then it is hazardous and requires expert navigation. The danger lies in the treacherous eddies and rapids of the Colorado, and then the route is not a certain one, owing to the unaccountable freak the little stream has of suddenly drying up when it is least expected. The best time to get into this country is in May, or the latter part of April, because later in the season it gets too uncomfortably hot down there. If the prospective traveler be a good boatman or canoeist he might be perfectly safe in attempting the trip by the Colorado down to the point where it meets the incoming stream, which thus early in the year is always dry. His craft he can safely leave moored to the banks of the Colorado, for in this country there are no roving bands of Indians or predatory boatmen to steal it. There are probably not fifty human beings in that whole region through any year. The journey across the intervening thirty miles of desert and mountain can be easily made by following the dry bed of the little river, which will bring one directly to the edge of the basin wherein lies, probably, the greatest natural wonder of this continent. It is well, though, before starting from the Colorado. to provide oneself with a gallon or two of water to quench one's thirst, for there is absolutely none until the volcanoes are reached.

The land of volcanoes is about thirty miles in length, and varies from fifteen to twenty miles in width. It has been found by surveys to be about one-third of a mile north of the line dividing the United States and Mexico, and engineers have ascertained the territory is about three hundred feet below the level of the sea. To the north, towering skyward, their snow-covered tops glistening in the sunlight, are the lofty Cocopah Mountains, and to the far west, just within range of the vision, can be discerned the Coast Range. To the south are also seen rugged crests of another chain of mountains, not so lofty as the Cocopahs, but more broken. To the east is still another ragged ribbon of rocks jutting out sharply against the horizon. In this rock-hemmed basin are active and dead volcanoes, spouting geysers, boiling springs, a lake of some black sticky substance resembling ink, craters that blow out only dry ashes, others that vomit forth stones and gravel, and still others that belch liquid and blazing streams of mud. There are other holes which emit only lazy puffs of smoke or steam, while from all issues a pungent odor of brimstone. Strangely in contrast with this area of fire and destruction, there are numerous springs of clear and sparkling cold water, exquisitely grateful to the palate parched by the heat and the sulphurous fumes. What is stranger is that the springs of cold water are often found in close proximity to the hot springs, and separated from them by only a few yards.

This is a land that has never been traversed. Human beings have tried it, but they never return to tell of their experiences or of their discoveries, as little heaps of bleaching bones that can be seen scattered about here and there over the lava-strewn surface of the ground testify. Bones of animals also lie about, telling the story of the fatal wanderings of the brutes. It is a dangerous spot in many ways. A sudden upheaval of molten earth, a huge rock shot up as from a catapult, or a shower of scalding water, each or all of them may overtake the unwary traveler and forever stop his progress. But these are not the greatest dangers, for invariably any upheaval or violent convulsion of these forces of nature is heralded by a sullen roar and rumbling noises that shake the earth and give one ample warning to get away. The greatest danger is from the suffocating clouds of deadly, sulphurous fumes that perpetually hang over this region, and which sometimes insidiously steal down and overwhelm the traveler, or which some sudden gust of wind may drive down, with the same fatal results. For this reason it is dangerous to venture far into the interior, or, indeed, far from the edge of the basin, and even then puffs of these death-dealing clouds may swoop down upon one. The only thing to do in such an emergency is to run for it and get outside the place as far as possible and as quickly as possible. Twice the writer was thus caught, and each time he saved his life by dropping prostrate to the ground, but still enough of the poisonous vapors was inhaled to cause a feeling of sickness and nausea for several hours.

There is not a living object, either animal or vegetable, in this land. It is a desolate waste of inanimate mineral objects. The volcanoes are of conical shape, some of them clearly defined, and with symmetrical sloping sides, while others are more rounding and flat at the top. Each has the same distinguishing characteristic—a crater. Some are dead, their fires having been extinct for ages, and many of these are nearly filled with ashes or solid masses of lava which have cooled. One of these extinct craters, near the edge of the basin, is on a mound whose apex is about twenty feet above the surrounding level. This mound is one of the largest in the region, and its base covers two or more acres. The crater is fully seventy feet across, and is filled with water so clear that one can see the sides of the crater for many feet below the surface; but farther out this little elevated lake is practically bottomless, as a line with a sinker attached sank its length, three hundred feet, and did not touch the bottom. One never sees a bird here. Not even a bug or mosquito has been known to enter into this valley of death. As for trees or vegetation of any kind, there are none. Even the cactus, that friend of the desert, cannot find root here. At the springs of cold water not even a blade of grass or a tuft of moss finds life.

A very interesting object in this land is a huge volcano that is on the outskirts of the valley proper, and, therefore, easy of study. It is 50 feet high, and has a circumference of 800 feet at the base. It is an active volcano, and is the largest elevation in sight, though there may be bigger ones farther in the interior never discovered by man, but a circuit made entirely around the edge of the basin has failed to find its equal in size, or anything even approaching it. It is an accommodating monster; it has regular periods of unrest, and whenever it wants to spit fire or vomit rocks and molten mud it gives notice of its intentions by a peculiar roar, before which all other sounds become stilled in comparison. It groans as if with a mighty pain, and if one should chance to be standing on the edge of the crater, and preserve his balance long enough to take a good look inside, he would see masses of molten matter far down heave and boil and surge up and down with convulsive moves. Then it is time to go away, for the surging matter is rapidly rising and in ten minutes it will be pouring over the sides of the crater,

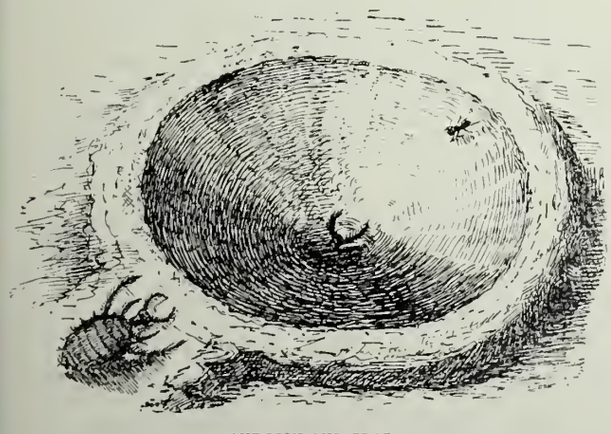
NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

LOOKING casually at the surroundings you would discover nothing that could suggest such an occurrence. The great Sierra pines stood motionless against the clear, blue sky, and the robins carolled merrily in the shrubbery; while gray squirrels bounded nimbly up the tree trunks, and blue-jays cawed harshly in the upper branches. But in the sandy soil under the hazel-nut bushes, by the sunny, winding trail, there was a little circular depression, which was immediately recognized as the den of the voracious ant-lion. Regardless of poison-oak, the intervening boughs were pushed aside so that a closer view could be obtained, just as the curtain, so to speak, was about to rise on the first act of the drama.

The funnel-shaped trap, or pitfall, was about three inches in diameter and two and a half in depth, and down in the apex lay hidden the wily insect-cannibal, with only its wide-spread forceps visible. A little black ant, impelled by the fatal curiosity of its kind, came peering over the crumbling edge, and was precipitated headlong down the slope, well-nigh into the jaws of its deadly foe. But escape was not an impossibility; and it endeavored pluckily to scramble up the shelving walls. The hungry lion, however, was equal to the occasion; and hastily loading some of the displaced earth on top of its broad, flat head, it hurled it after its fleeing prey, until, blinded and bewildered, the luckless victim resigned itself to its fate. In less time than it takes to tell it, the poor ant's juices were sucked away, its dry skin tossed contemptuously aside, and the treacherous snare set in order for the next comer.

Surely such a clever little rogue was worthy of closer inspection; so the den and its occupant were carefully removed and placed in the center of a tin pie-plate. At first the creature "played dead" to perfection; and being exactly the color of the surrounding sand, it readily escaped detection. But presently it began to make a tour of the dish, as though choosing the site of a new residence. Its jointed body was scarcely half an inch in length, and was provided with six clumsy legs, by means of which it moved slowly in a backward direction. On either side of the head were half a dozen tiny eyes, and



ANT-LION AND TRAP.

the mouth was terminated by a pair of powerful jaws, or mandibles, feathered like the antennæ of a moth.

Having accustomed itself to the situation, it proceeded to reconstruct its demolished den by making a circular furrow in the sand, shoveling the superfluous soil on to its head with one of the legs on the inner side of the ring, and then, with a sudden jerk, sending it flying beyond the limits of the proposed trap, very much as a workman would use a spade in excavating a cellar. In this way, furrow after furrow was dug, small stones and pebbles being laboriously mounted upon its back and rolled away from the edge. Though balanced by the movable segments of the body, these obstructions were always in danger of falling—especially as the ascent was made in the usual backward manner; but each time the attempt was renewed until the burden was disposed of. Twice it struck the tin foundation; and, after apparently puzzling for a moment, set to work in another spot, where the sand was deeper. The arduous task at last completed, the queer little miner ensconsed itself snugly in the bottom of the pit, and patiently waited for some unwary ant or "blue-bottle." But empty pie-plates have no attractions for these insects, and as the lion refused to eat that which it had not personally deprived of life, it was soon restored to the "happy hunting-ground" of the hazel-nut bushes.

For two years these ant-dragons lead this destructive existence; and then manufacture a sort of case or cocoon, from glutinous silk of their own spinning, intermingled with grains of sand, and retire from the world for a period of nearly two months, when they emerge harmless, glittering flies, somewhat resembling a small dragon-fly, only the wings are lighter, broader, and softer and the flight is not so swift.

The beautiful crescent-shaped Bay of Monterey, with its sparkling sapphire waters and its picturesque beaches of gleaming sand, has often been compared by tourists to the famous Bay of Naples. From tip to tip, it measures a distance of fully twenty-two miles; and, supplied by the broad Pacific, its fauna is extremely rich and of great interest. Monster gray whales disport themselves amid the white-capped breakers, far off from shore, in company with many varieties of sharks, among them the dreaded man-eater, while schools of porpoises and dolphins gambol gaily through the waves and huge seals and sea-lions silently pursue their finny prey or bark hoarsely from the dripping rocks. Squids, upwards of seven feet in length, are sometimes stranded upon the beaches, together with jelly-fishes that would fill large baskets, sea-urchins as big as oranges, and starfish with twenty arms.

The largest edible fish on this coast is the black-bass or jew-fish, which reaches a length of six feet and weighs from 350 to 500 pounds, one specimen supplying the needs of an entire village. According to a report published by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, the number of food-fishes in the bay is estimated at 150 species, among the larger and more important being the California salmon, the bonito, or Spanish mackerel, the white sea-bass, the barracuda, the Monterey halibut, and the cultus, or codfish. Smaller varieties of equal excellence include twenty-five kinds of rock-cod, the carp, mullet, spotted trout, and kelp-salmon, large quantities of tomcod and smelt, many species of soles, flounders and perch or surf-fish the black candle-fish, the king-fish, and the pompano.

The California herring is similar to that of the Atlantic, and the sardines, of which there are immense quantities, are almost identical with those of Europe, although they are of smaller size. Anchovies, stickle-backs, "skipjacks," or flying-fish, and scads, or "horse-mackerel," serve principally for bait or for food for larger fishes. Beds of mussels and oysters abound on every side, and clams, ten inches in length, and huge crabs delight the heart of the epicure.

The most expert fishermen on these shores are the Chinese, who not only supply many of the neighboring markets, but who dry and salt large quantities of squids, infant sharks, and abalone meat for exportation to Oriental countries.

Near the settlement of Pacific Grove, in Monterey County, is situated the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, a branch of the biological department of the Stanford University. It is well equipped with aquaria and laboratories; and during the mid-summer months a limited number of students are here instructed in the various interesting branches of marine animal life.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

Away over in New York City there lives a dear little boy, only two years and a half old, who is one of the youngest bicycle riders in the world. Not only does he ride a wheel, and ride it well—he has a velocipede and a pony, and it is hard to tell which of the three he likes the best. The sturdy, manly little fellow has a long name, and he comes of a distinguished family. He is Edward Clinton La Montagne, and a great-grandchild of the late Judge Hastings, who founded Hastings' College of the Law in San Francisco. Edward dearly loves out-door sports, and longs to be big enough to play polo, a game that he could contentedly

A BABY ATHLETE.

watch by the hour if his nurse would let him. He has surely inherited his liking for athletic sports, because his father and uncles are leaders in those pastimes in the City of New York, while his mother, a very handsome society lady, is an expert horsewoman. His grandfather La Montagne was one of the originators of the Racket Club, a very fashionable Club, by the way, while his uncle, Renne La Montagne, made a world's record in sprinting that has been beaten only once; in fact, his father and uncle for many years held the championship for sprinting, and his uncles were the first to play the game of La Crosse in New York, which later became so popular. Edward's father was also President of the Old Rockaway Racing Association.

Did any of you ever see a baby owl? They are the queerest little things, all round and wobbly, and they look just like a bunch of feathers that ought to be doing duty in a milliner's store. But such appetites! The mother owl brings raw meat for her infant's breakfast, dinner, and supper, which you would naturally think was certain to give the youngster bad dreams and fearful indigestion, but it doesn't. Indeed, I never heard of a baby owl having the colic. My brother used to have a lot of them for pets. Not that he could pet them very much, for owls, even when they are little, are not the least bit affectionate, and really have very rude manners, because they will bite whenever they get a chance. But my brother was fond of them all the same. One day he let them all go, and told the cook that she could use the cages he had made for kindling wood. Why? Because that family of owls was such an expensive one he said he could not afford to play father to it any longer. It took every nickel of his spending money to buy raw meat for them. He didn't have enough left for a bag of peanuts. What would your own father say if you ate him out of house and home like that? Besides, they were big enough and old enough to hunt their own food and make an independent living for themselves, just as you children will be doing one of these days. The favorite place of owls for nests is the hollow of a tree. There are a number of relations in the owl family—the hoot owl, the screech owl, the snowy owl, short-eared and long-eared owls. The largest of all is the great-horned owl, which, by the way, is also the most destructive; and the smallest of all is the saw-whet owl.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Some one tells me that there is a city ordinance providing that our city gas lamps shall not be lighted the night before and the night after full moon, as well as upon the night when that pale planet reaches its full rotundity. Now it happens with remarkable frequency in San Francisco that her lunar majesty veils herself in fog on the nights when she is expected to come to schedule time with her wonted brilliancy, so that we who are compelled to prowl about must grope in darkness and deadly fear of the festive footpad. Probably when the ordinance was adopted the vagaries of the "inconstant moon" were not taken into consideration.

"Money to burn!" echoed a man on the Hayes-street dummy, in response to a remark which his companion had just made. "Well, perhaps he has coin to cremate, but I once knew a man who had money to eat. Yes, sir, I mean it—money to eat. I once saw him swallow a ten-dollar sandwich."

At this astonishing assertion I forgot my manners and turned to stare at the speaker who sat next to me. While I was wondering how long a man could pay board at a hotel whose prices averaged ten dollars per bite, the gentleman, whom I recognized as one of San Francisco's most respected and veracious citizens, went on:

"It was in Los Angeles, and one of the Chilson brothers was the man who performed the feat. Everybody down in Southern California knew the Chilson boys. They were poor and steady at first, rich and reckless afterward. Well, they went to Arizona and began to pick up nuggets of silver while prospecting, and presently they stumbled upon a lead that was soon after famous as the Silver Nugget Mine, which they worked and finally sold, becoming immensely rich. Then they returned to Los Angeles, bought the old folks a fine farm near Anaheim, and started in to squander their cash. They spent it at a lively rate I can tell you, and soon were terribly dissipated. Some men, you know, can't stand prosperity, and riches ruined the Chilson boys. One day, before a crowd of us, at a hotel table, one of them took out a ten-dollar bill, laid it between two buttered slices of bread, cut it into small squares with a sharp knife, and ate it. What became of the Chilson boys? Oh, they drank themselves to the ———"

Never mind the word. Suffice it to say that it rhymed with revel.

The editor of a literary publication, says an unidentified exchange, who has been advocating summer reading clubs and helping his subscribers to form them, has received this delicious query: "How can we get rid of our president? She is well-meaning, but she has no grip. She is really a disadvantage, but has no idea of it. She will never resign, and our personal liking is so great we cannot bear to ask her to go out." The editor was completely stumped, and has passed the problem on to his other subscribers.

The paragraph on college yells which appeared in these columns recently has brought me a number of letters concerning that particular form of verbal explosiveness, several college youths kindly adding to my collection. The most interesting of the assortment is that of a young man from Maine who approached me upon the fascinating subject. Said he: "Your Berkeley and Palo Alto yells are very fair specimens in their way, but the star yell of all, in my opinion, is the '93 yell of the Bangor High School, from which I graduated. Shall I give it to you?"

"W—wait." I stammered nervously, "Not here on Market Street, if you please. You might get arrested, you know. It's so easy to be mistaken for a dangerous lunatic and I have no fancy for being accessory to the crime. The only really safe place to let a fine healthy college yell loose is out at the Cliff, where you can run opposition to the roar of the sad sea waves without mortal fear of the strong arm of the law. Let me see it in black and white first. Break it to me gently."

He did, and here it is: Wa Ho Wa Ho Rip Sip Bar Zo! Bangor High School Ri Si Ka Yi! Hot or Cold, Wet or Dry, Get There Eli, Bangor High.

A most remarkable case of courtship was that of Bouguereau, the French painter, and his fiancee, Miss Gardner, who were recently married after an engagement that lasted nearly twenty years. As every one knows, the delay was due to the objections of the artist's mother. To the American mind it seems ludicrous that a man who had reached so patriarchal an age as the painter—three score and ten—could be kept in solitary bachelorhood by a parental whim. But perhaps everybody does not know that a new law has just been passed in France, simplifying the matter of parental consent. The parents who are inclined to be unmanageable can now receive but one notification by a man over twenty-five, or a woman under twenty-one, after which their consent can be dispensed with, if they persist in being refractory. One month after such notification the marriage can take place.

Long years ago it vanished from my sight:
It was not stolen in the dead of night,
This volume on whose leaf my name was penned—
I loaned it to my friend.

As well might I have flung it in the fire,
Or made of it a flaming funeral pyre.
If you your book fore'er from you would send
Just loan it to a friend.

Should he return and place it in my hand,
The shock would be too great for me to stand;
'Twould mean the world were coming to an end.
The book I loaned my friend.

Reader, a word in your ear. When you are tired of everything; when even your best friend seems to be tumbling on the pedestal of your affection; when the world appears a poor sort of a place to live in—there! Don't go away just yet, for this isn't a liver tonic ad—when your mind's eye has strabismus, and you conclude that you don't like yourself very well, why, just go to the Orpheum and let vaudeville cure you of the blues.

I used to have hazy notions that the Orpheum wasn't exactly the place for woman, lovely woman; that it was, in fact, a bit off color as a place of amusement. So much for prejudice. Then I went to the Orpheum and was converted to vaudeville, and am grateful to it for scaring away many a fit of the doldrums. If the programs and performers were not the best of their kind it would be very different. If you have any objections to rubbing elbows with common humanity, then do not go, for Orpheum audiences draw from the levels as well as the upper heights of society, and ten to one your scullery maid will have a reserved seat next to you. Probably she will not mind that, though. Your vegetable man, too, is likely to sit behind you, but you can survive even that, especially when just to your left you recognize a member of the Four Hundred enjoying the passing show. The Orpheum is one of the most democratic, cosmopolitan, and enjoyable places of amusement in San Francisco. If you are somewhat doubtful as to the good to be obtained from witnessing such a performance just try it and be convinced.

An amusing incident illustrating the subjugation of tyrant man occurred recently on a down trip of a Castro-street car. A young couple were aboard whose honeymoon had evidently gone into hopeless eclipse. Plainly, there had been a family jar before they left home that morning. At all events he wanted to get off at a certain street, while she desired to continue down town. "Well," said he in a savage undertone, that made me feel like thanking a kind fate that he didn't belong to me, "well, you'll get off when I do. Do you understand?"

Immediately every passenger was interested. It was a war of wills, and each wanted to see who would win. If bets had been offered I think the odds would have been in favor of the girl. Presently her companion signalled the conductor to stop, and got out. His wife did not budge. The conductor clanged the bell and the car started on its journey. For a few seconds the enraged benedict glared after it, then, swallowing his wrath, broke into a dead run and chased the car, hopped to the platform and stood there, mopping his fevered brow. A triumphant smile lit up the girl's face, and the passengers beamed at each other. But what the man on the platform said, the editor of THE TRAVELER would never consent to let me tell. This, however, will convey a hint to you:

"——! ——! ——!——! ——!!!"

A little, white-haired old lady who is one of our bravest surviving pioneers, and who has given to the State native sons and daughters of whom she may well be proud, was kind enough to tell me one night something of her life here in early days. As it is absolutely authentic, and a true chapter in the history of California, I will pass it into type:

"When news came that gold had been discovered up in Klamath County, on Trinity River, we were in San Francisco. Klamath has long since been merged into Humboldt County. Of course we knew that a trip there would be slow, difficult, and dangerous, but having already endured so much, we were willing to endure more. Traveling was made possible only by pack trains. The government later on established Fort Gaston in Humboldt, and occasionally sent wagons drawn by mules to San Francisco for supplies.

"We finally made our way into Hoopa Valley, in spite of the fact that at least fifteen hundred Indians were all around us, and to settle among them was almost like putting one's head into the lion's mouth. About a dozen families were in our party, well provided with ammunition, and we kept strict watch out for the Indians. No lives were lost, and we had comparatively little trouble with them until the soldiers were established at the fort. By that time we were pretty well scattered, and my nearest neighbors were four miles distant. The presence of Uncle Sam's soldiers aroused the hostility of all the tribes, and life for the whites became fraught with danger, for the soldiers were very indiscreet and frequently brought about unnecessary skirmishes with their foes, for which they would revenge themselves upon the white settlers. The Indians were well armed, for by trading with settlers along the Valley they became familiar with powder and ball, and those who had no firearms were expert with bow and arrow.

"No, I was never molested by them. I treated them well, and they, in their way, were good to me. You see, I was all alone in my cabin with my three little children, for my husband had been drowned while fording Bear River on a hunting trip, so I was really at the mercy of the Indians, and had it not been for the unaccountable liking which they took to me, I would not be here to tell this story.

"Hoopa Valley was a lonely spot, with mountains so high to east and west that we never saw the sun rise or set. About ten in the morning it would peep over the top of the range, and disappear behind the western ridge at four in the afternoon. In all California I have never seen such fruit and vegetables as grew there. I had a garden I was proud of, although there were more onions and cabbages in it than orchids and La France roses. In springtime the Valley was a carpet of brightest green, spangled with exquisite wild flowers. A wooden trough, built from the hill back of our cabin, brought the purest of mountain water down to a place hollowed out and lined with rocks, forming a spring which was always cool and sparkling. The Indians used to bring me presents of huckleberries, wild raspberies, and salmon berries, in return for which I gave them bread and other specimens of my small larder. Of course I could not eat anything that came from such a source.

"'We no hurt you, winchuk,' they would say. 'You no be afraid. We like you. We no kill you, winchuk.'

"The tribes, most of whom were Hoopas and Diggers, were almost continually fighting among themselves. Their huts were on the opposite side of Trinity River, about a mile away, and at night I often watched the sparks from their guns as they popped away at each other.

"So the years passed, and my children thrived, but all the schooling they had was found in that little cabin. I was mother, father, teacher, and provider, all in one. I carried on quite a banking business, often having thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust hidden away in buckskin sacks, left with me by the miners up the river for safekeeping.

"The queerest character that I remember? Buckskin Jim. He was very eccentric, living in a thatched hut up the side of the mountain, with a pack of greyhounds for companions. He shot deer and sold their skins to traders, and always dressed in buckskin, which was how he came by his nickname. He was the second son of an English lord, who, having gotten into some kind of disgrace, had to leave home.

"At a stopping-place up the river was a 'hotel' kept by a man and his young son. The boy washed the dishes of the establishment. He is now an ex-Judge of our Supreme Court. And that reminds me that George Knight, the well-known attorney, was born in Hoopa Valley, and when a little chap sat on my knee many a time.

"As near as I can recollect, it was about the year '66 that the Government gave the Valley to the Indians for a reservation, which was a signal for the white settlers to move out. I went one day to visit my nearest neighbors, a family by the name of Daby. They urged me to stay over night, but I went home with my children, riding on our mules. Two hours after we left the Indians set fire to their house. Mrs. Daby's married daughter, Mrs. Danskin, with her three children had come that very day to visit her parents. Under cover of darkness they tried to escape, but the Indians shot at them, killing Mrs. Daby and other members of the family who tried to get down the river on a raft. Mrs. Danskin fled in her night-clothes to the brush, where she hid her two youngest children, and walked barefooted to Fort Gaston, four miles away. Returning, the soldiers with great difficulty located the children, for the poor little darlings, numb with cold and fright, were too afraid to answer their calls.

"We had some thrilling experiences on our way back to San Francisco, especially when we forded Mad River on mules. Yes, it was a trying life for a woman in those days, a very trying life."

Honor to our pioneers! What a measureless debt of gratitude we owe to them! For they made our present heritage possible.

ITEMS.

"There's Biggser, now; would you call him a patient man?"

"All depends."

"On what?"

"Whether he's fishin' or waitin' fer his supper."

Much interest has been manifested in the original production on any stage of "The Social Trust," a new play written especially for the Frawley Company, by the two well-known authors, Mr. Hillary Bell and Mr. Ramsey Morris. It is a comedy drama, the story of which is founded upon the incidents connected with the famous Cordage Trust, the downfall of which stirred the whole financial world, and which is bitterly remembered by the thousands to-day who, tempted by the alluring reports, invested money in the stock. It is said that the playwrights have embodied the intensely dramatic features of the career of the trust, and have drawn their characters from life with such accuracy and truthfulness that there are no end of threats of injunctions, libel suits and other matters. The play will have the advantage of fine interpretation at the hands of the Frawley Company, among whom are Wilton Lackaye, Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Alice Pixley, and all of the important members of the Frawley Company, including the reappearance of Mr. T. Daniel Frawley himself.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Travelers to Paris and the Continent, via the London, Chatham, and Dover Route, are not only carefully looked after by Mr. A. Thorne, the American representative at this end, but each one has handed to him a very handy official guide to Paris; it is convenient in size, can be very easily carried in the pocket, and contains a map of Paris in twelve sections, each colored and showing the thoroughfares so clearly that a stranger without knowing a single word of French, or asking a single question, could travel all over Paris without losing his way. In addition to these maps there is an index of the principal streets and places of interest, which can be referred to when in any difficulty, and which at once gives the section and square on the map where it will be found. All travelers to Paris ought to be provided with this very compact little book. Mr. Thorne can be found at Victoria Station, London.

Hungry Horace—Say, gimme ten cents for a bed, will yer?

Bergnoski—Cerdenly, my frendt. Vere is der bed?

The Wilder Steamship Company of Honolulu is one of the most wide-awake lines in the business. They not only give close attention to their own traffic, but are doing much to promulgate reliable information concerning the Islands, from which they naturally receive an indirect benefit. The following abstracts from their gratuitous circular give some indication of its contents:

"The rate of taxation is one per cent, poll tax $5.00. Good schools are found in the most remote localities. All coffee plantations are exempt from taxation for the next six years. The Government is similar to that of the United States. There are no tramps, and there will be none, as all coming to the Islands must show a capacity to take care of themselves. Vagrants are promptly sent out of the country.

"This Company has no lands for sale, but we should be pleased to put you in communication with reliable Real Estate agents or to advise parties looking for lands. The fact that the Island people are investing heavily in Coffee Plantations goes to prove that it is a profitable industry."

NEW GOLD.

A VISION OF HOME.

[Written for "The Traveler" by J. P. Marron.]

Come to my arms and lean on my breast,
And sing me to dreams of the days I love best:
Each note of thy voice, like a mystical tone,
Is the spell that so carries me back to my own.

A father's kind look, a mother's fond kiss,
Dear brothers, sweet sisters—oh! vision of bliss!
And bright cherub faces I worshipped so then,
All beaming with smiles come to meet me again.

They crowd round my knees and dispute their old place,
As their soft little hands push the tears from my face,
Little lips reaching out for the kiss as before,
While I fondle and kiss them a thousand times o'er.

O Happiness, Happiness, where art thou found,
If not in the home, with the fond ones around?
How oft, as I journey o'er Life's dreary track,
In memory I linger and fondly look back.

Slowly and gently the scene fades away,
As the mysteries of night from the dawn of the day.
And alas! to life's sorrows my head I must bend—
But no; thou art with me, my faithful old friend.

When, weary and lonely, I think of the past,
And my heart is with sadness and sorrow o'ercast,
Thy strains and my musings are ever akin,
Thou voice of my spirit—dear old violin.

HE WHISTLED AS HE WENT.

[Dallett Fuguet, in August "Cosmopolitan."]

He went so blithely on the way
Which people call the Road of Life,
That good folks who had stopped to pray,
Shaking their heads, would look, and say
It was not right to be so gay
Upon that weary road of strife!

He whistled as he went, and still
He bore the young where streams were deep,
And helped the feeble up the hill.
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill,
Careless of deed, and wild of will—
He whistled that he might not weep.

THE OLD ROCK SPRING.

FRANK PRESTON SMART.

Under the tall green alders
That never let the sun shine through,
With a tinkling drip o'er the rock's cool lip,
The water came down like the dew;
And not even the fabled nectar
That classic poets sing,
Did I dream could be as sweet to me
As the water in the old rock spring.

Down by the old rock spring,
Where the water-flags dip and swing,
There's never a draught, wherever quaffed,
Like one from the old rock spring!

Down 'mongst the running grasses—
Glad of the shady place—
From the hay at morn or the noon-hot corn,
Full on my eager face
I've flung myself to taste it,
And never has anything
Since slaked my thirst like the balm that burst
Fresh from the old rock spring!

Jones-Brown—I've been stopping at a place in Chicago where it is $50 for fifty days.

Brown-Smith—I've been stopping at a place there where it is $50 or fifty days.

THAT REMINDS ME.

C. V. Lamb photo.

Summerly—Are there many life-saving stations here on the Maine coast?

Native—Wal, there's giner'lv one at every bathing-beach, but they mostly keeps mighty poor whisky.

Mrs. Elderly—Do you love your teacher, Johnny?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Elderly—Why do you love her?

Johnny—'Cause the Bible says we're to love our enemies.

Boarder (to his landlady)—I wish you'd give me the receipt for that pudding we had yesterday.

"I'd much rather give you a receipt for the board you had last month," returned the landlady.

Isaacs—Vell, I hear Goldberg failed. He made a big fight before he vent under.

Cohen—Yes. For dree months he adfertised for a bartner mit gapital to share der brofits of der business.

"My son," said the economical father, "these cigars are better than I smoked at your age."

"Father," replied the youth, "it pains me to do it, but I am compelled to state that they are better than the cigars you smoke now."

Will—Why do you always carry those corks with you when you go to call on your *fiancee?*

Jack—Well, you see, she lives in a flat, and I use them for stopping up the speaking-tubes when I am bidding her good-night in the vestibule.

Miss Bleecker (rapturously)—Yes; and papa says he will give us a house in Brooklyn. Isn't that *grand?*

Madison Squeers (enthusiastically)—Well, I should say so! Why, we can rent it for enough to hire a suite of rooms uptown!

Strawber—Doctor, I haven't been able to keep anything on my stomach for a week.

Dr. Probe—System all run down, eh? What you need is a sea voyage.

Strawber (turning still paler)—A sea voyage? Great heavens! I only arrived from America this morning.

"You will have to give me another room," said a visitor to the hotel manager.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schmore of der same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der moosic!'"

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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Scientific Manufacturing Opticians
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317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer,* Props.

SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

SWAIN BROS.,
Proprietors, SWAIN'S RESTAURANT,
No 213 Sutter Street, City.

J. W. MONROE'S
Sparkling
Apple Cider

Made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district of California.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

JOHN BUTLER, Gen. Agent,
7 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Mills located at Fortuna, Humboldt Co., Cal.

MOVED. We have moved the agency for our Homeopathic Medicines and Supplies to . .

119 Powell Street,

And have appointed MR. WM. A. BROOKS General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

BOERECKE & TAFEL.

The Pioneer Homeopathic Pharmacy.
Established in 1835.

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"An Ideal Summer and Winter Resort"

SAN MATEO, CAL.

Twenty miles from San Francisco, beyond bay city fog belt. Eighteen trains daily. Five acres of beautiful grounds. Livery, Telephone Communication, Sea Bathing, Tennis, Etc. Excellent table. Special winter rates.

A. R. KEEN, Manager.

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Developing, Printing, Reloading and Repairing.
WM. O. BACON,
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DUNCAN'S MILLS, CAL.

Newly built and furnished. Scenery and climate unsurpassed. Boating, Bathing, Fishing and Hunting unequaled. Rates, $8 to $12 per week; special rates to families. G. W. MORGAN, Prop.

TO THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

FULLY six years have passed since, with right royal welcome, you received with open arms your brethren from the surrounding country, and, with characteristic hospitality, bade them rejoice with you in the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California into the family of these United States. With glowing pride you decorated the streets and avenues of your city; your parlors, overflowing with good cheer, were thrown open to your visitors; the usual outbursts of welcome were emphasized by the holiday attire seen on all sides, and the universal feeling was directed to the one great event in our Western history, that on the ninth of September, 1850, this great commonwealth was admitted into the Union. You gloried in gazing on the work of your sires, and, in commemoration of their efforts, you erected a magnificent arch spanning your grandest thoroughfare, and covered it with the typical events in your fathers' history. You pictured thereon the gradual advancement of your State wrought out by the herculean efforts and indomitable will of the men whose descendants you are; and high upon that arch you gave evidence in unmistakable language that the spirit of the Argonaut was living in the body of his son, that California energy had not passed away with the retirement of the pioneer, and that there was still living in the breast of the Native Sons a portion of that iron will, that honesty of purpose and inflexible courage that enabled the men of '49 and '50 to brave the perils and surmount the difficulties of that memorable era. That unmistakable language was conspicuously prominent, and the wayfarer read in large and legible letters, "WE ARE PROUD OF OUR INHERITANCE."

More than forty years had passed since the energetic American planted his foot upon this peninsula and commenced the great work of building a city by the sea, flimsy in its first construction because of the lack of material, but, little by little, advance was made, and the fiery elements that thrice laid waste their efforts only served to strengthen their determination to overcome all obstacles. The acres of mountainous sand dunes had no terrors for these men, and in a few years they were leveled, streets laid out, fine buildings (for their time) took the place of the primitive cotton and wooden shanty, and ere they were ready and prepared to lay down their work and hand over the results of their labors to their sons, they were enabled to point to, with a well-earned pride, and to surrender into the hands of these young men, a city of wonderful growth and beauty, which was the admiration of the entire Pacific Coast.

From the north and from the south of you visitors came for recreation, profit, health, and pleasure; they partook of your magnificent accommodations, they purchased your goods and wares, they enjoyed your amusements; and, when their vacation was at an end, reluctantly turned their faces homeward, preferring rather to linger still in this, the metropolis of the Pacific.

This, Native Sons, was the City by the Sea your fathers built and handed over to you as your inheritance.

Have you kept pace with the times since coming into possession of this great gift? Have you continued onward in the path of progress? Have you continued on in beautifying your surroundings so as to present to the critical stranger of to-day a picture as pleasing and as admirable in its proportions as your early history promised? No, Native Sons, a halt has been called. The stranger does not now look on in wonder at your progress, but draws invidious comparisons with much younger and less favored localities. Why is this so? Look at each and every landing place in the city where the stranger first plants his foot. What a picture he there beholds, and how does that picture impress him? Look at the rough, uneven, and, until quite recently, filthy and unclean streets and sidewalks! Look at your grand boulevards, crowded with beautiful, well-dressed women, trailing along with their fine garments the accumulation of refuse that would disgust any community except that of San Francisco! On every hand the repulsive sight meets the eye. The slovenly effort of the workman to patch or repair is so disgusting in its "how not to do it" that the disinterested passer-by laughs contemptuously at the sluggishness of a people that passively submits to such circumstances and permits such a condition to exist. Millions of money you annually pour into the city's coffers, and as a result you receive in return scarcely more than twenty-five per cent in good government.

MRS. ARTHUR BARENDT. *Taber photo*

Your streets, your alleys, your sewers (the most prominent features in all well-governed cities, and the correct index of the civilization of the inhabitants), are pointed to as being as dusty, as rough, and as structurally defective as any on the continent. The evidence of bad work and bad supervision is found everywhere. The accumulations are allowed to remain on the surface until the summer winds become the scavenger, and waft it over and on the heads and clothing of the unfortunate wayfarer. In the winter your gutters and cesspools are unattended until the rain carries the dirt into the sewers, choking them, blocking the outlets and endangering the health of your people. This, Native Sons, is the condition of your thoroughfares to-day, and is a reflex of all the other departments of your city government, save the one honorable exception—the Golden Gate Park. To that one department of your city you can point with admiration, and with full consciousness that your funds have been honestly and intelligently expended.

As you stand to-day in the shoes of those noble men who commenced and prosecuted to success a noble work that at its time was the wonder of the world, it is to you all eyes are turned for the redemption of your once beautiful city from its unclean and filthy condition. In you and your organization lies the power to wrest from the hands of the incompetents the trust that has been so long betrayed. Awake, Native Sons, from your lethargy! Arise in your might, and, in one solid phalanx, be a unit on that one great and most important question: clean, smooth, and handsome thoroughfares, clean and competent city government in every department. Let not politics intrude its vile and villainous head. Let honesty and competency be the watchword, and hold to a strict accountability each and every person who accepts a place of trust or profit in this municipality.

The accomplishment of this grand and needed reform is within your grasp. In your hands rests the prosperity of what should be and is the pride of your lives, and if the blood of your sires still courses through your veins, you *will*, in one solid column, and in memory of the men who built the City by the Sea, register a solemn vow that the work they so energetically prosecuted shall not go backward. If you realize not only the obligations you owe your sires, but the opportunity at hand to build upon the magnificent foundation that has already been laid for you, you will redeem your fair city from the slurring censure of slovenly indifference, extravagance, and incompetency, and again appear before the world as worthy sons of noble sires, who can and will show by their unmistakable works and deeds that the words inscribed high up on that grand arch, that on California's fortieth natal day spanned your grandest thoroughfare, were intended to be engraven on your heart so deep that with head erect and a consciousness of your lineage you could always give utterance to the respectful acknowledgment: "WE ARE PROUD OF OUR INHERITANCE."

PIONEER.

They are telling the story in New York that the impossible American in Paris alighted at an hotel to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenders, the Queen of Montegaria occupies the second, the Duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said, and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course——" "Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the young lady at the desk. "Yes, sir." "All right; I'll marry her after lunch." And, giving his valise to the speechless boniface, he added, "Now, you can take my baggage up to our room."—*Argonaut.*

Did you ever think how awkward it will be in 1900? A great problem is soon to occupy the minds of the people of the world. In four years the sweep of time will carry us into a new century, and the figures which indicated the century of 1800 will be exchanged for 1900. When this time comes, can we abbreviate the year in writing and printing, as we do now in 1896? If we may abbreviate, how shall it be done? How will this look, '00? Or this, 19'? When you write at the top of your letter to the editor, March 14, '96, it looks all right; but March 14, '00, will not be at all satisfactory. Did you ever before think what an inconvenient time 1900 is going to be? If so, just consider how lucky your stars are that you will not be living on this mundane sphere in 2000!

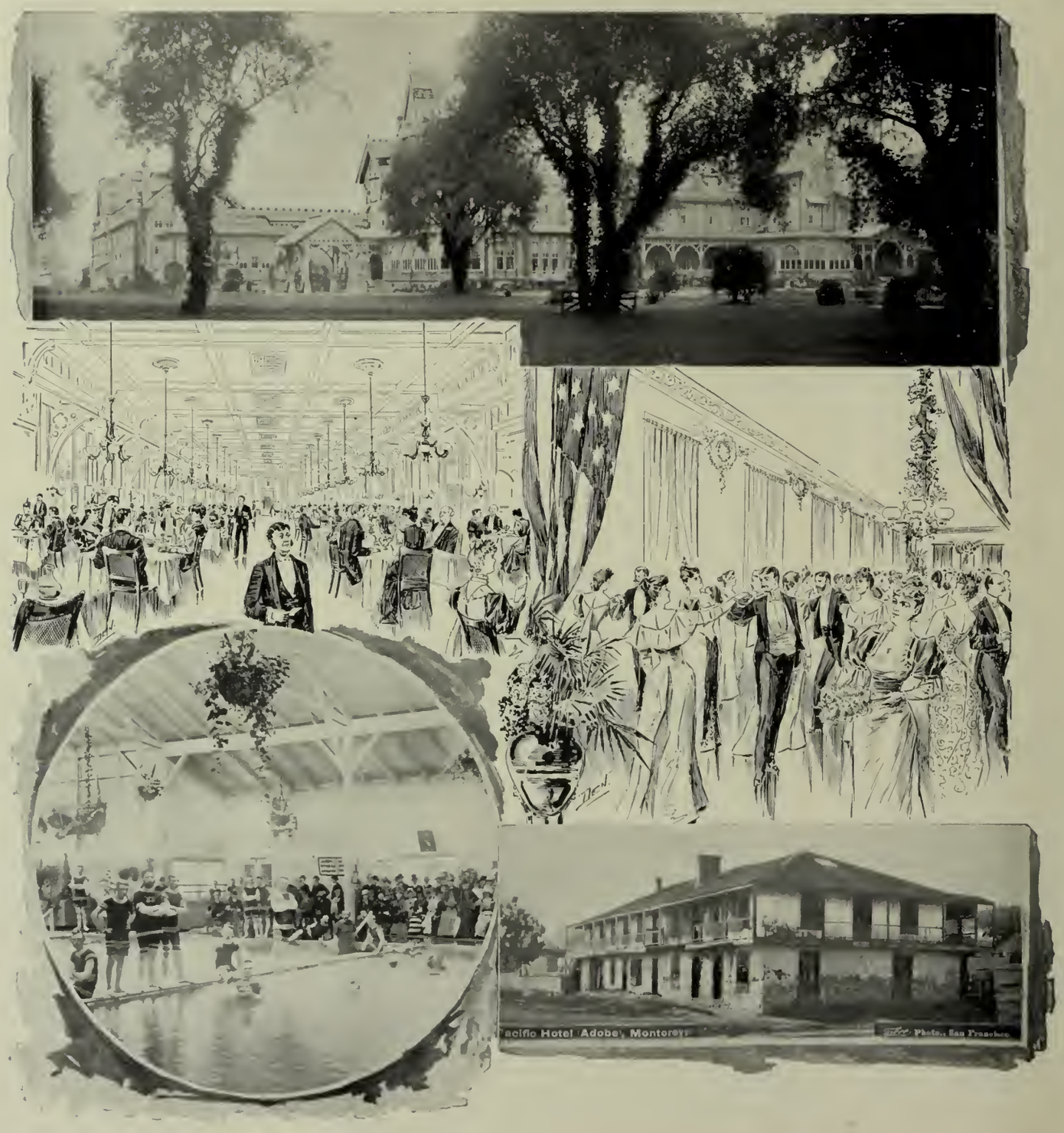
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. OCTOBER, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Wm. McMurray phot.

A RAID ON LAKE YSABEL.



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1896. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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RAILWAY COLLISIONS TO ORDER.

THOSE who are close readers of the daily papers have no doubt been somewhat interested in the novel experiments which have recently been instituted by private individuals for the delectment of the masses. It consists of a prearranged collision of two railway engines coming head on and crashing into each other with a velocity that is frightful to gaze upon.

The last entertainment of this character took place at Columbus, Ohio, and was witnessed by a large number of people from whom gate receipts were exacted proportionate to the expense entailed, with a liberal profit for the promoters.

Up to this time not less than six of these unique affairs have been presented, to what may be termed the morbidly curious, in the Eastern States, but until the more recent exhibition of this character in Texas, this gladiatorial sport resulted without serious consequence to the spectators. In the last case, however, it is reported that two out of a congregation of 40,000 were killed outright, two fatally injured, and thirty or forty slightly bruised. This resulted from the flying bolts and scraps of iron propelled from the terrible impact of the two engines as they came together.

It seems, on the part of the railway officials who permitted this class of sport, that no stone was left unturned to prevent the spectators from crowding over what might be termed the "dead line," but in spite of these precautions they were powerless to prevent the over-curious from gathering too near the scene of collision, with the result as above stated.

We further note that there are at least two more of this class of entertainment advertised to take place during the coming month, one of them under date of October 5th, on the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway, near Kansas City, Missouri. This style of amusement, if it may be so termed, cannot be considered other than reprehensible by the average citizen, and it is also strange that out of the list of six, two of them were inaugurated by the passenger departments of the roads on which the event took place, being designed to attract excursion business and to promote the receipts for special county fairs.

It would seem that such exhibitions would be hardly profitable, considering the expense involved in the complete demolition of two engines, even though they may be old-time yarders. It is almost inconceivable that railway companies, who have so much to contend with in damage suits resulting from frightful catastrophies which occur from time to time, would permit or encourage a display of this kind, which certainly cannot have a soothing effect on the peace of mind of those who witness it, and who are compelled to use the railways. Certainly the horrors of railway collisions are sufficiently vivid as depicted in our daily press, and for this reason we do not care to have presented to our view pictorial illustrations from nature.

"THE TRAVELER" BY THE FIRESIDE. *C. V. Lamb photo*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is hardly the privilege of a monthly journal like THE TRAVELER to indulge editorially on the political situation of the country, although it may not be amiss to express a few ideas impartially.

Four years ago the issue between the two great parties of the country was Free Trade and Protection. It was argued by both sides in the most forcible and convincing language that one or the other would prove disastrous to the country, and, in fact, the alarmists went so far as to say that if Free Trade was inaugurated, the United States would, within a short period, decay and fall like the Roman Empire. Their opponents said likewise. What was the result? The representatives of Free Trade were elected, and while we cannot say that the country has been prosperous during the past reign, yet it still lives. It is unfortunate, however, that the great National party who may be fortunate enough to be in power should not carry out to its fullest extent the principles upon which it was installed. As it was Free Trade versus Protection, why did they not give us Free Trade instead of tampering with the tariff to a moderate extent, sufficient to jeopardize capital and handicap its investment because of the ever existent uncertainty of the manipulation of the tariff question?

Now, we have the two questions of Silver and Gold, and it is probably the most difficult and unsatisfactory problem that has ever been presented to the American people. Some of our brightest men will honestly acknowledge that they do not understand the financial question. The term "Free Silver" is undoubtedly a misnomer, in that it implies to the plebeian class what it does not literally mean.

It is unfortunate that the problem is an abtruse one, for otherwise it would be more readily understood by the farmers and the wage-earners, who represent the bone and sinew of the country, and for that reason it is doubtful if the results of November 3d next will prove an intelligent preference on the part of the successful suffragists.

Whatever the result is, however, need not disconcert the defeated. The country will continue just the same, and it will probably be as prosperous. We, of course, have our preferences and our beliefs as well as others, but we have not yet arrived at that point where reasoning and calm deliberation are dispensed with, and the alarmists permitted to influence our judgment in matters of this kind.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

FRIENDS AND FOES IN THE INSECT WORLD.

THERE is no force in Nature that is wasted; and each living creature, however humble, has some definite mission to perform—even if it be only the doubtful one of furnishing food for some other animal.

In the insect world man has many friends and many foes, and the ability to distinguish between them is a matter of no little importance, not only to the scientists but to those who appreciate the striking peculiarities of insect life.

One of the greatest enemies of the agriculturist is the well-known June-bug, or cockchafer, a clumsy, thick-bodied beetle, about an inch in length, with wing-cases striped with white and brownish-gray, and antennæ ending in several moveable plates or leaflets.

For no less than three years the fat, white grubs live just below the surface of the soil, severing with their powerful jaws the tender roots of grasses and cereals. Sometimes they are eaten by the mole; and, when turned up by the plow, are greedily devoured by blackbirds.

JUNE-BUG.

The perfect insect lives only about a week; but, during its short life, works great havoc among the leaves of the maple and other trees. In some countries they come in such swarms at certain seasons that whole forests are almost denuded of their foliage, many of the trees never recovering their former vigor.

They usually disappear by the end of June, many being eaten by wood-rats and wild birds, or by ducks and chickens; but, as they are mostly nocturnal in their habits, great inroads cannot be made upon their ranks before their destructive career is ended.

Strange though it may seem, they are related to the sacred *scarabeus* beetle, worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, who placed it in the cases of mummies and wore its image, carved from stone or precious jewels, as a charm against evil influences.

The familiar "daddy-long-legs," or crane-fly, stalking along on its lofty stilts or beating awkwardly against the window-pane, is quite harmless in the adult stage; but its larvæ, like those of the cockchafer, are fearful pests to the farmer, as they subsist upon the roots of grain and corn.

In the performance of its appointed task of purifying the atmosphere by the interment of small dead animals, such as frogs, snails, mice, gophers and birds, the queer little sexton, or burying-beetle, displays an almost human intelligence. Its color is a glossy black, as befits a member of its solemn profession; but orange-colored markings adorn the under side of the thorax and knobs or balls of the same hue terminate the antennæ.

BURYING-BEETLE.

If the creature to be buried is of unusual size, the beetle flies off for assistance; and if it lies on hard, stony ground, it is dragged to where the soil is sotter.

A series of furrows is then dug around the object, the grave-digger using its broad, flat head and stout legs for a spade and plow, and presently the body begins to sink with its own weight, aided in its descent by vigorous pulls and pushes.

After eight or nine hours' hard work, the earth is neatly thrown back into the hole, and the industrious little sexton's labors are ended.

In this grave the young beetles make their appearance, and pass through the various stages, emerging fully grown.

Another useful insect is the "sparkler," or tiger-beetle, so-called on account of its blood-thirstiness and ferocity, and remarkable for its elegant shape and brilliant, metallic coloring.

It is the shark of the insect world, devouring countless numbers of worms, caterpillars, flies, and hurtful bugs and beetles; escape on the part of the victim being almost an impossibility on account of the large, prominent eyes of its enemy and the long, slender legs, on which it runs with the swiftness of a flash of light.

The larvæ are equally carnivorous, and live in perpendicular burrows in the ground, snapping at passing prey.

Elaters, or spring-beetles, may be easily recognized by their curious trick of springing upward with a click, or snap, in order to right themselves when fallen upon their backs.

This is a compensation of Nature for the extreme shortness of their legs, and the distance jumped is often ten or twelve times their own length.

The largest variety of elater has two white spots on the thorax, resembling wide-open eyes. Rotten wood and such plants as the forget-me-nots are infested by the grubs, which are commonly known as "wire worms."

An ugly insect, with an ugly name, is the "Devil's coach-horse," or rove-beetle, which lives upon heaps of rubbish, although its favorite food is mushrooms.

While running the flexible tail is held aloft, like that of the scorpion, and is used in tucking the large, membranous wings beneath the tiny elytra.

The little, scarlet lady-bugs and their golden-dotted larvæ are invaluable to the horticulturist, as they consume immense numbers of aphids, or plant-lice. Among the peasantry in most European countries they are connected with many quaint and pleasant superstitions, and are supposed to bring good luck and fair weather whenever they make their appearance.

Weevils are very destructive to grain, flour, nuts, fruits and vegetables. They are usually about a quarter of an inch in length, and may be distinguished by the peculiar snout, or proboscis, by means of which they make incisions in half-grown fruit or nuts.

The oval-bodied, black water-beetles, which fly from pond to pond, or circle around upon the surface of the creeks, prey upon tadpoles, water-snails and all species of aquatic grubs; as do, also, the voracious larvæ of the dragon-fly, which live for nearly a year on the muddy stream-banks.

The perfect dragon-fly, skimming through the air like a flying flower, in the vicinity of water-courses, does excellent service in consuming hosts of gnats and mosquitoes, as well as flies and other insects, aided in their pursuit by its large, compound eyes and gaping mouth.

NUT WEEVIL.

Even the life of the soul-irritating, sleep-dispelling mosquito is not lacking in interest. The eggs, floating in the water in the form of a minute boat, hatch into big-headed, little "wrigglers," which swim upside down and breathe through spiracles in the tail. On completing the nymph, or pupa stage, they rise to the surface, and, after drying themselves in the sun, fly off on their ravages, using their cast-off garments for a raft, as the water in which they were born would now be fatal to them.

It is only the mother mosquitoes that bite, and their principal mission appears to be that of giving exercise to the twin virtues of patience and self-control.

DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE.

THE CHITON, OR COAT-OF-MAIL.

While rambling along the seashore and exploring among the slippery bowlders at low tide, a curious, little, oval object, clinging tenaciously to the surface of the rock, will probably attract the attention.

This is the chiton, or "coat-of-mail," so-called on account of its hard, jointed armor, and, also, known as "the fairy cradle," owing to the shape of the dried specimen.

All along the coast there are a good many varieties of these mollusks, differing in size, form, and brilliancy of coloring.

They adhere to the rocks, much after the fashion of the limpet or abalone; and have the power of elongating or contracting themselves at will, or of rolling up into a ball like the armadillo—the South-American Mammal.

The shield, which serves the purpose of a protecting shell, is composed of eight moveable plates, or valves, highly arched in the center and overlapping, like the scales of a fish. When the creature dies, these become detached from the enveloping "mantle," and are washed up by the waves on the beach, where, on account of their shape and gay shades of pink, sea-green, and yellow, they are usually known by collectors as "butterfly-shells."

The largest of these univalves is the "giant chiton," which measures six inches in length by three in breadth. In this species, the plates are of a pure, glistening white, and the leathery mantle of a light reddish-brown.

One of the prettiest species is the "mossy chiton," which is often so overgrown with tiny corallines and sea-mosses, as to be almost indistinguishable from the surrounding rock.

Other varieties are beautifully carved and mottled on the exterior, while within are all the colors of the rainbow.

When desired for cabinet collections, chitons should be bound firmly to a shingle, or other flat object, and soaked in a pan of warm, fresh water, after which they may be prepared and dried in the usual manner.

Perhaps figures don't lie—unless the figurer provokes them to it—but they soar so high sometimes that the average mind is unable to follow them and is overpowered by their immensity into accepting rather than make the effort of questioning them. A dizzying example of statistics applied to the unknowable is found in a pamphlet on Utah issued by the Rio Grande Western Railway, in which the author, pausing in his high-flying description of the wonders of the great Salt Lake, proceeds to apply cold mathematics to a demonstration of the tonnage and value of the commercial products that might be extracted from that sink of the mountains. Sparing the reader some of the details of the problem we will condense the premises and conclusions as follows:

Say Salt Lake is 100 miles long; average width 27 miles; average depth 20 feet. Then 100 by 27 equals 2700 square miles, equals 75,271,680,000 square feet; by 20 equals 1,505,433,600,000 cubic feet. Now $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the contents of the lake, "according to the analysis of eminent chemists," is salt and sulphate of soda, equals 250,905,600,000 cubic feet. Of this $\frac{1}{8}$, or 31,363,200,000 cubic feet, is sulphate of soda, equals (at 50 pounds to the foot) 1,568,160,000,000 pounds, equals 784,080,000 tons, equals 78,408,000 carloads of soda at 10 tons each. Again $\frac{7}{8}$, or 219,542,400,000 cubic feet, is salt, equals (at 80 pounds to the foot) 17,560,339,200,000 pounds, equals 8,780,169,600 tons, equals 878,016,960 cars of salt. Therefore, "taking 30 feet as the total length of a freight car and its couplings" (a very moderate figure), we would have a train of soda 445,500 miles long, and a train of salt 4,988,730 miles long, "or long enough to reach 196 times around the earth and leave an 8000 mile string of cars over on a side track." While our brains are reeling over these figures we are ready to accept without a murmur the further demonstration that the sulphate of soda which we have mentally seen produced is worth $15,681,600,000, and that the salt has a money value of $87,801,696,000, making the great total of $103,483,296,000 as the value of the dirty waters of the great Salt Lake. The figures are almost too large. We might possibly swallow the soda; but as for the salt, that certainly must be taken *cum grano salis*.—*Railway Age.*

ON LAKE GENEVA.

VIRGINIA DARE.

MANY of the Swiss lakes have grander scenery, but nowhere in that famous republic will the traveler find a more delightful resting-place for a sojourn of several weeks or months than on the upper end of Lake Geneva. In this region there are said to be no less than fifty hotels and pensions, to which visitors come at all times of the year, but principally from the middle of August until October and November. The steep slopes back of the villages are covered with vines, and many resident physicians profess to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to by prescribing a certain number of pounds of grapes, to be eaten daily—a remedy much more agreeable than a resort to the materia medica.

Clarens and Montreux are the only ones of these villages which attain anything like the dimensions of a town. These have sundry shops where, amid Swiss carvings and photographs, the most prominent position is given to copies of "La Nouvelle Heloise," "Childe Harold," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," the inhabitants having awakened to the fact that the celebrity of their villages is due in a measure to Rousseau and Byron.

The monks no longer have holdings in the land; they have fled before the invasion of the modern tourist.

The romantically inclined tourist particularly delights in Clarens, not only from these associations, but from its neighborhood to sundry historic castles. The picturesque Tourelle and the great square tower of the Chatelard loom forth from the trees on the heights above the town, while within easy walking distance, but out of sight, on a hill embowered in trees, rises the Castle of Blonay, which has belonged to the Blonay family since the Crusades, and has sundry romantic stories attached to it.

There is a seventeenth-century story which rivals that of young Lochinvar and Katharine Janfaue: The Baron of Blonay had a fair daughter, the beautiful Nicolaide, who was betrothed to a Tavel of Villars; being an officer of the King of France, Tavel had to tarry in foreign lands, and could not press his suit. Meanwhile Monsieur Jean Francois de Blonay boldly demanded the hand of his fair cousin; the honor of his alliance having been twice declined, he gathered a handful of friends and retainers, and lurked in the woods near the Chatelard until he saw the Baron ride past—

> "He told na her father, he told na her mither,
> And he told na ane o' her kin,
> But he whispered the bonnie lassie hersell,
> Who seems not to have been unwilling."

At all events the marauders swooped down upon the Castle and carried off the fair Nicolaide, crossing with her into Savoy, where she was married to her captor and lived happily.

The gardens along the shores of Lake Geneva are among the most beautiful in the world, and are laid out in a style seldom seen elsewhere. A walled terrace borders the lake, and evergreen laurels and ivy are so planted and trimmed as to form dense arbors, with top, back, and partitions entirely impervious to sunlight or prying eyes. Square columns of living green at regular intervals, rising from the stone terrace, support the front of the living green roof; the floor is formed of clean, white gravel, without a weed or a blade of grass, and the interiors have rustic seats and tables, at which feminine guests sit with their fancy work, hold an afternoon *kaffee-klatsch*, read the latest novel from the circulating library, or, occasionally, can have a sly flirtation, notwithstanding their argus-eyed chaperons. The most prosaic minds are prone to some little illusory sentiment when seated in such bowers with some "lovely Thais" beside them.

Of course, every one goes to see Chillon, with its underground dungeons where Bonnivard was confined; the rings are yet attached to the pillars to which he and other medieval prisoners were chained, and the track worn by their feet in the pavement can still be seen. The Castle is built on a somewhat isolated rock, rising apparently out of the water on one side, access to it being made over a narrow, wooden bridge, which is guarded, the Castle being still used as a prison and an arsenal. The "seven pillars of Gothic mold" in the dungeon, beneath the surface of the lake, are shown to every visitor who pays a franc, and are scribbled all over with names, among them that of Byron.

CASTLE OF CHILLON—LAKE GENEVA. *W. K. Vickery photo*

At some distance beyond the Castle, the immense Hotel Byron perpetuates the memory of the bard of the Castle. The names of all princes and wealthy notables who visit the shores of this part of Lake Leman have been inscribed on its books. It was a favorite resort with the disreputable old King of Holland, whose chief amusement was to go into the lake bathing in the garb of our first parents before even fig-leaves came in fashion; the King having disregarded repeated admonitions was, it is said, at length fined by the independent authorities of the canton.

The hotel is also a great resort with rich Americans and English, among whom there was a decided thrill when, some years ago, a handsome traveling carriage drove up, the tenants of which were two young and handsome American girls, seeing Europe alone with no escort or chaperone other than an extremely good-looking, young courier. It is such wilful disregard of the *convenances* of European society which makes "Daisy Miller" and Sardou's American-miss types of the whole race of American girls in Continental eyes.

Society on Lake Geneva is nothing if not cosmopolitan. The traveler mingles for weeks with delightful men and women of the world, to find out later that one of them is a "high, well-born" member of the cabinet of some sovereign grand duke, while his wife is lady-in-waiting to the grand duchess. The most intelligent and utterly unpretending young girls met during the whole course of a stay of some years on the Continent were two very young ladies, who, with their parents, were at one of these Lake Geneva pensions; through outsiders—never from themselves—it was learned later that these girls had been chosen to share the studies and advantages of the only daughter of a sovereign closely related to the Emperor of Germany.

The lake itself is one of the greatest sources of delight to the visitor; numerous steamers make daily trips to and from Geneva, stopping at all the larger towns, and small boats are to be hired for a modest sum. A favorite excursion in the latter is toward Chillon.

The water near the castle is nearly a thousand feet deep, and in many other respects the lake is not unlike the ocean; a French writer has poetically declared that the ocean, having visited the valley of the Rhone, "fell in love with it and left his miniature behind"; there are strong currents and sudden swells, like the tides, which are called *seiches;* in the spring and autumn this current is so strong that no oar can be pulled against it. The storms are sudden and fierce: Byron came near being lost in one of them.

Delightful excursions are in every direction, that to the falls of the Gorge du Chaudron being particularly wild and romantic. On the heights above Chillon and the villages are also delightful walks where many rare plants are to be found.

There is a halo of romance that always surrounds these natural relics of by-gone days that cannot but impress the matter-of-fact as well as the scholar, and they invariably leave remembrances that serve to imprint a feeling of veneration and respect upon the sentimentality of human nature.

P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for years, or where you have resided for months, and sometimes only for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, not even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words "*pour prendre congé*" signify "to take leave," and when good-by is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

CALIFORNIAN INDIAN RELICS.

L. G. Y.

THE aborigines of California, who are rapidly approaching extinction, left in their burial-places and deserted homes a great many relics illustrating their customs and mode of life, but the greed of relic-hunters, who look upon every evidence of the handiwork of the Indians as something from which they may realize a certain amount of coin from the tourist, local scientist, or public museum, and the enthusiasm of private collectors, who spend time and money for the acquirement of specimens of the skill of our predecessors, have disposed of the greater portion of the interesting material which was formerly so abundant, but now difficult to obtain, except the accidental find of material which has been overlooked by former collectors.

Southern California, especially the region about Santa Barbara, has furnished the most interesting material and the largest number of choice relics, nearly all of which have found their way into public museums and the hands of private collectors in the Eastern States and Europe. No institution in California has taken sufficient interest in the matter to preserve these relics of a fast disappearing race, and when our State has a population commensurate with its capabilities and resources, it will be discovered that nearly all of the invaluable material illustrative of the ancient history of the region has been carried away to enrich the collections of other states and countries.

Persistent efforts are being made by a few of our people to establish museums in the larger cities of California to preserve what little is left, but their efforts do not receive the support which they are entitled to. Meantime the material is being scattered and becoming more difficult to obtain.

Collectors outside of our own State are anxious to obtain representative specimens of the handiwork of our aborigines, not only on account of the locality, but because many of the specimens found are unlike or better made than relics found elsewhere. Many of these objects were made and used for purposes unknown to us, and the excellence of the workmanship of many others increases their value to collectors.

In our illustrations, figs. 1 to 8 represent some of the many forms of stone pipes used by the Indians: 1, 2, and 3 are from San Miguel Island, off Point Concepcion; fig. 4, an unusual form from San Nicolas Island; fig. 5, a pipe with bone mouthpiece. Figs. 9, 13, 14, 15, and 19 are different forms of perforated disks. The purposes for which they were used has caused much discussion among collectors and writers. Fig. 19 represents a remarkably fine specimen. Figs. 11 and 16 represents canoes made of stone, which were prob-

Lorenzo G. Yates photo.

ably used for ceremonial purposes. Fig. 17, carved out of stone, used for melting asphaltum, which was used for many purposes; it is partly filled with asphaltum, as left by the Indians. Fig. 18, a stone hammer of peculiar form from San Nicolas Island, evidently used with and without a handle, as the sides show depressions for the thumb and fingers of the user. Figs. 10, 12, and 20, stone beads, used as money, ornaments, and in religious ceremonies.

One result of the general distribution of our Indian relics is that among the many small collections distributed throughout the State are rare or choice specimens, many of them unique, and were it possible to bring the whole of them into one collection it would illustrate the general character of the work of the aborigines and have a tendency to attract such specimens as may hereafter be brought to light, and eventually form a most valuable and exceptionally interesting museum of the ancient history of California.

It is deplorable that greater interest is not manifested in these relics of the aborigines, for they form one of the principal sources of history that we possess, and are to the scholar what object lessons are to the juvenile in our kindergardens. Souvenirs of this character are fully as interesting as the pre-historic footprints that were discovered at Carson, Nevada, and certainly form a better opportunity for authentic deductions as to the character and habits of the aboriginies.

HAWAIIAN COFFEE.

C. L. WIGHT.

It is only within the past few years that the production of coffee in the Hawaiian Islands has exceeded the local demand, the little that reached foreign markets being purchased by those who had visited the "Islands" and knew its peculiar excellence.

The mild uniform temperature of the Hawaiian coffee lands has induced many foreigners, who were suffering from weak lungs or from rheumatism, to engage in coffee planting. They have not only recovered their health, but have also established themselves in a fine paying business.

Hawaiian coffee flourishes at all altitudes from sea level to mountain top. The best results are obtained at altitudes of from 600 to 3500 feet above the sea, the finest quality of berry and the largest crops being produced in the Districts of Puna, Hilo, and Hamakua, on the windward side of the Island of Hawaii. The extreme range of the thermometer between these levels is from 60 to 80° F. throughout the year.

The coffee tree is an evergreen, and resembles the holly of the United States. The fruit resembles a cherry, the coffee seed taking the place of the pit. The trees, if unpruned, will grow to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, but it is customary to top them at heights of from four to six feet. The trees blossom in March and April, and the crop is gathered in September, October and November.

The best results are attained by taking up virgin forest land. One finds here large trees and tree ferns, interlaced with climbing vines and tangled undergrowth to such an extent that a cat can hardly make her way. After the growth is cut down and burned off planting commences. The new comer usually purchases his young trees from a neighbor. These cost about $6.00 per thousand, it taking from 1200 to 1500 trees to the acre. The trees grow from seed, and are usually from six months to a year old when set out.

After the first clearing is made, the planter turns over the hut that he has lived in to his laborers, and builds himself a house. A fire-place is quite in order, not only to moderate the slight chill of the evening, but also to add to the cheerfulness of the room. A vegetable garden is also commenced, and this in connection with a cow, pigs and poultry, reduces the cost of living to a nominal sum.

During the first year a field of coffee requires little labor to keep it in order. The forest weeds that spring up are easily killed. The work commences as soon as foreign weeds begin to show themselves. The greatest care must be exercised to prevent them from seeding, and if this be done no great expense will be incurred in bringing the trees to maturity. After the trees have grown sufficiently to cover the ground the annual cost for weeding is slight.

The trees should bear a small crop when two years old, say of from one hundred to two hundreds pounds of cleaned coffee per acre. The first full crop comes from trees three years old, and from that time on a large and steady income is assured.

The machinery used in preparing coffee is not expensive, $300 being sufficient to purchase a very fair cleaning plant. Where several plantations are near at hand complete plants for cleaning coffee can be found, and the planter is able to have the work done cheaper and better at one of these factories than he could possibly do it himself.

Japanese laborers can be had in any number, men receiving $15 per month, women $7 per month, and children from $2 to $5 per month. Portuguese families can be obtained without trouble, and while they demand higher wages they also do more and better work. The planter furnishes his laborers with houses and firewood; the laborers board themselves.

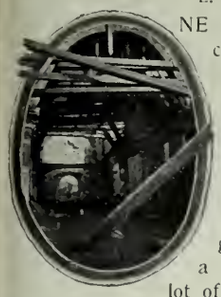
The social life in Hawaii is similar to that of the United States. Schools are established wherever the number of pupils warrant them. Churches are found in any considerable center of population. The Government has built packing trails to the most remote localities, and these are being rapidly converted into carriage roads. Where it is necessary to pack coffee to the seaboard it costs $1 per 100 pounds to transport coffee from the plantation to San Francisco. Where the plantation is near a wagon road the cost is reduced one-half for the same service.

Under the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States coffee is admitted into the United States free of duty, so that, all things being considered, the Hawaiian coffee planter is one of the most fortunate men on the face of the earth

Auctioneering is not without its humors, as a paper read before the Institute of Estate and House Agents, by Mr. Walter Simms, now republished in a pamphlet, abundantly shows. The calling may not be so ornate in its literature as it was in the days of the renowned George Robins, but its followers still make occasional sorties into the realm of cheerful wit. The following are a few of Mr. Simms's stories: "There was a clerk who for a brief time favored me with his services. He was not clever enough for the business, and, I believe, eventually entered the Church. I had occasion to question him about ground rents. 'Suppose,' I said, 'I were to let you a plot of ground, whereon you proposed to erect a house, for ninety-nine years, at an agreed rent—what would happen at the end of the term?' 'I should have to give you back your land, and the rent would cease.' 'Exactly. What about the house?' 'Well,' he answered with considerable hesitation, 'I think, in common justice, I ought to have the benefit of the building materials.' I don't mind saying to you, in the strictest confidence, that I perfectly agreed with him, though I did not dare to tell him so. . . . Only the other day, being in search of a certain water-color drawing, I visited an auction hall, where the auctioneer was engaged in selling works of art. Amongst the collection was a drawing representing the luckless lovers of the Hellespont. 'Now then, gentlemen, what shall we say for this celebrated 'ero and Leader—very fine 'ero and Leader—how much?' 'Leander,' came as a gentle correction from the body of the room. 'Eh! what! Oh, ah, yes, to be sure, 'ero and Lender—an undoubted 'ero and Lender—'ow much?' This is about on a par with the gentlemau who read out from his catalogue, 'Jupiter and ten,' the textual rendering being, of course, 'JUPITER and IO'—both cases going to show that a successful auctioneer need not necessarily be a classical scholar.

HOW RAILWAY STATIONS ARE NAMED.

E. M. RAILTON.



ONE night last fall I left San Francisco en route for the southern part of the State. As is customary among gentlemen, I sojourned to the smoking-room shortly after our departure hoping to find some congenial companions to wile away the hours. It was my good fortune to make up with a more than ordinary pleasant lot of fellow-passengers, and among them was one talkative individual whose name I did not learn, but who afterwards turned out to be a most interesting conversationalist. He seemed to be particularly well versed with the country through which we were passing, and his remarks were replete with interesting incidents that had occurred at almost every station we passed. He seemed familiar with the early history of the construction of the line, and was gracious enough to tell the rest of us many interesting anecdotes in connection with the establishment of the names of the various stations. His notes, as a reminder, consisted of a railroad folder, and as he followed the different names down the column he recited the following interesting history:

"How many times in traveling have we commented on the names of the different stations as we passed them by. Few realize that each name has a significance, and still fewer are conversant with the difficulty experienced by the builders to select an appropriate name for the stopping-places. The fundamental rule is that no two stations may be named alike, even though in different parts, or whether they are simply watering-tanks or side-switches. The object of this is to lessen the liability of confusion or errors on the part of the train operators, as well as those engaged in clerical work. The necessity of this was particularly emphasized when building through the desert region between Colton and El Paso. Wherever a station was located at an established town, the name of that town was naturally retained. This rule, however, was not rigidly adhered to, because in some instances it would have resulted in a duplication of a name of some other station.

"My first experience with this work was during the construction of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad, commencing at Lathrop, that being the family name of Mrs. Leland Stanford. From Lathrop we journeyed southward to Morano, which is the Spanish name for hog, the Spanish interpretation being more euphonious than the English. The name Modesto resulted from a pun at the expense of the late W. C. Ralston. He owned large tracts of land in this vicinity, and during a visit to that section with some of the railroad officials, the question of a name for the place came up. One of the officials suggested that the name be Ralston, but he declined, giving as an excuse that he was too *modest* to accept the courtesy, and in consequence of this the idea resulted in the term Modesto, the Spanish name for modest. Ceres was named from the abundance of the wheat crop in that locality. Merced from the river bearing that name. Fowler was named after the late Thomas Fowler, familiarly known as Tom—a big-hearted, good-natured fellow, well known throughout that section. Kingsbury received its title because of its proximity to the Kings River. Sumner (now known as Bakersfield) was named after the Honorable Charles Sumner of national fame. Delano likewise received its title after a gentleman connected with the Interior Department. The late Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut* has a monument to his name in that section, in the shape of Pixley Station. When the road reached Caliente it was exceedingly hot, and in consequence the term Caliente, meaning *hot* in Spanish, was used to designate this point. Keene was named after Jim Keene, the famous stock broker of San Francisco. A little way up the mountain we find Rowen, bearing the surname of the well-known ex-Mayor of Los Angeles. Tehachapi was already settled when the road went through, and Cameron's Ranch was the last opportunity for taking water before reaching Mojave. It was in 1876 the connection was made near Lang's Station that gave through rail connection with Los Angeles.

"When building into the desert country south from Los Angeles, it must be remembered that with the exception of the Rose, Titus, and Stoneman places near to San Gabriel, there were no settlements along the line of railroad. San Bernardino was not situated so it could be reached easily, and it was given the "go by," and Colton (named after General D. D. Colton) was made a town site. The little places between Los Angeles and Colton were given names by the late Colonel E. E. Hewitt. After the connection at Langs, work was pushed on construction south, and at times it was rushed. The crossing of the Colorado River delayed progress for some time. Major Dunn of the United States Army called out the troops at one time to prevent the intrusion of the railroad on to a Government Reservation, but as the troops consisted of a solitary sergeant, the United States force had to fall back before the more numerous forces of the railroad under Seth Green, foreman, and Major Dunn surrendered. Yuma, the historical "hot place," and the headquarters of the Colorado Navigation Company, was a place of importance up to the advent of the railroad; as the road progussed out into the endless desert Tucson was the objective point. If it had been possible to get along without names for side tracks it would have been adopted, for there was not a single thing to suggest a name. Gila City was so named because there was no likelihood of a city, but it was a good place to put one if nothing more than pleasant location was desired. And then comes "Adonde," Mexican, signifying *where?* —well named. Gila Bend, from the crooked Gila River. Near by, Estrella, (a star). Maricopa named after a tribe of Indians. Casa Grande, from the Aztec ruins of a two-story house near by. Picacho, from a point in the mountains close by, that had long borne that name. Red rock, another local name. Jaynes, a pretty name, selected because of the visit of a San Francisco gentleman who wanted to give the country a little modern style; he did not stop there, however. It was along in 1878 the road got into the prosperous town of Tucson, and it was a veritable frontier point. Arizona had a number of military posts, Camp Lowell, near Tucson, being among the most prominent. Just east of Tucson was a favorite rendezvous of the wily Apache, who had a fondness for the tenderfoot American, and the "Cienega" was a favorite place to "lay" for 'em. Pantanno was named by Tully and Ochoa—prominent freighters—who used to do the freight business from Santa Fe. "Mescal," on the top of a hill, was suggested by the exhilarating effects a drink of it had on reaching the end of an "up hill" pull in either direction. Benson was named after a San Francisco capitalist who wanted to be remembered. Dragoon Summit, as the name suggests it, is the summit of the Dragoon Mountains. Cachise, after the Apache Chief, and the proximity of the mountain range where the peaks are in such shape as to resemble the profile of an old Cachise face, and it is a resemblance easily recognized. Willcox, after General Wilcox, U. S. A. Bowie on account of being the nearest point to Fort Bowie. San Simon, being located in the valley of that name; this portion of the country is remarkable for the mirage effects. Pyramid, being near a small lake of that name, which furnishes the most undesirable water on the route. And next comes Lordsburg, because it was the toughest outfit on the line, and needed a holy name to bring it within the pale. Lisbon was a chance name. Separ is at the continental divide, where the waters separate, running east and west. Gage is named after Stephen T. Gage. Deming, the junction with Arizona Territory and San Francisco, commemorates the family name of the late Mrs. Charles Crocker. Zuni, from the Indian tribe. Strauss in honor of Levi Strauss.

In selecting names no two nearly alike in spelling or pronunciation should be in same State or on one Division. Short names, for the convenience of employees, especially so for engineers and conductors in their telegraphic train orders from the train dispatchers, are desirable. During the construction of the roads it was no easy matter to keep in touch, or bear in mind the exact location of the stations newly named. On the line from Mojave to the Needles we tried a new plan that worked well; that is, having the stations named in alphabetical order. This commenced when we were down at a point called Amboy. This was followed by Bristol, Camden, Danby, Edson, Fenner, Goff, Homer, Ibex, and Java. Needles, coming next, had an established name. Those familiar with the telegraph code will see how impossible it would be for an operator to mistake one for another. And you must bear in mind that in desert countries, as a rule, the most expert telegraphers do not care to make their abiding places.

THE BAY SHORE, SAN MATEO, CAL.

Colonel Jay and Mr. Belmont registered first and then walked into the cafe, leaving the Duke to register. The clerk mistook the young Duke for a valet.

"What accommodations does your party require?" bluntly asked the clerk. The Duke looked annoyed and replied:

"I have not the slightest idea, sir."

"You don't know?" continued the clerk. "You must be green! How long have you been in the country?" he asked in a provoking manner.

The Duke went on to join the Colonel and Mr. Belmont. When the clerk looked at the register he nearly fainted.

A RAID ON LAKE YSABEL.

The old saying, "You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink," cut no figure with the noble band of horses in the picture selected for our frontispiece. It was about noontime, on one of July's hottest days, when the leader, unable to resist the temptation of enjoying a cooler in the lake, with true animal instinct placed his head under the stout fence and forced an entrance to the water. Well might the question be asked, What artist in painting horselife would ever dream of choosing such a setting, and yet, how perfectly natural. We almost envy them the perfect enjoyment of their stolen sweets.

This clever snap shot was made by Mr. William McMurry, while on a visit to Santa Ysabel Hot Springs, San Luis Obispo County, and the half tone engraving, an excellent piece of workmanship, was enlarged from a 3¼-4¼ Kodak camera.

"I see you are in black; are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.

"No, I am in mourning for my sins."

"I never heard that you lost any," was the reply.

THE MARKETS OF SAN SALVADOR.

J. J. PEATFIELD.

THERE is one phase of daily life exhibited by the Salvadoranian public *en masse*, to see which you must visit the markets. It is an important phase, presenting the transactions of suppliers and consumers in the business of administering to every-day household demands. To these markets, at early morn, from the suburbs and the surrounding country, flock the market-women, carrying on their heads wide, flat baskets heaped with garden stuff of all kinds, fruits and vegetables. The farm-yard, too, contributes to the load, and chickens, eggs, turkeys, ducks, and even small pigs, are brought in in these convenient round panniers. The peasants in the neighborhood of the city leave behind them nothing that they can spare from their own household wants. Whatever is produced on their small holdings that can be turned into *reals* finds its way into the capital, no matter how small the quantity of each article.

At a later hour the country folk make their appearance on purchase bent; the serving women of the well-to-do householders of the city, and women of the poorer class, wander up and down the rows of venders, squatting in the streets, buying of one some fruit, of another pot-herbs, of this one eggs, of that one sugar; here a chicken is added to the day's supplies, there a few live crawfish are selected from a net full of the wriggling creatures. Thrifty housewives, too, who have more confidence in their own skill in bargaining than in the ability of a deputy—or, perhaps, distrustful of the latter's honesty—are seen making their purchases, followed by the servant girls, who are always crowned with the inevitable head-piece.

These market institutions are unique, and may be divided into three classes, namely, the covered market, the open-air market, and an intermediate hybrid which wears the distinguishing features of the two above mentioned.

The first is the market proper. It occupies a whole block and is protected by three large roofs. These great sheds extend the whole length from east to west, leaving, however, wide spaces between them exposed to the sky.

A continuous roofed building forms the outside portion of this market place. Along three sides of it are small shops opening on to the streets and also into the interior, so that the lessees of these have the double advantage of being able to expose their goods on stalls on the inside, and also to present a shop doorway on the street. The interior is thickly packed with stalls in close rows, in which are placed wide flat baskets containing the wares. Other baskets of the kind rest on low, four-legged stools, and, lastly, many are placed on the ground without any other support.

The entrances, which are wide and proportionately long, are at the four corners, but being flanked by stalls covered with cheap attractive "notions" of all kinds from foreign factories, are so thronged during the busier portion of the day that one has difficulty in making his way through the crowd.

In the interior you observe that, with few exceptions, the venders are women, with or without babies and small children, and that most of the purchasers are of the same sex. The stalls which flank the interior are occupied by articles of wear and domestic use. Beautiful silk scarfs and five-cent pocket handkerchiefs have equal show in the matter of display and arrangement.

The central part is the provision department. Here every article of consumption finds place—cereals and vegetables, fruits and meat, coffee, chocolate, sugar, etc.

The passages between the rows are so encroached upon by the less pretentious stalls, that but little space is left for the public. Purchasers crowd along these narrow ways, driving close bargains with the saleswomen. The newly arrived foreigner is preyed upon without compunction, and until experienced he will always be a victim in these transactions.

The edible articles are at the southwest corner; in front of the entrance and along the streets may be seen ox carts and pack mules that have been driven in from the country, loaded with produce; for the market women find no room within the covered market. The cartloads of boneless meat, cut into strips and chunks and brought from the slaughter-house outside the city, do not afford appetizing sights.

Across the street is another smaller market. Here are sold bread, sweet cakes, maize, beans, rice, native brown sugar, cheese, coffee, and cacao, etc. A particular feature of this market, which may be regarded as a supplement to the larger one, is the restaurants, or kitchens, where the country folk, the cartmen, and muleteers refresh themselves.

A variety of viands is turned off on their simple hearths, conspicuous among which is the *olla podrida*, a stew of many component ingredients; there are fried meats, too, and messes wet and dry, soups, beans, *tortillas*, and hominy, ripe plaintains and bananas fried or boiled in lard—both of them delicious—coffee, chocolate, etc. Customers are supplied with seats and table-board, boxes and packing-cases for the most part serving for chairs and tables. Genuine specimens of the latter luxuries, however, are seen here and there; but one realizes that care is taken not to extend too much table-comfort to the same individual. After all, the open-air market is the most characteristic institution of its kind, and is especially attractive to the newly arrived foreigner. The two streets lying on the east and west of the great market are appropriated by the market-women from the country. On these thoroughfares they squat in rows, two or three deep on each side, with or without a piece of matting or sacking between them and the cobble-stones, their baskets of market stuff in front of them. They are closely packed together, and extend so nearly to the middle of the street that there is barely room for the passage of a cart. Vegetables and fruits are the principal articles sold by these poor women, though other truck finds its way into the mart, such as sugar, candles, and home-made sausages; here and there, too, is an earthen-ware brazier with a pot over the live embers, containing hominy or some liquid concoction. In the portico opposite the great market are stalls whereon articles of wear and "notions" are exhibited, while above them, suspended on the walls, are gay-colored scarfs, kerchiefs, ribbons, and neckties. All along the curbstones of the adjoining streets are seated other hucksters, who sell cheap dry goods and native cigars. These may be considered as offshoots from the two main communities. Finally the ambulatory dairies should not be forgotten. They consist of from a couple to half a dozen nanny-goats tethered together and driven about the streets by their owners, each one of whom carries in his disengaged hand a little glass, holding about a gill, and a tin of water. These milk-sellers find many customers among the market-women, who are sure of their *medio's* worth of milk being free from adulteration; for it is drawn in their presence, the milker from time to time moistening his fingers with the water in his can to assist him in the operation—but this is not San Francisco.

SAN SALVADOR MARKET SCENE.

In conclusion there remains to be briefly described that intermediate institution which partakes of the characteristics of the covered and open-air markets. The illustration gives a fair representation of it. In an open square, immediately to the north of the main market street, are erected on frame-works of rough, undressed poles, numerous open sheds, the roofing of which should be seen to be appreciated in its make-shift construction. Old matting, sack-cloth, rubber-packing, tin, corrugated and flat sheets of iron gathered from castaway material—all are used in roofing these primitive structures. Some of the roofs are capable of keeping out the rain when it falls straight down; but when wind and rain combine they sweep through the place. Fortunately the mornings are almost always fine in San Salvador the year round, the rain rarely falling until the afternoon, and generally not until the evening. The business is confined to the sale of fruits and vegetables—articles not damaged by stormy weather—and to supplying the inner man with refreshment.

In conclusion, it may be stated that in several of the principal thoroughfares poor women may be seen seated on the curbstones and squatting on the pavements of the porticoes, with their baskets before them containing native sweetmeats, cigaritoes, common cigars, a little fruit, and huge calabashes holding two or three gallons of different kinds of beverages prepared from fruits and sold by the glass to thirsty wayfarers.

This condition of affairs is certainly food for thought for those whose situation in life is at variance therewith. It simply resolves itself into the trite maxim that no matter how lowly we may be there are others who are far worse off.

TWO ANCIENT ENGLISH CASTLES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AMONG the ancient baronial castles which fittingly crown so many of the commanding hills of England, some still furnish residences for their owners, but far more are in ruins. Of the latter few are more picturesque or have played a more important part in the history of Britain than Kenilworth. There was a Castle at Kenilworth before the Norman conquest, but it perished in the wars between the Saxon, Edward, and Canute the Dane. Henry I. bestowed the manor of Kenilworth upon Geoffrey de Clinton, who was the King's Treasurer and Chamberlain, and also Chief Justice of England. Geoffrey built the *Donjon,* or Keep, the strongest and still the most imposing part of the Castle, and to this day a spot near by is called "Clinton's Green." Unlike most of the Norman *Donjons,* this one has no underground prisons, the soil beneath being solid and showing no sign of arches or excavations. The Keep was unusually massive, with towers at its four angles, and had round-headed windows that later were replaced by square-headed ones. Though its northern side has suffered from the depredations of those who used it as a quarry whence to derive stones for the construction of other buildings, the rest has defied the hand of the spoiler and the decay of Time, the staircases in two of the towers, and the well which supplied the defenders of the Castle with water, being still uninjured.

Geoffrey's heir bore the same name as his father, and stood high in the King's favor; his wife was Agnes, daughter of his powerful neighbor, the Earl of Warwick. He gave large grants of lands to the monks of Kenilworth, and his successor, Henry de Clinton, added to these gifts. He yielded to King John most of his rights in Kenilworth, which continued thenceforward to be the property of the Crown until Henry III. gave it to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. But Simon, by joining the cause of the Barons—in those days the champions of liberty against the encroachments of royal prerogative—ruined his fortunes, and died with his son Henry on the battlefield of Evesham. The King and Prince Edward then besieged Kenilworth, which held out for six months, the defenders using, among other implements of war, great stone balls weighing nearly two hundred pounds, some of which have been dug up. Eventually the brave besieged yielded to famine, and marched out carrying their weapons with them. The King gave the captured fortress to his son Edmund, whom he created Earl of Lancaster.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

In 1279 Edward I. produced at Kenilworth a magnificent spectacle of knightly sports and military exercises, the tournament being under the supervision of Mortimer, the Earl of March, who sumptuously entertained a hundred knights and a hundred ladies, many of whom were distinguished representatives of French chivalry. The guests spent their days in tilting, and military sports of every kind, their evenings in music and dancing, and their nights, after the ladies had retired to their "bower," in wassailing together. The hall in which so many great banquets were held was of splendid proportions, being ninety feet long, and forty-five feet in height and breadth; its windows were richly molded and traceried, and beneath it was an equally large hall for the servants and retainers. In the Presence Chamber of Kenilworth the weak Edward II. gave up his crown, in favor of his eldest son, to a body of barons, bishops, and knights. During the Wars of the Roses, Kenilworth Castle kept changing hands, being now in the hands of the Yorkists, and now in those of the Lancastrians.

In 1414, while Henry V. was spending some time at Kenilworth, the Dauphin of France, by way of jesting allusion to his sportive habits, sent him a tun of tennis balls to play with, an incident immortalized in Shakespeare's famous lines in the first part of King Henry V., and with which, no doubt, most of our readers are quite familiar.

Before his accession to the throne, and while still Duke of Cornwall, the future Henry VIII. repaired and embellished the Castle, adding a suite of apartments known as "Henry VIII.'s lodgings." Through the ill-fated Edward VI., and "bloody" Mary, Kenilworth descended to "the Virgin Queen," who gave it, with all the broad acres and privileges thereto appertaining, to her favorite, Robert Dudley, fifth son of the Duke of Northumberland. The Queen conferred on Dudley the Order of the Garter, and created him Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester; he was also Master of the Horse, Steward of the Household, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He was a man of elegant manners, and fond of lavish expenditure; he also affected to be both a pious and pure man. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir John Robsart; his second was Douglas, the daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham. But becoming greatly enamored of Lettice, the Dowager Countess of Essex, he disowned Douglas and married Lettice; and still looked for another.

During Leicester's time Kenilworth was probably at the height of its splendor; he spent large sums in repairing and beautifying it, adding the north gatehouse, the gallery tower, Mortimer's tower, and a suite of apartments named "Leicester's Buildings." On the south and west sides the Castle was defended by a lake, and on the other two sides by a moat; its embattled wall enclosed a space of seven acres, and beyond the lake was a great park where red and fallow deer and game of many kinds might be hunted. A most brilliant reception was prepared by Leicester for Queen Elizabeth, who visited Kenilworth, attended by the ladies of her court, thirty-one barons, and four hundred servants. There were devised in the Queen's honor many elaborate allegorical figures and groups drawn from Greek and Roman mythology; and Latin odes, after the learned fashion of that day, were composed to fit the great occasion. For nearly three weeks hunting, bear-baiting, music, dancing, acting, displays of fireworks, sports, exercises, diversions, and entertainments of every kind went on.

At Leicester's death Kenilworth passed to his brother, the Earl of Warwick, and then to Leicester's son, Sir Robert Dudley. But James I. compelled Sir Robert to sell the great estate to the Prince of Wales at one-third or one-fourth of its real value, and even that inadequate price was never paid in full. When Prince Henry died Prince Charles received the Castle and manor, which on his succeeding to the throne he made over to Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and his two sons. After the victory of the Parliamentarian party, Oliver Cromwell gave Kenilworth to ten of his officers, who, with a characteristic disregard of beauty and romantic associations, proceeded to drain the lake, to strip the Castle of its furniture and decorations, cut down and sell the timber, and even raze the walls to make merchandise of the stones. They divided the great park into farms, and built houses for themselves out of materials torn from the Castle. But in 1660 the King came into his own again, and the Cromwellian interlopers made themselves scarce. King Charles II. gave the reversion of the manor to Lord Hyde, whom he created Baron Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester. Later, the estate came by marriage into the family of the Villiers, Earls of Clarendon.

ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

Let us now turn to an inhabited Castle. Not far from the well-known watering-place, Brighton, is Arundel, one of the prettiest towns in Sussex, and one of the best examples extant of the old feudal town grouped about a great baronial Castle. Through a fertile valley courses the River Arun, from whose banks the town climbs up steep streets to the eminence crowned by the ancient Castle, the home of his Grace of Norfolk, Premier Duke of England, and thirty-fifth Earl of Arundel. The principal inn at Arundel is the Norfolk Arms, and as the visitor wanders about the town he becomes more conscious than he has perhaps ever been before of the real greatness of an ancient and powerful British baron. Of an ancestry as distinguished and a lineage as noble as the royal family itself, and even more intimately associated with the history of England than the reigning house of Hanover, the Howards of Arundel are striking figures. They have always been Catholic, the Duke of Norfolk being the recognized head of the Catholic party in England, and the elegant church of St. Philip de Neri being the gift of the family to the Catholics of Arundel. The Castle is of great antiquity, having been given by William the Conqueror to one of his barons, and having come into the possession of the Howards through the marriage of Lady Mary Fitzalan, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Arundel, with Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk. Though Arundel is one of the oldest Castles in Great Britain, yet, having been almost continuously inhabited by its owners, it has from time to time been added to and adapted to modern needs, so that, grand as it is, it is essentially a home—a place from which splendor has by no means been permitted to take the place of comfort, nor magnificence to drive out conveniences, which are the foundation of the modern home.

THE CAMERA AND ITS WORK.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

LITTLE did Messrs. Niepce and Daguerre suspect what they were doing for the young people of to-day. It has not been long since a photograph gallery was a place of mystery to the majority of mankind; in fact, it remains so still, though there is scarcely a home in which at least one member of the family does not possess some kind of a photographic instrument, and many houses contain "dark" rooms fitted up with the various accessories and necessities for finishing pictures.

The camera "fiend" is certainly ubiquitous, for you see him or her everywhere and under all circumstances. When a person takes to photography nothing is sacred to them, and they are constantly on the alert for "subjects." The amount of money annually expended on "plates" and "paper," to say nothing of "developer," "toning solution," and "fixitives," would cause a poor man to bow to the earth in very awe—or disgust—if he knew the figures. There is no fad more expensive nor any that possesses more fascination.

With camera or kodak in hand, particularly if the operator is awheel, time, place, and Mother Grundy are forgotten, and the thought has often occurred to me that if somebody would only "snap" the "snapper" it would constitute an undeniable answer to the old saw:

"Oh, wad the power the gift to gie us
To see oursels as others see us,"

and perhaps compel a few of the snap-shottists, if I may coin a word, to pay some attention to the eyes and opinions of the public.

If we, our homes, and our very goods and chattels, are not sacred to the camera fiend now what will the future reveal? There are people who are dreading the time when the X-ray will expose the fact that their bones are crooked and their bodies awry, and still others who are wondering how soon this mysterious power will have been developed sufficiently to make public the innermost thoughts that teem in their brains.

When one gives himself up to the enchantment that lurks within the camera, his waking hours are filled with longing and his leisure moments either with taking pictures or seeking something to "take."

If nothing else is available, he experiments with his friend's baby, provided he has none of his own, or the neighborhood cat. He catches the baby in all sorts of poses, and is lifted into a perfect Heaven of delight if he can snap the little fellow as he is caressing his constant companion, a big, black dog.

When everything else in the vicinity seems stale he induces a couple of his young gentlemen friends to habit themselves in their sisters' gowns, and he then amuses himself, not to speak of the appreciative audience taking in the situation from convenient windows, by posing the unfortunate youths in attitudes

ON THE HALF-SHELL. *Elite photo*

which he flatters himself would make admirable subjects for the colored posters advertising a theatrical troupe.

Experience counts for much in photography, but the person who wishes to secure perfect results in out-door work must be a student of Nature.

He must know the value of light and shade, and realize that some special point or object which will catch the eye is a necessity in his picture. Every pretty scene will not make a pretty photograph, while sometimes the most commonplace things, which would escape the attention of an uninterested or unobservant person, will strike the artist photographer, and he knows no rest until he has secured the coveted view. It may be but the bending limb of a tree, or the glinting of water through interlacing branches, or a few sleek cows quietly chewing the cud under a spreading oak, but if the composition is good the picture will be charming, and when admiring friends express surprise that he found a picture where they saw nothing out of the ordinary, he will congratulate himself that he possesses the gift of artistic sight which reveals to him

BACK-YARD VAUDEVILLE.

the beauties of the every-day world that are hidden from those who are of somewhat denser vision.

The taste of the public is becoming highly educated in this respect, and the demand for something new, yet always bright and interesting, must be satisfied. This is an education in itself, for if the public discriminates, so must the editor and the artist. The man or woman who does not care to read will always look at the pictures in a periodical, if they are attractive, and it is for this reason that publishers have made illustration a prominent feature of the magazines.

THE TRAVELER has become famous because of the beauty of its illustrations, though its word pictures are just as crisp and fresh and charming, and yet there are probably but few people who realize the amount of effort, and oftentimes hardships, which were necessary to procure the photographs.

Perhaps there were weary miles to be traveled on foot because the point could be reached in no other way; streams to be forded and mountains to be climbed; hunger and thirst to be endured because the exposure must be made at a certain time in order to secure the best light, and it was impracticable to carry a lunch; brambles tore the clothes and scratched the face, and, then, when a whole day had been spent in procuring two or three exposures, perhaps the negatives would prove failures and the experience would have to be repeated, if those particular views were necessary for illustration.

HOW BILL EVANS RODE FREE.

BERTHA A. CLOUGH.

"Yes?" said Bill, as he tipped back a little further in his chair and drew in a long whiff of tobacco, "Yes? Then I never told you fellers 'bout the time I rode free?"

"Well, fellers," said Bill—"A little somethin' to clear my throat, *if* you please," he remarked to the store-keeper, who was bar-tender as well, and was now lounging negligently beside the stove.

"Well, fellers," he repeated, as, drinking his whisky at one swallow, he passed back his glass for more, "you know, early in the fifties, I was ranchin' it in Arizona. I'd been there nigh about two years, an' I just naturally ached for a change of air. 'Twas in July, an' hot! A man could git a sunstroke settin' on a cake of ice, as easy as he could a bite if he stroked a rattlesnake!

"Well, one day I made up my mind I couldn't stand it any longer, so I packed my outfit, took all the pile I'd saved, and, askin' the boss for six months' leave, started on the stage next mornin' for old 'Frisco. It went through once a fortnight with the mail and didn't carry many passengers as a rule.

"'Twas cool in Frisco, though, with the trade winds from the ocean blowin' across to meet the breezes from the bay. The little town I'd left three years ago was growin' into a big city fast; an' I hung round there an' did the town, 'til I begun to think I was gettin' pretty well done myself. I'd doubled my money many a time, but I always lost it again. You see, I was green to city ways in those days—no match for the sharpers that filled the place.

"I'd just won enough to pay my way back, though, and with that in my belt, I was walkin' along Market Street one evenin', my mind made up to leave next day, when I heard footsteps behind me. Before I could turn I felt a blow on my head, an' the next thing I knew I saw the fog liftin' from the bay, an' 'twas mornin'!

"Everything was gone, naturally, but I'd made up my mind to go home an' I was goin'; so I went round to the office 'bout an hour before the stage started to see if I could work 'em for a free ride.

"I noticed there seemed to be somethin' up; an', when I'd told my story, the boss says:

"'You're just the man we want. Can you drive?'

"'Everything from a kangaroo to a mule,' says I.

"'Then take this stage back to Phœnix, and I'll give you free passage and board on the trip. Our driver, Jim Wilson, got his left arm shattered last night an' he can't drive her back alone, for there sometimes is likely to be a little trouble, an' a man with one arm ain't much good in a fight.'

"'I don't know how honest you are,' says he, 'but I give him orders to shoot on the spot if you try any games: an' Jim's a sure shot—even with one hand.'

"I might have told him, 'so was I,' but I didn't, 'an we started off.

"Jim carried his left arm in a sling. I didn't like his looks much, for he was one o' those hang-dog sort a fellows, always scowling, an' didn't talk but little.

"We jogged along all right though, 'til the second week out. We was right in the middle of the Mojave—nothin' in sight but sand and sage-brush—when I happened to glance up and saw Jim's arm was out o' the sling.

"'Arm better?' says I. But I knew then what I had suspected before, that his arm wasn't hurt no more'n mine was.

"'Yes,' he growled.

"Then he said, straightening up and looking at me:

"'My pal an' I have arranged this thing. If you let him have the boodle you're a live man! If not'—his hand was on his revolver, but I didn't wait for him to finish, an' I didn't waste good shot on him, neither!

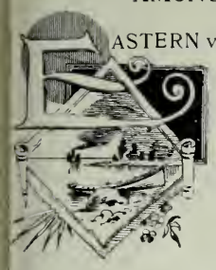
"I was drivin' with my left hand, but my right had been on the knife in my belt for the last three minutes, an' I let him have it where he needed it most.

"He rolled off the seat like a log, an' not a minute too soon: for I heard the galloping of horses' feet, an' saw a cloud of dust comin' towards me! I layed the whip on the animals an' away we went!

"Pretty soon I heard a rifle shot, an', when I turned to look, saw that I was losin', but that I had only one man to settle; so I pulled up an' waited. When he got within shootin' distance I raised my revolver just as he was raisin' his, and fired—once! He didn't return it, an' I drove on.

"Well, when I got into Phœnix, there was the driver I'd rode to 'Frisco with a waitin' to take the stage back; and I found that there was a hundred thousand in gold dust, besides the mail, stowed away in the concern I'd brought in; so I went back with him, an' we found Jim an' the other feller a waitin' for us on the road. The company gave me five thousand as a reward."

AMONG THE RESORTS.



EASTERN visitors, anxious to escape the rigor and severity of the Eastern climate, will soon begin to arrive at sunny Southern California. For years this section of the State has been a veritable Mecca for pilgrims beyond the Rockies. It is not surprising that it should be so, for, in the winter time, it enjoys one of the most superb climates on the face of the earth. In addition to that, Southern California has a host of attractions for the visitor—beautiful drives, delightful seaside resorts, mountain railways, and fertile valleys.

Just about this time of the year the hotels and resorts of the South are going through their usual renovating, preparatory to the winter's business.

Los Angeles is the diverging point for all tourists who visit this section, and the Hollenbeck Hotel has long been recognized as the main headquarters for the tourist. Since its present management took hold of it, nearly four years ago, it has made the most phenomenal progress, and to-day is, no doubt, the most popular, as well as most prosperous, hostelry in the South. Each year Messrs. Bilicke & Co., the proprietors, spend many thousands of dollars on improvements and modern conveniences, until to-day the Hollenbeck is strictly first-class and up-to-date in every sense of the word. Again, its location, in the very heart of the city, is a natural convenience. The general attention and universal courtesy extended toward its patrons, in connection with its many other advantages, have done much to popularize this hotel.

There are many who would likewise be interested to know that just opposite the Southern Pacific Depot there is an excellent little hotel known as the New Arcade Depot Hotel. A number of tourists prefer to be convenient to the railway station instead of going up town. To such as these, the New Arcade Depot will be found to be strictly first-class in every respect, bright, cheery, sunny rooms, and most important of all, the rates are extremely reasonable.

The Nadeau Hotel, once more under the management of H. W. Chase, still stands at the corner of First and Spring Streets, and is doing an excellent business. It is conducted on the European plan, and has always been recognized as a well-managed and pleasant hotel.

Out of Los Angeles many interesting jaunts may be made, and there are a large number of beautiful hotels and comfortable resorts that are well worth a visit.

SKETCHES NEAR SAN DIEGO.

Pasadena, only eight miles away, enjoys the distinction of having one of the finest hotels in the State, the Hotel Green. It is a magnificent, four-story structure, under the management of Mr. J. H. Holmes, and its interior equipment certainly cannot be excelled on the Coast. A large number of tourists make this their headquarters for the entire season, and we understand that a large number of applications have already been made for rooms during the coming winter. The rest of the hotels generally consider the inquiries at the Green as some index to the prospective trade for the season.

Up on the hill at Pasadena is the Painter, a pretty, homelike hostelry conducted by a gentleman of the same name. Here it is quiet but enjoyable, every effort being made by Mr. Painter to make his guests contented and happy. The register lying on the desk is proof positive that he has succeeded.

Of the seaside resorts is the well-known Santa Monica, surmounted by the imposing Hotel Arcadia. Santa Monica has always been a popular place, and being only an hour's ride from Los Angeles, receives a very large share of the tourist patronage during both the winter and summer months.

Again, there is Catalina Island, with the beautiful little town of Avalon just at the base of its high bluffs, completely free from even the mild ocean breezes that course along its shores. Catalina has been improved upon each year, until to-day, with its host of attractions, its splendid climate, its phenomenal fishing, its hunting, boating, and bathing, it certainly ranks foremost among the seaside resorts of this Coast.

Palm Springs is another delightful health resort not very far from Los Angeles, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. To those who wish a quiet, restful place and health resort combined, Palm Springs will be found to fill the bill.

One of the delightful trips in the South is over the surf line of the Southern California Railway, between Los Angeles and the incomparable San Diego with its equitable climate of world renown and one of the most beautiful harbors on the Coast. The Hotel Brewster is the best hotel in the city. It is often familiarly termed the "Little Brewster," more from the pleasant associations which one may recall after a visit there, than from its size. It is situated in the center of the city, and Mr. O'Brien, its proprietor, is acknowledged to be one of the most affable and courteous hosts in the State. Those visiting San Diego should, by all means, make their headquarters, while in the city, at the Brewster. It is especially remarkable for its neatness and the uniformly thorough system of its management.

The famous Hotel del Coronado, just across the bay, is in its customary prosperous existence, and those who have not visited it for some time since will find some remarkable improvements have been made, not only in the hotel itself, but in the extent of beautiful driveways that have been established within the past two or three years. The management is still under the direction of Mr. E. S. Babcock, which, for those who have known him, is at once a guarantee of the manner in which this hotel will continue to be conducted.

The Hotel Florence still stands upon Florence Heights above the city, and will no doubt retain its share of the tourist trade this season. It occupies a picturesque position, overlooking the Bay of San Diego, and has just been leased by E. E. Nichols & Son.

BEACH SCENE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

Taking it all in all, the attractions of Southern California are both numerous and diversified, and nearly all of them may be reached over the lines of the Southern California Railway. In this connection it is but justice to state that this railway company has done much toward the development of this part of the country in the pleasure-resort line. They are liberal in their advertising and in the character of their inducements to foster trade over their lines, and certainly deserve much credit for the acknowledged popularity of the South.

It is reported that El Paso de Robles Hot Springs have been doing a splendid business this season. Those who have never visited this famous resort should not fail to include it in their itinerary. It enjoys a dual advantage in the fact that it is both a pleasure and a health resort. The table at the hotel has always been considered par excellence, and much attention is given by the manager, Mr. E. F. Burns, to the entertainment of his guests.

The Hotel St. Nicholas, on the corner of Market, Larkin, and Hayes Streets, this city, has made, perhaps, the most phenomenal success of any hotel in San Francisco. Since its control by Ira R. and J. H. Doolittle, together with the management of Major Jos. Knowlton, Jr., it has advanced with astounding rapidity. The characteristic feature of the hotel is what may be termed its exclusiveness, in that every precaution is taken to reject the patronage of any whose general character and reputation may be in any wise questionable.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose has been doing an excellent business during the past season. It always does, and the indications point to a splendid winter trade from the tourist element. The Vendome is one of the representative hotels of the Coast, and deserves all the encouragement that it regularly receives. Mr. Geo. P. Snell, the manager, is still in charge, and is as energetic and courteous as ever.

Not far from San Jose are the well-known Pacific Congress Springs, which, this year, are under the direction of J. F. Pfetch, a young man of tact and ability. Many thousands of dollars have been spent on the premises since he became connected with the Springs. For those who desire a couple of weeks' restful and enjoyable outing, they will find these Springs a most delightful place to visit.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Mr. C. H. Harris, a genial gentleman and wealthy ranch owner in Texas, whose uncle, Mr. Isham Harris of Tennessee, has been for many years in the United States Senate, is fond of a joke, and on his last visit to San Francisco told me the following story on himself:

"One of the most annoying, and at the same time amusing, incidents in my life occurred at the time I held a contract to build one of our railroads down there. I had occasion to go to Dallas for the purpose of paying off a large force of men. In my valise I carried a check for $19,000 for that purpose. On the journey I had to spend all the ready money I had with me, and the consequence was that when I arrived at Dallas I was 'broke,' so far as coin in pocket was concerned. I had traveled on a freight train and by the time we pulled into Dallas I looked pretty rough, being tired, dusty and hungry, with three days' beard on my face. It was 3 A. M., and imagine my surprise and disgust when the hotel clerk refused to give me a bed on credit. Nor would he believe me when I told him who I was. Of course I had friends in town, but I couldn't wake them at that unholy hour, and I was too mad to show my check to a clerk who wouldn't take my word as to my identity. So I actually tramped the streets till daylight, with that $19,000 piece of paper in my valise. I had plenty of funds as soon as I could get a telegram home to El Paso, and my Dallas friends wanted to club that clerk; but, after all, he wasn't so much to blame, for I must have looked more like a tramp than a respectable citizen. It was rather rough on me, though."

Charmingly feminine are the furbelowed waistcoats worn this summer. The tailor-made girl's love for frills, and her pent-up longings for fluffy flummery in the drygoods line, find expression in the elaborated waistcoat, which gives a graceful and exceedingly attractive finish to the dullest and most humble of gowns. Three distinctly different waistcoats are, to all practical purposes, equal to the same number of gowns, at a merely nominal expense, for almost any girl with a knack at sewing, and an artistic appreciation of materials and colors, can evolve some very dainty designs in this adjunct to the wardrobe feminine. Even an ugly suit can be redeemed in this manner. Grass linen waistcoats are exceedingly pretty and fresh looking, and are best arranged in blouse fashion. Embroidered grass lawn guipure in ecru shade may be fulled over this, or the guipure may be placed over a foundation of the same color and bordered with narrow revers of itself. A very effective trimming is Honiton lace extending lengthwise of the front. The grass linen varieties are so numerous that they will harmonize with almost any gown. It is surprising what ingenuity can accomplish. A girl with a single solitary frock can make a really stylish appearance—if she have the necessary knack and even a very small amount of the necessary coin.

By all odds the most unique and startling recipe for the preservation of beauty and the attainment of longevity has been given to the world by an English lady, who avers that her ninety years of life and her well-preserved facial charms are entirely due to the fact that during an extended residence in Constantinople, while her husband was at court there, she learned to subsist on soup and to smoke cigarettes. This is rather shocking, but since the majority of womenkind would—to use an absurd comparison—be willing to die in order to live long and be always charming, the soup-cigarette cure may yet become the rage. The W. C. T. U. should send a committee across seas and across lots until it finds that venerable English person and persuades her to cease prescribing such curative and beautifying dissipations as soup and cigarettes.

When a man runs away from his wife and is accompanied in his flight by another woman than she whom he has promised to love, honor and cherish until death or the divorce court do them part, the public usually heaves a sympathetic sigh in reading the news thereof, and softly says, "Poor thing!" Now, wherefore, poor thing? It would seem that congratulations were in order. Surely to be rid of such a recalcitrant spouse is an unmixed blessing, and ought to bring deep joy to the girl he left behind him. Take for instance the case of one Oscar Neebe, the Chicago rioter, who, upon being pardoned, celebrated his release by eloping with another man's wife, whom he had known but two weeks. I tender my felicitations to Mrs. Neebe.

"Charlie had a windfall the other day," said some one to his friend in passing. "Windfall," I repeated to myself as I went on up the street. "Now where could such an expression have originated, to signify good luck?" The more I thought about it the more mystified I became. Windfall. What could it mean? It haunted me by day and pursued me by night, and just as it threatened to make a monomaniac of me—when my friends began to flee at my approach and reason was tottering on its throne—I solved the problem. All things come to those who ask questions, and one fine day fate cast me in the way of a learned man who let the light in upon my cranium. How I venerated that superior being he will never know. Said he:

"The origin of 'windfall,' dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was at that time a criminal offense to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down. Hence a heavy wind-storm was regarded by the peasants as so much good luck, and thus was evolved the modern application of the term."

Li Hung Chang, who by the way is one of the shrewdest men of affairs of the present time, and who turns the tables neatly upon his interviewers by cross-examining them in the most approved American-reporter fashion, was once heard to express a profound dislike for the European newspapers. This in a measure explains why the distinguished traveler brought his visit among us to such an untimely end. It was no doubt the American newspapers. He was not long among us, but still 'twas long enough to acquire a large-sized horror of them, compared with which his aversion for their English contemporaries must be as mild as a glass of skim milk. He probably could not stand the ordeal of which he got a foretaste. Hedged round and about by iron-clad customs of the Orient, our free and easy newspaper ways must have been a revelation to him. It is not difficult to understand why he should flee from the prospect of having seventeen hundred papers print seventeen hundred different portraits of him in countless editions and no two portraits alike. His celestial soul, perhaps, revolted at the certainty of hearing his voice in every phonograph that he might tap with a nickel, in speeches that he never uttered, expounding sentiments that he never expressed. Possibly he was pursued by nightmares of finding reporters dropping down upon him through skylights, waylaying him by day and camping on his trail by night. Perhaps, too, he was haunted by dreams that the newspaper artists, not content with remolding his features into new and strange shapes, would fall upon his cue and ornament the pages of the Sunday edition with coupon guess contents as to the precise number of hairs it contained; would make life-size drawings of his ears, and decorate the supplements with his feet. He may have known by some prophetic instinct that each day's mail would bring 1139 requests for his autograph, 992 letters of enquiry as to who was his favorite poet, 1001 burning desires to know the secret of eating rice with chopsticks. Depend upon it, Li had his reasons for making his escape. He will not be obliged to read an average of sixty-six columns a day of things he did not say, and the purport of which he cannot even surmise. Mr. L. H. Chang's Mongolian head is level, very level.

Another blow stern science deals;
Beneath its searching rays
The luckless oyster now reveals
Bacilli to the gaze.

That microbes lurked within a kiss,
Was sad to learn, I trow,
But never such a grief as this—
Oh, *must* the oyster go?

Lost, one by one, the joys we prized!
What will we women do
When ice-cream soda, analyzed,
Reveals bacilli, too?

Parrot stories are always interesting, more or less, and the wickeder the bird the more amusing the story is apt to be. Occasionally, however, a parrot of excellent behavior and respectable breeding will furnish entertainment of the most laughable description, as for instance that of the English showman, an anecdote concerning which was told me the other day. This showman owned a parrot that, to the admiration of the crowds, imitated perfectly the voice and words used by him when inviting the public to step inside the booth. One day the bird got lost and was being searched for when a loud noise was heard in the woods, caused by a chorus of wild screeches. Arriving on the spot the searching party found the unfortunate Poll perched on the branch of a tree, shorn of nearly all her feathers, and completely surrounded by a flock of shrieking crows, viciously pecking at her with their sharp beaks. It is almost as pathetic as it is funny to relate that, in perfect imitation of the showman's voice, the poor bird was saying: "One at a time, gentlemen! Don't crush so, please! Take your time! There's plenty of room!"

Have you ever been behind the scenes of a theater? No? Then take my advice and do not go. It is a blow to your ideals. Instead of finding that actors and actresses are gay prosperous personages whose lives are one round of applause, bouquets, glitter and glare, ease and fairylike splendor, you learn that they are the hardest worked people in the world, not even excepting newspaper people, and that there is no profession so heartbreaking in its disappointments, so elusive of success, so great a strain upon the nervous system as the theatrical profession.

Seated in your cushioned chair, relaxed for an evening's entertainment, idly scanning alternately your program, and the house through your opera-glass, with the easy consciousness that nothing whatever is expected of you excepting to sit still and not wear too large a hat; critical of the passing show before you, impatient of defects, and coldly disapproving when actor or actress falls short of perfection; wondering why the curtain should be a moment or two slow in rising—alas, you do not realize how graceless you are in your lack of charity. This is because you have never been behind the scenes.

It is a hard, hard life. Think of the daily rehearsals which mean hours upon one's feet—hours that frequently count two and three o'clock before genius in the form of a star, or humble utility in the form of a super, can appease its hunger. Such a thing as regularity of meals is of course unknown to the luckless Thespian. Every nerve is strained in an endeavor to please the public. They throw themselves upon the mercy of the world in general and the dramatic critics in particular. Fancy having to be flayed alive, empaled upon the point of a sharp pen, dipped in vitriolic ink, and roasted to a rich beautiful brown in the columns of a paper! No, thanks. One begs to be excused from the ordeal. Unhappy actor! Thrice wretched actress! There is no balm in Gilead for such as you, whether you woo your art conscientiously, or murder it ruthlessly.

If you have ever stood in the wings, screened from that sea of upturned faces, serene in your own security, and watched an actress go through a scene, leaving the stage with a smile upon her lips that freezes the instant she makes her exit, with nerves keyed up to the highest tension as she speeds breathlessly away to her dressing-room for the space perhaps of five little moments—if you ever saw this without a thrill of compassion for the one who has passed through such an ordeal, then, indeed, you must have a door-knob somewhere in your breast instead of a heart. Especially fatiguing are matinee days, which mean double work. When one takes into consideration the unhealthy excitement that continually surrounds an actress's life, it is a matter of wonder that she does not go to pieces some fine day with a snap and a quiver.

Late suppers, late hours, perpetual motion. Surely these are not conducive to repose of mind nor sweetness of disposition. After all, is it any wonder that actors and actresses marry and fight and divorce, and marry and fight again, and yet again? Is it surprising that they rasp each other's nerves? That they delight in throwing each other out of the window and indulging in all sorts of eccentricities as an escape-valve?

"If I could write," said Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault to me one night behind the scenes, while yet the applause of the house was sounding in our ears above the murmur of the orchestra, after she was out of audience range, "if I could write I would not stay five minutes on the stage." Just as if the critics wouldn't pursue you to your lair all the same, my dear actress. For the writer, like the actress, has the world for an audience. True, her personality is not in evidence, and the public knows not if her eyes be gaslight green or melting blue; whether she has inky fingers, wears goggles, or is as fair as a poet's dream. Nevertheless, the writer is in a less degree a target for criticism. The odd thing about it is that the criticism usually comes from people with addled brains who could not write three lines grammatically to save their obscure, inconsequent lives, while the dramatic critic is nine times out of ten a competent one.

Apropos of Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault, one night she was on the stage when the propertyman had failed to put a sheet of paper in its accustomed place, its duty being to serve as a letter from which she was supposed to read a message of love sotto voce to the audience. It was a front scene, and "faking" an impossibility. Something desperate had to be done and the lady did it. Swooping down upon the hidden and startled prompter she tore a leaf from his open book and the scene went smoothly on with scarcely any one the wiser for her narrow escape.

Apropos of Mr. Astor and the wealth that he has taken across the seas, the Woodland *Democrat* makes the following practical suggestion:

"If Mr. Astor should spend all his money in becoming an English lord, he could easily recoup by marrying an American heiress,"

ITEMS.

The new transatlantic steamer "Pennsylvania," which the Hamburg-American line are building, will be the largest freight carrying vessel in the world, having a capacity nearly double that of any similar vessel now afloat. The measurements of the "Pennsylvania," which is being built at Belfast, Ireland, are as follows: Length, 568 feet; beam, 62 feet, and depth, 42 feet. Her displacement will be 20,000 tons and her dead weight carrying capacity will be between 13,000 and 14,000 tons. She will be equipped with quadruple expansion engines giving a combined horse power of 7000. A speed of from 14 to 15 knots is expected to be developed. The "Pennsylvania" is expected to be launched in October, and she will ply between New York and Hamburg.

The frontispiece in this issue of THE TRAVELER will be recognized by those who appreciate art as one of the finest that has ever appeared in the journal, and it is but justice to give credit to the engraver who made it. It is the work of the Sunset Photo and Engraving Co. of 131 Post Street, San Francisco, and none will deny that it reflects on them much credit. They have recently added a most extensive line of modern machinery to their business until to-day they no doubt have as fine a plant for this work as can be found west of Chicago. A careful study of the frontispiece is evidence of their capabilities and character of workmanship.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

"My father," said the small boy to a visitor who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh! when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning he always says it's time to get up. And when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says—Time to go to bed, Tommy."

UP-TO-DATE LAW POINTS.

WM. C. SPRAGUE.

Few things are absolutely certain either about law or about automatic machines, but the decision of Judge Colston, at Edinburgh, Scotland, that the abstraction of butterscotch or chocolate from a "a nickel-in-the slot" machine by some other means than the deposit of the customary coin does not constitute theft, and the reasons upon which he bases his decision are both surprising and interesting.

Judge Skelton of Dallas, Tex., has adopted some of the methods of Solomon in his work on the bench. Several negroes were recently brought before him charged with vagrancy. They looked well fed, but were not much on style when it came to dress. The testimony against the first one tried made him out a chronic vagabond. But he was permitted to do a little swearing on his own behalf, and when he held up his hand to be sworn, Judge Skelton thought he saw corns in his hand and had him come nearer for a more minute inspection, with the result of finding that his palms were calloused and his fingers stiff as if from work with pick and shovel. "You are discharged," said the Judge, who, turning to the officers, said: "I am sufficiently up in the science of palmistry to tell whether a man is a laborer or not, and while the indications are against this negro, he is no vagabond." The prosecuting attorney insisted that the corns were obtained in climbing over back fences, but the Judge stuck to his Solomon-like decision and discharged the accused.

NEW GOLD.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

[*Written for "The Traveler" by Frank Deardorf.*]

After all the joy and gladness
Of a holiday,
Came a little sigh of sadness
From my child at play;
Followed by a deeper grieving,
While his playthings he was leaving,
To be placed away.

For this day he had been longing,
Time had gone too slow;
Now among the queries thronging,
This he wants to know:
And he asks between his drumming,
Why the good-times long in coming
Should so quickly go?

And the little eyelids tremble,
'Twixt the joy and fears;
All in vain can he dissemble
Swiftly rising tears;
Like the birth of poet-sorrow.
When he sees each glad to-morrow,
Ashes of the years.

While the flowers fade and wither,
Sweet is the perfume,
Linking old and new together,
Rising from their tomb;
Fairer flowers bloom forever,
We should lose their fragrance never
In a present gloom.

Though the ending of each morrow
Bring us bitter pain,
Still the end of deepest sorrow
Is to joy again;
For the morrow never-ending.
Joy with grief no longer blending,
Wait we not in vain.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

[*Written for "The Traveler" by Prof. J. P. Marron.*]

The happiest life on this earth is with sorrow
And heart-breaking trouble beset;
But the worst of all troubles are those which we borrow,
They burden the spirit with debt.

So let us be cheerful whatever appears,
And manfully meet all misfortunes and fears;
The sunshine of happiness beaming through tears
Makes a rainbow of hope for us yet.

A bright shining face is a gladness to view,
And in others sweet smiles will beget,
And kind words of friendship tho' ever so few
With other kind words will be met.

So let us be cheerful and happy and gay,
In brotherly love keep contention away,
And should little discords appear—as they may,
Just let us forgive and forget.

UPON MY FAN.

MINNIE MCINTYRE.

Upon my fan, with courtly air,
A couple, nonchalant and fair,
Move back and forth, with dainty grace,
Smiling into each other's face,
As if they found love's heaven there.

No sober thoughts disturbed the pair—
She with high heels and powdered hair,
He, with soft, ruffled frills of lace—
Upon my fan.

Ah, who would not these days forswear,
And stiff brocades and buckles wear,
In that idyllic time and place,
When Louis XVI. reigned a space,
And love with flowers pelted care—
Upon my fan?

The Poet (reproachfully)—So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me.

The Girl—Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"I FORGOT THE BUTTER." *Lamb photo.*

"And now, my son," said the loving father, "as you are about to go in business for yourself, it is well for you to remember always that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes, papa," said the high-browed youth. "That honesty is the best policy. And," continued the old man, "if you will study up on the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

A young bachelor, who had been appointed sheriff, was called to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, and said his attachment had been reciprocated.

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting."

"Mrs. P., this is no time for trifling, the justice is waiting."

"The justice! Why I prefer a parson."

Nell—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

Bell (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.

Edith—I cannot realize, my dear, that you are a mother.

Kate—Can't you? Come and spend a day with me and you will.

An Irishman, during the Belfast riots, was waylaid by a party of roughs and was asked what his political views were. He did not know to which side his interrogators belonged, but he surveyed their weapons and then answered, "Gintlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gintleman over there with the big shillelagh."

"Where did you go this summer?" asked one business man of another.

"We boarded in the country.

"Was it expensive?"

"Not very. We got a good deal for our money. My wife got the rheumatism. My boy, Tommy, got his leg broke, and little Mamie got poisoned with ivy, and all we paid was ten dollars apiece."

Boy—The teacher says that ducks fly at the rate of 200 miles an hour.

Father—That's nothing. Pheasants fly at the rate of a thousand miles an hour.

Boy—How dy'e know?

Father—I've tried to shoot 'em.

"This beefsteak is so tough, the knife won't go through it."

Restaurant Keeper (shouts)—Waiter, another knife for this gentleman

"I see you are in black; are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.

"No, I am in mourning for my sins."

"I never heard that you lost any," was the instant and keen reply.

Helen—Do you think a woman ought to work for her husband?

Kitty—I don't know; a little perhaps.

Helen—I mean after she gets him?

Kitty—The idea! Certainly not.

Upholsterer—Madam, this is a fine reception chair. Our latest design. Try it, please.

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It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer,* Props.

SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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REMINISCENCES OF A NATURALIST.

LORENZO G. YATES, F. L. S.

NUMEROUS reminiscences of old times were brought back by a recent trip from San Francisco to Alviso. The route was entirely new to me although the surroundings were very familiar, made up of bay, marshes, foothills, and mountains, through and over which, in years gone by, I had made many excursions and camping expeditions in search of shells, minerals, fossils, plants, and other objects of interest.

The placid surface of the bay with its fringe of dark evergreen trees, which, from a mirage effect, appear to be growing in the waters of the bay, the numerous piles of salt at the various salt works looming up like immense white tents against a background of green, and the abundant evidence of human industry, were in strong contrast with a rough voyage on the Pacific Ocean of a few days previous.

On this day the bay was an unbroken flood of sunshine, and the encircling mountain ranges, over which rested heavy clouds with silver linings, looked like an immense mirror set in a framework of emeralds and other gems, presenting an exquisite play of colors, from the darkest green of the Coast Range, with its covering of redwoods, the foothills in some places nearly black with their natural growth of chaparral, and patches of lighter green of the pasture land and cultivated ground, varied by the yellow stubble and the varying shades of the ripening grain, to the rich brown tints of the bare and barren surfaces of the Contra Costa Hills. As I looked around the vast amphitheater there was scarcely a canyon, gulch, or mountain peak which did not remind me of some expedition or incident in my past life. In the distant east Mission Peak brought to my mind a certain hot summer day when, with a friend, I attempted to scale its almost perpendicular southwesterly face in search of fossils, and became discouraged by the numerous rattlesnakes encountered; a canyon near-by where I had made a successful hunt for rare snail shells; another, where in company with another friend we spent a Fourth of July, and ended up by finding an entire jaw of a mastodon and a fossil molar of an extinct species of elephant; and lower down, near the salt marsh among the willows, where I had collected land shells and held inquests upon the dead bodies of murdered men and women, and men who had been found drowned; then the Alviso Hills, where I had spent many days and portions of many nights crouched in a hunter's blind shooting ducks and geese.

Then in the marsh I could trace the course of a slough on which I had fished for sturgeon, and, at low tide, gathered quantities of the gregarious and luscious oyster, or dug in the banks for the still more delicately flavored hermit, the Pholas or Borer, which furnished the most essential ingredient for many an old-fashioned clambake; and, in close proximity, the low deserted sites of old Indian rancherias which had rewarded patient search and labor by numerous interesting relics of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Looking over the summit of the first mountain range, the pine clad summit of a portion of the Mount Diablo Range brought vivid recollections of hunting and capturing the fleet-footed deer, and the suppers of fresh deer liver, the many meals of quail—not on toast, but fried, roasted, or, best of all, baked in the hot ashes of the social campfire; the long tramps on foot or horseback for the additional deer or the possible grizzly, mixed with recollections of successful trout-fishing, lively encounters with the gally-nipper—a bloodthirsty insect as large as a bumble-bee; hair-breadth escapes from the dreaded rattlesnake, and a night spent at a point which I could distinguish in the distance, where two of us were kept awake all night by the attention of a Californian lion, which was so much interested in us that he passed back and forth, like a sentinel, in the bed of a creek close to our camp, and every few minutes came so near that we could hear his footsteps as he passed in the dry, gravelly creekbed.

Other localities were remembered as having furnished fine mineral specimens, and lines of fences in the valley where many nights had been spent shooting the swift-flying widgeon as they came up from the bay to feed in the grain fields. Turning to the opposite side of the bay I was reminded of hours and days spent in botanizing in the Coast Range; the hunts for snail shells among the wooded slopes; the magnificent growth of ferns in the canyons; the cool water of the brooks, and the pleasant shade of the tall redwoods on the distant summit; a successful fossil hunt back of the San Bruno Hills.

Passing the old pier at Dumbaston Point brought back the incidents of "the boom!" when the town of Newark was started, with free rides, free picnics and accessories, and a free and easy time generally.

I was rudely awakened from these pleasant reveries by the discovery that the steamer had made a sudden turn and run her nose into the muddy banks of the slough, where she seemed to have settled down for a quiet time. I settled back to my reveries while the crew scrambled about among rudder chains, stern-wheel buckets, and ropes, in their work of replacing the steering gear. Eventually the steamer pulled herself out of the mud and headed for Alviso Landing. The narrowness and crookedness of the sluggish stream, and the effects of a strong wind which was blowing up the bay, caused us to fetch up in the mud several times before making a successful landing at the head of navigation, where the stage was waiting to carry us to San Jose, seven miles distant.

A correspondent of THE TRAVELER writes us some further information about the volcanic region on the Lower Colorado River, and graphically describes the character of the eruptions as follows:

"The convulsions of the large volcano on the outskirts of the valley last only a few minutes, and then ensues a period of rest varying from thirty-six to seventy-two hours. It takes twenty-four hours, however, for the ejected matter to cool sufficiently to permit of again approaching the crater. What the large volcano does is repeated on a smaller scale by all the other active volcanoes; and, as they are countless in number, it follows that the din of eruption is continuous and well-nigh deafening. Taken altogether it is a most awe-inspiring scene. The air is always murky with smoke and steam; and cinders, particles of dirt, and ashes drop so incessantly that one is covered with dark, yellow dust in a very few minutes.

"The most unusual curiosity in this strange, uncanny land by the Colorado River is what the naturalists in California call a lake of ink. Scientific journals have discussed time and again what this lake of ink really is. It is a great pool of black writing-ink, more than anything else. It is situated about half a mile from the large volcano just described, and lies flush with the ground. It is about an acre in area. The surface of the lake is coated with ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about half a foot, and the explorer in those parts who is not looking out for this freak of nature would be very apt to walk into it. Surveyors have found that the lake is some three hundred yards deep in some places, and no bottom can be found in others. There is nothing but theory as to the source of the supply for the lake, but no one seems to know the component parts of the acre of black fluid. The Indians say it is composed of the blood of bad Indians, who are suffering in their hell amid the volcanoes. Samples of the lake have been brought to Yuma and Los Angeles for test and examination. It has been found good for common marking purposes. Cotton goods that have been soaked with the strange, black fluid keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun, and the goods have a stiffness that is somewhat like weak starch. A gallon of the lake fluid was sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the other day for analysis." Curious formations of this character are always a source of interest to the general public as well as scientists, and the latter will await impatiently the result of the analytical report.

ABOUT BEARS.

Very few people know that bears take their regular baths whenever it is possible, and that they are naturally fond of water; but such is the fact.

They roam over the mountains and through the forests, dig open decayed logs for ants and worms, and secure all the hornets' and bees' nests they can, and tear them in pieces, and eat the young grubs, not infrequently being stung by the old bees. They pick berries of all kinds and eat them, and by this part of their living they appear to belong to the dry land animals; but the truth is different.

Bears are very fond of fish and are expert fishers. They show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, in their methods than many a chap I have seen about the lakes. I once came suddenly upon a large bear in a swamp. He was stretched out upon a large shell of a pine-tree lying across a brook which ran through the swamp from the mountains up north. He was so interested in his sport that he did not discover me until I had approached very near him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and what he used for bait. After I had stood a minute watching him catch and eat fish, he discovered me and appeared to have urgent business in some other place; for he at once leaped into the thick underbrush and made himself scarce. I had no gun with me, as I was setting bear traps and had a heavy load to lug.

The way he did it was this wise. There was a large knot-hole in the shell of the tree he was lying on, and he put his paw through that and into the water underneath and opened his great paw; then the trout and other fish would gather around and nibble at the inside of his paw, when he closed it so quickly as to secure his fish, which he immediately ate, all but the head; and I counted thirteen fish heads in one pile on the log. I set my trap in his path, for he had a well-beaten road from and to his fishing chance; and the next time I tended the trap, the old fellow was caught.

CAT DRINKING. *R.V. Morris photo.*

Bears also feed on frogs which they catch in the forest brooks, where they love to wade and wallow. They often swim narrow places in the lakes between shore and islands, to and from; also across rivers, and they are considered good swimmers. The young cubs unhesitatingly follow the mother bear into lake or river.

A bear will sometimes sink when shot while swimming in a lake, but not while the breath is in the body. I remember once that a man by the name of Leverett shot in the Cupsuptic Lake, Maine. The party rowed up to take the bear into the boat as he was floating on the surface. The guide took hold of the bear and the animal opened its mouth to bite him, and he let go and the bear sank.

A party of gentlemen from Boston with a guide from Upton were rowing up the Magalloway River when they saw a bear and three cubs swimming the river. They gave chase and came up with the lot of them. When they got near, the old bear inferred they were trying to capture the cubs, and she came near capsizing the boat; but they shot her. Two of the cubs got ashore; but the guide jumped into the river and secured the other cub, which they could not catch while in the boat. They finally landed and got the other two, but they had quite a circus.

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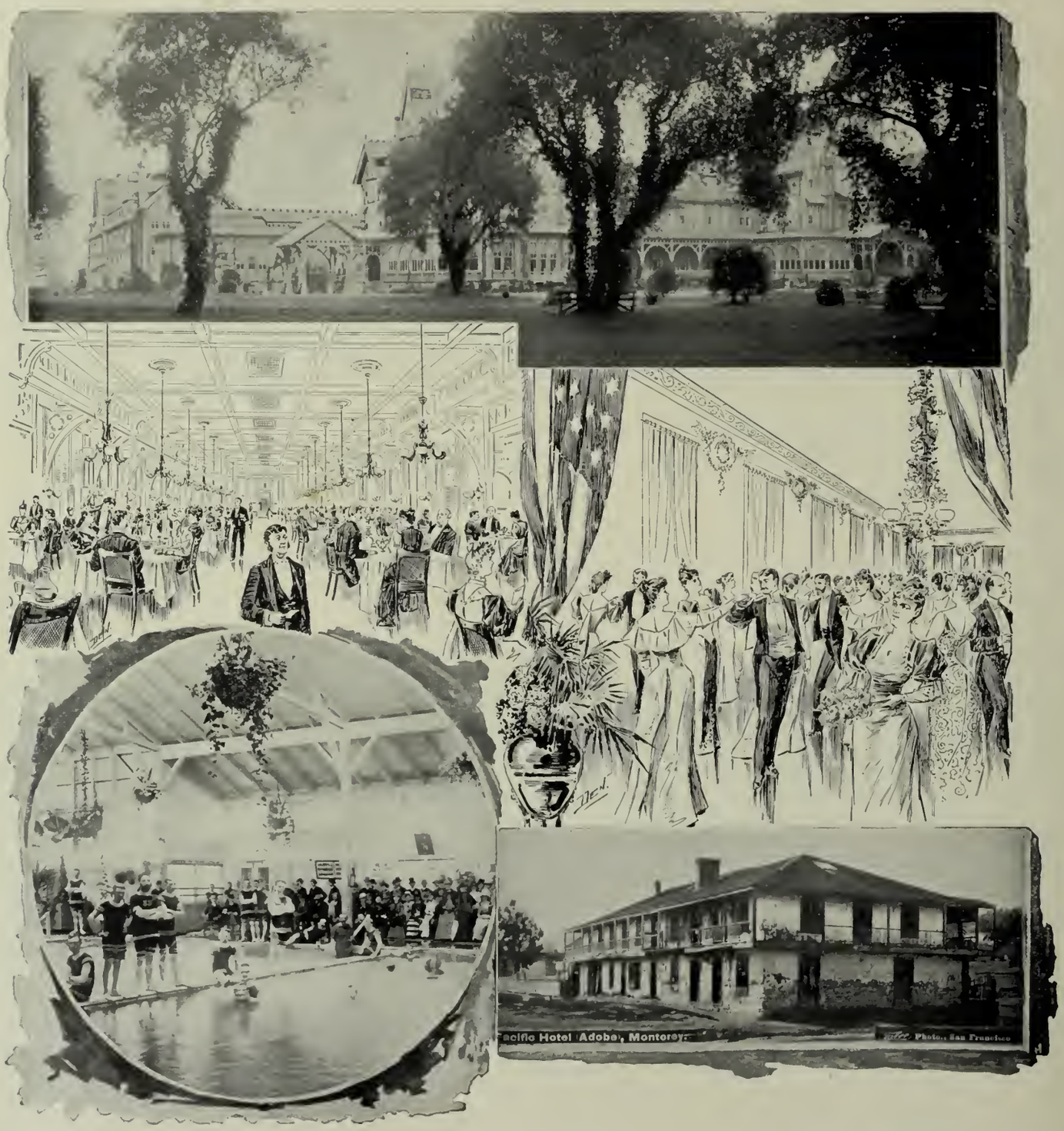
AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

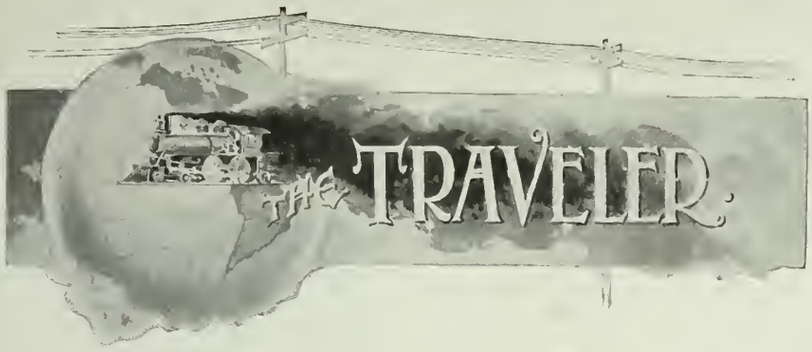
PRICE TEN CENTS. NOVEMBER, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE CRISIS.



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.



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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge,* reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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"THE CRISIS" is the title of our frontispiece this month, and is a reproduction of the famous oil painting originally bearing the caption of "The Doctor." This work was executed by Lukes Fildes, a member of the Royal Academy of London, England, and was represented there a few years ago, where it received the most phenomenal praise from the art critics, and was accorded first place over all other competitors.

The picture is at once fascinating, and engenders a pathos from all of a sentimental disposition. Those who know what it is to be blessed with beautiful children in whom is concentrated their whole store of affection and devotion, can better understand the beauty of this conception. The picture explains itself. The little child lies in the foreground upon an improvised couch, the best that the condition of its parents warrants; the fatal fever is at its heigbt; the general surroundings indicate the poverty of the father and mother, but when the last straw of hope has almost vanished they call in the best-known physiciau of the city, hoping that his ackuowledged skill will save their little one. The father and mother in the background give every evidence of their distress. The former is auxiously watching every quiver of the lip of the physician, every change of conntenance, looking for tbe slightest ray of hope in the expression of the doctor. The mother shows her despair, bnt, still clinging to some possible signs of encouragement, she bows herself in grief awaiting the passing of "The Crisis."

Look at this subject intently, reader, and, whether you may be father or mother, can you repress a tear?

ONCE more we wish to state that the subscription price of THE TRAVELER will be $1.50 per year, beginning with the issue of January 1, 1897. Attention to this fact is called to the announcement elsewbere in our advertising columns. Since

A LAKE COUNTY PAPOOSE.

we made our first announcement to this effect we have received a nnmber of letters and heard many remarks passed on the policy of this move, and we are gratified to state that in not a single instance we were informed that the move was unwise, nnwarranted, or unjust. On the contrary, we have been informed that it was surprising that this had not been done before. THE TRAVELER stands to-day as the leading monthly paper of the coast, without any exception, and the character of its work, its engravings, its reading matter, and general typographical excellence places it at the top of the list of Pacific Coast journals and magazines.

Our experience has proven that the class of readers on THE TRAVELER'S subscription list are of the very best; they are people of taste and people of means. Tbey represent the intellectual and tbe artistic, and if present indications are any index to the result, we not only know we will retain all our old patrons, but gain many new ones.

THE title of the December number of THE TRAVELER will be "Mariue and Christmas" number. If we do say it ourselves, this will be probably the most artistic number of THE TRAVELER that has ever been issued. It will be about twice the size of the regular issnes, and will contain a general review of the mariue interests of the coast.

We might add especially tbat we will publish two of the inside pages in colored half-tones in connection with a description of the Samoan Islands. The illustrations are very striking, and depict the characters and country just as tbey are in life. There will likewise be a complete review of the defenses of San Francisco Bay, the Life Saving Service, the Light Honse and Signal Service, a review of onr modern battle-ships, and a large number of other interesting articles in keeping with the subject.

THE Venezuelan question, the Cuban question and the late lamented Armenian question, have within the past few monthbs very forcibly drawn the attention of public men to that subject of international law known as the doctrine of intervention. Few questions in the whole range of international law are more difficult than those connected with the legality of intervention. Even in the case of fully sovereign states, and in regard to the conduct of the most powerful of them, restrictions upon unlimited freedom of action may be imposed temporarily by events and circnmstances, but they do not form permanent legal incidents of the political existence of the communities subjected to them. The right of independence conferred by international law upon each sovereign member of the family of nations naturally involves complete liberty on the part of every state to manage its affairs according to its own wishes; but sometimes another state, or group of states, when it is engaged in internal strnggle, or external conflicts, interferes to compel the statc to do something which of its own volition it would not do, or to refrain from doing something which preferably it would do. This is what we mean by the term intervention, and history is full of instances of it.

Intervention, however, to be clearly understood, must be distinguished from mere advice which a friendly state may give without any idea of compulsion; from mediation by a third power at the request of one or both of the parties to the dispute, where there is no promise to accept the terms proposed by the mediator or any intention on its part to enforce their acceptance; and, finally, from arbitration, which is the determination of a question which the contestants have agreed to refer to an independent tribnnal whose award they have beforehand agreed to accept.

PREHISTORIC RUINS IN ARIZONA.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

PEOPLE who are interested in archæology and ethnology have long had their attention directed toward the ruins of the cliff-dwellers in Northern Arizona and in Southern Colorado by the important researches made by the expeditions under the direction of Frank Cushing, and also under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The literary magazines and newspapers have published a vast amount of information about the lives, environments, origin, and remains of the strange little people of the cliffs, but there are comparatively few persons, outside of Arizona and New Mexico, who know that in Southern Arizona there is a field for study of archæology and tehnology far more interesting and of wider range. So eminent authority as Major J. W. Powell, recently of the United States Geographical Survey, is quoted to the effect that the Aztec remains in the Gila Valley, within a radius of thirty miles of Phœnix, offer a stupendous field for research by ambitious archæologists. The field has all of the weird mystery that envelops the age of the cliff-dwellers, and there are, besides, abundant evidences of a more complete civilization and extensive mode of livelihood. Conservative estimates put the population of the races in the Gila country at fully 2,000,000.

The Gila field of study of Aztec remains has been but little explored, because of its comparative inaccessibility, the intolerable dry heat there during two-thirds of each year, and the total lack of water where it is wanted. The mining prospectors, who have tramped for years over all the mountains and through every valley in the Territory, have given no heed to prospecting in the localities of the prehistoric remains in the Gila country, because, no water existing, it would be useless to attempt to develop a mine there, even on good surface indications. An expedition under Frank Cushing did some work near Los Muertos (which is known in the Southwest as the Pompeii of Arizona), but, with the breaking down of his health, all exploration by a scientist in the Gila country came to an end. The area in which these remains of a vast race of prehistoric people are to be found is some three hundred square miles. It extends from the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers eastward to the Superstition Mountains, and from Phœnix on the north almost to the Mexican line on the south. Near Casa Grande the most extensive Indian remains are to be found. Hundreds of acres

AZTEC RUINS NEAR CASA GRANDE.

there strewn with pre-Columbiau relics show that comparatively no attention has been given them by explorers and students.

South of the Gila there are some mountains, but they are fewer and of less altitude than those to the north. Though mountain and plain are alike desert, there seems to have been a smaller flow of lava, and though the mountains are of igneous formation, only in a few instances do they show extinct craters, and the valleys and mesas are wastes of sand once cultivated by these people.

It is the land of the mirage. The reflecting power of the dry air is something wonderful, and last week at one time, without moving out of my position, I witnessed three of the most complete mirages I ever saw during my long experience in the desert. On one side rose a city with towers that reached to the clouds, while on the other was portrayed a portion of the desert breaking off into what appeared to be a vast forest, and it seemed so real that I imagined I could see the limbs sway by the force of the wind.

This country is a ruin from one end to the other. All parts of it bear unmistakable evidences of irrigation canals several hundred miles long, and built with exactness and skill, and of cities of 30,000 and 40,000 population. One can walk for miles, and every foot of the sandy surface is more or less mixed with pieces of broken pottery from the size of a dollar up to as large as one's hand. The paint is still on these pieces, and is not in the least faded, though it has lain exposed for countless ages. In the particular locality of Mesa City and Tempe an overflow from the Gila in some distant age has washed against the ruins until they have crumbled down and spread out level with the country. In many places the ollas and other earthenware may be picked up on the surface, due undoubtedly to the action of the water on the surrounding earthen walls of the buildings.

Back ten miles from the Gila River the ground is higher, and was once the site of a city, as portions of the wall by which it was protected are still standing more than twenty feet in thickness. Inside are the mound-like ruins of the houses, which, being less durable, have crumbled down. The buildings must have been very large, for in some instances the mounds are 300 feet in length by 200 feet in width and 20 in height. The dimensions of the space inclosed by the wall are about 50 miles by 3, though the evidence is very strong that the overflow destroyed much more than half of the ruins. Seven miles south of the Mexican town of Mesa is the ruins of a great structure that must have been a public hall or priest assembly house. The walls and roof seem to have been crushed together by some extraordinary force, and to have formed piles of debris. Immense wooden beams are still extant in the remains, and there are literal wagon loads of stone mortars, painted jars, ollas, and jugs in a whole and broken condition in the debris, where they have probably lain for several centuries. Not so much as a pickax has ever been thrust into the mass of ruins.

Much of this low land is very little higher than the present bed of the Gila, and at one time a branch of that stream must have flowed into the basin and formed a natural reservoir. There is an altitude about ten feet greater at one point between the basin and the river, and the formation here is a kind of sandstone, which shows unmistakable signs of having been cut by artificial means, perhaps with the idea of assisting the entrance of the water by enlarging the passage.

In this depression, which is about two miles each way, there are no evidences of buildings having existed, further than the bits of pottery, which are not so numerous as at other places, and might have been deposited there in the wash of the overflow.

Five canals lead out of the basin, all on the south and west, which confirms the belief that it was once a reservoir chiefly formed by natural causes, and

AZTEC RUINS AT CASA GRANDE.

which these people used to store water to provide against the periods of drought. If the depth had been very great in this basin it would have caused an overflow on the west, which must have been prevented by a mud wall or dam, though if such a structure existed there is no longer any evidence of it. Its absence, however, is not conclusive that it never existed, for the great overflow of the river would have swept it away as a feather before a storm.

The prehistoric city is laid out north and south—at least in a majority of instances the streets run to the cardinal points. The walls seem to vary a little from this rule, in fact are crooked in places, as if they might have been constructed for the support of bastions or other towers of defense. This city and the one containing an old fort further down the river are the only ones that the writer ever found showing any evidences of preparation for warlike offense or defense. It seems that the races who lived in this Gila country were either so numerous that they feared no attack, or they had no enemies with which to contend. In the history of any country, either ancient or modern, its fortifications are the strongest and most durable of its structures, and if these people had any preparation of the kind, such evidence would surely exist as is found at Acoma and other points in New Mexico.

Everything points to the proof of the theory that the pueblos of New Mexico are much more modern than the ruined cities of the Gila Valley, and in all probability at the time of their existence the prevailing conditions were quite different, and it was unnecessary to protect the people against the incursions of enemies.

South of Phœnix on the mesa are the ruined corrals or stockpens in which their animals were kept. Many finds prove the purpose for which they were used. What the animals were is not so easily determined, but on slates found in ruins south of the Salt River are splendid figures of llamas, now only grown in Central and South America, and used as beasts of burden there. These pens might have been for the purpose of securing their herds of sheep; and without the finding of these slates, on which the figures cannot be mistaken, one would be inclined to that opinion. As it is, however, the solution is not difficult.

In the ruins that have best withstood the exposure of the ages, many interesting specimens of the ceramic art have been found. Ollas of all shapes and sizes, urns containing the ashes of the dead, which were either placed in mausoleums or kept in the houses of friends, and jars partly filled with parched corn and beans were found in a remarkable state of preservation and should prove of great interest to scientists.

It seems as if the entire city had been swept by a flood and the earthen houses melted down, or they were shaken by some terrible earthquake and toppled into a thousand fragments, giving the inhabitants barely time to escape. Few of the skeletons that the amateur diggers in the ruins have taken out show signs of mutilation or have broken bones, but their prehistoric owners appear to have died of suffocation or some natural cause that left no mark upon the frame. In working in several spots where bones have been found, deeper digging has brought to light unusually large quantities of bone meal, as fine and light as gunpowder. In one spot near Tempe several tons of bone meal have been found recently, lying in what appears to have once been a trench some seventy feet long and two deep, nine feet below the surface of the sunbaked earth.

The edges of the deposit of bone dust were broken and uneven, so that it could not have been made as a place of burial. Does it consist of the decayed bodies of animals, or is the dust that of human beings? If the latter, was it the result of funeral rites, or were the bodies deposited there by some great flood that came over the land without a moment of warning?

The majority of the skeletons discovered in the Gila Valley, during the meager attempts at exploration, are found in good condition, and it is, therefore, not easy to reconcile this fact with the finding of the great deposits of bone dust. If the destruction of the millions of pre-Columbians who dwelt here was brought about by fire from volcanoes, the people rushed to what seemed to them places of safety, and left their homes almost tenantless. Perhaps ages afterward the great flood that deposited the granite wash throughout the country came and swept the skeletons into lower places, where they remained wet for a long while, and were subject to rapid decay.

One of the most interesting of recent discoveries is a slate, now in the possession of Dr. C. J. Dyer of Phœnix, and on which are both pictures and writing that may sometime throw much light on the many questions with regard to this strange region. The slate was found at a depth of eight feet, and was evidently in a dwelling, for in the same building were discovered cooking utensils and skeletons of both children and adults, as if the catastrophe that destroyed them had caught them in the performance of their daily household duties.

Near the same place other inscriptions are found on the mountain sides, but they are all characters with none similar to that on the slate. Of course any opinion as to the meaning of the inscriptions would be more or less theory. So far the inscriptions of these people have baffled the scientific world. There is little question that the writing of this people will some day become intelligible to us, but until then their history and the time of their existence will be more or less of a mystery to the civilized world, and little else than theory will account for their strange and total extinction.

HYPNOTISM IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

W. A. CROFFUTT.

It is about a year since I first found out that I could mesmerize some young people of my acquaintance. The domination of them proceeded by easy stages; first, closing their eyes against their wills; then preventing them from rising out of their chairs; then controlling all their voluntary muscles. During this preliminary control they were entirely conscious of what was occurring, and freely expressed their astonishment at their inability to open their eyes, to move, or what not, and were filled with profound amazement when they discovered that they had lost the use of their tongues and could not speak. This muscular control is the first stage, and is shortly followed by illusions imposed by the mesmerizer, in which all the senses play tricks with the subject, failing in their office as faithful sentinels and conveying false impressions in every direction.

At my reception of last Tuesday night quite a number of notables assisted. Senators Ingalls, Platt, Morgan, Spooner, and Harris were present with their families, with some half a dozen Congressmen, General John C. Black, Commissioner Oberly, Governor Colman, Public Printer Benedict, Generals Stevenson and Bryant, Assistant Secretary Muldrow and others.

TRANSFERRED TO DREAMLAND.

Six sensitives responded, and as one by one they passed into thraldom, losing their identity in the land of dreams, it became obvious that the experiments were entirely new to several of the assembly. Questions were invited, and conversation with the mesmerized was permitted. The latter was unsatisfactory, of course, as a sensitive fully mesmerized is only vaguely conscious of his real surroundings and unable to converse coherently.

The doctors of the Pension Medical Board were deeply interested and inquisitive, and Doctor Ward attempted to talk with a young gentleman who was personating Senator Edmunds.

"Where are you at this moment?" said the Doctor.

"Here, on the Senate floor," said the sensitive. "What right have you here?"

"Don't you know that you are not on the Senate floor at all?" said the Doctor, "and that you are not Mr. Edmunds, and you are likely to be arrested?"

A "STONE IDOL." *Chas. Lamb photo.*

"See here!" exclaimed the mesmerized man to me, excitedly, "this man is as crazy as a bedbug. He ought to be put out!"

The Doctor laughed. The sensitive man advanced upon him menacingly, and I had to recall him to the other side of the room by another imperative suggestion.

"It is very odd," said Senator Ingalls. "They seem to be conscious of incongruities and contradictions, while their present condition is an inversion of all reality."

"It is like a dream," said Mrs. Senator Spooner, whom I knew twenty years ago in Madison, Wis., as an exceedingly capable and interesting schoolteacher.

I concurred that it was exactly like a dream; for, as in a dream, only the unreal appeared to be true. A mesmerized person will reason with his accustomed accuracy; will perform correctly a problem in mathematics; will remember poetry, sing, make speeches, write essays, as will a person in a dream or in an insane asylum.

SELF-MESMERISM.

In fact, we are all mesmerized once a day—at night, when we go to sleep—for sleep is self-mesmerism. The only difference is that a person asleep is generally unresponsive. Somnambulism and insanity seem to me exactly analagous to mesmerism, and I have a theory, suggested by my thousands of experiments, that many, if not all, lunatics are in a trance, imposed by some shock or some strange combination of circumstances, and that, if an ingenious operator could find the key to it, they could be aroused and let out of thraldom into freedom. Of course this is an audacious guess, and I am not certain that it is correct; but it is certain that my sensitives are all temporarily lunatics. They live for hours at a time in the roseate realm of hallucinations, and at any moment they can be instantly led out of dreamland by the hand that locked them in. While dwelling there they are happy in their very thraldom. They do not know their own name, or age, or sex, or nationality, or color, but will accept any suggestion from the operator. They do not know where they are, and if they move they fall over chairs, knock down lamps, tread on spectators, and run against the wall without seeing it. I could make any one of my sensitives fight with anybody, or commit suicide, or jump down a well or off the roof of the house headlong, but not one of them could find the door if the house were afire without being led to it.

AN ENCHANTED CARPET.

We made a trip to South Africa on "an enchanted carpet," which I evoked from a rug lying at the door—sailing over seas and ships, to the great terror of my companions—and there we fought with tigers and caught ostriches for their feathers. A young lady of the party had her sympathies deeply touched by the wretched condition of the people, and wanted to do something for their relief. General Cutcheon, member of Congress from Michigan, asked a good many questions as to the condition of the sensitives, and ascertained that neither they nor the mesmerist were fatigued by the experiments, even by the simultaneous oratory induced by an unsatisfactory and noisy game of poker, where three mesmerized young men played with a phantom, whom I introduced to them as 'Mr. Smith, of Kalamazoo," and whom they requested, solicited, abjured, and commanded to "put up his money where they could see it," and whom at last they treated with violence when he failed to exhibit his wealth after he had stayed in. They knocked the shadowy specter off his chair and wiped the floor with him, to the great amusement of the unseen audience.

One of the sensitives, Mr. Anderson of the Interior Department, I rendered cataleptic, paralyzing one side so that he could have had an arm or leg amputated without pain.

In its service as an anesthetic lies the real use of mesmerism, so far as at present known, even to Professor Carpenter, its most accomplished master, but it certainly yields to the intelligent observer heaps of harmless fun.

On August 1, 1891, T. D. Connell, a well-known Ohio business man, was shot in a Pullman car near Waynesborough, Va., and died a few days thereafter.

The motive for murder or the identity of the murderer never became known. The attack was so quiet that even some of those who occupied berths adjoining Connell were not cognizant of what had taken place.

The executor of Connell instituted suit in the Richmond Circuit Court against the two companies named for $10,000 damages. The plaintiff claimed that it was the duty of the defendant companies to use due and proper care that the plaintiff should be safely and securely carried and protected from injury while on the train.

The defendant demurred and the court sustained it. The Supreme Court affirmed that demurrer, Judge Kenneth, the president of the court, writing the opinion. He holds that the injury to the deceased was from extraordinary causes, which the defendant could not have foreseen nor well guarded against. It is not even shown that the companies' employees knew or supposed that such danger was imminent to Connell and consequently were not responsible.

The court said that this was one of the first cases of the kind ever considered by it or by any other tribunal in the State. It certainly was an extraordinary case.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEWIVES.

MARY C. RIPLEY.

EVERY room must be "colonial" at one time, seventeenth century French at another, Napoleonic, or modern, just as fashion dictates. Walls are somber and dark through one decade, and gay and bright through another. Hangings are heavy and costly at one time, light and diaphanous at another. In a way fads influence every class, for the habit of imitation controls the taste of the middle classes. Historical crazes, for instance, are indisputably valuable, for in order to compete with other designers the artist must study up the period and introduce unthought-of novelties.

Apropos of periods in decoration: A progressive spirit actuated the owner of a little home in New York, not long ago, to make use of each passing fad and freak of fashion by arranging one corner of her drawing-room in the prevailing style. Her tea-table corner, however, was her joy and delight. At one time a Louis XV. screen, with its unmistakable scrolls and flowing lines, served as a background for a table. Sèvres cups and saucers, bearing the mark of the period when the king owned the Sèvres factory, were a choice heirloom which appeared when her corner was decked in honor of that sovereign. A few bits of furniture displayed the curved lines and ormolu brass ornamentation known as "Rococo," and a tiny painting after the style of Watteau was hung on the side wall over the tea-table. The linen doilies were embroidered with baskets of flowers, and the little tea-gown worn by this enterprising hostess was an old brocade in style of La Pompadour. Modern Sèvres, in imitation of that used by Napoleon, adorned the little tea-table, ornamented by an occasional ormolu wreath. An old Empire chair held the little hostess when she donned her short-waisted gown and gave a "Josephine Tea" to her admiring friends. She sat herself down in a huge old colonial chair to work upon a sampler and await her guests. Ingenious indeed were these methods of securing effects, and suggestive to all who feel it worth while to make the modern home a fitting sequel to the ages that have preceded it.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Every detail of home-life is receiving its share of attention; colleges are adding departments of domestic science; practical subjects are being discussed by women in their clubs; and daily and weekly papers are giving space to the discussion of the most vital questions bearing upon home-life. Women were never so busy as they are now with outside matters, and yet housekeeping was never so truly an art and never so well managed as it has been since women of affairs have undertaken to prove that the most efficient housekeepers are those who have learned the secret of so systematizing the duties of life. It is by no claptrap methods that housekeeping is to be simplified, but by an intelligent comprehension of the needs of the case, and a conscientious determination to conquer difficulties, and as far as possible solve all problems.

EMPIRE STYLE.

The National Household Economic Association, with its far-reaching aims, purposes to establish a branch in every city of the country, and already in Eastern cities such branches have been formed and are now working most successfully. The Association has made a survey of the whole field open to women, and has dignified the most trivial service by placing it in a department by itself, and by inducing women to become proficient in what they have attempted to do. The departments in some of the "Household Economics Clubs" are very numerous, and housekeepers can supply themselves, by application to the Club Secretary, with trained help for any purpose whatever. Training schools are connected with these clubs, and are frequently endowed, so that scholarships are free. With a record of fine work accomplished the H. E. Club in Syracuse has classified its departments in a way worthy of imitation. Beginning with the more menial methods of earning a livelihood, "House-cleaning," "Sweeping and Light Cleaning," and "Family Cooking by the Day," there follows a department under head of "Party Service," including "Catering for Luncheons," "Attendance on Dining and Dressing Rooms," "Attendance for Door," "Writing of Invitations, Addresses, etc.," and "Piano Playing for Dancing." Then comes the domestic art of sewing, under heads of "Dressmaking," "Making of Children's Clothes," "Fine Sewing of all Kinds," "French Accordion Plaiting," "Making of Buttonholes and Embroidery," "Mending and Cleaning of fine Laces," "Mending of Eastern Rugs," "Quilting and Tying of Comforters," "Sewing of Carpets," and "Knitting Mittens and Slippers," etc.

Showing need of still further skill and education, there are departments of "China Decoration," "China Mending," "Painting in Oils and Water Colors," "Decoration in Water Colors, Menu and Dinner Cards, etc.," "Making of Lamp Shades, Photograph Frames, etc."; and still higher education is needed by those applying for opportunity to give instruction on the "piano, banjo, mandolin, and violin," in the "languages," in "physical culture," and in all the "English branches."

"Governesses," both resident and visiting, enter their names on the club list, and "chaperones" can in the same way make known their qualifications. In a perfectly organized H. E. club papers are read on all of the subjects of interest to "Home-makers" and "Home-helpers," in which the evolution of the house and all in it is traced, and progress from ancient to modern methods noted.

WITH THE CHAFING-DISH.

An appetizing relish for the midday luncheon may be easily concocted by an amateur cook:

"Eggs á la caracas."—Free two ounces of smoked beef from the fat, and rind and chop very fine; add one cupful of canned tomatoes, using as little liquid as possible; ten drops of onion juice; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika (or a dash of cayenne); a little cinnamon; two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and one tablespoonful of butter. Put in the chafing-dish and stir well, and when smoking hot add three eggs well beaten; stir until of the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve with this dainty lettuce sandwiches and olives.

THE HOME CALENDAR.

The thirty-first of October, well known by all pleasure-loving young people as "All Hallow's Eve," or "Hallowe'en," is said to be a relic of paganism, and to be connected in no way with the church observances of the following day. The belief regarding All Hallow's Eve is, that the supernatural has power over the natural at that time, and that, in one way or another, the unseen forces must be pacified, and their influence sought for good luck through the coming year. Legends have come down to us to indicate the ways and means that should be employed to make "Hallowe'en" the jolliest sort of a celebration. In preparing for the entertainment country folk have the greatest opportunity, for a big open fire is almost necessary for the nut-cracking, which must be in this wise: Three nuts must be placed on the hearth in front of the fire. The young girl desirous of settling her fate names two of these nuts after her lovers. If a nut jumps or cracks, that lover will prove unfaithful. If it begins to blaze, that lover for whom the nut was named has lost regard. If the nut named after the girl and one named for a lover burn together, they will be married.

After the lassies have stepped forward to discover their fate, and have retired with either pleasure or distress, the lads are called forward by the "guidwife" to try their fate in the "Dishes of Luggies." One dish with clear water, and one with muddy water, and one empty dish, are placed on the hearth. The lads are blindfolded and then bade to walk forward and touch the water in the dishes with their fingers. If the lad dips into clear water he will marry the maiden upon whom his thoughts are fixed while he is trying the experiment. If he touches the muddy water he will marry a widow, unknown to him at the time. If he touches the empty dish he will remain a bachelor. Again the lassies are called to the front, and a hand mirror given to each one, and also an apple. Slowly they begin to eat their apples, looking steadily in their mirrors. The faces that appear in the glasses, looking over the shoulders of the maidens, are to be the husbands decreed them by fate. Much sport generally ensues, as those who particularly desire to honor the lassies are apt to steal up with the spirits to steal glances from the happy eyes reflected in the mirrors. As this whole ceremony is performed very silently, the suppressed laughter of the lookers-on provokes great merriment. Melted lead dropped into water is an old method of discovering some future happening, as the lead is supposed to take significant shape while cooling in the water.

COLONIAL STYLE.

THE NEEDLE.

Many stitches will be necessary to equip womankind for the coming season, for though less thought and time will be spent upon sleeves, skirts are to be trimmed, and the fashionable maidens and matrons are to have their charms enhanced by the lavish use of the softest velvets.

Birds of all feathers are flocking together to settle upon my lady's winter hat, and many women who have pledged their faith to the Audubon Society will be obliged to pacify their consciences in some way or other, or else appear unmindful of la mode.

The unprofessional conduct of a number of the members of the New York bar in the matter of attempts to get clients in damage suits has finally become such an abuse that Magistrate Cornell of the Essex Market Police Court has felt it necessary to ask one of the members of the bar to call the attention of the Bar Association to the subject. A number of New York law offices seem to watch the papers every morning for accidents out of which damage suits can possibly be manufactured and then send their agents to see the parties and endeavor to get the case. A woman was recently knocked down and run over by a wagon on Essex Street, and shortly after the papers came out her husband was besieged by agents of over a score lawyers who wanted to take his case. So persistent were they that several of them engaged in a fight over a dispute as to who saw him first. One lawyer, finding that his agent had no chance in the rush, thought to steal a march on his fellow-attorneys and their agents by instituting a suit while the others were trying their wiles upon the husband, so he brought an action for $10,000 damages and notified the husband by letter that suit had been begun and that he would consider himself entitled to one-half of any money realized from the suit. This cool proceeding did not quite suit the husband or the attorney whom he had personally engaged to look after the matter, and the result was that they applied to Magistrate Cornell for a warrant for the attorney's arrest.

THE BIG TREE GROVE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

IMAGINE, if you can, stepping from the garish sunlight, the bare slopes, the noise and distraction of the train, into the solemn stillness, the cool duskiness, the sublime vastness, of this most perfect of the works of the Creator.

Around the house, which offers the conveniences of parlor and dining-room, the earth is swept clean, and tables and benches give evidence to the fact that "basket parties" frequently visit the spot.

It is pleasant to leave this cleanly garnished, civilized part of the grove and wander off into its solitudes; to gaze upward along the straight strong trunks to where the knotty, abbreviated branches jut out aggressively from the parent stem; to catch glimpses of blue sky with floating, fleecy clouds in the intervals of space between the foliage; then to wonder what manner of seed so large a tree would produce, and in answer to the thought, to poke and rake among the heaps and layers of dead leaves and twigs that cover the cool earth.

The grove is not composed entirely of redwoods, but a few specimens of maple, fir, pine, oak, sycamore, madrona, and laurel are found also.

The big trees cover an area of sixty acres, which is owned by the Welsh estate. Contrary to popular opinion the trees are not of the same variety as those composing the Sequoia Groves of Mariposa, Tuolumne, and Tulare Counties. The species there seen is the *Sequoia gigantea*, while that represented in the Santa Cruz Grove is the *Semperverian gigantea*. The trees are never, unless by other than Nature's planting, found in the same locality, though a peculiarity common to both species is the tenacity with which they cling to life. Though cut and marred and burned until their grace and symmetry have been destroyed they remain hale and hearty, defying alike the elements and the instruments in the hands of men. Even after they have fallen they wither slowly, and decay fights hard for supremacy.

Think of a living tree with a hollow space within its trunk 14 by 16 feet in size! It was in this natural apartment that General Fremont and his party camped while exploring the surrounding country. For six weeks in the year 1846 this was their home. Later it was occupied by a trapper and his family, and several of his children were born in the recess of that towering tree. The holes that he cut to admit light and air may still be seen, but the stovepipe no longer protrudes from one of these apertures, that its blue smoke might curl upward on the odorous air. The tree bears the name of General Fremont, and is 46 feet in circumference and 275 feet high.

It seems very strange that the desire to see one's name before the public permeates the majority of people; as evidence of this is the vast number of cards tacked up on the trees. The inside walls of General Fremont are papered with them, while on what seems almost inaccessible heights on The Giant, Jumbo, General Grant, and scores of others, are to be seen the little squares of white cardboard.

If whirling gusts of wind sweep through the pillared aisles of the grove in the waning of the year, what a strange and motley collection of leaves they will twirl from the gnarled trunks, and what a come-down it will be for some of the best known names in our land.

The memory of Jumbo is perpetuated in the tree which bears his name, for on its trunk are huge protuberances which bear a marked resemblance to the head of an elephant. The tree is a Jumbo in size, too, rising to a height of 270 feet, with a girth of 48 feet.

The largest single tree in the grove is the Giant, 60 feet in circumference and 300 feet in height at present. He used to reach 75 feet nearer to the clouds, but some years ago a sportive wind beheaded him.

One of the most peculiar growths is that of the group known as Ingersoll's Cathedral, named by Colonel Robert Ingersoll. It is composed of several trees so welded together as to seem but one, the whole measuring 95 feet in circumference and 300 feet in height. It offers seating capacity for a limited number and one may choose the height at which he wishes to rest.

One of the trees, familiarly known as "The Boss," was found by careful computation to be over 1000 years old.

Among other trees of note are the "President Harrison," 65 feet in circumference and 265 feet in height, named by two different parties from Indianapolis; the "Daniel Webster," which is 40 feet around and 275 feet high. This tree was christened by Mr. T. H. Smith of Boston, Mass., who had affixed to the trunk a marble slab bearing its name. The Young Men's Christian Association group was named by the Y. M. C. A., and is 78 feet in circumference while they tower upward for 300 feet.

The grove was first opened by Colonel Hooper, and he it was who bestowed the names on "The Giant," "Jumbo," "The Three Sisters," "General Castro," "General Fremont," "General Grant," and "General Sherman," the latter 46 feet in girth and reaching a height of 250 feet.

Thus have our Nation's heroes been commemorated by monuments more enduring than those fashioned by the hand of man and more typical of the memories which will be kept green in the hearts of succeeding generations.

In the "Three Sisters" we see three trees separate in their height, yet joined at the roots, towering to a height of 200 feet. Charred and scarred are they from battles with fire and the elements, yet sublimely indifferent to it all in their victory.

The "Nine Muses" are slender lissome trees, looking as if they had crept among the grizzly giants unknown to them, and hoped, by keeping well together, to remain unnoticed.

There are not many young trees and comparatively few fallen ones; it is only around the prostrate trunks that the young trees are found, as though Nature, in her sorrow at having laid low one of her noblest creations, sought to make recompense by raising up a number of others.

The guide has the history of the trees at his tongue's end, and can be very facetious if he tries. A few weeks ago the Women's Press Association visited the grove in a body, but their awe or enthusiasm could not dampen the ardor of the old soldier. He was proud of the grove and showed its especial points to their best advantage.

Prone on the ground lay a massive tree-trunk. Once it had been tall, straight, and beautiful, and even in its fall it had preserved its noble contour. A lady expressed a desire to know its name, but he remarked sadly that it had never been christened.

"Call it the 'New Woman,'" cynically suggested a dainty young member, with a saucy toss of her head.

"It wouldn't be appropriate," the old fellow answered dryly, though with a twinkle in his eye, as he pointed to the circle of young trees. "She's got too many young ones." And so the fallen beauty remains nameless.

In Santa Cruz is a club of gentlemen who are ardent lovers of Dame Nature, and every summer they hie themselves to the Big Tree Grove for a "high jinks." They call themselves "The Bango Club," and they know how to appreciate the good things of life. Their Chinese cook understands his business, and his camp fire annually glows in the shade of the group of trees that has been named after the club, and which, during their stay, is virtually theirs.

The drive to and from Santa Cruz is very lovely, following the windings of the San Lorenzo River through a canyon which is extremely picturesque in every part. The road is kept in excellent condition, and the plashing of water, the chorus of the leaves and the twitter of birds make pleasant music in the ears of him who hears the sounds made by Nature's Choristers.

When the confines of the grove have been passed, the redwood trees decrease in size, but a greater number of other varieties is observed.

THE GENERAL FREMONT, WITH GENERAL, MRS. FREMONT AND DAUGHTER.
THE GIANT. THE NINE MUSES.

THE MAZAMAS AT CRATER LAKE.

W. W.

ON AUGUST 11th our party, numbering about thirty, most of whom were Mazamas, left Portland for Ashland, at which point we took wagons for Crater Lake, where the third annual outing of the Club was to be held.

The first day's journey was dusty, hot, and disagreeable, and evening found us at a place called Hunts, where we camped for the night, some beneath tents, and others in the open air under blankets, and after our fatiguing journey it is needless to state that we slept most soundly until morning.

The second day brought us to the Lake of the Woods, where we camped at night, about a mile from the lake. In the evening quite a discussion arose as to the advisability of ascending Mt. Pitt. The rocky, snow-clad heights were alluring to look upon, although they were twelve miles beyond us; but, as there were neither guides nor trail, we naturally hesitated at the undertaking, and further, the marshes on the borders of the lake, which we had expected to find dry, were absolutely impassable. The indications were that it would take at least a day to reach the timber line.

However, we determined to make the attempt, and late in the afternoon we reached a rocky spur of a mountain. Frequently our horses stumbled and missed their footing, and we determined to make no further progress that day. We termed this point the Camp of the Rocks. We were up very early the next morning and began the ascent of the mountain.

Mt. Pitt seemed perfectly symmetrical as it appeared from the Lake of the Woods, with the exception of a ragged shoulder on one side, quite a distance below the summit, and breaking the evenness of the acclivity. Occasionally we skirted a precipice that dropped over hundreds of feet below us. Bluffs were ascended, huge boulders of perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in diameter surmounted, till at last we reached the summit, nearly ten thousand feet above sea level. Northward we saw enormous snow-fields from our point of vantage, while just below us extended a great crevasse. Smaller openings indicated that Mt. Pitt, as well as Mt. Hood and Ranier, contains dangerous chasms for the careless or venturesome visitor.

Looking toward the south we could very plainly see Mt. Shasta rising in its majesty far above the elevation at which we stood. It seems hardly necessary to enter into a graphic description of the magnificent view from the top of this great mountain. Those who have climbed to enormous heights can better appreciate the grandeur of the scenery encompassed within the radius of our vision.

The descent of the mountain was, of course, much easier than the ascent. For a portion of the distance we had a delightful coast, sitting down in the snow. We "took a reef" in our short skirts, grasped our sticks firmly in the right hand, and started ourselves with our heels. The progress was slow at first, but the speed was greatly increased as we struck a steeper slope. On we went, over ruts and small projections, laughing at times, and at others serene with the consciousness of our position, until a rocky ledge appeared not far below us. Then, with a prompt pressure on our sticks, accompanied by steering with our spiked heels, we stopped, breathless with excitement and exhilaration, on the edge of the moraine.

Tuesday night we camped at the foot of the mountain which forms the setting of Crater Lake, and in the morning we made the ascent to the summit.

It would be difficult to describe with any degree of accuracy or satisfaction the wonder and beauty of Crater Lake, of which so comparatively little has heretofore been known. The old name of the lake, "Majesty," seems to convey its description in a single word. It is said that at one time an old hunter, trailing a deer, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the brink of this lake. He gazed for a moment over the precipice into the blue waters below (which, by the way, are said to be about fifteen hundred feet in depth), and then, startled at what appeared to be unusual and strange in its general appearance, he turned and ran into camp, a mile or more down the mountain. Picture to yourself a beautiful, blue sheet of water, about six miles across at its widest part, surrounded on every side by precipitous cliffs varying from one to two thousand feet in height, and sloping from forty-five degrees to the perpendicular. The mountains that surround it are all of a thoroughly rugged character, some capped more or less with extensive snow banks, and over this pretty gem the most deathlike silence reigns at all times.

Wizard Island, about two and a half miles away, rises 851 feet above the surface of the lake. From the formation of the banks of Crater Lake it is evident that it justly deserves its title. Geologists tell us that at a comparatively recent date a snow-clad peak as high as Mt. Shasta stood where the lake now remains. It is difficult to imagine the tremendous natural evolution that must have taken place to transform a huge mountain into this beautiful lake, as it stands to-day. The rocks, through their interpreters, the geologists, have told many an interesting tale, but how much they have revealed of the origin of Crater Lake is something that will have to be added to our history at some later date.

We rowed across the lake about three miles to Wizard Island. We ascended to the summit of the cinder-cone, and coasted down the snow that partly fills the crater. We inspected a lava flow that had overrun the hillside, and endeavored to form a bridgeway to the land. The frost had broken the surface of the lava-beds into numberless fragments of all sizes and shapes. We then made our way back through the glaring sunlight, and finally reached the top range on the other side of the Island.

It is strange to say there are no fish in Crater Lake, the reasons for which our most learned biologists have been yet unable to determine. It may be possible that the Fish Commissioners will some day try the experiment of stocking Crater Lake with trout, and there seems to be no good reason why they should not flourish in this delightful, fresh, and healthful water.

Legendary accounts tell us that for many years no Indian would look upon Crater Lake. It affords abundant interest for those botanically inclined, as along its borders may be found a great variety of wild flowers and plants of quite rare specimens.

Had space permitted I should have been glad to have gone into further details in the description of this wonderful lake; and I may say that it was with much regret that our party broke up camp and gazed for the last time on its deep azure waters as we journeyed down the mountain side on our return trip.

A WEEK ON MT. HAMILTON.

MARION HILL.

VERY glad we were to stagger around upon our cramped legs just to assure ourselves that there was no longer any hard feeling between them and us! The long, long stage ride was over, and we were on top at last. "On Top" is the grandly esoteric way in which the genial astronomers of the Lick Observatory refer to their star castle. To reach it we had taken a stage ride, which, though it had lasted but a few hours, had apparently cut across several zones. Do you remember those weird pictures in geographies showing the varied vegetation of a high mountain, from a luxuriant clump of banana trees at the base to nothing on a stick upon the snow-capped summit? Well, truth is as strange as geographies—we had gone through it all, from the warmth of the smiling Santa Clara Valley to the icebound crest of famous Mount Hamilton.

My fellow travelers were hurried to the visitors' hall, to be hastily stuffed with information and sent away again (for there are no stop over privileges), but I, who had a friend at court, swaggered about with the couscious superiority of one who had come to stay a week.

And the climates that that week got together and presented to me! Oue day was mid-winter—frost on every leaf, a sullen sky brokeu by livid, salmon-colored streaks, thermometer way down below Dixie, desolation everywhere! Auother day it rained. Oh, the dreariness, the wetness, the hopelessness, of that rain! Away down below us creeks boomed and roared through the cañons, upon whose tree-tops we could hear the raiu-drops patter as they fell. Next, perhaps, we would have a summer day, and birds, fancying themselves high up in the air, circled below us where little white clouds floated beneath our gaze like puffs of smoke across the ravines. Then, one moruing was foggy. That does not mean that *we* were in fog, no, indeed; but rolled up to the summit was a level flooriug of dense, white vapor upon which the brilliant sunshiue poured until it dazzled the eyes like a snow-bank. As we gazed, tiny crests of the Sierra Nevadas broke through this sea of vapor like islands in an ocean, then the higher peaks loomed into view, then the nearer hills, then the trees, next the road, afterward the cañons, finally the great, warm, sleepy valley peered up at us from the depths, aud the fog was gone. Once we had wind for a change, a wind that shrieked and howled and tugged and tore and raced away screaming and banged back again and battered anything it could find, like all the harpies let loose. It was wonderful. All this weather in a week, mind you, a week consisting of seven short days.

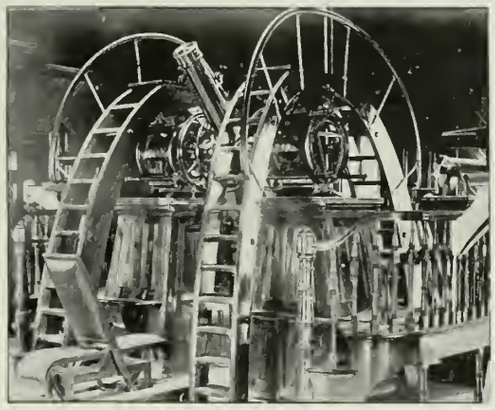
In that week I wandered around Mt. Hamilton feeling like a Jules Verne tourist miles above the world and indifferent to how things went on below.

Wander as you may, it seems impossible to hide from the far-seeing eye of the mountain—the observatory dome. It gives you quite a shock at first—this constant sense of being spied upon—but gradually you become accustomed to it, and finally grow into the habit of glancing up for a sight of your bald-headed friend at the end of each tramp you take, you know he will be in sight somewhere and you will find a pleasure in looking.

Let me hint to botanists that there is much pleasure waiting for them in the dark haunts of these wonderful cañons. There are mosses of infinite variety; there are fungi of odd make-up, some as yellow and mushy as fallen custard; there are ferns in abundance. What glories in flower life await the student I will leave for oue to tell who visited the locality in the flower season. Not that I missed the bright-hued blossoms, no, iudeed, for the red roots and branches of the abounding manzanita furnished color enough for a Turner sunset.

There is room for the geologist, too; loads of room. For two days I went about with a hammer, chipping off thiugs and fiuding nothing, as is the pastime of amateurs, but those great masses of stratified rock must harbor fossils and other drolleries, I am sure.

One day provided me with an excitement which I mistook for a fossil fern. It was delicately traced



MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT.

upon a mighty piece of stone which I lugged for miles, all the way to the door of one of the astronomers in order that he might set upon it the seal of his approval. He put a moist thumb upon it instead, aud wiped the fern all out, and then expected me to be grateful to him for undeceiving me.

These astronomers are awfully nice chaps, just as friendly and full of fun as if they didu't know anything. I tried to be scientific with them but they wouldu't let me. I am afraid I started in badly by asking them why Mount Hamilton was chosen for the observatory site when the neighboring Kepler and Copernicus are both so much higher, and they were obliged to explain that Hamilton had been the highest by many feet but that its crest had been removed to make standing room for the vast observatory buildings. All round good fellows they are and no mistake. One of them discovered a telescopic comet while I was there. The others patted him on the back and made so much of him that I was crazy until they let me view the fiud. They let me look at it through the 12-inch equatorial. A telescopic comet looks uo more imposing than a comma that got smeared before the iuk dried—a dreadfully insignificant thing, but I disguised my disappointment for honor's sake.

Of the great telescope let a worthier pen discourse. The ponderous thing, so delicately poised, neverthe-

LICK OBSERVATORY.

less, as to shift at the touch of a child's hand, filled me with an awe unspeakable; and I was always glad to creep out of its mighty shadow, either to consort with the friendly 12-inch, or to roam in the starlit splendor of the silent night.

The beauty of life "On Top" is its strangeness. The night is waking-time and wonder-time. You never dream of going to bed. You stroll around under a heaven blazing with stars which seem nearer than they ever were before—you fancy that you can hear them throbbing. You step to the edge of a cliff and see lying in the depths of an immeasurable distance and darkness the fairy lights of three cities. You glance up to the night-wrapped, somber buildings which stand by themselves under lonely heaven, and you fancy you can hear the heart-beat of progress in the mighty hush. It is an experience of "high life" which it will take many years of sordid city life to efface.

In the daytime there is not a spot from Alaska to the De Lessep's canal that a man with a spy-glass will not claim he can see. Maddening thing, a spy-glass. Some one observes something extraordinary through it and hands it to you. As it wobbles in your grasp, patches of sky and earth skip about and change places with each other till you reel with giddiness. When something finally does condescend to remain still and let you have a look at it, you cannot see it as well as you could with the naked eye. And the owner of the glass keeps nagging you with: "Caught it?" "Got it?" "See it?" until you have to lie to get any peace at all.

Ah, that week! I soaked in kuowledge at every pore and it has all got away from me but scraps. I knew the leugth of the monster telescope in inches; its weight in pounds (also kilometers); its cost; knew the diameter, circumference, perimeter, radius, and everything else of the dome; went down cellar aud made myself familiar with the dimensions of the lonely, awful grave down there—in a word had as pleasing a collection of statistics as ever a man gloried iu. Where are they now? Wandering in Elysium, I expect, with every date of childhood except 1492 and sometimes w and y.

What do I kuow now? Nothing; except the terrestial fact that I had a fine view of the world in the perspective usually reserved for balloonists; and the celestial fact that the smaller the moon gets the more you can see of her through the telescope. That is all. Yet once I could have made quite a handsome bluff at describing the Fauth Chronograph, or a filar micrometer.

That week on top. How restful it was. Is there a virtue iu the pure atmosphere of a mountain height that rids the heart of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness"? To him who stands upon the summit, how puny seems the strife in the toy towns beneath him! The whirr of the humblest insect at his feet is louder than all the busy life of cities. How right and easy do justice and truth and all nobleness appear! How strongly do we feel that men and women are our brothers and sisters after all, and have a sturdy claim upon our help and sympathy!

Perhaps when we visit the grand places of earth, we carry away something of greater value than those figures and measurements and price lists that we so inevitably forget. Let us hope so. There is consolation and reprieve in the thought.

A correspondent in the London *Times* says that with exception of the short narrow gauge line to Paknam, the railway now under construction from Bangkok to Khorat is the only railway in Siam. It is to be the first of a vast ramification of lines designed to distribute civilization to the most distant portions of the kingdom. That the construction of the railway to Khorat should be persisted in is a matter of the highest importance to Siam. No hopes are held that the railway will pay as a commercial speculation, but hopes are entertained that, in the awakening of Siam, that fatal unsteadiness of purpose which has characterized her actions in the past may give way under better guidance to some continuity of action, and the railway, having been begun, may be finished. There is no reason why the railway should not be completed, and when it is Siam will have made her best effort so far to escape from her state of semi-barbarism.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

NORTH AMERICA and especially the United States is the home of the rattlesnake. It belongs to one of the families of viperine snakes, being distinguished from the ordinary vipers by the large "pit" or depression beneath the eyes and the remarkable caudal appendage. Its color is usually a dull light brown, with markings of a darker tint, and the head is flat and triangular in shape. There are no teeth on the upper jaw, but the cavity is filled with a pair of backward-pointing fangs, which are grooved for the emission of the venom. Though formidable in appearance, the forked tongue is harmless, being used mainly for a feeler.

The curious rattle on the end of the tail, by means of which it gives warning of its presence, is composed of a series of scale-like joints, set loosely one within the other, and numbering from five or six to twenty. A new joint is added at least once a year just after the creature changes its skin, so the number of rattles does not indicate the age, as is generally supposed, but the number of times the skin is shed. As the tail is tapering, the last ring or "button" is, of course, the smallest, and is sometimes worn off by friction with the ground. On warm, quiet days, the noise produced by the rattle can be heard at a considerable distance; but no sound can be made in wet weather, if the spaces between the divisions become filled with water.

When reposing, the rattler lies in a loose coil, with the head lying flat and the tip of the tail elevated in the middle of the loops.

It is usually sluggish in its movements, unless irritated or cornered, when it seems to fairly dilate with rage, hissing ominously, while fire flashes from the steel-blue eyes.

A deadly sort of vapor is then emitted from the mouth, and has the effect of an anesthetic upon the rabbits, field mice, birds and other small animals on which it feeds, explaining the so-called "fascinating" influence.

Rocky, sunny localities are generally the habitats of these serpents, though they may be met with almost anywhere, sometimes congregating in caves or dens, scores or even hundreds together.

When about to change their skin, they are stupid and half blind, owing to the thickening of the epidermis over the eyes, and are then especially dangerous, as they strike right and left without apparent aim.

Their cast-off garments, being delicate of texture and handsome in design, are often manufactured into purses, belts, note-book covers and other trinkets, prized by travelers as souvenirs of mountain tramps.

They have a most annoying trick of hiding in the warm, deep dust of country roads, to the peril of passing teams. So the experienced driver keeps a sharp lookout, and when he sees a smooth, sinuous little trail, ending abruptly between the wagon-ruts, he unceremoniously routs out the wily rascal and kills him with his whip.

Among the many varieties of rattlesnakes, one of the most curious is the "side-winder,"—so-called from the fact that it not only glides forward in the usual manner, but also from side to side, with a series of remarkable jerks.

Above the eyes are two horn-like protuberances, which add greatly to its uncanny appearance, and produce the effect of a very high forehead.

It is a native of California, Arizona and Mexico, especially frequenting the desert wastes of famous Death Valley in Inyo County; and is even more to be dreaded than the ordinary rattler, as it is smaller in size and about the same color as the surrounding sand; while in its habits it is quicker and more stealthy, often springing upon its victim from the shadow of the dusty sagebrush.

It may not be generally known that the beautiful deer and antelope are great exterminators of rattlesnakes—jumping repeatedly upon the coiled reptiles, with the tips of their slender legs drawn closely together in a bunch and cutting them to pieces with their knife-like hoofs.

Another snake-killer is the odd-looking road runner or "chapparal-cock"—a large, long-tailed bird, which belongs to the cuckoo family and inhabits low hills and valleys mainly in the southern part of the State, though it is also found in the Coast Range in Alameda County.

Upon discovering a sleeping rattlesnake, it is said to pluck off the fleshy, spiny leaves of the prickly-pear cactus, which grows wild in semi-tropical sections, and place them in a circle around its intended victim, after which it arouses it with a sharp nip from its long, curved bill. The prisoner, of course, immediately assumes the offensive, striking madly at the nearest object, which happens to be the bristling hedge. Naturally its mouth becomes filled with stinging spines, and this so alarms and enrages it that it strikes again and again, until, in pain and desperation, it buries its fangs in its own flesh and dies the death of a suicide, pecked viciously by its heartless foe. As to the cures for snake bites, pure whisky is the principal remedy, though inordinate quantities produce disastrous results. It may also be successfully administered to domestic animals, especially if the wound is bandaged with permanganate of potash. A remedy tried with great success for the bites of venomous snakes in Australia is ordinary ammonia, which, hypodermically applied, is a valuable stimulant that has brought sufferers back from the last stages of insensibility. Anything that will prevent the poison from entering the general circulation—whether it be cauterizing the surrounding flesh, or using suction or an improvised tourniquet—will frequently prove effectual, if no time is lost in the operation.

The Sierra orchid, known as the "rattlesnake-plantain," derives its name from the fact that the leaves were formerly used by the Indians to apply to wounds made by these serpents.

Diminutive doses of the diluted venom are said to have a highly exhilarating effect; and the flesh is declared by eccentric epicures to be tender and delicious.

THE CANADIAN MOOSE.

FRANK BAIRD.

Perhaps no article on the Canadian moose would be complete without some reference to at least a few of the many interesting experiences met in the sections where the moose is plentiful. Two of these experiences are given. They illustrate some of both the odd and the interesting in the moose. Let the hero—if the term may be allowed—tell his own story in each case:

"It was a crisp, cold day. The wind blew sharply down from the northwest as I drove along. The snow was three feet deep on the level. For a fortnight no new snow had fallen, and though the forty-mile road over which I had to travel was through an almost unbroken wood, I found the road good, very good. I had got an early start, and by eleven o'clock I was through dinner at the half-way house, and was again on my journey.

"I had just crossed the widest heath on the road and entered a stretch of deep woods that extended some seven or eight miles, when, of a sudden, I heard a sound of galloping hoofs on the hard road behind me. I turned. There, there close on my rear was a giant stag in mad pursuit. I involuntarily raised my arm to lash my horse. But ere I could do so he was off. Had he caught the sound and realized the danger? He must have, for his sudden start almost jerked me from the sleigh.

"In a twinkling the distance between us doubled, trebled, then—could it be—it was getting less. The moose was coming up, up. I could hear his feet on the hard road; I caught his occasional short, mad roar, and was it fancy or something else, that told me I could feel a warm breath?

"On we flew! On and on! My horse's feet scarce touched the road. I looked back again. A fiendish roar met my ears as I turned. The huge brute's breast hung white with crusted foam. His tongue lolled from his mouth, and his great bursting nostrils showed fiery red. I had not seen the like before. The stag's action was a mystery. I had known the Canadian moose for years, but I had never known him to act like this. Was the chase something real or a dream?

"I felt my position, but I did not feel afraid. Why, I cannot tell, I never could. We were almost out of the long stretch of woods before I again turned my face forward. I thought, Would my horse stumble in the first drift of the heath and the beast rush upon me? That would be the end; it must be. And in two minutes more I would be on the heath. I raised myself and threw all my power of speech into one long yell to my fleeing horse. Then I settled to my seat and bent forward. For several minutes I did not look back. When I did the moose was gone. He had come to the heath but would come no further."

Another interesting experience is related by the captain of one of the steamers that ply on the Grand Lake. Here is the captain's story:

"We were steaming up the widest part of the lake one day in September, when, from the wheelhouse, I noticed something about two miles ahead, moving slowly across the steamer's bow. As we came nearer I took the object to be a large drifting pine stump. Not until we were within half a mile of it could I get myself to believe the object, three miles from land on one side and two on the other, was an animal. I put my wheel down a little and ran closer. Then there was no room for doubt, the object was the head and horns of a huge stag.

"He had got well across our bow and in to the right. I was a little doubtful of the depth of the water, still, I took the risk, and ran within some two hundred yards of him. As we came directly in line with him, I raised my rifle and fired. At the report the passengers rushed to the fore deck, and the stag wheeled full about. His head was erect, and his huge antlers and massive neck showed well from the water as he balanced himself for a moment on the steamer's long, low swell. I raised my rifle to fire again, but I couldn't; my prey looked too grand and too helpless. Again, what glory could there be in shooting such game to sink to the bottom of the lake? I would take him alive.

"I pulled the bell at my side and reversed the engine. In ten minutes a boat had been lowered, and we were close on the stag's rear. He had turned and was keeping his former course. But on our coming closer he again faced full about. He came toward us. The blood showed on his neck, and I noticed a bullet hole in his left ear. His head was thrown back, and his great antlers touched the water behind. At length he stopped swimming, but continued violently blowing, and threshing the water into foam with his fore feet. As we advanced he reared to strike; but our boat was large, and we were on our guard. In a few minutes he was close lashed underneath our oars, and was taken rearing and plunging to the steamer's side."

Miss Scraggs—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man, and, oh! my goodness, how I ran!

Little Willie—And did you catch him, Miss Scraggs?

THE BROWN TRITONS.

ANGUS GAINES.

"LET me see, what have you caught?" I asked of the little boys who were coming up from the creek. One of them replied, "Water lizards," as he held up a tin can full of dirty water. The water in the can was too dirty for me to see anything very distinctly, but two little animals were swimming around and around in it and restlessly whisking their fin-like tails. I tipped the can on one side, and a flat head with a brown, rounded snout was poked up inquiringly.

"Look out," said one of the boys, "if they bite you, you'll die; they're poison."

"Oh, no," I replied; "they are harmless little brown tritons. They never hurt any one. Will you give them to me?"

"Yes, we just caught them to play with and were going to kill them so that they wouldn't poison anybody. Will you keep them in your aquarium?"

"No," I replied; "come with me and see what I will do with them."

I led the way to the creek, and soon had my shoes off and my trousers rolled up in true boyish fashion. Finding a little inlet beside the stream where the shallow water spread out over the smooth white sand, I gently poured the water out of the can and allowed the animals to escape. Soft, clumsy little fellows they were, shaped somewhat like lizards, but with weak, helpless-looking legs and awkward toes, so much like bits of jelly that you could almost see through them. The under parts of their bodies were gray, mottled with brown, and their backs were dark brown, dotted over with pink spots, bordered with black. Their tails were rounded, except toward their tips where they were flattened for convenient use in swimming.

Glad to escape from the can, they darted around the little pool of clear water, trying to get away from us entirely. Sometimes they walked upon the bottom, moving with a strange, writhing motion, but using their feet all the time. Then they would rise from the bottom and swim, striking out with their tails and merely using their legs to balance themselves while swimming.

My young friends watched their queer movements with delight and readily admitted that they were too pretty to kill; that is, if they were not poisonous. To satisfy them on this point, I caught one of the tritons in my hands and put my finger against its lips to show them that it would not try to bite.

Of course it made no attempt to do so, and I was calling their attention to the fact that, although it had but four "fingers" on each "hand," it had five toes on each foot, when the little creature straightened itself out with a sudden spring, and, slippery as an eel, slipped between my fingers and dropped into the water. Darting around the little pool, it glided between my bare feet and disappeared in deeper water. Where was the other? We looked for it in vain, for while we were examining the first one its companion had escaped.

Next day I returned to the creek alone and, sitting in the deep shade on the gnarled roots of the great sycamore, I divided my time between reading and watching the tritons in the water beneath. During the summer vacation I spent many days in that way, and those little animals were a never-failing source of amusement to me.

Rippling down over the mossy rocks, circling around a great fallen log, spreading out over a wide bed of white sand, and finally racing through the deeper pool beneath the roots of the huge tree, the creek furnished an endless variety of hiding-places. Sometimes one of the tritons would lie for hours half-hidden beneath the edge of a loose stone, and then, when I had almost concluded that it was dead, it would give a sudden spring and dart away. At other times they would swim in a leisurely fashion through the deeper water, sinking from sight, then slowly rising again until their flat heads and rounded noses would protrude above the surface, and then, catching sight of me, they would whisk away and vanish among the roots and stones at the bottom.

I frequently saw them come out on the rocks to enjoy the fresh air, and they would even travel around among the grass and ferns, but they never ventured very far from the water, for they had no way of defending themselves and knew that they must stay close to their hiding-places. Although they could run very fast, and even seemed to jump about, they did not use their weak little legs much, but seemed rather to move by writhing their bodies about, almost like the snake, which travels very well with *no* legs at all.

They were hungry little fellows, and it was seldom indeed that a fly or other small insect that ventured near one of them escaped. One day I was watching a spider running across a beautiful cluster of moss near the water's edge when a triton, hidden in a little tunnel in the moss, darted out, caught and ate him, and then drew back into her tunnel. Quick as she was, I noticed that she had something wrapped several times about her body, like a scarf or sash. She stayed nearly hidden in that bunch of moss almost all the time, and whenever I saw her I wondered how such a slippery animal could have got anything twisted around her. At last I caught her to find out what it was, and found that it was a long string of very small eggs. This was her way of carrying her eggs to take care of them until they were ready to hatch. Although I had formed a very high opinion of the tritons, I was much surprised at this evidence of their intelligence and love of their young.

NATURAL BRIDGE, SANTA CRUZ.

Brown tritons are distributed all the way from Maine to southwestern Arkansas, and, although they are not found in every creek, they are often quite numerous in favored localities. I hope that some of the boys and girls who read this article will make their acquaintance and find out how their eggs are hatched and how they treat their little ones, for these are things of which we are still entirely ignorant.

WORK OF WAR DOGS.

RENE BACHE.

The War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization, and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

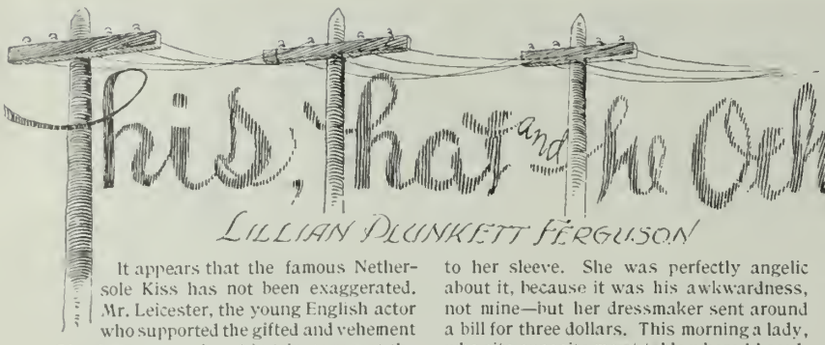
Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scouts and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, in conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also, they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses, and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a dog squad.

Several breeds of dogs are found highly suitable for military purposes, notably poodles, shepherd dogs, and bird dogs. The kind does not matter so much as the quality of the breed, which must be pure. No mongrel makes a good war dog. It is only in a well-bred dog that the valuable qualities above mentioned are developed in a superior degree. Poodles are the cleverest of all dogs, and are first-rate campaigners when young; but, unfortunately, they are apt to lose interest in their work after a certain age. The shepherd dog probably comes next to the poodle in respect to intelligence. It is hardy and alert; but very frequently it exhibits a lack of affection for its master, that makes training a difficult task.

All points considered, bird dogs make the best war dogs. They unite the good qualities of the poodle and shepherd dog, and are distinguished by a lively sense of duty and a devoted attachment to their masters. Under proper training they soon lose their inclination for hunting, and take up their military duties readily and with interest. It is required of a war dog that he shall pass through a general preparatory course of training. Choice may be made between two methods, one severe and the other gentle. The animal may be kept by itself and half-starved, so as to compel it to surrender unconditionally to the master's will. Or the treatment may be wholly by kindness, cultivating a mutual confidence between dog and master, and developing the beast's intelligence. The latter method is considered decidedly preferable; it is more humane, and it produces much better results.

The training of the dog detachment is managed by an officer who has special expertness in such matters. He selects assistants from among the corporals and privates, and gives them lessons in the art of training. It is his duty to buy the dogs, to distribute them among the companies, to supervise the breeding and rearing of pups, and to see that the animals are properly cared for and fed. The properly educated war dog must carry messages with certainty, running back from advanced patrols to detachments in the rear, and then returning. It is required to do this sort of work with such efficiency as to maintain communication between sentinels and stationary detachments. The animal must be taught to give notice to sentinels of the approach of strangers. Some dogs will show an aptitude for hunting up missing men, and may be trained for that particular duty.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practise before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning is avoided.



LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

It appears that the famous Nethersole Kiss has not been exaggerated. Mr. Leicester, the young English actor who supported the gifted and vehement Olga last season, is not in trim to repeat the ordeal, and positively declines to come to America this year. Now the critics are saying in explanation of this that his indisposition is in reality severe nervous prostration, from which the actor is only just recovering, and which was brought on directly by the "Carmen" Kiss in which he was compelled to participate every evening; that the extreme warmth of this part of his duty, coming immediately before the frost which settled down upon the production as soon as it was brought out in London, gave Mr. Leicester a severe cold in the head. An American actor, now, would never have let a little thing like that interfere with his health, never.

Who is it comes to you with outstretched hand,
Bestowing on you smiles serene and bland,
And fain would serve you early, oft and late?
The candidate.

Who tells you that he seeks to own the earth
For the mere joy of giving you a berth?
Who utters falsehoods at a frightful rate?
The candidate.

Who, when election day at last is o'er,
Forgets he ever saw your face before,
And coolly, calmly, leaves you to your fate?
The candidate.

"Three is certainly my unlucky number," said a young man whom I know, wandering into the editorial lair with his hat jammed savagely down upon a corrugated brow, and the corners of his mouth pointing toward his tan shoes, whose polish reflected the gloom above them.

"What has happened?" I answered, sympathetically. "Has your third girl refused you, or your one girl declined your heart, hand, and fortune for the third time, or——"

"Worse than that," he interrupted, frowning at my frivolity as only a man can whose trouble is that which affects the pocketbook and not the heart. "If you want to listen to a hard-luck story, I'll tell it to you. Then you will understand why three is my hoodoo number. I called on a young lady a few evenings ago, in whose drawing-room was a piano with celluloid keys. Just as I had taken my departure and lit my cigar, she recollected that she had a letter she wanted me to post for her, and I stepped into the house again to wait while she ran upstairs for that confounded missive. It so happened that I stood with my back to the piano, and cigar in my fingers. How was I to know about those celluloid keys? Well, if you think it takes long to melt celluloid, just apply the fire end of a lighted cigar to it. I sent a piano man around next day to repair the damage, and he charged me three dollars to put in a new key. My next break was with a watch. Called on a sick friend, to do the Good Samaritan act by way of atonement for my other sins, and he asked me to wind his timepiece for him. I managed to smash the mainspring and crystal, and otherwise injure it, and the jeweler charged me three dollars for repairing it. The next evening, at a party, I was passing my dancing partner a cup of chocolate—you know how crowded these parties are—when a chump in a swallow-tail polka'd into me, and over went the refreshment on to her sleeve. She was perfectly angelic about it, because it was his awkwardness, not mine—but her dressmaker sent around a bill for three dollars. This morning a lady, who sits opposite me at table where I board, asked me to get two seats for her at the theater for this evening, giving me three dollars. I shuddered when I took it, but, of course, couldn't refuse to do her the favor. When I went to hand the tickets to her at noon, they were gone—lost out of my vest pocket. I wouldn't have minded the money so much, but you ought to have seen the look she gave me when I told her about it—as much as to say that it was a fairy story and that I had spent the money. It was the worst insult I ever received. My salary isn't due till to-morrow, so I have had to borrow the money to buy more tickets. Now I am wondering what will turn up next," and, with a sigh, he wandered out again, to battle once more with an unkind fate.

A late bicycle invention is a nickel-in-the-slot bicycle-locking device, the idea of a Providence, R. I., man. It is described as a black enameled box, three by four inches. Attached to one side is a small, strong chain, and it can be fastened to a post, fence, or wall. A rider wheels up, takes the chain, runs it through the wheel, fastens the loose end to a bolt, shoves the bolt back into the box, and it snaps sharply. A key is then turned, and the only way the bicycle can be stolen by a thief is for him to smash the entire outfit. When the owner wants to release his wheel he has to drop a nickel in the slot, take the key of the lock from his pocket, and unturn the bolt. The lock cannot be picked. There is but one objection to it, and that is its positive refusal to operate for the rider who is "broke."

That Miss Hattie Hashagan, the New York artist, should want to change her name is not surprising. Hashagan, with accent on the Hash, is not as euphonious as it might be. That she should elect to wed is not surprising, either, marriage being a feminine habit since Eve lured Adam to his doom. But that Miss Hashagan should become Mrs. Thunder Cloud, and that she should marry a full-blooded Sioux, or, for that matter, any other variety of Indian, passeth understanding. Granted that Mr. Thunder Cloud has dropped his war whoop, buried his tomahawk, and consigned his head feathers to the depths of a Gotham ash-barrel. He is an Indian, nevertheless, and there is a well-grounded belief that the good Indians are all dead ones. Mr. Cloud has been making a living by posing as a model in scenes representative of frontier life, and it is said that Miss Hashagan has been his most liberal employer. This suggests a problem as to the adjustment of matters financial in their household. Six-foot braves are supposed to have healthy appetites. Will Mr. Cloud hereafter work for his board in the studio where his wife woos fame and fortune? One may be forgiven a little curiosity upon this subject, the circumstances being so unusual. If a man marry a woman upon whom he is dependent for a salary, who, then, foots the bills of butcher, baker, and electric-light maker? Who pacifies the landlord? Who propitiates the grocer and appeases the coal man? There is another view of the case, too, which must appeal to every housewife in the land. The American liege loves not to have his American stomach an aching void, and when he is hungry he is apt, very apt, to be cross if his inner man be not promptly catered to. Nor does one blame him. But just imagine encountering the wrath of a stalwart brave when the buffalo meat is overdone, or being lifted by the back hair and tomahawked when dinner happened to be five minutes late!

One can occasionally find an American man who will submit to being henpecked, but who ever heard of a henpecked Indian? Fancy having to be massacred on such slight provocation as a hole in the conjugal sock or a batch of soggy bread! Or twitted about the kind of sage-brush pies your Sioux mother-in-law used to make! Horrible!

The public will watch with some interest the domestic career of this ill-mated pair. It is proverbial that no Indian will work who can get somebody to support him. Miss Hashagan that was may yet wish that the only Indians peopling her studio were the harmless and peaceable ones on canvas. A Sioux husband may prove something of a luxury in hard times. There may be a tragic ending to this dime-novel romance. For what can be more tragic than the heart-break of a misguided woman?

Reproduction in half-tone of a painting by a well-known Eastern artist recently hung at an exhibition—the picture, not the artist—sets one to thinking about the headgear worn when the world was young. The subject is "Rest in the Flight into Egypt." In sentiment and treatment it is a charming and beautiful picture, and one infers that its coloring accentuates its sympathy, but Joseph's hat quite upsets one's Biblical theories. While not strictly up to date, and distinctly not a Derby nor yet a Fedora, it is precisely the sort one sees in pictures of the European peasants of to-day. Joseph's coat of many colors is a historical part of his wardrobe, but the hat of a Joseph has heretofore eluded fame. It is puzzling, to say the least of it. One would naturally expect Joseph to be a trifle behind the times in these little details. Is this another form of the realism in art that we hear so much about?

In cold surprise she looked at me
Above her feathered fan;
"I never in my life," said she,
"Was kissed by any man.

"Your supposition is unkind—
Nay, more, it is absurd."
But even as she spoke, behind
Her fan a sigh I heard.

Her words were very plain, and I
Can understand her pride
(She was a Boston girl). But why
Do you suppose she sighed?

"The rocky road to Dublin that we hear so much about must be rather rough traveling," said a Los Angeles man to me recently, "but when it comes to rocks I don't believe there could be any more of them to the square mile in that celebrated part of Erin than I clambered over the first trip I made to Modjeska's tiny cabin, about fifteen miles up Shrewsbury Canyon. Modjeska, you know, came to Southern California nearly twenty years ago, with a colony of Polish immigrants, who couldn't speak a word of English among them. They settled some miles out of Santa Ana on such patches of ground as they could secure, and went to raising chickens. Madame Modjeska and her husband, the Count Bozenta, built for themselves a rough, little hut, with but a single room, and buried themselves for months in the most inaccessible spot imaginable, about as easy to get at as an eagle's nest. But Modjeska had genius that solitude and incessant study alone could develop. They practically lived out of doors, doing their cooking in the most primitive manner under a tree, where they had constructed a rustic table around the trunk, their stove being a makeshift such as campers use—some pieces of sheet-iron propped together, with an aperture on top over which to set a tea-kettle. Modjeska wrestled with the English language and studied in this remote retreat, always in the open air, with only her husband and the wild birds for an audience at rehearsals. It was lawn Shakespeare without the lawn. Finally she ventured out into the world to win the fame and fortune for which she had made such heroic efforts, and the little cabin was sold. A chum of mine bought it for a place to camp in during the summer, and that is how I happened to sleep for a week in the little cabin that was Modjeska's first California home. I shall never forget the time we had getting there. We had to scramble up the bed of the creek for the greater part of the journey, there being no road whatever. Actually, and by count, we crossed that creek seventy-two times before we sighted the cabin, and maybe we were not tired! There were quail in abundance, so we had a fine supper by simply sitting in the doorway and popping away at them, afterward cooking them on the rusty Modjeska range. The actress has become justly famous since those days, and I'm glad of it. She is a charming woman in private life, and a lady of perfect breeding.

How it happened I don't remember, but the conversation turned on horse racing. A pretty girl who sat opposite me at luncheon sighed. "Well," said she, "one thing certain, I shall never lose another dollar at the races. One experience of that kind is quite enough, I assure you. To go through a whole season without a new gown is sufficient punishment to cure any girl of such folly as betting money on horses that don't win. If you go near a race track you're lost. There's an excitement about it that you simply cannot resist. First thing you know, you've lost your head. Second thing, your money. Your only safety lies in staying away. I had a lesson at the last races that I think will keep me away from the track the rest of my natural life."

"Will you kindly explain what it was?" I asked, picking up the fork that I had laid down in sheer amazement. It's a trifle disconcerting to learn that the most demure girl in your list of acquaintances has dropped her pin money in bets on flying steeds, and can give you sage advice upon turf topics.

"Ever been to the races?" she replied, answering one question by asking another. I admitted that I had never had that thrilling pleasure.

"Then you can't possibly realize how exciting it is," she answered. "Of course, you imagine that you would keep perfectly cool, and all that sort of thing. But just wait till you get into the midst of it. The first and last time I ever went was with papa. A friend of his who was visiting us, and who has plenty of money to throw away, took us out riding and into the track grounds. Such an idea as betting money on the races had never entered my head, but when papa's friend and everybody around us was putting up money I was seized with a wild desire to try my luck. I had fifty dollars in my purse that I had been saving up for weeks to get a new gown with. 'With the price of one gown,' said I to myself, 'I'll make enough money to buy twenty gowns. What could be easier?' So, with visions of a perfectly stunning wardrobe in my mind's eye, I commenced to gamble—yes, that's exactly what it was, although it sounds horrid to say it—and didn't stop until every nickel in my pocket was gone. Of course, papa tried to prevent me, but I wouldn't listen to him, and I even had the nerve to beg five dollars from him when my last cent was gone. I was *so* sure I could win it all back again. Instead of scolding, papa only laughed. 'Remember,' said he, 'no more gowns this season if you lose your money, which you surely will,' but I wouldn't listen to reason. I can't describe to you how I felt when I realized what an idiot I had been. When I got home I went up to my room, had a good cry, and made faces at myself in the glass until I felt better. And that is why I mean to stay away from the races, now and forever."

It would be better for a large number of San Francisco young men, and for the cash boxes of their employers, if they, too, would be as resolute as that demure little girl, and abjure the race track "now and forever."

ITEMS.

Would you care to pass an agreeable half hour in the study of human nature? Then stroll into the Mechanics' Library on Saturday after the matinee. Many types of men and women are in evidence. The real lovers of books, be it men or women, have hidden themselves away in an alcove or corner, as far from the "madding crowd" as possible, and are lost to everything on this mundane sphere except their author. The scientific scholars, happy in their eternal researches; the bibliophiles, who are usually mounted on step ladders ransacking the shelves; the constant, earnest workers, whose shoulders are most always stooped; the young clear-eyed, rosy-skinned boys and girls from the various schools, with ponderous tomes in their hands from which they are seeking information which bears directly upon their daily lessons, are each a distinct class in themselves, and furnish entertaining thought to the observer who is interested in following the trend of these various children of men. But the brightest, prettiest, and most active figures in this living picture are the women and girls who come in with their matinee bags on their arms and the chatter of the play upon their lips.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Mr. Chas. B. Bradford, Room 403, No. 487 Broadway, New York, has just published a very unique volume entitled "Haunts of Wild Game," under the authorship of Isaac McLellan. Nearly two hundred pages in verse describe most interestingly the haunts of the finny tribe, and wild animals. Those who are real lovers of sport in all its branches will find this a remarkably entertaining volume. Price $1.50 postpaid.

It is no vain boast that THE TRAVELER makes in regard to the beauty of its pictures; they are as near perfect as the reproduction of the photograph can be made. As an example, take "Trout Fishing Near Highlands," on page 39, even the quality of the foliage is preserved and the lights on the shallow water. The editor announces that the subscription price will be raised next year from $1 to $1.50 a year. No one can complain of this advance, for the magazine is cheap at the new rate.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Out of 929,770,909 passengers carried on British railways last year the total number killed by accidents to trains was only 5, or 1 in 11,202,509 journeys. The number injured in train accidents was 399, or 1 in 838,387, many of the injuries being very slight. Yet the number of these accidents was considerable, 69 being officially inquired into, of which all but 13 were collisions. On board a train as a passenger is evidently the safest place in which to be about a railway; for on and around the railway tracks, generally from their own carelessness or that of others, apart from accidents to passengers on trains, British railways in the same time killed 1087 persons and injured 8919 more. Of course, a large number of these unfortunates were employees, who expose themselves to constant danger in order to protect their passengers, and yet reckless travelers and trespassers on railway grounds form a considerable part of the killed and injured. It is surprising to note that the killed include 96 suicides, and that this is less than the number, 116, who took their own lives by the aid of railways in the previous year. Altogether the safety of travel on the modern railway is marvelous, and contemplation of the facts is very reassuring.

Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high-grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

NEW GOLD.

IN STEVENSON'S
"A Child's Garden of Verses."

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf*]

Lingering in this garden fair
With the little child of air,
All the by-ways still are sweet
That beguiled his weary feet;
And where sighs let fall o'er flowers
Breathe to us of gentle hours,
Deeply in each bloom we find
Fairest fragrance of his mind.

With the wooing wind that springs
Softly over chorded strings,
Comes a low, enchanting tone,
As from realms to earth unknown;
Then while through the heart and brain
Thrills the sweet and gentle strain
Each may feel within the breast
'T was the tone he loved the best.

Underneath a deep blue sky
Lands of Play forever lie;
Summer-suns with smiles of gold
Leave their stories to be told;
So in beauteous golden haze
He enshrined his childhood days;
Here in beauty he unfurled
All this little Garden-world.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-jumpin'!
If it hails, or if it snows,
Keep a-jumpin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on the line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-jumpin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-jumpin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-jumpin'!
'Spose you're out o' every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime.
Tell the world you're feelin' prime
Keep a-jumpin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-jumpin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-jumpin'!
See the wild birds on the wing;
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-jumpin'!

—*Whifflets.*

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf,
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
And watched it ploughing through the heavy clouds,
For Autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When Autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:
The year must perish; all the flowers are dead.
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled.

Still Autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly-berries and the ivy-tree,
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's hair;
Those waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of Autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
The naked, silent trees have taught me this:
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

—*November Atlantic.*

Daughter (in tears)—Oh, papa, why did you throw Reggy down the front steps?

Father—Why, you didn't think I was going to throw him up the front steps and into the house again, did you? You're as hard to satisfy as your mother.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Taber photo.

Tom—I don't know whether she sings or not.

Jack—She doesn't; I heard her.

"Do you think the bicycle will ever supplant the horse?"

"Possibly, but it is more likely to supplant the ballet."

"Don't you think Footlight is a clever actor?"

"Clever? Well, I should say so. He hasn't paid the landlady any money for six weeks!"

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.

"Well, old man, I've spent every cent of money I have in the world on my doctor."

"Does he know it?"

"I guess he does. He has pronounced me as sound in body and limb."

Fair Manageress—Excuse me, sir, but guests without baggage must pay in advance.

The Guest—All right. I'll be back in a moment.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going out to buy a trunk."

"What you want to do," said the physician to his patient at a certain West End hotel, "is to perspire freely."

"I'm afraid it can't be arranged," was the reply. "If this hotel's manager hears of it, he'll have it charged extra in the bill."

Guest (sarcastically)—I want to pay this bill, but I believe that you have made a slight error in my favor. I've been reading over the extras and I can't find that you have charged me anything for telling me that you thought it might rain.

"You seem to have grown thin while on your vacation."

"Oh, that's because of the bad roads!"

"Are, then, the roads in the country so bad?"

"No, there are plenty of good roads in the country, but on the good roads a man can't walk, they are so crowded with bicyclists."

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.

"I shan't be long," as the man said who was about to have both his legs amputated.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?

Mamma—No, that's glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—Then I expect that's why I can't get my hat off.

She—Do you get on better with your wife nowadays?

He—Oh, yes; we have arranged that one of us shall be out when the other is at home. We are very happy!

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CONCERNING BOOK TITLES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

DOUBTLESS it would; yet many people have been induced to buy "Red as a Rose Is She" by its pretty title, which seems to promise pleasant reading. In the case of a book there is a great deal in a name. First, it would be confusing to have two books with the same title. Secondly, as titles are copyright, it is necessary to avoid selecting one that has been already chosen; for to do this would be to render yourself liable to an action for infringement of copyright, and perhaps to the payment of substantial damages. In the United States the titles of books and other compositions which it is desired to protect are entered in the office of the Librarian of Congress, and an author would not be permitted to copyright a title already appropriated. In Great Britain evidence that a title has been copyrighted is provided by registering it at Stationers' Hall.

The choice of a good title is very important as regards the financial success of the book. Authors devote great pains to selecting such a title as will excite the curiosity or attract the attention of book buyers. Charles Dickens was very careful in choosing a title for a new story, and used to say that he could never work contentedly at a tale until he had decided on its title. It was his habit to make up a list of possible titles, and to submit them to his friend Forster. For the story that we know as "The Tale of Two Cities" no fewer than twenty-one titles suggested themselves to his fertile mind, and the comparative merits of all these were seriously weighed. The title of another of his stories—"Hard Times"—was chosen from a list of fourteen.

Inasmuch as publishers are, from their experience, more likely than authors to know what sort of a title will sell a book best, they are naturally even more anxious than the author about it, and often suggest an alteration of the author's title. It was the publisher who suggested "Mill on the Floss" as the title of George Eliot's novel, a great portion of which she had written with the title of "Sister Maggie." The publisher's title certainly is more attractive than the author's, and it could never have been foreseen that the hasty compiler of a book-list would conjoin George Eliot's romance and John Stuart Mill's political treatise thus:

Mill, on Representative Government.
Do. On the Floss.

Several works on Christian charity bear very amusing titles, as: "Buttons and Button-holes for Believers' Breeches;" "Crumbs of Consolation for the Chickens of the Covenant;" "High-heeled Shoes for Those Who Are Dwarfs in Sanctity," and "Sixpenny worth of Divine Spirit."

The author of "The Blazon of Dances, Where May Be Seen the Misfortunes and Ruin Arising From Dances, from Which No Man Ever Returns the Wiser, or Woman the More Modest," would evidently, had he lived at the present day, have been the founder of a Society for the Suppression of Waltzing as a dangerous vice.

Modern religious writers usually choose as titles for their lucubrations short Biblical phrases, such as: "Green Pastures," "Still Waters," "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "A Table in the Wilderness," and so on. This splintering and slivering of the grand language of the Bible to furnish titles for mawkish booklets is a practise that has been carried to the utmost lengths by the class of petty writers on religious topics.

As some of the examples already mentioned show, alliteration is a device very commonly employed by authors casting about for taking titles. It was employed by the old writers to at least as great an extent as it is by modern authors. An old volume, dated 1624, is entitled "Christian Catholic Catechised; Penned for the Private Benefit of the Parish of Little Kimbell, in Buckinghamshire." Better still is this: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, The Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David." It is easy to find examples of alliterative titles, but it is sufficient to mention Tobias Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and "Roderick Random," Charles Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby," and James Payn's "White Wings," a yachting romance, and the "Chronicles of Carlingford."

One of Mr. Ruskin's works, "A Treatise on Sheepfolds," misled by its title many people, who supposed that it had something to do with rural life and the management of sheep, whereas it really is a discussion of various religious sects. Nor had a book entitled "Ploughing and Sowing" anything to do with agriculture, but was a record of a benevolent lady's operations among the poor of her neighborhood.

"An Essay on Irish Bulls" was bought by many individuals and societies under the impression that it would furnish useful hints on the breeding of bulls. It was, of course, a discussion of the form of witticism known as a bull. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" has been bought by many sailors, who were attracted by its nautical title.

Histories, biographies, autobiographies, and reminiscences may probably be considered the easiest books to name, as in these cases the most obvious titles are the best, and give the most correct idea of the contents of the books.

Next in order to historical and biographical books in facility of naming come books of travel; it is easy to entitle your book "Travels in Burmah," "A Year in China," "A Tour in Mexico," and so on. But writers are not always content to choose such simple titles, and so we get a book of travel in old Mexico entitled "Our Sister Republic," and of experiences in Hayti named "The Black Republic." A traveler in Scandinavia entitles his record, "In the Land of the Midnight Sun," a picturesque and not inaccurate title; and a tourist in Alaska names his narrative "The New Eldorado," which may sound picturesquely, but is uninforming and verbally inaccurate. "The Pearl of India," which sounds like the title of a novel, turns out to be an interesting record of a tour in Ceylon. "Through and Through the Tropics" is the result of an effort to invoke "alliteration's artful aid."

MRS. H. K. DROUILLARD OF SAN DIEGO. *Taber photo.*

Novels are probably the hardest books for which to frame good titles, and at the same time a novel owes more of its success to a fortunate title than any other kind of book. "Lady Audley's Secret" is a taking title, as also is "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and doubtless the catchiness of these titles has disposed of many copies of the novels. Miss Braddon has been very successful in hitting upon taking titles for her stories; there is a kind of weird attractiveness about "The Trail of the Serpent" and "Dead Sea Fruit." "The Headless Horseman" and the "Woman in White" are both alliterative and sensational. Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh Up as a Flower" and Beatrice Harraden's "Ships That Pass in the Night" have picturesque titles, but "A Mild Barbariau" and "A Bachelor Maid" are merely mystifying.

A study of the titles of books shows us that the question of the relative position of the two sexes is by no means a new one, for in 1620 there appeared a book entitled "The Man-Woman, or, a Medicine to Cure the Staggers in the Masculine-Femininies of Our Times." The reply to this was entitled "The Womanish Man to the Man-woman." In 1683, too, as in 1894, critics were complaining of the display of female form permitted by fashion, for we find a book entitled "England's Vanity, or, the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred Other Fooleries."

Exceedingly short titles have sometimes been given to books. In one instance the "title" was the book. A certain Duke d'Epernon had been appointed Governor of Provence. His enemies prepared a book entitled "The Great Deeds, Works, and Valor of M. d'Epernon in His Journey to Provence." The title-page was printed in large characters, but the book was blank. When the seller was remonstrated with for selling a book with nothing in it, he replied: "How could I print anything in the book? M. d'Epernon has done nothing." On this principle it has been suggested to give as a booby prize at a whist tournament a blank book entitled "What I Know About Whist."

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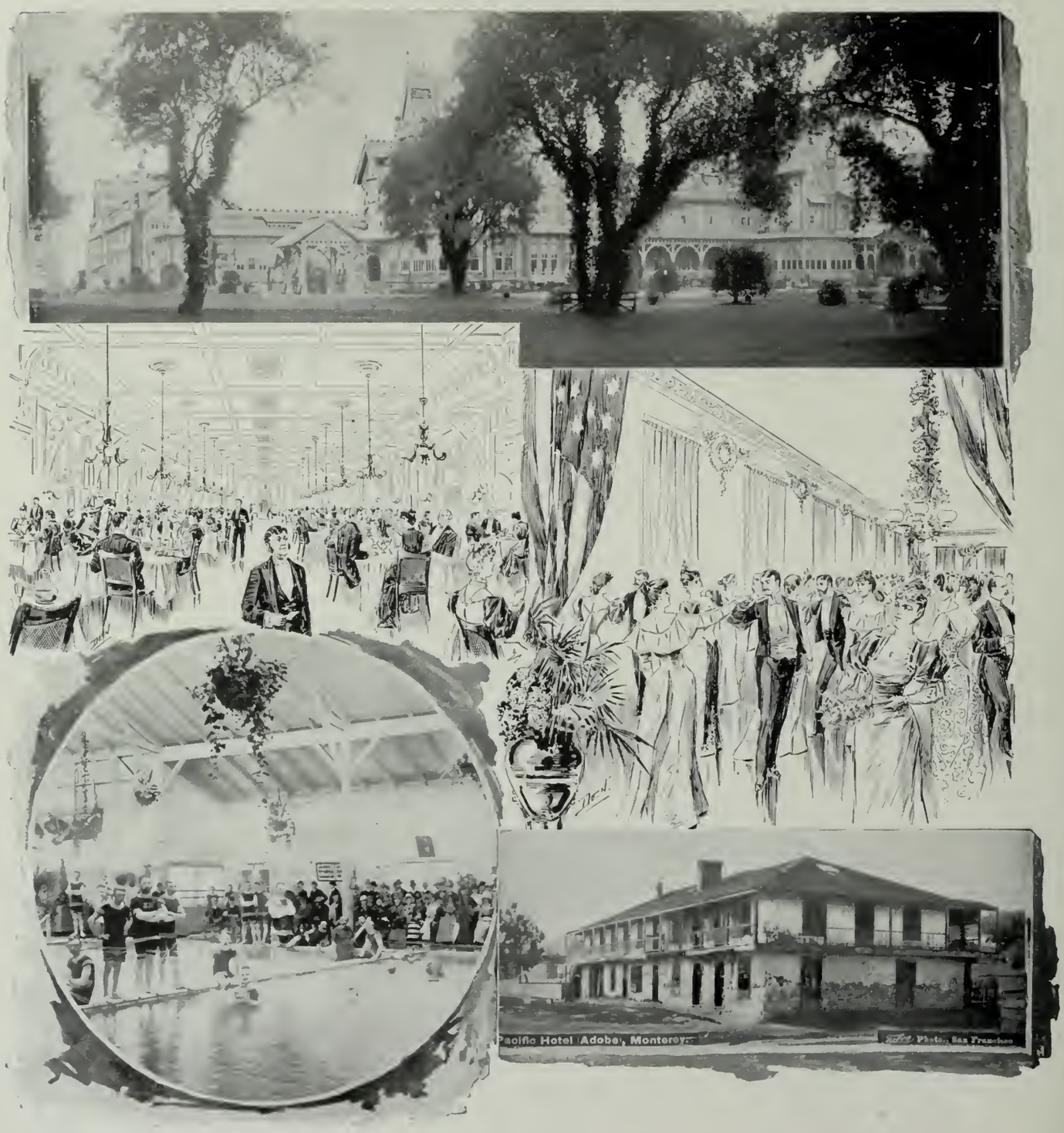
MARINE AND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. DECEMBER, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A PACIFIC LINER IN A GALE.



HOTEL DEL MONTE

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1896. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

The office of "The Traveler" has been removed to 20 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.

A WORD ABOUT THIS NUMBER.

In giving to the world the Marine and Christmas Number of THE TRAVELER, it is hoped it will meet with the appreciation and enjoyment of our many readers. No expense or pains has been spared to produce not only a highly artistic and interesting work, but its aim has been likewise to embody the latest and most accurate information concerning the most important branches of both the Commercial and Naval Marine. The illustrations are all new, elaborate, and profuse, and the biographical sketches of those who are actively engaged in the progress of these tremendously important interests are in themselves a history of their growth.

Those desiring a quantity of extra copies for mailing to their friends in various parts of the world can obtain them at any news stand, or at the office of THE TRAVELER.

As previously announced the subscription price of THE TRAVELER, beginning with the next issue, will be $1.50 per year. Now is the time to subscribe if you want to take advantage of the $1 rate.

OUR UNPROTECTED COAST LINE.

The Pacific Coast is sadly deficient in coaling stations. Within the past generation England, France, Russia, and Germany have made remarkable encroachments on the Pacific Coast. All of these powers have obtained "coaling stations" in the Pacific waters, and it is noticeable that these islands are also of great value as commercial points and for strategic purposes. It would seem that the Pacific Coast is gradually being enclosed on all sides. Excepting Neckar Island, near Hawaii, there is nothing between this Coast and England except the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel.

The Hawaiian Islands are correctly considered the "key of the Pacific," and, naturally, all foreign encroachments gravitate toward the "key" that overlooks the entrance to the Pacific Coast and the rich treasures within the "Golden Gate." There are no intervening coaling stations between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of more than two thousand miles. This is the reason why the fleetest ships are required for service in the Pacific waters. Owing to the lack of intermediate coaling stations the battleships must have extra large coal carrying capacity.

It will be recollected that only a year or two ago England assumed a "protectorate" over Neckar Island, and dispatched a war vessel to take possession of the uninhabited spot. The Hawaiian Government dispatched a vessel also, and, reaching there first, prevented the English from landing. Consequently the Island remains in statu quo, in the possession of the Hawaiian Government.

A CAPTAIN'S GIG OFF MARE ISLAND.

The acquisition of this Island would have brought Great Britain within four days of San Francisco.

Within the last five or six years England has acquired several islands in the Pacific for "coaling stations," on her march toward the Golden Gate. First, she established a "protectorate" over the Gilbert Islands, then the Ellice Islands, Phœnix Islands, and a small unnamed group between the Phœnix and Samoan Islands, also the Washington, Christmas, and Fanning Islands. These latter are about midway between the Samoan and Sandwich Islands. This brought her lines to within about fourteen hundred miles south of Honolulu—three days sailing. Her latest acquisition, however, was Johnston's Island, seven hundred miles nearer. This gradual encroachment, and her attempts on Neckar Island, indicate the energy of England in acquiring "coaling stations" on the direct line to the Pacific Coast.

The "key" of the Pacific, which Neckar Island and the others of the group are called, not only protects the Pacific, but commands Australia, Asia, and the several seas connecting with the Pacific Ocean. With a naval fortress on one of these islands no hostile fleet could safely cross the Pacific, and no fleet could menace the Pacific Coast, for when once beyond, or within the "key," their coal supplies would be cut off.

Practically, Pacific Coast commerce is "hemmed in." Entering the Pacific on the northwest by way of the Straits of Magellan, a vessel must pass the Falkland Islands—a British "coaling station," strongly fortified.

They are likewise intrenched at Esquimalt and Halifax on the north, and at Cape Horn on the south.

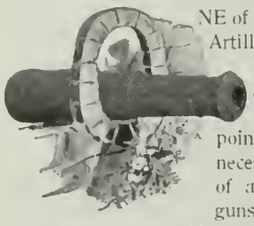
These strategical points were mainly gained under the guise of acquiring "coaling stations" for the benefit of commerce. This has been in line with her policy of acquisition, inaugurated with her numerous "chartered companies" for the control of territory and the extending of commerce. By this means she has acquired islands and established "coaling and naval stations," until she has circumnavigated the globe and has the commerce of the Pacific Coast practically in her power. This is certainly food for serious thought.

Our seacoast on the Pacific extends from San Diego on the south to the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands (excepting that fronting the British territory), and England has managed to advance her coaling stations to our very doors.

To guard our coast effectively we must have the fleetest of battleships, in consequence of the absence of coaling stations. There should be at least two in San Francisco harbor, the main objective point, one at San Diego, one in the northwest, on Puget Sound, and one each in China, Japan, Australia, Central America and Chile, also another off the Florida "keys."

THE DEFENSES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



ONE of the lieutenants of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., J. D. Miley, has given me much assistance in preparing the following article, and he has pointed out three things as necessary to the proper defense of a harbor: First, that the guns, forts, mortar-batteries and defensive works should be so placed that an enemy's vessel cannot come within battering distance of them; second, that the war-vessels and merchant-ships within the harbor should be protected; and third, that the principal channels of ingress should be closed. In one of these respects the harbor of San Francisco is comparatively easy to defend; it has only one entrance from the open ocean, so that the batteries which are intended to prevent an enemy from entering the harbor serve also to protect the vessels lying at anchor within it.

In recent times, however, the size of guns, the weight of powder charges, and the velocity and penetration of projectiles, have been so greatly increased that guns of a caliber of twelve inches and upwards have ranges of from twelve to fourteen miles; and, though their power of penetrating protective armor would not be great at those distances, the shot and shell hurled by them would prove terribly destructive to private property and buildings. If an enemy's ironclad vessels can come within ten or twelve miles of the center of the city, they can bombard it. In two hours the city would look as though a Kansas cyclone had passed through it.

The chief things, then, to aim at in planning the defenses of the city are, to keep the enemy's fleet at a distance of six or seven miles outside the Heads, and to prevent it from forcing its way through the Golden Gate, which lies between Fort Point on the south and Lime Point on the north, and is not quite one mile wide.

Not only are the guns of modern battleships of great power and range, but their protective armor is so strong and thick that it may be necessary to employ revolving iron turrets for the defense of important harbors; such turrets being made thick enough to be impervious to the fire of the largest guns carried by any ships afloat, and armed with guns of the same size and power as the battle-ship. The projectiles from such guns would pierce the armor of any vessel at a distance of two or three miles, and would fatally injure the turrets in which her guns are worked. Few of such towers are in existence, and in the United States there are none.

The harbor and city of San Francisco have two lines of defense; a first or outer line, and a second or inner line. The *outer line* includes Fort Winfield Scott and the batteries between Fort Point and Point Lobos on the south side of the Golden Gate, and the batteries between Lime Point and Point Bonita on the north side.

Fort Winfield Scott is a casemated work, begun in 1853, and completed about two years later; but, though it was built in accordance with a system of defense acknowledged at the time of its construction to be the best, and is still of some service, it is utterly unsuited to cope with a modern ironclad fleet armed with guns of long range and great penetration. A masonry fort, such as Fort Scott, is almost useless wherever the water is deep enough to permit men-of-war to approach within battering distance; its scarp walls are too weak to protect the guns mounted in its casemates, and the casemates themselves are not capacious enough to admit guns of sufficient caliber to keep strong ironclads off. Weak by construction, Fort Scott has become even weaker through neglect. The mortar in the joints of the scarps is considerably disintegrated, and many of the bricks are eaten away by the weather and the sand driven against the structure by the strong westerly winds. It is armed with forty-five 10-inch and 8-inch guns, mounted, of which thirteen are rifled, and the rest are smoothbores. The latter are practically useless against an armored battleship.

Lying on the beach near Fort Scott are many old-fashioned smoothbore guns, and the carriages on which to mount them. The carriages are not half strong enough for their purpose, and the guns are preserved only because of the government's unwillingness to part with anything. As far as utility is concerned, they might just as well be sold for old iron or thrown into the bay. As weapons of offense or defense they are worthless. There are also on the northern shore of the Presidio Reservation, looking toward Sausalito, several 8-inch converted rifles, which I have seen termed "guardians of the bay." They are merely a saluting battery, and form no serious part of the defenses of the harbor.

On the hill crest above Fort Point, and between it and Point Lobos, is a line of batteries, which are placed out as far as possible in order to keep an enemy's ships at the greatest possible distance from the city. These batteries are armed almost entirely with 12-inch breech-loading mortars, which are much cheaper weapons to construct and use than breech-loading rifled guns. Both 12-inch mortars and rifles fire projectiles weighing 1000 pounds, but the cost of manufacturing a mortar is only about $7500, and a charge of only 80 pounds of powder is required for it; whereas a breech-loading rifle costs about $50,000, and takes a charge of 450 pounds of powder. There is a further advantage in favor of the mortar. The projectile leaves its muzzle at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees of elevation, and with a velocity of 1020 feet per second; after going up in the air for one and a half or two miles it turns and comes down point foremost, gaining speed at every foot of its descent, until it strikes with a velocity almost precisely the same as that which it had on leaving the muzzle of the mortar. If the gunner's calculations have been correct, the projectile strikes the most vulnerable part of the vessel—the deck, which is protected by only six inches of plate, the sides having armor of from 20 to 25 inches in thickness.

On the other hand, the projectile from a breech-loading rifle leaves the muzzle at a low angle of elevation, with an initial velocity of 2100 feet per second, and though at a thousand yards it would pierce 27 inches of armor, at a distance of five miles it would penetrate hardly five inches. The range of a 12-inch rifle is much greater than that of a 12-inch mortar, which is about six miles. The batteries between Fort Point and Point Lobos being about four miles from the center of San Francisco, the fire of ships carrying guns of a less range than ten miles would not reach the center of the city.

It has been said that mortars are economical weapons to construct and to fire: so they are, individually, but owing to their lack of accuracy, it is necessary to group them in batteries in the following manner: At each of the four corners of a rectangle 140 by 265 feet, pits are excavated; in each pit are mounted four mortars, arranged in a square, and at a distance of thirty feet from each other. The mortars themselves, and the interior of the rectangle containing the magazines, are effectually protected from the enemy's fire. In firing a mortar-battery the officer in command takes up his position where he can observe the movements of the enemy. From his charts, tables, and instruments, he determines the elevation for a trial shot, and sends his order by telephone to the gunners. When the first shot is fired, he watches where the shell falls, and makes his calculations accordingly. As soon as he gets the range, he orders all the sixteen mortars to be fired simultaneously. The projectiles then cover a space in the water equal to the rectangle on which the mortar-battery stands, that is, of 140 by 265 feet. The chance of striking a vessel with one of the projectiles, which would go right through her from deck to keel, is thus a pretty good one. A 12-inch mortar-battery of sixteen mortars fires 16,000 pounds of metal and 1280 pounds of powder at one discharge, so that it is not so surprisingly cheap after all.

As it seems impracticable to construct mortars of a greater caliber than twelve inches, and as there is a danger space of about four miles between the range of the mortars and that of the most powerful guns on

ALCATRAZ ISLAND AND GLIMPSE OF FORT POINT. *Taber photos.*

shipboard, it is evident that mortars cannot be relied on exclusively to defend the city. It is necessary to have some weapon of great penetrating force and long range. A 16-inch breech-loading rifled gun throws a shot of 2350 pounds about sixteen miles, and is a most effective weapon. The plans for the defense of San Francisco, in addition to one hundred and forty-four

IN THE CHANNEL.

12-inch mortars, include ten 16-inch breech-loading rifles. Of the former, some are to be on Point Bonita, but most of them will be distributed along the shore between Fort Point and Point Lobos, and a few on some high ground to the southward of the Ocean House. The United States Government does not possess as yet any plant capable of manufacturing such monsters as these 16-inch rifles, and, pending its acquisition of such a plant, the 12-inch rifles already in position play an important part in the defenses of San Francisco.

The weapons in position at Fort Winfield Scott and on the bluff above it are as follows: 15-inch battery, seven guns mounted; 12-inch mortar-battery, sixteen breech-loading mortars mounted on spring return carriages; 12-inch breech-loading rifle battery, two guns mounted in barbette; 10-inch breech-loading rifle battery, two guns mounted on disappearing carriages; the pneumatic "dynamite" battery, consisting of three 15-inch guns, mounted, from which charges of 100 pounds of any high explosive may be fired.

The "dynamite" guns are fifty feet long, and the force being obtained from compressed air are really gigantic popguns. The pressure of compressed air is so remarkably even that there is no danger of the explosive bursting prematurely and dealing death and destruction to men and property near it. Adjacent to the battery, which in its present condition cost $200,000, are a power-house and engines, put in by the Fulton Iron Works, to compress the air. Though the air is cheap enough, the projectiles used in actual warfare are so expensive that the United States Ordnance office is very loath to furnish them for purposes of trial.

Let us now go over to the north shore of the Golden Gate, to which the name of Lime Point is given. The proposed defenses there include a casemated battery, the site for which was excavated in 1867 and 1868, on Lime Point proper, and detached barbette batteries on the Cliff above the Point, at Gravelly Beach, Point Diablo, Point Bonita, and Point Cavallo. The barbette batteries were under construction between 1870 and 1876. It may be explained that guns in barbette are mounted behind parapets in such a position that if a shot from an enemy's vessel misses the edge of the bluff it will pass clean over the guns and the gunners.

Some years ago it was suggested to the Government to blast at the base of Lime Point hill and prepare a site for a casemated fort with iron shields, or for an iron fort, but the work has never been begun. The available defenses at Lime Point consist of one 12-inch breech-loading rifle mounted on a barbette carriage, and three 15-inch smooth-bore guns, mounted.

If an enemy's vessels found it impracticable to lie off in the open ocean and shell the city, they might decide to force a passage through the Golden Gate, which, owing to the depth of the channel, cannot be securely closed by torpedo-lines. Against such an attempt the mortar-batteries would be of very little avail, but the vessels would come within range of the 8-inch and 10-inch rifles at Lime Point and Fort Point, which, being at a height of from two hundred to four hundred feet above the water, would deliver a plunging fire upon their decks.

But in foggy weather these batteries would be practically useless. An enemy might then, with certain precautions, slip through the Golden Gate into the harbor. In such case the second or inner line of defense of the harbor would become of great importance, for on that would depend the safety of San Francisco, and of all the valuable places on the Bay. The *inner line of defense* consists of a battery on Point San Jose, within the limits of the city, some small batteries on Angel Island, and the batteries on Alcatraz. During the Civil War two temporary earthen batteries were built at Point San Jose, (which is about one and three-eighths miles from Alcatraz, and is usually named Fort Mason, or Black Point), and three on Angel Island, but the platforms and magazines are decayed, and the gun-carriages have been condemned.

Alcatraz alone remains, and is the most important point of the inner line of defense. Batteries in position there could deliver a fire reaching to the Golden Gate, covering the channel leading to the city, and crossing very effectively with the fire of the batteries of the outer line, and of those of the inner line on Point San Jose and Angel Island. At present Alcatraz has only three 15-inch smooth-bore guns, which are scarcely worth reckoning among the defenses of the harbor. But when the fortification of San Francisco harbor shall have been completed in the manner proposed Alcatraz will be a strong point. Allowing one hundred yards to each gun, instead of the usual one hundred and fifty yards, "the Rock" will have six heavy rifles looking westward, which will be most formidable to a hostile vessel that under cover of a fog ventures through the Golden Gate.

The channel between Alcatraz and Angel Islands is one and three-fourths miles wide and cannot be covered efficiently unless strong batteries are constructed on both islands. The Board of Engineers for the Pacific Coast long ago devised plans for the construction of earthen batteries for heavy guns in barbette on the south and west shores of Angel Island, those on the west commanding Raccoon Straits, which lead to San Pablo Bay, the Mare Island Navy Yard, the Arsenal at Benicia, and the mouth of the Sacramento River. But the Board's recommendations have not yet been carried out.

As the outer line of the Harbor cannot, owing to the depth of the channel at the Golden Gate, be defended by torpedoes, it is the more necessary that the inner line of defense should be supplemented by torpedoes and submarine mines. There already exists a depot for the storage of torpedoes, and a firing-room fully equipped with the necessary electrical apparatus. Though their locations are military secrets, the torpedoes will be so arranged as to be fired either by contact with the enemy's vessel, or at the will of the officer in command of the firing-room.

The report of the Board of Fortifications and other defenses in 1886 recommended that two harbor defense vessels and eighteen torpedo-boats should be built for exclusive use in the Bay of San Francisco, which is said to be second in importance only to New York Harbor. Up to the present moment the only result of the recommendation to be seen is the "Monterey."

The same Board also suggested plans for earthworks, guns, torpedoes, electrical appliances, torpedo-boats, and other defensive works, the total cost of which was estimated at about eleven millions of dollars. So far the amount expended in this work is between one and two millions of dollars. Thus it is apparent that the task of rendering San Francisco reasonably secure from attack has scarcely begun.

OUR BAY LIGHTS AND SIGNALS.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE were, generations ago, kind-hearted people who would build beacon-fires on high cliffs in order to warn mariners of the dangers of the coast, or guide them safely into the harbor. That was before the age of lighthouses, and poor "Jack" had a hard and anxious time of it when he drew near shore, for he could never be quite sure whether the beacon was a friendly light by which he might steer with safety, or a false flame lit only to lure him to destruction.

To-day the system of lighthouse service is almost perfection, and not only does the seacoast of every civilized country afford protection on account of its numerous and thoroughly catalogued lights, but navigable bays and rivers are also well provided for in this respect.

In localities where fogs prevail the lights are supplemented by bells and whistles. Where the building of a lighthouse is impracticable lightships are anchored and thus the proximity of sunken rocks or dangerous shoals is revealed to the craft which ply along regular courses.

The master of the ship recognizes his position by the characteristics of the light, or the intervals between bells or whistles if the night be shrouded in rain or fog.

LIME POINT.

Each station has its own particular signal, and these are catalogued in book form for the convenience of shipmasters and pilots. Sometimes the light is characterized by successive flashes of white light, with an intervening steady gleam of the flame; or there may be varied flashes of clear, bright red succeeded by a steady white light that shows for a certain length of time. Thus by the number and color of the flashes, as well as the latitude and longitude, the sailor recognizes the light station.

San Francisco Bay is provided with eight distinct lights. A list of the lights provided for San Francisco harbor would not be complete without reference to the stations on Point Bonita, at the north side of the entrance to the Bay.

It has what is termed a fixed white light, and its rays shine forth clear and steadily from its height of one hundred and twenty feet above sea level. Like the majority of these light stations Bonita Point possesses a low white tower with a black lantern, which surmounts a substantial dwelling, also white in color, as this is the characteristic hue of all signal stations. Lower down on the rocks, almost overhanging the water, is the steam siren which sends out the first warning of an approaching fog.

The lighthouse and fog-bell on Fort Point differ somewhat from the other harbor lights and signals. The tower rises about twenty-seven feet above the western angle of old Fort Winfield Scott, and all around it frown suggestive implements of war. Its light is particularly noticeable and interesting from the fact it is the only light in the Bay which shows flashes of red. For the space of a minute it shines forth white and clear, and during the next minute four beautiful red flashes follow each other at regular intervals. On a bastion of the historic old building hangs the fog-bell.

The most pretentious fog-signal station is that of Lime Point, directly across from Fort Point, and the hoarse cry of its steam whistle follows closely on that of Point Bonita, thus giving the cue to the smaller stations within the harbor as the fog comes rolling relentlessly in. From here signals are given by means of the whistle to the life-saving station, which warns them that a vessel is in distress.

The lighthouse on the summit of Alcatraz Island stands on a higher altitude than any of the harbor lights, being 166 feet above sea level. Its tower building is 36 feet in height, and the brilliant light is seen at a distance of 19 nautical miles. This station also has a fog-bell in connection with it, which is situated about four hundred feet from the house.

To passengers on the Oakland ferry-boats the lighthouse and fog horn or bell on Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, as it is commonly called, are well known, and on dark nights its welcome gleam is like the touch of a friendly hand, while the hoarse tones of its whistle have relieved the anxiety of many a heart when the fog on the Bay was so thick "you could almost cut it." This station also possesses a bell in case the whistle should be temporarily disabled. The structure containing the signals is built on the very edge of the cliff, but the keeper's dwelling, which is quite commodious and attractive, stands somewhat higher up on the hillside.

Two other lights familiar to those who patronize the Alameda ferries are those situated at the entrance to the Oakland harbor, one in line with the prolongation of the north jetty, the other at the end of the south jetty.

The two lights at the mouth of the San Bruno dredged channel in the southern part of the Bay are similar to that at the south jetty, being tubular lanterns suspended from an iron crane attached to the service hut on the small platform which is supported by four very substantial piles.

On Angel Island there is only a fog-signal station, which was established in 1866. It contains a bell, which, like the others, is struck by machinery. This bell machine is a curious piece of mechanism, and is operated by a weight, which descends much as do the weights of a clock, and, like a clock, is wound by hand.

FORT POINT. *From Official Photo. U. S. [illegible].*

East Brother Island is situated in the strait which connects San Pablo Bay with San Francisco Bay. On this Island is quite a pretentious station consisting of a lighthouse and fog-signal buildings which contain a thirteen-inch steam whistle and a bell. The lighthouse is thirty-seven feet in height, and was built in 1874.

On Mare Island is still another lighthouse similar to these already described, and a bell of the same description. This station was established in 1873, and stands at an elevation of seventy-six feet.

POINT BONITA. *From Official Photo. U. S. G[illegible]*

Another light which guides the pilots of river steamers or belated fishing craft on their winding way is located in the marsh at the southern point of Roe Island, about seven miles above Benicia, in Suisun Bay. This light, from an elevation of forty-three feet, can be seen at a distance of twelve miles. The fog-bell is placed on the end of the little wharf, and the house itself, a small but substantial structure, after the style of the smaller buildings of like purpose, is built upon piles driven deep into the unstable mud.

The lights, with the exception of that at Fort Point and the tubular lanterns, are fixed white. The lenses are exceptionally fine, having been made in Paris, France. The lights are from large brass lamps having circular wicks, and only the finest mineral oil is burned in them in order to secure a brilliant, clear, and steady flame; it is estimated that, as it streams through the lenses, about sixty-candle power is attained.

For fear the oil may burn too low before morning fresh lamps are substituted at midnight, thus securing an even flame all night.

Many of the keepers are men of family who are comfortably situated in these little homes furnished by the government, though the life must necessarily be a lonely and monotonous one. The children of the keeper of the Goat Island station are conveyed across the bay morning and evening to and from school in San Francisco, as there are not a sufficient number of children on the island to establish a school there.

Salaries range from $500 to $800 per annum, together with provisions. The highest salary paid in the Californian district is $1000 a year to the keeper of the light on St. George Reef, a very exposed and dangerous station on the northern coast.

The Lighthouse Inspector for the Twelfth (California) District is Captain Frank Courtis, Commander, U. S. N., a courteous gentleman and a very efficient officer. The vessel used in his quarterly visits to the stations is the lighthouse tender "Madrona." On these visits stores are delivered, repairs attended to, and other necessary matters receive proper attention.

Some idea of the magnitude of the lighthouse system of this district may be had from the fact that service, stores, etc., last year amounted to $48,000.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR SEA-GULLS AND THEIR WAYS.

NO VIEW about the bay is complete without a flock of sea-gulls, wheeling around the wharves and anchored vessels, or following in the wake of a fishing-smack.

These birds have become very familiar to passengers on the Oakland ferry-boats, and, as they flap patiently alongside of the upper deck, many a cake or cracker finds its way into their capacious craws. An especially delectable morsel gives rise to shrill screams and wild headlong plunges, and, it is safe to say, it never reaches the water.

Stalking jauntily along the roofs of the warehouses, rocking lightly on the miniature waves, or lost in meditation upon the summit of some weather-beaten, barnacled pile, they are at once companionable, entertaining, and picturesque. Even on a dull foggy day

they harmonize with their surroundings, forming, with their quaker garb, a symphony in gray, and floating airily over the white-caps during southeastern gales, they seem the very spirit of the storm.

Gulls are very common most of the year all along the California coast, but they retire inland during the early summer months to the shores of lakes and large water-courses.

The adult birds are a pale pearl-gray in color, with yellow legs and a whitish breast, the plumage of the younger ones being somewhat darker on the upper surface and varied with deeper shades.

Their chief characteristic is their insatiable appetite, and they seem not only to "eat to live," but literally to "live to eat."

When the egg-hunters make their periodical visits to the Farallones, in order to secure the eggs of the murre (another species of sea-bird), for the markets of the San Francisco water front, the wily gulls are said to fly just ahead of the collectors and to break open with their bills as many eggs as possible in the deserted nests, returning to the rookeries after the sound specimens have been gathered and enjoying a delightful feast.

Sometimes troops of gulls follow ocean steamers far out to sea in hopes of obtaining choice scraps thrown out from the kitchen portholes, and often they may be seen pursuing shoals of small fish, clamoring greedily the while.

The nest of the gull is made on the ground or bare rocks, or, when they congregate in vast numbers, even in stunted sagebrushes. It is roughly composed of dry grass, sticks and a few feathers; and the eggs, which are usually three or four in number, are deposited about the middle of May. In color these vary from a bluish-white to a deep brown, and are spotted and blotched with dark markings, while in size they are about two and a half inches in length by one and a half in breadth.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

The vulture, or condor, of California, bears the proud distinction of being, next to the famous condor of the Andes, the largest known bird of flight; and is claimed by some scientists to equal, if not to exceed, in size its South American rival, as from tip to tip of the outspread wings it measures from eight and a half to ten and a half, or even eleven, feet, while its height is that of a half-grown child.

In early days these mammoth birds were exceedingly numerous all along the region of the Pacific Coast, from Northern Oregon to the mouth of the Colorado River; but their habitat is now restricted to isolated mountain peaks in the southern part of the State, and they are becoming so rare that their total extinction is only a question of a few years' time.

Mr. Lorquin, the well-known taxidermist, has asserted that a large condor was shot in pioneer San Francisco, in the neighborhood of what is now Bush Street, near Grant Avenue.

Though stuffed specimens are seldom found in ornithological collections, a good one may be seen in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences.

In food, habits, and manner of flight, this vulture resembles the turkey buzzard, with which it often associates. Its color is a brownish-black, with patches of white beneath the wings; and the bare, yellowish neck is surrounded by a fringe, or collar, of long narrow feathers, while dark circles define the small keen eyes.

From the end of the beak to the tip of the tail it measures about fifty-five inches, and the average weight is from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

As the claws are comparatively straight and blunt, they are not well adapted to clinging to the rounded branches of trees; so when at rest these birds usually perch upon jagged rocks or on the brink of beetling precipices.

They have an ungainly walk; but their flight is most majestic, there being no perceptible movement of the wings, even if they are observed through an opera glass. Soaring upward, in a series of wide circles, they finally become a mere speck in the zenith, where they remain poised for hours, especially before a thunder-storm.

But let a hunter bring down a deer or rabbit within their range of vision, and leave it unprotected, and in a twinkling they swoop down from the ether, and the game is soon reduced to a skeleton.

The condor is said to make no real nest; either piling a few sticks loosely together, or depositing its eggs in hollow logs or stumps, or in the deserted nests of eagles or buzzards.

The eggs, which are one or two in number, are of a pale greenish-blue or grayish-white, and their dimensions are about two and a half inches in diameter by

From "By Semitropic Seas."

four and a half inches in length. So rare have they become that very large prices are offered by museums for perfect specimens.

The young vultures are awkward creatures, resembling the adult birds in general form, though they are covered with a soft, fluffy, whitish down, much like that of a fledgling owl.

If taken soon after hatching, they can be easily tamed; but develop, with increasing size, a most abnormal appetite—a medium-sized condor in a zoological garden having been known to average a large sheep a day.

They can, however, exist for several weeks without food, owing to their enormous muscular strength and great tenacity of life.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

LILLA W. SICKLER.

Modern literature, it is said, lacks in good descriptive writing. Foremost among California writers who have won a distinguished reputation along this line,

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

is the subject of our sketch, Mrs. Emma Seckle Marshall. While her productions have included every class of literature, from stories to poems, and from essays to biographies, the major portion of her time has, for the past few years, been devoted to travel, that she might interpret Nature in her various forms and spirits.

The readers of THE TRAVELER have not been without opportunity to judge of her literary style.

Mrs. Marshall has written many poems, in many moods, from the dainty fancy of "Queries" to the stately measure of "The Snow Plant," which first appeared in the pages of this magazine, and which attracted wide attention and many favorable comments. It is indeed a masterpiece.

She has, at various times, contributed to the *Youths' Companion*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Overland*, *Household*, *Housekeeper*, *Woman's Work*, and other periodicals, besides doing a large amount of syndicate work.

It will doubtless interest the reader to learn that California has the best claim to having inspired and developed the high and noble sentiments, the earnest thought, the intense enthusiasm, which grace both the prose and poetry of this gifted writer.

She recognizes, too, the benefits to be derived from unity of purpose and interchange of thought as afforded by the various associations of writers. She was one of the first women received into the California Editorial Association, and a charter member of the Southern California Editorial Association, also of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.

She has many fine social qualities, and a winning personality. In her home she is most hospitable. Being well versed on many subjects, and having the gift of expression, she is a charming conversationalist. Though not a demonstrative woman, there are depths to her nature, as is evinced by her devotion to the few friends admitted to her intimacy, for one of her strong virtues is steadfastness in friendship, a characteristic we all admire, but few of us possess.

She refutes the assertion that literary women are neglectful or careless of home duties. In addition to the labors in connection with her career as a professional writer, Mrs. Marshall directs her own household affairs and looks carefully to the education and training of her son and daughter, with whom she invariably spends "The Children's Hour."

"LOOKOUT" STATION, POINT LOBOS.

KATHIE HILLYER.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the waves, at the base of Point Lobos, which guards one side of the entrance to San Francisco harbor, stands a low, many-sided building, with windows all around it, and a door giving entrance from the land side. It is a singular structure.

On the roof is a queer contrivance, which is really two short iron bars crossed in the middle, and having a flat cup on each end, revolving as the wind strikes the cups.

Within the building there is much that gives rise to conjecture. Occupying a position in the center of the room is a huge telescope that may be moved at will, and here the marine reporter of the Merchants' Exchange, John Hyslop, scans the horizon for incoming ships. He is a character worthy a place in Californian history, and is a perfect encyclopedia of facts concerning the sea, its ships, and his environment. He looks young, but despite his slender build and weather-beaten complexion he gives one an impression of determination and accuracy.

When the speck on the horizon has taken shape the reporter telephones the name, position, condition, as near as he can determine, and distance out, of the ship, to the Merchants' Exchange, for this is the association that supports this station, and also the one on the seawall, at the foot of Powell Street, though the duties of the reporter at the latter place are somewhat different from those of John Hyslop.

As soon as the telephone message is received by the Exchange, the man at the wharf is notified to be on the watch for the vessel. When she is within convenient distance he goes out in his boat, boards her, receives an account of her voyage, takes a manifest of her cargo, and makes note of whatever is worth reporting to the Exchange, where these records are carefully preserved.

From daylight to dark the reporter is at his post, and in case of anxiety regarding an overdue vessel he passes the long hours of the night at his telescope. If the atmosphere is clear he can distinguish a steamer eighteen miles out, a sailing vessel at from fourteen to sixteen, and if the craft is an old timer, and has passed through the Gate many times, he can name her at twenty miles; but if heavy fogs prevail he cannot see her at all until she is within three or four miles of his perch.

In connection with this matter there is an interesting fact to be noted, and this is the reason that lighthouses are placed at a lower altitude than formerly.

POINT LOBOS SIGNAL STATION.

Sometimes, when the writhing masses of mist are impenetrable from the station on the hill, the reporter goes down to the little house on the edge of the sea, below, and looks out *under* the fog, from this point of vantage he has a clear and uninterrupted view of the pulsing gray waves. The distance is judged by the apparent proximity of ships to the different buoys or those points of coast line that are within range of vision.

The methods of signalling are very interesting. If an incoming vessel signals for a tug, a pilot, or orders, the reporter notifies the Merchants' Exchange, and their reply is signaled to the ship. The International Code of Signals is used, except in cases where the private flag of some company flies from the masthead.

This occurs when a tug bringing in a vessel desires to send another tug, belonging to the same company, to the assistance of a vessel known to be still outside, or in some similar case.

The other duties of the reporter consist in keeping a record of the velocity of the wind, by means of electric wires connecting with the little whirling machine on top of the house, which registers every mile on blanks prepared for the purpose.

A word regarding the pilot and tug service will not be amiss here. There are twenty pilots in the Pilot's Association, and about four boats, each of which carries three pilots when out on a cruise. The boats go out in pairs when on the lookout for vessels needing their assistance, but if they do not secure a ship in four days they must return and allow the others to have an equal opportunity.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

OUR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

COLLISON FLEMING.

When the wind and the rain beat furiously against window panes, people fly for shelter and gather around the fireside to laugh and be merry and defy the elements.

Sometimes they say, "Heaven pity the poor souls exposed to this weather," but many of them do not know that out on the ocean beach, from dusk to daylight, patrolmen are plodding along, beating their way against the savage gusts, peering out over angry breakers, and straining their ears for the sound of the booming of cannon which would tell them that somewhere out on the whirling waste of sea a vessel was in danger and lives in jeopardy.

For six miles is the beach thus patroled, the beat commencing at the Cliff House. In darkness or moonlight, under clear skies, lowering or weeping clouds, it is the same. At the end of each two miles the patrolmen meet, exchange greetings, possibly chat for a moment or two, and then return over their lonely routes.

Two life-saving stations are situated on this beach, four miles apart, while a third stands on the bay shore at Fort Point. These stations are all equipped with the latest devices for live-saving, and certain days each week are devoted to practise with the various apparatus; though, fortunately, there is seldom the necessity for putting this practise into real action.

In case it is impossible to launch a boat over the breakers on the beach, an extra boat-house has been built and furnished near the Presidio.

The crew at each station numbers eight men and the keeper, and the equipment, in each case, consists of a self-righting and self-baling lifeboat, a fine surf-boat a life car, a breeches buoy, and the beach apparatus, the latter including a small cannon, projectiles, lines, signals, etc. The signals embrace the flags of the International Code for use in daylight, and colored lights and rockets at night. These are also supplemented by the booming of cannon.

The lifeboats are 30 feet long, 8 feet in breadth, and weigh 3700 pounds. The one at the Fort Point station is somewhat different in construction from the others, but possesses, nevertheless, the same necessary qualities.

In order to insure lightness and buoyancy these boats are not only provided with capacious air chambers, but are lined with cork, and filled, below the water-line, with bags of tules, and each contains a large stone jug of fresh water, lashed to the floor, in case it should be necessary to remain several days at sea.

The conveniences for launching these boats are of the simplest pattern, yet so perfect are they that in six minutes from the time a signal is received, calling for assistance, the boat is in the water.

If a wrecked vessel carries a large number of passengers, and it is impossible to use the boats, the life car is called into requisition, as it will hold from four to five persons. If, however, there are comparatively few people aboard, the breeches buoy is sent over, and one or two people are thus brought off each trip.

These are both operated by means of the beach apparatus. A shot carrying a fine line is sent through the rigging, and by means of this the "whip," as it is called, is hauled on board and made fast to the masthead by a pulley. This whip is an endless rope, which, at the shore end, is attached to a high crotch pole also by a pulley.

Thus a means of communication and transportation is established. The car and breeches buoy are run on an immense hawser, which has been sent over to the ship by means of the whip, and also fastened at the masthead. The buoy is the simplest device in the world, and consists of a large, round life-preserver, to which is attached a pair of short, stout canvas breeches.

The life car is a deep but small boat, covered with taupaulin, that is, though perfectly ventilated, entirely water-tight and buoyant.

In a tiny house upon the crown of Point Lobos a man is constantly on the lookout for signals of distress. From his perch he has an uninterrupted view of the Golden Gate and the ocean, and his eye is quick to detect the slightest signal that could be construed into a call for assistance.

The officers in charge of the Twelfth District, California, are the Superintendent of the service, Major T. J. Blakeney, of whom every man in the service speaks in terms of the highest respect, and his able associate, Captain W. C. Coulson, superintendent of construction and assistant inspector.

There have been comparatively few wrecks in this locality, and but three or four that were really catastrophes; the chief of these, perhaps, was the bark "Atlantic," which was wrecked on the Seal Rocks about ten years ago. Out of her crew of thirty-eight men but eleven were saved.

The efficient work done by the boats from the life-saving stations during the recent disaster which befell the "City of New York" is yet fresh in the memory of the public.

There are few situations in life more fraught with danger, or requiring greater courage, strength, and endurance than that of the life-saving service, for here are men ready at a second's warning to risk life, limb, and health to face danger and endure discomfort, it may be torture, in an endeavor to rescue those who are total strangers, perhaps speaking another tongue.

THE NAVAL REVOLUTION.

J. M. SCANLAND.

NAVAL architecture and naval armament have improved more rapidly within the past quarter of a century than at any other equal period in the history of the world. Prior to the construction of the iron-clads "Merrimac" and "Monitor," during the late war between the States, our Navy was composed of cumbrous wooden ships, not one of which could stand a five minutes' firing from one of our modern line-of-battle ships. The construction of these iron-clads was a rapid stride in naval armament, and their effectiveness revolutionized the navies of the world. Old models were discarded, the science of naval architecture was more closely studied, and improvement has been made in every detail. Improvements have been made ever since the construction of some of our modern cruisers only a few years ago, and in a few years the American Navy will be superior to that of any country in the world. Our monitors, steel cruisers, and line-of-battle ships compare favorably with those of other countries, but our sea and coast defenses are more limited. Our advance in architecture and superior armament is more rapid than that of most European nations. As an evidence of the superiority of our cruisers, Japan has just contracted for two battle-ships—one to be made at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco.

Before the naval revolution our men-of-war were unwieldy wooden structures, poorly protected by a few inches of railroad iron; the guns were mainly of smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, and it usually required sixteen men, and a boy, denominated the "powder monkey," to handle one gun. The shells were hollow and round, and were not one-hundredth part as effective as the sharp-pointed projectiles now in use. About eighty or one hundred pounds of powder were generally used in making a charge; but now two hundred and fifty pounds are used, and the projectile is sent whizzing for a distance of ten miles. The shell weighs five hundred pounds, and is ten inches in diameter. The new improved gun used by the monitors and line-of-battle ships is the steel-rifled cannon, breech-loading, mounted on a revolving turret. These turrets turn about two hundred and fifty degrees, so that the enemy can be reached from almost any direction without waiting for the vessel to be turned. A modern monitor such as the "Monadnoch" has two ten-inch guns in front, or "forward," and two ten-inch guns at the stern, or "aft," as nautically expressed. In an engagement these guns can be wheeled around so as to "feel of the enemy," whether he is forward, in the rear, or on either side of the vessel. In addition, there are two batteries of four-inch rapid-firing guns, and two batteries of six-inch rapid-firing guns on each side, which can be brought into play, and by the revolving of the turrets the guns can be turned in almost any direction. In addition, there is a battery of two one-inch guns about midships of each "fighting top." This is something like a smoke-stack and mast combined. The steel cylinder is hollow, and reaches up about thirty feet, on which is a platform for the battery and the two men who fire the little guns. They fire with a rapidity of sixty a minute, if the gunner is expert and rapid. The capacity of the gun is about a mile. The object of the battery is to fight off torpedoes, a boarding party, and to pepper any and everything in sight below. During an engagement the gunner climbs up to his platform by steps inside of the "fighting staff."

The large ten-inch guns can be fired at the rate of one shot per minute. The ammunition is "fixed,"—the powder being placed in a shell of steel and copper composition, upon which is placed the sharp-pointed projectile, which has the appearance of a rifle ball, only that it is about two feet in length. The breech-loader is opened with one motion, the charge lifted from the carriage by hydraulic power and rammed into the gun. The breech is closed with one motion, the gun is sighted, a button is touched, and out goes the projectile at the speed of 2000 feet to the second.

Hydraulic power and electricity have added greatly to the rapidity of handling guns on war vessels. Under the old system the firing of a gun required much more time and a larger number of men, and, as the revolving turret was then unknown, firing was necessarily delayed often in order to get within range, as maneuvering constituted an important feature of an engagement.

The "Vermont," a four-decker, the largest of the old-style man-of-war ships, carried one hundred guns and about six hundred men. Her entire armament would not be as effective as one of the smaller batteries of any one of our monitors of to-day. She could train her one hundred guns on the "Monadnock" for a week, at a distance of a few hundred yards, and this modern monitor, with her nine-inch solid steel plate armor, would not "feel it." The armor would not be pierced, and it is doubtful whether modern projectiles from modern guns would have any serious effect.

The "Oregon," which is the largest of the modern battle-ships, has not near so many guns, nor such a large crew as the "Vermont" carried. She has a crew of about two hundred men, and her two largest batteries are four twelve-inch guns and two ten-inch guns. Still it can be safely asserted that the "Vermont" could not stand one broadside from this modern battle-ship, and stay above the water.

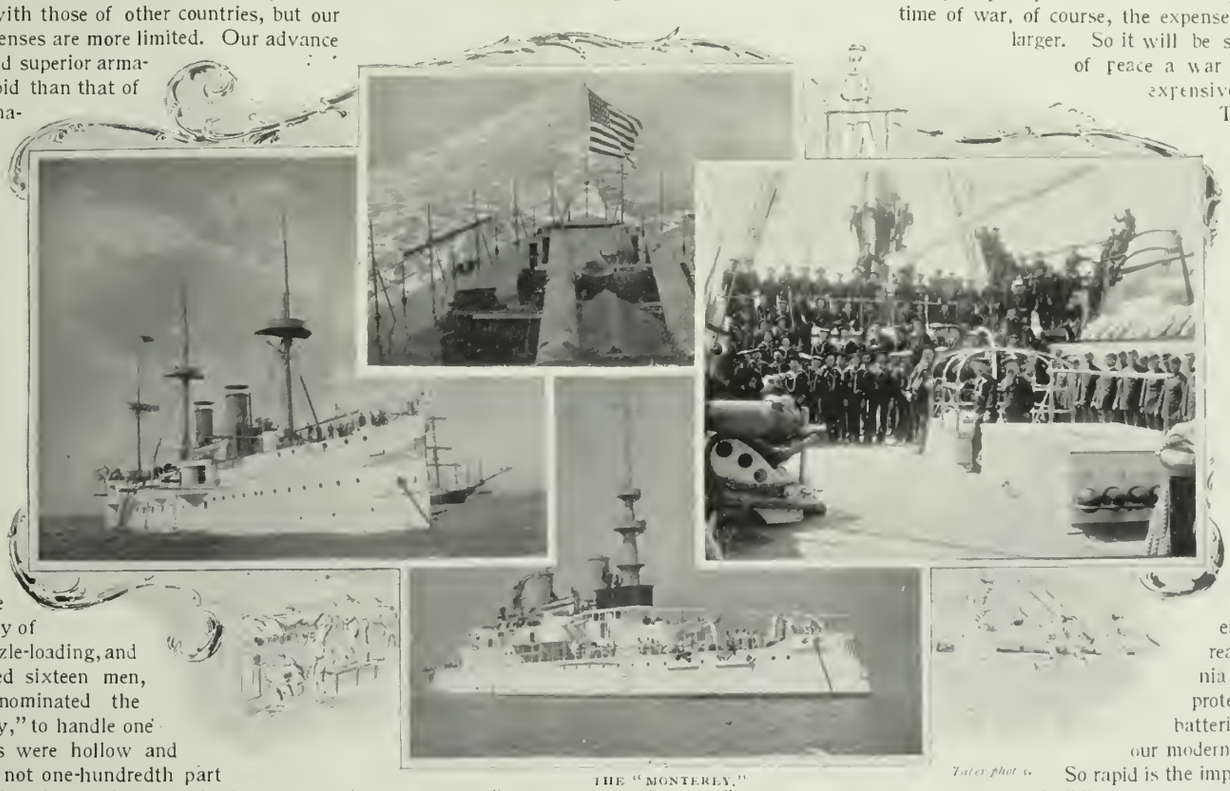
After the construction of the war-time monitors, the new cruiser followed, and then the huge line-of-battle ship, all of steel, and provided with the latest improved steel rifle guns and revolving turrets. The vessels are less bulky, but larger and of course better built and more durable. There is scarce a vestige of the olden-time equipment now in use. Electricity has supplanted the murky oil-lamp, and hydraulic power that of muscle, thus reducing the former quota of men. The piloting apparatus is moved by steam instead of by hand as formerly, and instead of the usual speaking trumpets and other slow methods of conveying orders, electric buttons are used, and the captain can stand at one point and give commands to men at all points in the vessel, and receive answers in the same manner. The alphabetical signals by colored lamps is another improvement. The modern vessel is of a much prettier model, and lighter and more cheerful in the interior than the old, and better accommodations are provided for the sailors. Owing to improved appliances, the work of a sailor is lighter, there is not so much to do, and he has more time for drilling and spinning yarns, a pastime which is second nature with a sailor.

A modern line-of-battle ship costs about $1,000,000. The yearly expenses are about $250,000. But, in time of war, of course, the expenses would be much larger. So it will be seen that in time of peace a war vessel is a most expensive necessity.

The monitors are constructed for coast defense, and not for sea engagement. In case of invasion by a foreign fleet, the line-of-battle ships would steam out to the Golden Gate and give the enemy a few broadsides as a matter of form. Then the monitors would steam out and take up the line of fight, aided by the land-batteries, should the enemy get within reach. The California Coast is well protected by our land batteries and also by our modern monitors.

So rapid is the improvement in ship-building and armament, that no sooner is one completed, than another is contemplated on a newer and better model, with greater power. Many of the inventions in guns and improved projectiles are the work of our naval officers, who have made many valuable additions to the naval armament.

Should we make such rapid strides in the construction of war vessels and superior guns for the next few years as we have within the past generation, America will rank all other countries in naval armament and construction.



CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO." THE "MONTEREY." THE "OREGON." *Taber phot'r.* U. S. SLOOP OF WAR.

The vessel now building at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, for the Wilder Steamship Co. of Honolulu, is a cargo and passenger steamer, especially adapted for the inter-island trade, and to carry 600 tons of cargo on a draft of 13 ft. 6in. It is to be schooner rigged. The passenger accommodations will be under a long bridge in the middle of the vessel. She will be fitted with all modern appliances, and is to make a speed, loaded, of 9½ knots. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length on water line, 175 ft. Length over all, 183 ft. Beam, moulded, 29 ft. 11 in. Beam, extreme, 30 ft. Depth, moulded, 14 ft. 10½ in. The vessel is constructed of steel throughout, and will be classed in the first division of Bureau Veritas.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SAILORS.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

DOUBTLESS a life on the ocean wave is largely a game of chance. A sailor's sense of humor is also a curious thing. What there is in his hard, rough-and-tumble existence to develop it is a mystery. A Russian lad who had, years before, fled from the land of the great white Czar when scarcely big enough to handle a belaying pin, and stowed himself away in the hold of a merchantman, once told me how he had lost the forefinger of his right hand. It had frozen while he was aloft in the rigging of a whaler in the Arctic.

"I never knew the difference," he said, "and went right on with my work, my finger as good as dead all the while! Now would you think a man could be such a fool, miss?" and he chuckled as he cheerfully surveyed the place where the missing digit should have been. He had a name that sounded something like Ivan Tobascosauceovantovich, as near as I can remember—or some such abbreviation of the dictionary.

A TROPICAL WOOING.

With all his faults, the sailor has always a warm corner in his heart, no matter how grizzled and gruff he may be, for the spot he has called home; and it is on Christmas Day that his thoughts turn to the customs of childhood—to the days before he had reefed a main topsail or taken a bird's-eye view from the yardarm over miles of watery waste. No sea has been wet enough to quench the enthusiasm that the thought of Christmas at home awakens in his weather-beaten breast.

How would you like to spend Christmas Day on a sailing vessel off Cape Horn among the icebergs, with a monstrous mountain of ice, three hundred feet high, to keep the ship company? A blue-eyed sailor boy related to me the other day how he and the crew observed Christmas on board under these circumstances.

"When the day came round we all felt sort of lonesome-like, and so we thought we'd have an imitation Christmas, tree and all. How to get the tree was what bothered us. We were not in sight of land, and so I had to make one."

"Make one?" I echoed. I had heard of the Indian fakirs who grow fruit trees to order while you wait, but miracles wrought by a sailor were something new under the sun.

"Oh, it was easy enough," said he, "but it took quite a bit of time. I had learned cabinet-making as a trade before I went to sea, so I was used to whittling, and made a Christmas tree with my jack-knife out of some of the ship's lumber. I carved the leaves and made branches and twigs, and when it was done gave it a couple of coats of green paint. When night came we lit it up with candles, sang songs and told yarns and made the best of it. The steward wanted to do his share, but he had nothing but canned goods, so all he could give us in the way of an extra dish was ice cream."

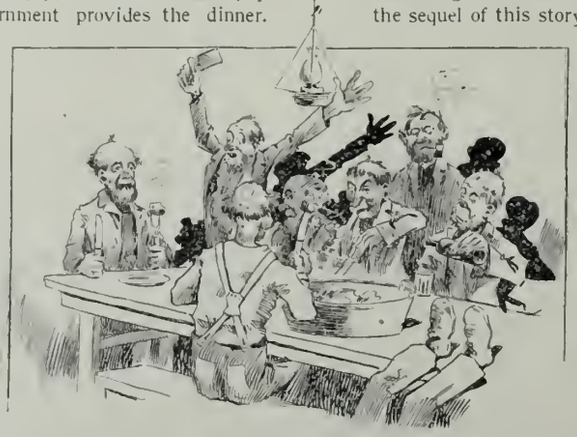
"Where did the cream come from?" I asked, shivering.

"To tell the honest truth, ma'am, it wasn't much of a success, that ice cream, for it was manufactured out of condensed milk and snow—not exactly what you would call a rich dish, but we ate it all the same. The toughest Christmas dinner I ever had, though, was a mess of whale, chopped up with salt pork. We were frozen in, that winter, up in the north, among the icebergs, and our ship we had packed all round with snow, that being warmer than ice, which does damage to the vessel when it touches it. You see there is a layer of whale meat next to the blubber that is very good for boiling. It can be turned into a sausage machine afterward, same as you would make hash, and eaten with vinegar."

Imagine this odorous delicacy as a substitute for turkey, done to a tender, golden brown and served with the crimson and time-honored cranberry!

It does not require much courage to capture and slay the turkey that you have been fattening for his fate in the back yard during the few December days that lie 'twixt him and his inevitable destiny, but if you had to travel a hundred and fifty miles over a desert waste, and run the risk of being made a Christmas meal of yourself en route, the occasion would be fraught with more or less excitement, and bravery would be extremely necessary for the success of the undertaking. Many a ship's crew in the frozen regions of the north has dined on deer at Christmas time, that being the only fresh meat obtainable in that region. The animals have retreated inland, until now a deer dinner frequently involves a three-hundred-mile trip ashore and back. The journey is made with sleds and dogs, eight or ten of the latter hauling the vehicle, and the exploring party is a volunteer one, made up among the crew. A "saddle" of deer means the hindquarters of the animal, and this portion only is considered eatable, the rest being traded off to the natives, who use it in various ways. Twenty saddles is considered a fair catch for a ship load, the meat being stewed for serving.

Whether the Yule-tide finds them at sea or in port it is Uncle Sam's men who fare the best at dinner. In the navy, Jack's holiday repast is a decidedly elaborate affair, and no nation in the world is so liberal with its rations on that or any other day as that which floats our glorious flag. Not only is Mr. Jack Tar regaled with plum duff. Beer, wine and cigars are luxuries which he is permitted to enjoy, if he is willing to pay for them. The Government provides the dinner. Christmas is about the only day in the navy when the solemn rite of holy-stoning the deck is dispensed with. On almost every craft that rides the water, however, the day is observed by a general cessation of work, if in no other way. Just what the program may be on board a pirate ship I cannot say. I have not yet had the pleasure of interviewing a crew of that kind, and my acquaintance with piratical customs is therefore limited.



A CHRISTMAS FEAST OF WHALE HASH WITH BLUBBER ON THE SIDE.

I used to know a sailor who was a most accomplished economizer of the truth, but his stories were as delightful as they were unbelievable. Compared with them the "Arabian Nights" paled into commonplace insignificance. So vivid was his imagination that he grew to believe his own stories. One of them concerned an adventure on Christmas Day, when, according to his testimony, he went ashore on the coast of

Africa, slew a roaring lion before breakfast, had a fight with a band of natives in which he caused them all to bite the dust, wooed and won a dusky belle, bought his picturesque bride from her mercenary parent for nine yards of gaudy calico and a flask of fire-water, basely deserted her, and swam back to his ship under cover of darkness, pursued by the enemy in the shape of howling savages. Rather a lively Christmas, that.

Sweet potatoes at twenty-five cents apiece were the Christmas portion of the crew of a ship that entered the port nearest Fort Fisher on the Atlantic coast one winter during the war. She hailed from one of the islands of Scotland, floated no flag, and belonged to no country, and had a precarious time dodging danger among the war vessels she encountered. Provisions were very scarce, and the men were glad to find even potatoes when they landed, nothing but salt pork being left in their supplies. They were devouring their meal when a vessel sighted them and sent a shell their way, scaring them so badly that they put to sea again, utilizing for fuel their remaining boxes of pork, their coal being exhausted. I have wondered about the sequel of this story, which never has been told, the conversation being cruelly interrupted at this critical juncture.

If the sailor be a captain as well, and have his wife with him, his Christmas is much more homelike. Sometimes he gets a Christmas gift in the shape of a bouncing baby, as was the case with a captain who married a San Francisco girl two years ago. But at its best the sailor's Christmas is none too happy when it finds him on the bounding billow. These sailors in the aggregate are a merry set, and when the hardships they endure are considered, can one blame them if they celebrate Christmas not wisely but too well, when on land?

SOMETHING ABOUT TELEGRAPHY.

FRANK P. MEDINA.

TWO gentlemen, one elderly, the other young, were passing the office of the Postal Telegraph Company, when the younger man said: "By the way, it has never been my good fortune to visit the operating room of a telegraph company. I should very much like to see the operators at work."

"That can be easily arranged," replied his companion, "Superintendent Storror is a friend of mine, and I am sure he will welcome a visit from us. Let's call on him to-morrow."

Now, the elder gentleman was a prominent physician of San Francisco, who in his early days had been closely identified with telegraphic interests in the United States, and who had kept himself well informed on telegraph matters, scientific and practical, up to date. And so it is not surprising that he was able to give, on the occasion of their visit to the Postal Telegraph Company's operating-room, on the following day, a very good explanation of the things they saw. Mr. Storror received them cordially and told them to make themselves at home.

"Each operator hears only his own instrument," explained the doctor, "a faculty not easily acquired. Messages are transmitted by telegraph by means of a hammer alternately falling on a sounding anvil and striking against an upper limiting stop, the hammer being operated on its downward stroke by an electromagnet, and on its upward stroke by a spiral spring. The electromagnet is under the control of the operator at the distant station, who opens and closes the circuit by means of a key. A single downward stroke quickly followed by an upward stroke is called a 'dot'; if the upward stroke is slightly delayed, the signal is called a 'dash,' and the interval between an upward stroke and the succeeding downward one is called a 'space.' Dots, dashes, and spaces are the elements that form all the characters, and are combined in such ways as to arbitrarily correspond to the letters of the alphabet and the numerals."

"I should think it would take some time to become expert at picking out these signals rapidly."

"It does, indeed. After several years of practise operators can handle them at the rate of thirty or forty words a minute, but press despatches are now transmitted at a much more rapid rate. Commercial messages are never abbreviated in the course of transmission; every letter is duly sent by its corresponding signal. But in press despatches a code of arbitrary abbreviations has of late years come into use, which enables an operator to send as rapidly as the most expert typewriter can transcribe."

"How far can telegraph circuits be worked?" he asked.

"The length of telegraph circuits," said the Doctor, "is limited principally by the escape of the current over the insulators to the ground. There is always some escape, but when this infinitesimal amount is multiplied by the tens of thousands of poles and insulators in a long line, it becomes very much in evidence. Do you see those two young men on our right? They are working a duplex circuit, the first stretch of which is twelve hundred miles long."

"That is quite a stretch."

"Oh, no; the exact truth, I assure you. Although this is one of the longest circuits in the world, it cannot be said to be the limit; indeed, at times it has been practical to extend it five or six hundred miles farther. Now, by a peculiar device, messages are sent for much longer distances, and the two men are working direct with Chicago."

"Is the nature of this device easy to understand?"

"Quite easy. It consists in making the receiving instrument at the end of each of the component circuits operate by its electromagnet the transmitting key of the next succeeding circuit. That is, at the intermediate stations, an electromagnet operated by the operator at the initial station, takes the place of a telegraph operator. Therefore, while wet weather may decrease the workable length of the component circuits, San Francisco can be kept in direct communication with Chicago by increasing the number of these intermediate 'repeaters,' as they are called."

Here Mr. Storror took occasion to compliment the Doctor on the accuracy and fullness of his knowledge.

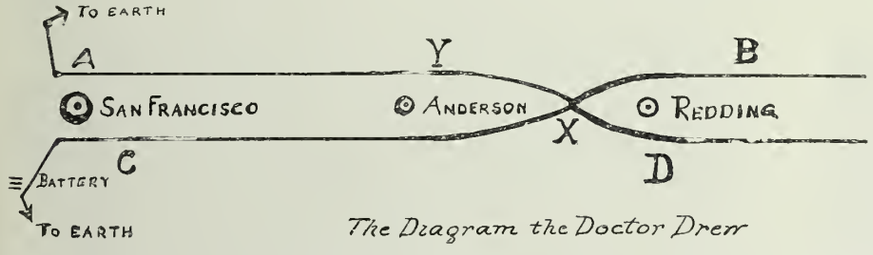
"Well," said the Doctor, "I do not permit myself to get rusty on these matters. Ah, some wire trouble," he exclaimed, as Chief Operator Swain made his way to the switch board. "Let us watch this. I think you will find it interesting."

They moved to a point near the switch-board, and the doctor continued, in a confidential whisper:

"The trouble is a cross between two wires. From some cause, two of the wires have been brought into contact, so that the signals sent on one interfere with the signals sent on the other. Mr. Swain is now testing to locate the place of this contact."

They watched the proceedings for a few minutes, when the doctor resumed:

"The trouble is between Redding and Anderson. One of the wires has been opened at Redding, and also at Anderson, and although the contact still remains, it can cause no trouble to the other wire, since it has been removed from its connection with the earth. By separating the wire, Redding can work north and Anderson south on one wire, while the other wire is just as good as ever. Only the short piece between Redding and Anderson is out of service."



The Diagram the Doctor Drew

"And do you know how Mr. Swain discovered the position of this contact to be between Redding and Anderson?"

This was the proudest moment of the Doctor's life.

"Simple as can be," he replied. He drew a few lines on a scrap of paper, of which the diagram is a reproduction.

"Let A B represent one wire, and C D the other, and let X represent the point of contact. When there is no contact at this point, current will flow on A B from San Francisco to the earth at the far end of the wire, and similarly on C D from San Francisco to the far end. But when contact is made at X the current that starts from San Francisco on A B may cross over to C D at X, and either come back to San Francisco on C D or go on to the far end of C D. Now suppose Mr. Swain has Redding break the circuit of one of the wires, say A B, and at the same time he cuts in on A B a detecting instrument like the ammeter that you saw him use, putting A B to earth at San Francisco. You can readily trace the metallic circuit from San Francisco along C D to X and back along A B to the earth. But when Anderson breaks the circuit at Y, the current that flows through this circuit is interrupted. Therefore the cross is between Redding and Anderson. *Quod erat demonstrandum*," (which was to be proved), and the Doctor laughed heartily.

Just then a messenger came in with a call for the Doctor.

"A talafoom from your office, sir," said the boy.

And so the old gentleman was forced to resume once more the professional role.

"Good-by," he said, as the two hurried out; and the influence of his beaming smile seemed to linger for a long time on the dynamos he had touched.

TALOFA, SAMOA!

CHARLES S. GREEN.

Many people have but a faint idea of Somoa—in spite of all that has been said and written about it—as a resort for tourists.

The journey to Samoa is made by the means of modern travel, a pleasure both in experience and in memory.

Indeed, it is not a very long trip, counting by the present time-table; for one may go from New York to San Francisco in a little over three days, and on the fifteenth day from San Francisco may sail into Apia harbor—less than three weeks all told—a journey shorter by nearly a fourth than the trip from New York to San Francisco by Panama.

Samoa, like the Hawaiian Islands, is a group of islands built by volcanic forces. They are thirteen in number.

The middle island of the three, Upolu, is the most interesting, though not the largest, for on it is situated Apia, the port of entry, and it is the seat of government.

On a nearer approach a beautiful waterfall, some four hundred feet in height, is used by mariners as a valuable landmark in making the harbor. Soon the little whaleboat of the pilot is seen bobbing up and down on the great swells, and when that worthy is taken aboard, he heads the steamer straight for the line of surf.

Soon a swarm of boats surrounds the great black hull, and all is bustle and excitement. There are the natives to be studied, in the swarming canoes, each with its outrigger.

Savaii is the largest of the group, and lies farthest west. It is about twenty by forty miles in extent, and has but one harbor. The people live on the coast; for the density of the bush and the rough nature of the volcanic rocks that make up the interior are not inviting to travel, and there is no record that either white man or native has crossed the three ranges of mountains that make the backbone of the island.

The cocoanut meat is cut into strips about four by six inches, drying down to about half that, and these are packed in burlap sacks, each containing from sixty to seventy pounds.

Upolu, the middle island of the group, is the home of nearly all the white population, and is the seat of government and of commerce. It is forty-five miles long by about fourteen broad, but is of less regular shape than Savaii, and contains about five hundred and eighty square miles.

The natives, it is hardly needful to mention, have been crowded away from the water front. Their huts are more numerous on the side of the town lying on the marshy land at the rear, for Apia is built on a bank of firm land between a marsh and the bay.

The third of the larger islands lies about forty miles east of Upolu. Tutuila, seventeen miles long and two hundred and thirty in circuit, is interesting to Americans, containing the harbor of Pago Pago, ceded to the United States as a coaling station.

The other smaller islets of the group stretch along the same east and west line, the farthest about sixty miles from Tutuila, or lie under the shelter of the larger islands, mere broken off fragments.

There are two seasons in the Samoan climate, the hot and rainy, January, February, and March, and the dry season. The second is the best time for visiting the group. The thermometer seldom registers over eighty-two degrees, and seldom below seventy-two degrees, except high up on the hills. This uniformity of temperature as well as its mildness renders the climate peculiarly favorable to persons whose lungs are weak. In spite of its tropical climate the nights are cool.

The native animals of Samoa are few and small, the only sport in the hunting line is furnished by wild pigs, ducks, and pigeons.

But, after all, the most interesting thing about Samoa is the people.

In the six days mentioned as the shortest possible stay in making a quick round trip, something may be done if the voyager is energetic in employing the scanty time. The Samoans are a noble race, simple,

honest, affectionate, and, above all, hospitable. They have strict ideas of etiquette.

Americans generally have gained a pretty good idea as to the physique of the Samoan from the specimens they saw at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. They know the warm brown skins, the bushy black hair, except where it is stained a dull golden brown by the plentiful bleachings with lime. They have heard their songs, their dances with beating of clubs and spears in time to the music; have seen the comely women and their gentle swayings in rhythm with the more active dances of the men. They know, too, their costumes.

Besides they wear an abundant coat of cocoanut oil —which causes them to glisten as if varnished—and the men are tattooed. Tattooing is the ceremony that the Samoan youth goes through when he assumes the *toga virilis*, only this toga is not a flowing robe, but a sort of breeches tattooed on the brown skin in small zigzag blue lines.

The *tapo* of a village is a maiden, sometimes the daughter of the chief, sometimes only of good but not chiefly family, chosen often from a very early age, five years old or so, to act as a sort of perpetual Queen of the May. She is given a retinue of attendants, generally the dwarfs or misshapen persons, who are not able to fight or labor. She is adorned with the most elaborate mats of *tappa*, beautifully figured, and so many of them on great occasions as to be quite a burden, but they represent the wealth of the village. She leads all the processions of the people in their many ceremonials, as that bearing the taxes or tribute to the king, and she goes at the head of the village contingent of warriors when they march to battle. Should she be struck by a flying bullet in this service, it is gravely mourned by the foe, for they would never dream of trying to hurt a woman. Her term of office is during good behavior or until she is sought in marriage, or rather until a marriage is arranged for her by the talking men, or elders, of the village. Her own wishes are seldom consulted; she must pay the penalty of her greatness by marrying the man picked out for her, whose help in war will be of use to her people. During good behavior means a good deal in her case, as envious rivals are on the watch to detect any slip that might justify her deposition. The train of attendants is needed by her rather as witnesses in her behalf in case of a false accusation than as a safeguard from any physical harm. It is her duty to welcome strangers, to see that they are served with all the rites of hospitality, and given a good impression of the village.

LEUMANUTAFU'S HOUSE, APIA.

The foreign residents vary their diet. They have all the range of tropical fruits, and occasionally can get a cut of *bullimacow*—Samoan for beef. This name was the result of the first shipment of cattle to the island. When the natives asked the names of the primal pair, they were told it was "a bull and a cow"—and *bullimacow* it has been ever since to them. "Peasoupo" is another main dependence of the white people. It is the generic name given by the natives to all canned goods—from which it is easy to infer that the first importation in cans was pea soup. Fairly good servants can be had at low wages, though it may require a little patience at the start to get the native to understand the use of all the *tongafities*—

MAUAI'A'A.

SAMOAN TAUPO GIRL.

inventions of the evil one—connected with foreign housekeeping. They are easily managed and always interested and faithful so long as they stay, but are like children in many respects, having to be humored, and being subject to whims, when they may suddenly dismiss themselves from your service with no ceremony whatever—sometimes leaving a comparatively large sum due them in wages.

OLOSEGA—NATIVE VILLAGE.

There seems to be but little crime among the natives—an occasional murder done in a burst of ungovernable rage, but little else, where they have not been taught evil ways by white influence. Perhaps their honesty is a little dependent on their curious customs as to ownership. They live, or did live until white men's ideas as to *meum* and *tuum* were forced upon them, in a sort of communistic fashion, completely so as between members of the same family. Anything acquired by one belongs to all. A native may make a fine canoe, but when it is finished a kinsman may express a desire for it, and it is promptly given to him. Food, in especial, is common property, and no native would think of denying any neighbor that asked, a portion of what he had to eat. This patriarchal simplicity is passing away, but enough still remains to be quaint and curious in the studying of it, and it must be said too, enough to make it difficult to get the Samoans to adopt habits of industry. They will not labor on the plantations, because anything that they buy with their wages must be shared with their less industrious kinsfolk. The result is that natives from other islands have been brought to Samoa in numbers as laborers.

For nearly eighty years the Tongans were in disputed possession of the country and held the coast line of the three largest islands, depriving the original inhabitants of the fisheries and of the use of the sea water, which was much used in their cookery. During this period the Samoans built many substantial roads over the roughest sort of country, and the remains of these great works are still to be seen in many of the inland districts. In many cases they are used to this very day. The dry stone walls are built so carefully that the rocks still maintain their original positions, though doubtless shaken by many a mighty convulsion of nature in an age when phenomena of this sort were far from uncommon.

In consequence of their dread of the white men and their ships, the Samoans never dreamed of resisting anything that was demanded unanimously by the three consular powers, England, Germany, and the United States.

White men, during the hostilities, could go and come amid the fighting men, from one line to the other, and take no harm, their only risk being from a random bullet.

The Samoans were well armed with modern guns, supplied them at great profit by traders, but they did not know how to use these weapons very well and wasted many times a man's weight in lead for every one killed. The supply of ammunition ran low when the fight had been long continued, until a single cartridge cost as much as twelve cents.

The battles went on with great shouting and tremendous rattle of musketry, but with little loss of life, and the whites and the women came and went at will during the fight but little concerned about it all. The Samoans still practise to some extent the old custom of taking the head of a slain enemy as a trophy.

So much has been said and written about the great hurricane of 1889, and it has been commonly credited with results of so great importance that even so cursory an account of Samoa as this must contain mention of it. This was not the first of Samoan hurricanes. They come once in six or seven years at the time of the vernal equinox, between March 5th and 25th. On March 25th, 1883, eight ships had been destroyed by a similar storm.

The great waves that poured into the harbor straight from the north rather gathered than lost force, and all the ships were tossing to and fro, so that they collided with each other, and tore away bowsprits, smokestacks, and spars. All were steaming to relieve the strain on the anchor chains.

And here we come to one of the thrilling events of the storm. The "Calliope," the English ship, had more powerful engines than any of the others—for the Americans', especially, were of a wretchedly antique character. Threatened on the one side by the "Olga" and on the other by the "Vandalia" dragging down upon her, she cut her cables, put on a full head of steam, and slowly gathering way, steamed out of the harbor right in the teeth of the gale.

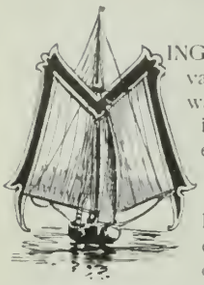
The "Vandalia" next struck the reef in a vain attempt to reach the beach where the "Nipsic" lay. She sunk, and many of her crew were lost.

The "Trenton" began to part her cables, and to come drifting stern first down the harbor. To escape her helpless lunges the "Olga" was forced to cut loose from her moorings, and to beach herself near Matautu; where she had the best beach of all the stranded ships. Then the "Trenton" bore down on the sunken "Vandalia" and threatened the helpless sailors clinging to her masts. But this was turned into a means of deliverance, for by quick and skilful work all these men were got to the "Trenton's" deck, and she rolled up to the side of the lost "Vandalia" and sank to the gun deck by her side. After daylight on the following day, the 16th, lines were safely got to the "Trenton," and all her crew but one was saved.

Nothing has done more to bring Samoa to the knowledge of the world of late years than the residence there of Robert Louis Stevenson. His reason for going there, and for staying there after he had once tested its benefits, was that he had a bronchial affection that threatened to involve the lungs also. While he stayed in the mild and equable, yet bracing, climate of this tropic sea-girt isle he was comparatively well. He could go and come with other people, could ride horseback, and could enjoy life, besides accomplishing a vast deal of work in his chosen field. When he left Samoa it was to grow worse and worse as the steamer went farther and farther from it, until by the time he reached San Francisco or Sydney he could but crawl wretchedly to his hotel, there to go to bed and stay until a steamer was ready to carry him back to his ocean home.

ITU O TANE, SAFUNI RIVER, SAVAII.

A MARINE RETROSPECT.



W. V. BRYAN.

INGLED with the past history of the various craft that have traversed the waters of the Pacific in by-gone days is an element of romance and reverence that is made even more intense and interesting by a comparison between the old historic hulks and the modern steamships of the present day. Many of these old-time vessels have passed out of existence, and in most cases there is but a fragmentary history remaining, gleaned from the old argonauts and mariners who bore so influential a part in the progress of the maritime interests of the Pacific Coast.

Early Californians will best remember the steamer "Beaver," carrying with her the honor of being the first steamer to sail across the Atlantic, and the pioneer of the Pacific Coast. She was constructed on the Thames in 1835, over sixty years ago, and since that time a generation has come and departed. She was a side-wheeler, of course, carrying independent engines of 35 horse-power each. The best of material was used in her construction, and relics taken from the wreck are still in a state of excellent preservation, as indicated by the various useful ornaments into which they are now being manufactured.

Built and equipped at a period when the problem of steam marine navigation was in its incipiency, it is hardly to be wondered at that this little steamer, which was destined to traverse two oceans—one of them scarcely known outside of books of travel—should be an object of deep interest from the day that her keel was laid until the date of her departure.

For many years she plied between Oregon and British Columbia, in the fur trade, until 1888, when she ran on the rocks at high tide, and, in spite of all attempts to save her, she became a total wreck.

It would be a stupendous undertaking to record an authentic account of the marine development on the Pacific Coast. The old "Beaver," "The Lot Whitcomb," and other odd craft of a contemporaneous period, would seem strikingly insignificant in comparison with our magnificent vessels of to-day, caparisoned like the modern private cars of the Vanderbilts and the Astors, and more splendidly regal than the most elaborate and exaggerated descriptions of historical grandeur.

Almost a century ago marked the epoch when mariners gave any attention to the commercial advantages of the Pacific Coast, and dating from that period the sea-faring industries really had birth. Few are alive to-day who can recall the chapters of marine history prior to 1850, in which year the old steamboat "Columbia" made her first appearance. She was a small side-wheeler, but 90 feet long, 16 feet beam, and about 4 feet depth of hold. The glory of the first steamer, "Columbia," had but begun to wane, when the steamer "Lot Whitcomb," a much more pretentious craft, was launched in December, 1850. She was 160 feet long and 24 feet beam, and although she made many trips in the Northwest, she was finally consigned to service on the Sacramento River.

In 1855 the steamship service between San Francisco and the northern points was performed by the Pacific Mail steamers "Columbia," "Republic" and "Fremont," while the "America" and "The Peytonia" were running in opposition. The "Columbia" continued on regular runs between San Francisco and northern ports, touching at Crescent City, Port Orford, and Trinidad, being occasionally relieved by the "Republic" and the side-wheeler "California," the latter being the first steamship built for the Oregon trade, and the first American steamship that entered the Pacific.

The year 1856 brought no great changes in the marine business, and comparatively few additions were made to the fleet of steam and sailing vessels.

While the mining excitement was at its height in 1858, most of the steamships ran from San Francisco to Victoria and Bellingham Bay without stopping at intermediate ports, but as patronage subsided they again touched at Astoria and Portland both ways.

But one might go on almost indefinitely recording the marine history of the coast from 1850 to the present day were it not for the fact that such data must needs be entertaining only to those who are conversant with or interested in the early history and growth of the service. Such a record necessarily involves personalities. However, the foregoing, commencing with the steamer "Beaver," gives some outline of the character of vessels that were in service during the early periods, and the modern ships of to-day when compared with these old-timers, show the tremendous contrast and advancement that has taken place during the past forty-six years.

To-day, we have connection from San Francisco with Japan by two lines of steamers, with the Hawaiian, South Sea Islands, Australia and New Zealand, with all coast ports north and south, and with all principal cities on the coast of Mexico and Central America, to say nothing of the splendid service to the land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska, and its wonderful isles.

For many years the equipment of the splendid Atlantic liners has been quoted as the finest on earth, but within the last decade it is not too much to say that the Pacific service, particularly to the Orient and Australia, is in every respect equal, if not superior, to that on the other side of the continent.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "BEAVER."

Experience, comparison, and competition have brought about this condition, but regardless of its source, it exists nevertheless, so that the experienced globe-trotter hails with delight his connection with the Oriental and Australian service.

The changes in size and accommodations on the coast vessels have been gradual. First, the side-wheel steamer was fitted with staterooms for passengers below the spar deck, and rarely exceeded 1000 tons register. As the demand increased, the hurricane deck, with its roomy promenade and comfortable quarters for passengers, together with a large increase in the size, took the place of the smaller vessel, and later still, the side-wheel has been crowded off the ocean, and has been replaced by the now splendid iron and steel screw steamer; modern in every particular, large in proportions, with luxurious accommodations equal to our best hotels. Electric lights take the place of the old oil lamps, and refrigerators enable the table to be supplied at all times with the luxuries found on shore, without regard to length of the voyage, beautiful bath-rooms, and lavatories that rival any, are to be found on the floating palaces. To make a voyage now on any well-equipped ocean steamer is to enjoy a comfort never dreamed of in the early days of the steamship. The speed to-day has reached the marvelous rate of twenty miles per hour as against the average of seven and a half to eight knots in the early history of the coast. The Atlantic liner will often cover a distance of nearly 500 miles in the twenty-four hours, and our Pacific ships will approach 400 miles in the twenty-four hours, and keep the same speed for days at a time. The vessel of to-day steadily ploughs its way through the heavy seas, throwing the spray high over her spars without the slightest inconvenience to crew or passengers.

THE OLD STEAMER "PANAMA," 1869.

ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

The development and success of our Pacific Coast industries should be at all times an engaging subject. To sketch the growth of any branch of industry is to supply the reading public with matter of extreme interest. Especially is this so in the West, where all growth has been conspicuously devoid of the humdrum pace which characterized most development in the East. Less than half a century has served to transform the western portion of our country from an almost trackless and unknown wild, barred, seemingly forever, from the Atlantic Slope by the formidable Rockies, into one of the most productive and famous regions of the world. Along the shores of the Pacific, where hardly fifty years ago only the monotonous murmur of the waves and the cries of the sea birds broke the pristine silence, to-day great cities rear their lofty walls and call to their portals the people of all countries and climes. The ships of all nations enter their harbors, bearing to us the products of the East, the antipodes, the far North and the South. Industry's thousand, brawny hands are wielded to accomplish a thousand ends, and a civilization in advance of that of many of the world's oldest nations makes its abiding place here. From the icy shores of far Alaska to the prolific, sun-loved tropics life and activity are rife, and here the world's

KARLUK, ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY'S CANNERY IN 1895.

commerce and industry are rapidly centering. Every year sees the birth of some new line of enterprise, which brings us nearer the goal of preeminence. The growth of the canning industry on the Pacific Coast has been exceedingly rapid. From an insignificant commencement some twenty years ago it has developed into one of the foremost factors in the wealth of the West, furnishing employment to thousands of people, and sending its product to all parts of the civilized world. In the Columbia and Fraser Rivers salmon canning was first carried on on an extensive scale, and the outputs of the great plants located along those rivers have been, and are, justly celebrated; but of late

FISHING BOAT, KARLUK RIVER.

years much more prolific grounds have been discovered, and bid fair, both as regards the quality and the quantity of their outputs, to surpass all others. Of course we refer to those of Alaska, and an emphatic illustration of the growth of the industry there is furnished in the history of the most famous of the companies operating in the northern waters, namely, the Alaska Improvement Company, of San Francisco, Cal.

The Alaska Improvement Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of California in 1887, and is among the largest of the enterprises having their headquarters in San Francisco as salmon canners, with offices at No. 3 Stuart Street. The officers of the Company are: President, Mr. James Eva; Vice-President, Mr. B. H. Madison; Secretary, Mr. J. Pentecost; General Superintendent, Mr. H. J. Barling.

After several years of various success the Company entered upon a more prosperous career in 1892.

Some idea of the growth of the salmon-packing business may be gleaned from the fact that while this Company packed 25,000 cases in 1889, with a yearly increase up to the present time, there is every reason to believe that their pack of 1896 will reach 100,000 cases. They are packers of the "Canoe," "Ensign," "Hatchery," "Kadiak," "El Modelo," and other brands of salmon, and there are few brands better or more widely known than these. Their canneries are located at Karluk, Kadiak Island, Alaska, and at Ugashek River, Behring Sea, Alaska. The equipment of the canneries includes every modern appliance. They have been designed with a view to rapid and perfect work, and no canneries on the Coast can eclipse them in either of these respects we have mentioned.

The many buildings are all spacious, substantially constructed, and supplied with every machine or appliance that can in any way facilitate operations and perfect the output. The completeness of the equipment has been further augmented by the erection of large plants for the manufacture of the cans and boxes required for packing the salmon. These plants are most modern in their appointment, and though the output of the canneries is doubled annually, they will be able to supply the cans and boxes for years to come without further additions. Not only does the Company save a great expense by the possessing of these factories, but also avoids delays, which were bound to occur, despite the utmost precaution, when the cans had to be shipped from the factories of the States to headquarters. The extent of their operations may be better understood from the fact that they employ some 350 men, thoroughly skilled in their various lines, at the highest wages, besides a fleet of vessels consisting of the steamers "Kadiak," and "Alaska," steam launches "Delphine," and "Corinne," the barque "Harvester," schooner "Premier," and numerous lighters, fishing-boats, skiffs, and dories. They have been increasing the capacity of their plants at both Karluk and Ugashek, and during the month of April, 1896, it was this Company that constructed the steamer "Kadiak" in the short space of twenty-three days. The building of this steamer has proved a valuable acquisition to the Karluk Station. Some of these vessels are maintained to transport supplies to the canneries and return with cargoes of canned salmon. They are mostly of large tonnage, modern in design and equipment, and add materially to the fleet of the Pacific.

BARK HARVESTER, LOADED FOR CANNERIES.

The superiority of their product is best proven by the rapidly increasing demand for it. Though scarcely ten years in operation the Company to-day controls a patronage that is much more widespread than that of many of the oldest canning enterprises of the Continent. Each year has shown an almost phenomenal increase in the volume of the output and expansion of the territory covered, until to-day, not only through all parts of the United States are their brands known and sold, but also through many foreign countries. The export trade is developing very rapidly, and almost from the outmost confines of civilization the demand may be said to come. For general excellence their brands are without superior, and the success with which they have met is the result of merit and untiring energy alone. The salmon of the Alaskan waters are admitted by

KARLUK, ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY'S SALMON CANNERY IN 1889.

all to be superior to those found further south, and this advantage, together with the fact that the utmost care is exercised in all departments, from the time the fish are landed in the Company's boats until the cans are labeled and boxed for shipment, accounts for the immediate success the goods met with. A feature worthy of special mention is the cleanliness that pervades all departments. Skilled foremen personally supervise the operations.

Liberal and reliable methods control all their operations, and these have contributed greatly toward the Company's popularity. The officers of the Company are all widely known, and their names are the strongest guarantee of its high standing and responsibility. Messrs. Eva and Pentecost devote their time to the Company's interests in San Francisco, while the canneries are under the general supervision of Mr. H. J. Barling, a gentleman of many years' experience in the salmon industry. He is ably assisted by Mr. A. Colvin at the Behring Sea cannery.

It is to such enterprises as the Alaska Improvement Company that San Francisco owes her present prominence in the industrial and commercial world.

THE "CITY OF PEKING."

Among the many commanders who sail from this port none are more esteemed than Captain John Tremaine Smith of the steamship "City of Peking." Captain Smith was born in Cornwall, England, in 1852, and was educated in the Naval School at Greenwich. This is one of the most celebrated schools in England, having been founded by Queen Anne for the sons of naval officers. When seventeen years of age Captain Smith was apprenticed to the famous London firm of George Marshall & Sons, for their merchant service, and served for three years on the barque "Havelock" and the ship "Berkshire." He was then made third officer of the "Berkshire," leaving her the next year to join the "Weltshire" as second officer, and transferring the following year to the "Cambridgeshire." He was then appointed first officer of the sailing vessel "Middlesex," trading between London, Sydney, San Francisco, and Liverpool, and filled that position for three years. He came to San Francisco in 1879 as first officer of the "Berkshire," and resigned his position with her to join the American merchant service. From that time up to 1882 he was first officer of several large sailing ships running to New York and other ports. In 1882 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer of the "Rio de Janeiro," plying between this city and China ports, and in that capacity made three voyages. He was then made second officer of the "City of New York," and after one trip was promoted to first officer of the "City of Sydney," which position he

CAPTAIN J. TREMAINE SMITH.

successfully filled for five years. During that period he had command of the steamship for one voyage, owing to the illness of the commander. After leaving the "City of Sydney" he was first officer of the "China" for one year and in 1892 was made commander of the "Rio de Janeiro." In October, 1895, he received his present command. Captain Smith's career in connection with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been one of steady advancement, until to-day he commands the largest ship of their fleet. He is one of the most thoroughly posted and ablest of the Company's commanders, and his services are very highly valued.

Captain Smith inherits his love for the sea, since for generations back his ancestors have followed this life, many of them gaining enviable distinction. When Sir Francis Drake sailed from Dover to meet the Spanish Armada one of the corvettes or small warships was in command of one of Captain Smith's ancestors. During the memorable Siege of Sebastopol Captain Smith's father commanded one of the English frigates. Captain Smith has thoroughly identified himself with this country. He is an American citizen and takes an active interest in all things pertaining to our country's welfare. He has hosts of friends in San Francisco.

"CITY OF PEKING." *Taber photo.*

G. G. TRASK.

Among the marine officers who make their headquarters in San Francisco, none are more deservedly popular than Mr. G. G. Trask, chief officer of the steamship "City of Peking."

The "City of Peking" is one of the handsomest and largest steamers in the Pacific Mail Company's service, plying between San Francisco and China.

Chief Officer Trask is an old master mariner and is well known on the coast. Mr. Trask was born in the State of Maine in the year 1847, and there received his early education. From his youth Mr. Trask had loved the sea, and in 1863 his first voyage was made on a vessel sailing from New York. In 1874 he was appointed commander of the sailing vessel "Bohemia," which he remained master of for thirteen years, afterwards being transferred to the "Northampton," which he commanded for three years. Mr. Trask

G. G. TRASK.

remained commander of two sailing ships for the same company for sixteen years, during which time he sailed to all quarters of the globe. This service has been of especial benefit to him, in giving him a thorough knowledge of navigation and seamanship of a practical nature. In 1890 Mr. Trask came west to San Francisco, soon afterwards entering the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer on the steamship "Acapulco"; afterwards was transferred to the steamship "Colon" and appointed chief officer in 1892, and in 1893 was transferred to the steamship "City of Peking." Few officers have seen so varied an experience as Mr. Trask. He has visited all climes; shipwreck and dangers have often threatened him, but he always reached port in safety. Mr. Trask has hosts of friends in all parts of the globe, and he is one of the best disciplinarians on the water, always having his crew well in hand.

He is one of the most able officers in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to-day, and is very popular with those who know him. It is hardly requisite to add that social attainments are "sine qua non" in a position of this character.

MR. WM. McCLURE.

One of the most popular of the officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. William McClure, chief engineer of the "City of Peking." Mr. McClure was born in Manchester, England, in October of 1832, and in that city received his education. When eighteen years of age he came to New York City, and entered the employ of the Novelty Iron Works there. After serving his apprenticeship with that Company he was employed in some of the leading iron works of the East until April, 1864, when he came to San Francisco and entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship

WM. M'CLURE.

Company. He began as water-tender and third assistant engineer of the steamship "Colorado," filling that position until June, 1866, when he was made second assistant on the "St. Louis." From January until May of 1867 he was employed in the Company's shops at Benicia, but in May returned to the steamship "Colorado" as first assistant engineer. In November, 1868, he was transferred to the "Montana," returning to the "Colorado" again in November, 1869. In July, 1870, he was made chief engineer of the "Montana," transferring to the "Sacramento" in October of the same year, and going back on the "Montana" one year later. In January, 1874, he was made chief engineer of the "China," filling that position until October, 1875, when he transferred to the "Colorado." In May, 1876, he was transferred to the

"Dakota"; in July, 1878, to the "Alaska"; in December, 1878, to the "China"; in September, 1880, to the "Granada," and in August, 1881, received his present appointment. The "City of Peking" is the largest ship in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet, and one of the most popular.

CHARLES A. LUTZ, M. D.

One of the ablest and most esteemed surgeons in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Doctor Charles A. Lutz, of the steamship "City of Peking." Doctor Lutz was born November, 1855, in Philadelphia, and in the public schools of that city received his education. After a course at Fewsmith's Academy he entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1873, graduating in March, four years later, with the degree of M. D. He then served for one year in St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, as intern, and as most of the cases treated there are surgical, he gained some very important experience in that branch of medicine. Immediately after his graduation on March 12, 1877, at the University of Pennsylvania, the oldest medical college on the continent, he immediately began practise at Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, Penn., and continued there for something less than a year. In 1879 Doctor Lutz was appointed surgeon on board the American Line steamship "Illinois," resigning later on to accept a similar position on the "Zealand," of the Red Star Line. In 1882 he entered the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburg, as resident physician, remaining there fifteen months. He then resolved to come west, and reached San Francisco in 1884. He engaged at once with the Alaska Commercial Company, and left for Alaska as surgeon on the steamship "St. Paul." For some time he cruised round the Alaska Coast attending to the Company's employees, after which he was placed in charge of St. George's Island, a sealing post. After three years were spent on St. George's Island, he was transferred to St. Paul's Islands, where he remained until 1890, when he returned to San Francisco, returning from there East to Defiance, Ohio, where he practised medicine for some time. While in Defiance he received a telegram from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company offering him the position of surgeon on the "City of Panama." He accepted the offer, and after one year on the "Panama" was transferred to Barracouta, then to the "San Blas," and later to the "San Jose." He again served on the "City of Panama" and the "San Blas," and in May, 1895, received his present appointment on the "City of Peking," trading between San Francisco and China and Japan. The "City of Peking" is the

DOCTOR CHARLES A. LUTZ. *Schoene photo.*

largest steamship of the Pacific Mail fleet, and the position is therefore one of special importance. Doctor Lutz's varied experience, however, has given him a knowledge of surgery and medicine that few physicians possess, and he is invariably successful in the treating of his patients. In 1893 he passed a Civil Service examination before the U. S. Board of Examiners for the position of physician for the Indian Service, and received an average of 84.72 per cent. A government place was tendered him at Phœnix, Ariz., which he declined. Doctor Lutz and his family reside in San Francisco, where the Doctor is widely known and esteemed both socially and professionally.

MR. EDWIN T. OSBORN.

One of the best known and most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Edwin T. Osborn, purser of the steamship "City of Peking." Mr. Osborn is a native son of San Francisco and was born in June, 1868. After a thorough course in the public and high schools of this city, Mr. Osborn entered the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in 1887 as clerk. He at once found favor in the eyes of his employers and steadily advanced in their service until 1891, when he resigned to accept a position with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He began as storekeeper on the "San Jose," but was shortly afterwards made freight clerk on the "Colima." He filled this position until March, 1895, when he was promoted to his present important office. To say that Mr. Osborn is popular with the traveling public is by no means fully expressing the esteem in which he is regarded. Whole-souled, genial, and possessed of that happy knack of pleasing, Mr. Osborn makes friends of all with whom he comes in contact, and he numbers these by the legion He is also a man of marked busi-

E. T. OSBORN.

ness ability, and though one of the youngest of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's employees, he is one of the ablest and his services are very highly valued. On land as well as on sea, Mr. Osborn is popular and has hundreds of stanch friends and well-wishers in San Francisco.

MR. W. S. CHANDLER.

Deservedly popular, both with his employers and the traveling public, is Mr. W. S. Chandler, the chief steward of the steamship "City of Peking." Mr. Chandler was born in London, November 9, 1829, and in that city received his education. After successfully engaging in business there and elsewhere for some time, he came to San Francisco in 1852. The gold fever was still raging at that time, and like everybody else Mr. Chandler took it. He followed mining until 1864, when he joined the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; that was in August, and his first position was that of waiter on the steamship "Golden City." He rapidly advanced, however, and in 1867 was made chief steward of the steamship "Colorado." Since that time he has been transferred from ship to ship until he has covered almost the entire fleet. Each step was one higher, until in 1889 he was made chief steward of the "City of Peking," the largest steamship the Company owns. This wide experience has thrown Mr. Chandler in with thousands of travelers, and the fact that nothing but praise is spoken by these people when he is mentioned shows the efficient and careful manner in which his duties are performed. A chief steward, like a Western editor, is either very highly esteemed or utterly despised by the passengers, for it is in his power to make life very pleasant or the

W. S. CHANDLER.

direct opposite for them. But it is needless to add that Mr. Chandler does his utmost to cater to the varied wants of the passengers, and the fact that the "Peking" is one of the most popular vessels in the Trans-Pacific service attests to his capacity. Mr. Chandler certainly lives under a very lucky star. He was on the "City of San Francisco" when she was lost, and also on the "Prince Alfred," and in neither instance were any lives lost. Mr. Chandler and his family reside in San Francisco, where they have hosts of friends.

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD.

At 212 and 214 Market Street are located the salesrooms of Sherwood & Sherwood, who are among the foremost of the importers and shipping and commission merchants of the West. They occupy a spacious and handsome four-story building, which in its appointment and equipment is one of the most complete in the city. They are importers of and wholesale dealers in staple and fancy groceries, wines, liquors, imported and domestic, and their stock includes the choicest products of home and foreign manufacturers and producers. They are Pacific Coast agents for the following world-famous firms: Moet & Chandon, champagnes; Crosse & Blackwell, English groceries; E. & J. Burke, Dublin porter, Bass' ale, whiskies, etc.; Epps' cocoa; Colman's mustard; Schlitz' famous Milwaukee beer; Ross' Belfast ginger ale; Fleischmann's gin; Chalmers' gelatine; Houtman's Holland gin; Fry's cocoas; Day & Martin's blacking; Joule's stone ale; Monogram and Old Saratoga whiskies; Curtice Bros.' preserved meats, fruits and vegetables; etc., etc.; and for Kentucky and imported whiskies, California wines, Havana cigars, etc. They maintain branch houses in Los Angeles, Portland, and other cities, and control a trade drawn from all parts of the Pacific Coast, while they export largely to Mexico, Central America, Hawaii, China, and Japan. A very large marine trade is done, many of the leading ocean lines drawing their supplies largely from Sherwood & Sherwood. The active management of the business devolves upon Mr. H. H. Sherwood, and to his efforts much of the firm's success is due.

It is gratifying to know that a progressive concern of this character has been enabled to capture the trade of the Pacific Coast which they so justly deserve. Their policy, however, has been first-class or nothing throughout, and there is not a single agency they control that does not represent the acme in its line.

CAPTAIN WM. B. SEABURY.

Captain William B. Seabury is a native of New Bedford. He commenced his marine service at Philadelphia while a boy, in the sugar trade with Brazil. After service from New York, he joined in 1864 the steamship "Ocean Queen," and the following year joined the "Baltic." In 1874 he was made captain of the "Arizona," and in 1875 commanded the "City of Panama" for four years. While with the Pacific Mail he had charge of all the large steamers owned by that Company, and superintended the building of the steamship "China," nearly every detail of her construction being left to his judgment. He took command of her as soon as she was completed, and has since run her between San Francisco and China.

J. W. SAUNDERS.

One of the best known officers entering the port of San Francisco is Mr. J. W. Saunders, chief officer of the steamship "China," the finest steamship in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and China. Mr. Saunders was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850, and received his education in the public and private schools of that city. He went to sea at an early age, and has seen service in almost all parts of the navigable globe. He first entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company six years ago, and has been on the "China" for five years. Mr. J. W. Saunders is one of the most efficient officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He has hosts of friends, and is well liked by the traveling public and his brother officers.

Taber Photo.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL, JR.

One of the best liked officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is C. H. Brickwedel, Jr., purser of the steamship "China." He is likewise one of the oldest associates connected with this Company, having begun his service as storekeeper on March 2, 1878, on the "old" steamship "China." He subsequently was connected at different periods with the "Alaska," the "Dakota" and the "City of Tokio."

In July, 1880, he was promoted to freight clerk on the "Tokio," which was afterwards lost in 1885. In September, 1886, he was further advanced, taking the position of purser on the steamship "Starbuck," and also served in the same capacity on the "China." He was subsequently transferred to the "City of Peking" in March, 1892, and finally to his present position on the "China" in January, 1895.

His success is somewhat identical with that of other progressive men in the Steamship's service. Starting at the lowest position he has made his way to the very top of that portion of the Steamship's service with which he is connected. No man in the service stands higher in the estimation of his fellow passengers, or in that of his employers, than Mr. Brickwedel, and it is said of him at headquarters, that he has never made a mistake in his accounts.

SPRING TOURS TO THE ORIENT.

Cook's annual spring party (under personal escort, with all necessary expenses included) will leave San Francisco by the steamship "China" on Thursday, March 4, 1897. This will be an especially interesting trip, and if those interested in obtaining full particulars will call upon, or write to, Thos. Cook & Son, No. 621 Market Street, San Francisco, they will be cheerfully furnished with all data concerning it.

INMAN SEALBY.

One of the stanchest and fastest steamships of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company's fleet is the "Coptic," of which the commander is Mr. Inman Sealby, R. N. R. Mr. Sealby was born in Maryport, Cumberland, in October, 1863, and after a thorough education in the public schools of his native town decided that the life of a seaman should be his. He first shipped in 1879 on board the barque "Esmeralda," owned by the White Star Line, and after serving one year as an apprentice joined the "Dawpool," on which he sailed for seven years. During that time he had risen step by step from apprentice to second mate, and was successfully filling that office when he was transferred to the sailing vessel "Copley," as first mate. He was for one year on the "Copley," when he accepted the same berth on the "Houghton Tower," where he remained until he joined the steamship "Cufic" as second officer. After that he was first officer on the steamships "Tauric" and "Adriatic," and was then transferred to the Pacific trade, and joined the "Oceanic" as first officer, remaining on the latter ship until she was returned to her builders in Belfast, in May of 1895. He came to San Francisco again to join the steamship "Coptic" as first officer. So successful was he in his last position that in January of this year he was made commander of the "Coptic," and is to-day one of the ablest and most trustworthy commanders in the Occidental & Oriental Company's service. Few navigators have a more complete knowledge of the seas than Captain Sealby. During his seventeen years' experience as a sailor he has nine times circumnavigated the globe, and a remarkable fact is that through all this he has never met with an accident of a serious nature. This may in a degree be attributable to his lucky star's guidance, but is much more due to his own thorough seamanship. Brave to face all necessary dangers, careful to avoid all unnecessary risks, temperate in all things, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of navigation, Captain Sealby's rapid advance has only been the reward of true merit, and the future must hold for him rank much higher than his present proud position.

ROGER CROSS.

Mr. Roger Cross, Chief Engineer of the steamship "Coptic," of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Line, is justly proud of the fact that his steamship beat all previous time records in her passage from Yokohama to San Francisco in August of this year. Mr. Cross has filled his present position with the Company since January, 1895, and is one of the most popular officers in their fleet. He was born in Fleetwood, Lancashire, England, on July 1, 1867, and served his engineering apprenticeship at the Harland & Wolf Engineering and Ship-building Works, Belfast, Ireland. After six years as an apprentice he embarked as second engineer of the "Mona's Queen," of the Isle of Man Steamship Company. After some time in that service he joined the White Star Steamship Company as sixth engineer on board the steamship "Brittanic." He was fourth engineer on that steamship when he was appointed third engineer of the "Cupic." He was then made fourth engineer of the steamship "Majestic," grading up to second engineer of the same. At this time he was offered a position with the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, and came to San Francisco, overland, where he joined the "Oceanic" as second engineer. He was then made chief engineer of the same steamship, and filled that position until the end of 1894, when he went to Liverpool, England, and brought out the steamship "Coptic" for the Company. He has ever since been chief engineer of that steamship. Though but a young man Mr. Cross is one of the ablest engineers entering the port to-day. Natural ability and wide and varied experience have made him a complete master of his profession, and this knowledge is further augmented by his perfect trustworthiness. Never during his entire service has the slightest accident happened to the vessels he controlled, and the utmost reliance is placed in him by the Company whose interests he so ably guards. Mr. Cross has hosts of friends.

ROBERT GORE.

Among the marine engineers who make their headquarters in San Francisco, none is more esteemed than Mr. Robert Gore, first assistant engineer of the popular steamship "Coptic." Mr Gore was born in Liverpool, England, in 1858, and was educated in the public schools of that city. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed for a term of five years to the celebrated marine engineers, Messrs. Fawcett & Preston of Liverpool. After serving his apprenticeship, he entered the service of Messrs. Bibby & Co. as third engineer of the steamship "Cyrenian" on the Mediterranean and Boston route. In 1880, while second engineer of the steamship "Castillian," he resigned to enter the National Steamship Company's service as fourth engineer of the steamship "France," and in 1882 he joined the Guion line as fourth engineer of the "Wyoming," and was second engineer of the same vessel when he resigned to enter the service of the White Star Line in 1891 as fourth engineer of the ocean greyhound, the "Majestic." He remained on her for four years, and, when he left to join the "Coptic," was third engineer. He was promoted to the position of first assistant engineer of the "Coptic" on the occasion of her leaving Liverpool for San Francisco to engage in the Trans-Pacific service.

Mr. Gore is the right hand of the chief engineer, and is a fine executive officer. He is thoroughly skilled in marine engineering, and his ability as an engineer is unquestioned. Mr. Gore is married, and, when in port, resides in Alameda.

C. LACY GOODRICH.

Among those who are well known to the traveling public on the China route none are more popular than Mr. C. Lacy Goodrich, purser of the favorite steamship "Coptic," Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. Mr. Goodrich was born in 1868 in historic Baton Rouge, near New Orleans, and received his early education in Nevada. He came to San Francisco in 1880, where he finished his education. He afterwards was employed in the wholesale dry goods business, first starting as entry clerk, then stock clerk, and finally as commercial traveler, in which position he was very successful, owing to his genial disposition and his thorough commercial training. Desiring a change and having a decided predilection for a life on the ocean wave, he resigned his shore position to enter the service of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. As storekeeper on the steamship "Belgic," serving in the same capacity on the "Oceanic" and "Gaelic." He then returned to the "Belgic" as freight clerk, and in 1894 acted as purser for one voyage, and in June, 1895, received his well-merited promotion as purser of the "Coptic." Mr. Goodrich is the youngest purser in the Company's employ, although not in experience. His promotion has been gradual and deserved, and it is only just to add that he is perfectly conversant with every detail of his important post.

On shore as well as afloat, Mr. Goodrich is held in esteem, and to his pleasing manner, both with the traveling public and his brother officers, his popularity is justly due.

DOCTOR JAS. MOLONY.

Doctor Jas. Molony, surgeon of the steamship "Coptic," was born September 30, 1867, at San Francisco, therefore being a Native Son of the Golden West. He graduated from the Pharmacy Department of the University of California, and in 1887 from the Medical Department thereof. In 1890 he went to sea on the steamship "Oceanic," and subsequently joined the popular "Coptic" in March, 1895.

Doctor Molony stands high in his profession, and is well liked by all his associates.

Elite photo.

CAPTAIN CHARLES L. GREEN.

Among the most popular of the captains entering this port is Commander C. L. Green of the steamship "State of California." Captain Green was born in Sweden in 1860. From his earliest recollections the life of the sailor held the greatest charm for him, and when scarcely eleven years of age he ran away to sea on the "Alice D. Cooper" sailing ship bound for Philadelphia, and after arriving there he spent eight years on different American ships running from that port to all parts of the world. In 1879 he sailed for San Francisco, coming round Cape Horn, and on his arrival here entered the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. From a common sailor before the mast, he worked his way up until in 1884 he was made first officer of the steamship "Santa Cruz." In 1890 he was given command of the steamship "Newport," and in July, 1896, he was made commander of the steamship "State of California," one of the finest steamships of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's fleet. During his twenty-five years' experience Captain Green has sailed in all the navigable waters of the globe, and though still a young man there are few, if any, commanders more thoroughly versed in seamanship than he. He is one of the most trusted employees of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and in San Francisco he and wife, who, by the way, is a native daughter, are very highly esteemed, and have hosts of friends.

AUGUSTUS H. KRESS.

One of the most esteemed officers in the service of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company is Mr. Augustus H. Kress, the chief engineer. Mr. Kress was born in Maysville, Kentucky, in 1850, and was educated in Chicago. He served his apprenticeship as a machinist in the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Michigan City, and on leaving there came to San Francisco; that was in 1868. He was employed as a machinist with the Union Iron Works. In 1872 he entered the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service as oiler on the steamship "Ventura," and after filling that position for ten and one-half months received his license as assistant engineer from the State Board. He was assistant engineer on the "Ventura," and was chief engineer of the steamship "Pelican," for three years in the Costa Rican Navy. He served the government with satisfaction, and came back to San Francisco, and was appointed assistant engineer of the "Santa Cruz," and shortly afterwards appointed chief engineer of the same steamship. He was next transferred to the steamship "Santa Rosa," then to the steamship "San Vincente," and in 1880 retired from the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service to accept the Superintendency of the Arctic Steam Whaling Company's fleet. He remained with that Company until 1886, when he joined the steamship "City of Pueblo" as chief engineer, retaining that position until 1893, when he was transferred to the steamship "State of California, and has ever since performed efficiently the duties of chief engineer of that popular steamship. Mr. Kress is one of the most skilled marine engineers entering this port, and one of the most popular men in the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service. He has always taken an active interest in marine affairs, and was for two terms President of the Marine Engineers' Benefit Association, Number 35. Mr. Kress and his wife reside in San Francisco, where they have hosts of warm friends.

JAMES E. BYRNES.

A native son of San Francisco is Mr. James E. Byrnes, the popular purser of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's steamship "State of California." Mr. Byrnes was born in this city in 1857, and, after a thorough education in the best public and private schools, took a commercial course at Heald's Business College. When nineteen years of age he entered the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company as freight clerk on the steamship "Constantine." He was

transferred some months later to the "Salimus," and afterwards became purser on that steamship. In 1878 he filled the same position on the "Constantine," and in 1880 was transferred to the steamship "Orizaba."

In 1882 he received his present appointment on the "State of California," and has always performed the duties of that important office so efficiently that to-day he is one of the most trusted and esteemed of the Company's employees. For twenty years he has been identified with the Company, and no purser that enters this port is better known nor more popular with the traveling public than he. He is a man of exceptional business ability and thorough knowledge of his particular line, and couples with these qualities a genial manner that makes all with whom he comes in contact his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes reside in San Francisco.

CAPTAIN J. H. RINDER, R. N. R.

One of the best known commanders entering the port of San Francisco is Captain J. H. Rinder, steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. He was born in Wellbourne, Lincolnshire, in 1859, and received his education at Christ's College, Finchley, near London. He was afterwards apprenticed to the firm of Messrs. Cotesworth, Lyne & Co. of Liverpool, owners of the clipper vessels sailing between Liverpool and San Francisco. In 1889 he gained his first command, and in 1890 joined the service of the White Star Line as fourth officer, and in 1891 was promoted to the "Oceanic" as second officer, and

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was subsequently chief officer of the steamship "Gaelic" for three years, gaining command of the "Belgic" in 1895. Captain Rinder has been sailing to the port of San Francisco for the past twenty-one years. He has a thorough knowledge of seamanship, and is extremely popular with the traveling public and his brother officers. Commander Rinder is rated as captain in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

JOHN RICHARDSON, R. N. R.

Among the ablest and most esteemed of the chief engineers that enter the port of San Francisco is Mr. John Richardson, chief engineer of the steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. Mr. Richardson was born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in 1860, and received his education there. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Messrs. Rutherford & Lambert, engineers and millwrights, and served four and a half years. He then went to Liverpool, where he served a further term of two and a half years as apprentice in the White Star Steamship Company's shops. He first went to sea in 1881 as sixth engineer of the steamship "Britannic," and was fifth engineer when he left to join the steamship "Germanic" as fourth engineer; after that he was made fourth engineer of the steamship "Baltic." In 1885 he was promoted to third engineer of the steamship "Belgic," and held that position until 1890, when he returned to England, and, after some time on

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shore, rejoined the steamship "Britannic" as third engineer. Six months later he was promoted to first assistant engineer, and in 1895 made three voyages in her as chief engineer, pro tem. In March, 1896, he received his present appointment as chief engineer of the steamship "Belgic," joining her at San Francisco. During the whole of Mr. Richardson's career, no accident has ever happened to the engines in his charge that could not easily be repaired at sea. He has been in the White Star Steamship Company's service for over seventeen years, never having left their employ since he was an apprentice. He is thoroughly versed in all details of his profession, and is one of the most skilled engineers in the Company's service.

Mr. Richardson while in port resides with his family in San Francisco, where he has hosts of friends and well-wishers. He has the rating of engineer in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

RICHARD C. DE WINTON, R. N. R.

One of the finest steamships entering the port of San Francisco is the steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, Mr. de Winton being her chief assistant engineer. He was born in the old town of Brecon, South Wales, in 1862, and received his education in Trinity College, Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed for a term of five years to Messrs. De Winton & Co., marine engineers, etc., of Carnarvon. After gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession he first went to sea in 1883 as third engineer of the steamship "Cincora," Mediterranean service of

Marceau photo.

Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co., Liverpool; two years later he was promoted as chief engineer of the steamship "Chongar," and in 1886 was sent to Marseilles, France, as resident engineer of the Company, which position he filled with entire satisfaction until 1892, when he resigned to enter the service of the White Star Steamship Company as fourth assistant engineer of one of their finest Atlantic vessels, the steamship "Majestic"; he also served in the same capacity on the steamship "Cufic," and later was appointed third engineer of the steamship "Runic"; he was also second engineer of the same ship. In 1894 he came to San Francisco to join the steamship "Oceanic" as third engineer, and subsequently first assistant engineer. He returned to England in the "Oceanic" in 1895, and in August of the same year was again sent out to San Francisco to join the steamship "Belgic" as first assistant engineer, which position he now occupies. Mr. De Winton is a skilled engineer in every sense of the word, and is very popular with his brother officers. He holds the rank of engineer in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

CAPTAIN HARRY SMITH, R. N. R.

Of the most popular commanders who sail from San Francisco none is more in favor with the traveling public than Captain Harry Smith of the steamship "Doric," Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. Captain Smith was born in Aldershot,

Hampshire, England, in 1857, receiving his education in his native town. At the age of fourteen he determined to adopt the sea as a profession, and with that end in view his parents apprenticed him to the firm of

Balfour, Williamson & Co., of Liverpool, the noted owners of the West Coast Clipper service; first sailing in the clipper "Peckforth Castle" he gradually rose in the service until at the age of twenty-five he was given command of the "Chepica." He remained with the same Company until 1883, when he resigned to join the White Star Steamship Company as fourth officer of the steamship "Republic," two months afterwards being promoted to the steamship "Doric" as third officer. In 1891 he was made commander of the "Cufic," he also commanded the steamship "Gothic" and steamship "Britanic," and previous to gaining command of the "Doric" was captain of the steamship "Georgic," the largest twin-screw steamship afloat. Early in 1896 he received his present command, bringing the "Doric" from Liverpool to San Francisco, through the Straits of Magellan, without the slightest mishap. Captain Harry Smith holds the rank of Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve Service. He is a most popular commander, and passengers once crossing the Pacific Ocean in the "Doric" are always eager to reembark in her if traveling that way again. Captain Smith's career has been singularly free from accidents, and during the time he has been on the sea has sailed in all navigable waters of the globe, and is one of the most experienced and capable commanders in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. He resides in San Francisco when in port and has hosts of friends there.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

"Father Allen," as he is most popularly called, is the chief engineer of the "Doric," the finest steamship in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Line. He is one of the best known engineers sailing out of San Francisco. Mr. Allen was born in the Isle of Man, in 1843, and received his education in the public schools there. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed for a term of six years to the engineering firm of Messrs. Marsland & Co., Burnley, and afterwards served a year as improver with Messrs. Fawcett, Preston & Co., Liverpool, his last service on land being with the celebrated firm of shipbuilders, Messrs. Laird & Co., Birkenhead. In 1867 he entered the service of Messrs. Bibby & Co., and went to sea as third engineer of the steamship "Tiber," and in 1871 was made chief engineer of the steamship "Bohemian," at that time the largest steamship afloat. He held this position for seven years. In 1878 he entered the service of the White Star Steamship Company, and was sent from Liverpool to San Francisco to join the first steamship "Belgic"—Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company—as chief engineer. After being chief for four and a half years, he was

made chief of the "Oceanic," remaining on her until in February, 1895, he took the "Oceanic" home to Liverpool. Shortly afterwards he was appointed chief engineer of the steamship "Doric," then undergoing extensive alteration. When completed he returned in her to San Francisco, and has been chief engineer of the "Doric" ever since. Mr. Allen, or "Father Allen," to give him the name he is most popularly known by, has traveled over one million miles while in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, having made more trips across the Pacific Ocean than any other chief in the service. This, together with the fact that no serious accident has marred this record, places Mr. Allen in the foremost rank of skilled marine engineers of to-day. Owing to his genial nature he has hosts of friends, both in Yokohama and San Francisco, and is one of the most trusted officers in the employ of this influential Company.

W. LANG CHAPMAN, M. D.

The senior surgeon of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company is Doctor W. Lang Chapman, surgeon of the steamship "Doric," the finest steamship in the service of the Company. Doctor Chapman was born in New York City, in 1857, and toward the close of the war in 1864, came to Portland, Or., with his father, Army Surgeon James A. Chapman. His father was elected Mayor of Portland for three different terms, and was exceedingly popular. Doctor Chapman received his early education in New York

and Portland, and afterwards attended the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating from there in the class of 1881-82 with the degree of M. D. In 1883 he went to the Cœur d'Alene region, and was interested in mining there for some time. He then returned to Portland where he successfully practised his profession until, in 1887, he came to San Francisco, and was appointed surgeon of the steamship "Belgic" by the late Governor Leland Stanford, who at that time was President of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. While in Hongkong, in the fall of 1889, Doctor Chapman was taken seriously ill, and was invalided home to San Francisco. Fully recovering his health, in February, 1890, he was appointed surgeon of the steamship "Gaelic," remaining on that ship until in February of the present year he was transferred to the steamship "Doric." Doctor Chapman is the senior surgeon of the Trans-Pacific service, and is very popular with the traveling public, possessing in a high degree those attributes that are so essential to success in the practise of his profession. He is a prominent member of the California Wing Shooting Club, and is known as an expert shot in it. He is extremely fond of shooting and fishing, these being his favorite pastimes while in port. Doctor Chapman has hosts of friends, and is deservedly popular on shore and afloat, because of his personal attainments, his professional ability, and his standing as an expert sportsman.

CAPTAIN GEORGE MacKINNON.

One of the most popular officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service is Captain George

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MacKinnon of the steamship "Colon." Captain MacKinnon is a son of "auld Scotia," having been born in Glasgow in 1849. In the public schools of that city he received his education. Deciding to follow the life of a seaman, he apprenticed himself when fifteen years of age to the barque "Zircon" of Liverpool, and sailed in that vessel for three years. From 1869 until 1873 he was employed on various deep-water vessels, and in these sailed almost all the navigable waters of the globe. In 1873 he first came to California and the next five years were spent on vessels coming to San Francisco. In 1878 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the steamship "Colenna," and steadily worked his way up until in 1893 he was given command of the "City of Panama." In October of the next year he was transferred to the steamship "Colon," which he still commands.

Captain MacKinnon is married to a native daughter of the Golden West, and he and his wife have hosts of friends in San Francisco.

JOHN J. McSTAY.

One of the finest steamships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet is the "Colon," and her Chief Engineer, Mr. John J. McStay, is one of that Company's ablest and most popular officers. Mr. McStay

is a "true born American," having first seen the light of day in New York City in 1850. In the public schools of Gotham he received his education, and when fourteen years of age was apprenticed to Messrs. John Roach & Sons, where he served five years. He afterwards worked with that firm two years, and then accepted a position with Robert Hoe & Co., printing press manufacturers, with whom he stayed three years. In August of 1874 he came to San Francisco from New York in the "City of Pekin," of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet. He was then employed as oiler on that steamship, but he steadily advanced until in 1876 he was appointed Junior Engineer. In 1887 he was made Chief Engineer of the "San Jose," and in June, 1893, was promoted to the steamship "Colon." Mr. McStay's long experience in New York with the celebrated firms above mentioned, and his subsequent experience in steamship work, have given him a thorough knowledge of his profession. Not the slightest accident has ever occurred to a ship with which he has been connected. Mr. McStay is married to a native daughter, and he and his wife reside in Alameda, where they have many friends.

DOCTOR FISHER R. JORDAN.

One of the ablest and most highly esteemed of the surgeons in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Doctor Fisher R. Jordan, of the steamship "Colon," plying between this city and Central America. Doctor Jordan was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1873, and after a thorough collegiate training in the schools of his native city he came west in 1893 with his parents, who now reside in Oakland. Upon his arrival here he entered the Cooper Medical Institute, from which he graduated with high standing in 1895. During his course at Cooper Institute Doctor Jordan took advantage of the opportunities offered by the various hospitals here, visiting both those of the City and County and the Lane Hospital regularly. Through attending these institutions he was enabled to witness and take part in many important and interesting surgical operations, thus gaining knowledge which has proven invaluable in his practise. In January of this year Doctor Jordan received his appointment as surgeon on the steamship "Colon," and exceptional success has crowned his efforts in this important capacity. More serious cases than usually fall to the lot of a steamship surgeon have been attended to by Doctor

Jordan this season. In August he had charge of General Young, C. A., and so successful was his treatment of that gentleman, that he was able to make the trip to New York from Guatemala by water, alone. Doctor Jordan, who had been attending the General, finding his services no longer required, crossed the Isthmus of Panama and returned. On a later trip, a lady suffered extremely from cancer of the stomach, and under the Doctor's skilled care enjoyed a freedom from pain she had not known for months. Though one of the youngest practising physicians on the Coast, Doctor Jordan is one of the ablest. Besides a thorough knowledge of medical science, he possesses that kindly sympathetic nature so essential in the care of the sick, and his services are highly valued by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In social and medical circles Doctor Jordan is very highly esteemed.

CAPTAIN ROBERT R. SEARLE

Few of the steamship commanders entering the port of San Francisco can claim an experience extending over as many years as Captain Robert R. Searle has spent in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company alone. After years of experience in almost all the waters of the globe, Captain Searle entered the service of the Pacific Mail Company in 1860, and has ever since faithfully served in the interests of that Company, until to-day he is one of the most trusted and valued commanders. He is at present in charge

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of the steamship "Newport" plying between this city and Panama. Captain Searle holds the position of shore captain of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

MR. A. BOYCE JONES.

One of the ablest of the officers in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. A. Boyce Jones, chief engineer of the steamship "Newport." Mr. Jones was born in Westchester County, N. Y., in 1840, and received his education in the schools of New York City. He was then apprenticed to the Franklin Iron Works, remaining five years and gaining a thorough knowledge of mechanical engineering. He then joined the Albany Line of Hudson River steamers as oiler, and in 1860 was made assistant engineer of the "City of Albany," which had been acquired by the United States Government to act as a transport. In 1863 he was promoted to chief engineer of the "Seneca," a transport on the James River, and filled that position until the close of the war in 1865. Mr. Jones then joined the Mallory Steamship Company as second engineer on the steamship "Euterpe." He was subsequently first assistant engineer on the "General Sedgewick" and of the "Victor," and in December, 1868, became second engineer of the steamship "Costa Rica" (Panama Railroad Company). Three months later he was raised to first assistant engineer, and in 1871 was made chief engineer of the steamship "Salvador." The Pacific Mail Steamship Company took over the steamships of the Panama Railroad Company in 1872, and at the request of the new Company, Mr.

Jones maintained his position on the "Salvador." In 1874 he transferred to the steamship "Ancon"; in December of the same year to the "Costa Rica"; in 1875 to the "Honduras," and in December of the same year to the "Salvador" again. He remained on the "Salvador" until 1882, when he was transferred to the "City of Panama," and in 1890 to the "Newport," having charge of her from the time she left Newport News. On the out trip the "Newport" did not stop once, except by orders, until she reached Panama. This is a record that few steamships have claim to, and proves not only the trustworthiness of her engines, but the skill of the engineer.

Mr. Jones's wide and varied experience has given him an enviable knowledge of his profession and placed him second to no engineer in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. His career has been exceptionally free from accidents, owing far more to his care and vigilance than to "chance" or "good luck." Mr. Jones is one of the Company's most valued officers and has hosts of friends both on land and sea.

MR. WILLIAM ALVORD ALLEN.

Although a young man Mr. William Alvord Allen, purser of the steamship "Newport," is one of the best

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known and most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Mr. Allen is a son of Silas M. Allen, formerly of Buffalo, and was born in Jefferson County, N. Y.

After a thorough course in the public and high schools of that county, he came to San Francisco. From early associations on Lake Ontario, he formed a liking for the water, and shortly after arriving here, he took a trip to China, and, after crossing the Pacific Ocean, he became infatuated with sea life, and at the age of sixteen, he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as storekeeper on board the steamship "Great Republic," plying between here and China; he afterwards changed to steamship "Alaska," also running to China; then to steamship "Granada," plying between here and Panama. After being with the Company for a short time, he was made freight clerk, which position he honorably filled till he was promoted to his present important office. Mr. Allen's first trip in his present office was made on the "Colima," to Panama, with Captain Searle. After serving some time on the "Colima," he came on land again and remained for some years, but preferring the ocean life, he was appointed to the position of purser again on the steamship "San Jose," afterwards changing to the "Zealandia," to fill the same office. September 17th of the present year he joined the steamship "Newport," the elegant passenger boat of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. To say that Mr. Allen is popular with the traveling public is by no means fully expressing the esteem in which he is regarded. He is a young man of marked business ability, and, on account of his affable and courteous disposition, is popular with all he comes in contact with, and he has many stanch friends in San Francisco.

THOMAS MORTENSEN.

No commander in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is more deservedly popular than Captain Thomas Mortensen of the steamship "City of Para." Captain Mortensen was born in Denmark in April, 1852, and after a thorough course in the Gymnasium School finished his education with private tutors. He preferred the life of the seafarer to all other professions, and began his career in that line as apprentice on the barque "Catharina," plying on the China coast. After two years in that service he joined the English tea clipper "Ocean Gem," running from Amoy to New York. He sailed out of New York three years, and was second mate on the "Industry" when he returned to Denmark to pursue a course of study in the Nautical Academy, receiving his certificate as master. Returning to New York, he was appointed officer of the ship "Top Gallant," and came in her around Cape Horn to San Francisco. That was in 1876, and he was only a few days in this city when he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster. His ability was soon recognized and he steadily rose, step by step, until he was made commander of the steamship "Colon" in 1893. Later he received his present appointment, and now commands one of the noblest ships entering this port. Through all his years of service Captain Mortensen has met with no serious mishaps. In fact, he may be said to be one of the few commanders whose lucky star never fails him. An instance proving this occurred when he was first officer in charge of the steamship "City of Peking." When fourteen hundred miles from this port the "Peking" broke her main shaft and proceeded under sail to San Francisco without the slightest mishap other than delay in reaching her destination. No other instance of this kind is on record. A refined gentleman, a brave and trustworthy seaman, Captain Mortensen has hosts of friends on land and water, and is one of the most esteemed commanders in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service. His wife is a native daughter of the Bay City, where Captain and Mrs. Mortensen reside.

Marceau photo.

ELMER J. CHRISMAN.

One of the finest steamships on the Panama route, Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is the steamship "City of Para," whose popular purser is Mr. Elmer J. Chrisman. He was born in Ohio in 1864. His first employment was as clerk with the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway Company, at St. Paul, where he gained a thorough knowledge of clerking. He afterwards came to Sacramento, Cal., where he was clerk in the machinery department of the Southern Pacific Railroad. On November 1, 1894, he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as delivery clerk on the Pacific Mail Dock, and in April, 1895, was appointed freight clerk of the steamship "Acapulco," and in September of the same year was promoted to purser. Since that time he has been purser of the "Zealandia" and "Washtenaw," and in March, 1896, was made purser of the steamship "City of Para," which position he now holds. Mr. Chrisman is thoroughly versed in his duties, and, owing to his genial nature, is extremely popular with the traveling public.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH CATTARINICH.

Captain Joseph Cattarinich of the steamship "Acapulco" is one of the most popular commanders in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Captain Cattarinich was born in Lussin, Austria, in 1854, and received his education in his native town. His love of the sea led him to adopt the seaman's life, and when twelve years of age he joined his first ship. In 1877 he received command of the barque "Pratel" and retained that position until 1882. During that time he sailed to China, to India, to the Black Sea ports and Atlantic and Pacific Ocean ports, gaining a thorough knowledge of almost all the navigable waters of the globe. Resigning his command he went to Colon, Colombia, and was in the Panama Canal Company's service, after which he came to San Francisco. That was in 1885, and he was but a short time in this port when he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He joined the service as quartermaster, and has steadily advanced ever since, until to-day he commands one of the best ships of the Company's fleet. In 1888 he was made first officer of the "Rio Janeiro," filling that position until October, 1895, when he was given command of the same vessel. In January, 1896, he was made commander of the "City of Panama," only to be again promoted on July 25th to the command of the "Acapulco." The "Acapulco" is one of the most popular steamships entering San Francisco, and with Captain Cattarinich (who has hosts of friends here) in charge her future popularity must be far greater. Captain Cattarinich's wide experience on all seas, in all climes, has made him conversant with every detail of his important calling. Brave to face all necessary danger, cautious to avoid all unnecessary risk, and temperate in all things, Captain Cattarinich's services are highly prized, as they might well be, by the Company employing him.

Taber photo.

DR. JULIUS J. ROBERTSON.

Doctor Julius J. Robertson was born March 25, 1861, at Camp Floyd, Utah, and after a thorough collegiate education began the study of medicine under Doctor Francis L. Galt, who was surgeon of the noted steamship "Alabama" when she was sunk by the United States warship "Kearsarge" off the coast of France. In the fall of 1880 he entered the University of Louisiana, where he remained a year, transferring then to the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in June, 1883. He then spent nearly a year at Bellevue Hospital, New York, taking at the time a course at the Polyclinic Institute. Leaving New York, he went to Salt Lake City, and from there to Grand Junction, Colorado. At Grand Junction he was superintendent of the Indian school for one year, after which he was appointed physician of the same institution. He was then transferred to the Western Shoshone Agency, Nevada, where he remained for two years. On January 20, 1892, he was appointed surgeon to the steamship "City of Panama," afterwards serving in the same capacity on the steamships "San Blas," "San Juan," and "City of Sidney." In March, 1896, he received his present appointment on the steamship "Acapulco." Doctor Robertson's career has been exceptionally successful, and he ranks to-day among our ablest ship surgeons. Doctor Robertson has hosts of friends in San Francisco and through the Coast country, and is deservedly popular and esteemed.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM JOHN RUSSELL.

In the year 1843, in the quaint old town of Strangford, County Down, Ireland, Captain Russell was born. From earliest boyhood the sea was full of romance for him. His first experience was with the British Transport service in the Black Sea during the Crimean War. While there he underwent great hardships at Balaclava, and was afterwards shipwrecked near Sansoum, the scene of some of the recent

Armenian massacres. The Captain considers the Armenians a peaceful and generous people, he and his shipwrecked companions being treated with the greatest kindness during their stay among them. He was present at the Siege of Sebastopol, and in 1857 joined the British Navy, remaining in that service until 1861, when he went to Chile to join the Chilean Navy, leaving which he was appointed mate of a vessel trading on the Chilean Coast. Following this he became identified with the United States Navy on the Pacific Coast for some time, and from 1865 to 1868 acted as third and second officer, respectively, in vessels engaged in the East Indian and South American trade, afterwards serving for a short time with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. In 1869 Captain Russell entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster of the "Golden City," and in the same year was made third officer. In 1870 he joined the Panama Railroad Company's steamer "Guatemala" as second officer, being promoted shortly afterwards to chief officer of the "Salvador." He remained in the Company's employ until they turned their ships over to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in whose employ he was reengaged. In 1876 he was given command of the "Salvador." He has also commanded the steamships "Honduras," "Costa Rica," "South Carolina." "Clyde," and the "San Juan." He left the Company in 1884 to

Taber photo.

accept a shore position at San Jose de Guatemala as factor or manager of the Companie de Agencies, and also acted as United States Consul and Agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He returned to San Francisco in 1887 owing to ill health, and was placed in command of the Pacific Mail steamer "Acapulco," and since that time has commanded the "San Juan," "San Jose," "City of Rio de Janeiro." "City of Para," and then back to his present command, the "San Jose." Captain Russell is one of the most genial commanders entering the port of San Francisco, and such is his popularity that those who have ever made the voyage to Panama with him are always anxious to sail in his company again. He is a thorough navigator, and is possessed of those qualities so essential to a commander. He has hosts of friends in San Francisco, and, speaking the language of the Central American, is most popular with the Spanish population.

GEORGE ANKERS.

One of the most popular officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. George Ankers, chief officer of the steamship "San Jose." Mr. Ankers was born in the City of New York, in 1849, and received his education in the public schools of that city. He first went to sea at the age of thirteen in a sailing ship bound for Buenos Ayres. After making two voyages he entered the United States Navy when

Elite photo.

fifteen, serving with the Atlantic Squadron, and was present at the blockade of Charleston and Georgetown, S. C. His next experience was in the Merchant service, where he speedily rose from able seaman to first officer, sailing in various ships until in 1877 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in New York as quartermaster of the "Crescent City," and in July of the same year he was transferred to San Francisco, being promoted to the position of third officer of the steamship "Carolina." Mr. Ankers afterwards served as chief officer of the steamships "City of Tokio," "City of Sydney," "City of New York," "City of Rio de Janeiro," "City of Peking," "San Blas," and lastly, the "San Jose." His ability as a seaman is unquestioned, extending to all known quarters of the globe, and, from his varied experiences on the sea, he has gained a wide range of nautical knowledge. Through his genial nature Mr. Ankers readily makes friends, and is very well thought of by his brother officers.

Latimer photo.

JOHN A. ARVIDSON.

Mr. John A. Arvidson, first officer of the steamship "Starbuck," was born in Denmark in 1857, where he received his early education. When seventeen years old he landed in New York. From his boyhood Mr. Arvidson had loved the sea, and after landing here decided to follow the fortune of the seafarer.

In 1874 he made his first voyage on a sailing vessel from New York, visiting nearly all the ports in the world. From 1880 to 1887 he was in the employ, as third officer, of the Nepion, Yokohama & Shanghai Steamship Company in Japan, plying between Yokohama and Shanghai. While in this Company's employ he was raised to first officer. In 1887 he left this Company in American deep-water ships to various ports until 1891, when he came to San Francisco and entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer on the steamship "City of Sydney." He afterwards was transferred to the "Colon" and made second officer; then to the "Acapulco," and in November, 1894, he was appointed chief officer of the steamship "Costa Rica," transferring to the steamship "Starbuck" September, 1896.

Mr. Arvidson makes a first-class officer in every respect, always having his crew well in hand.

C. B. PARSONS.

Among the popular officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. C. B. Par-

sons, chief engineer of the steamship "Starbuck." Mr. Parsons was born in Watertown, Canada, in 1860, and in that city received his early education. When yet a young man he came west to San Francisco, and a short time after coming here he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in 1883, as oiler on the steamship "Colima," where he remained for one trip to Panama; he was then transferred to the steamship "Granada," on which he remained for two years; then transferred to the "Colima" again, which ship he remained on for two years, transferring afterwards to the steamship "Acapulco," and remained on her for twenty-two months; after which he was transferred to the steamship "New York," and filled the position of assistant engineer on her for four years; at the end of this time he was transferred to the "Colon," filling the same position for one and a half years. In July, 1895, he was made chief engineer of the steamship "Starbuck," which office he still holds. Mr. Parsons is a skilled engineer, and his services are highly valued by the Company, he having been in their employ for the past thirteen years, which in itself is the most flattering testimony to his ability and standing, as all officers connected with the P. M. S. S. Co. are advanced or retained on individual merit alone. Mr. Parsons is a young, affable gentleman, and is well liked and respected by his fellow-officers.

CAPTAIN JAMES M. DOW.

Captain James M. Dow, commander of the steamship "Costa Rica," Pacific Mail Steamship Com-

pany, was born in New York City in 1848, and in that city received his education. He soon showed his liking for the sea, making his first voyage at the age of sixteen on the sailing ship "Ivanhoe," remaining on her for two and a half years, and he also served eighteen months on the "Volunteer." In 1870 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service as quartermaster of the steamship "Great Republic" on the China route, and in 1874 was made third officer of the steamship "Nevada," being promoted to the position of chief officer of the steamship "Wilmington" in 1884. He also served in the same capacity on the steamship "Willamette" and steamship "New York." In 1891, while in Panama, he was given command of the "Crescent City," bringing her to San Francisco, and, on his return to Panama, he took command of the "Clyde." He has also commanded the "Starbuck. He gained his present vessel, "Costa Rica," in June, 1893.

During the whole of Captain Dow's career he has never met with any accident, which is accounted for more by his nautical skill and thorough seamanship than mere good luck. Captain Dow is very popular with the traveling public, and is well known and esteemed by all who know him.

CAPTAIN JULIAN H. BROWN.

A "true-born American" is Captain Julian H. Brown, the popular commander of the steamship

Thors photo.

"Aztec" of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet. Captain Brown was born in Lennox, Mass., in November, 1849. After a thorough education in Bangor, Me., he entered the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1867. Two years later he resigned and joined a sailing vessel in Portland, Me. Since that time his life has been upon the seas, and he has sailed over almost all the waters of the globe. In November, 1870, he arrived in San Francisco in the ship "Matchless" as third mate. He soon rose to first officer, and for fourteen years filled that position on sailing vessels entering this port. In 1887 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster on the "San Juan," and in May of the following year was made first officer of the steamship "Acapulco." In November of 1893 he was given first command of the steamship "Starbuck," and filled that position until May, 1895, when he became commander of the steamship "Aztec." Though still in the prime of life, Captain Brown has had experience of which few of our oldest seamen can boast. He has six times circumnavigated the globe and has never met with any serious accident. Thoroughly posted on all things nautical, brave to face all necessary dangers, cautious to avoid all risks, and temperate in all things, Captain Brown is most ably adapted to fill his present important post, and during his years of service with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has enjoyed the highest regard of its managers and made hosts of friends in many lands. Especially is he popular in San Francisco, where he and his family reside. Captain Brown's steamship is engaged in the South American trade.

Imperial photo.

RANSFORD D. BUCKNAM.

Among the most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Ransford D. Bucknam, chief officer of the steamship "City of Sydney." Mr. Bucknam was born in the State of Maine, in 1869, and in the schools of Bucksport, Me., received his education. Irresistible were the attractions of "a life on the ocean wave" to him, and when hardly twelve years of age he ran away to sea, and from that time until at the age of eighteen he returned home a captain he never saw his parents nor his native town. In those six years he followed the sea continuously, with the exception of a few months spent at a navigation school, and passed through all the stages of a seaman's life, from cabin boy to commander. In 1889 he went to the Great Lakes and began steamboating there. He was for some time captain of the "Canisteo," resigning that position to enter the service of the American Steel Barge Company, builders of the celebrated "Whaleback" steamships. In the spring of 1891 he successfully commanded two of these, the "Wetmore" and "Calby," bringing them through the Great Lakes, shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, and landing them safely at Montreal. This feat has never been accomplished by any other commander. Soon after Mr. Bucknam was appointed Marine Superintendent of the Whaleback Company on the Atlantic Coast, operating five whalebacks running to the West Indies and Mexico. His headquarters were then at Boston, and taking advantage of the educational advantages that city affords, and by attending night school and private instruction, he completed his education. He is thus fitted to assume the highest marine position attainable, and possesses a United States Local Inspector's certificate of the highest grade as commander. Captain Bucknam commanded the "City of Everett," the first whaleback ever built on the Pacific Coast, when she made her initial trip to San Francisco, having come to the Pacific Coast in the fall of 1895 to superintend her construction. He successfully commanded her on the Panama route until July, 1896, when she went out of commission, and since that date he has been first officer on the "City of Sydney." Few commanders of twice his age and more have had the varied experience of Captain Bucknam, and few, if any, are more thoroughly versed in nautical affairs than he. Young, genial, and brave, he possesses all the characteristics that command admiration, and he numbers his friends by the legion.

MR. PAUL ROSSITER.

One of the officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Paul Rossiter, chief engineer of the steamship "City of Sydney." Mr. Rossiter was born in Ireland, but came to America when quite young. He was educated in the schools of Paterson, N. J., afterwards entering the employ of the Paterson Steam Engine and Millwright Works, where he remained until 1863. For the next year he was with the Novelty Iron Works; then for the same period of time with both the Hessler Marine Iron Works of Brooklyn, and the New York Steam Engine Works. In 1866 he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as oiler on the steamship "Arizona," running to Colon; promoted on the "Arizona" as third assistant engineer. He remained with that steamship until 1869, with the exception of one trip to Europe in the Company's steamship "Ocean Queen" as third assistant engineer. He next joined the steamship "Ariel" as second assistant engineer, and in her sailed to the China station. In China he transferred to the steamship "New York," being appointed her first assistant engineer. In October of 1870 he was made chief engineer of the steamship "Ariel," and for the next five years acted in that capacity on the various ships of the China branch route of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In January, 1875, he joined the steamship "Alaska," and since that time he has been on many of the Company's steamships sailing out of San Francisco. With his wife and family Mr. Rossiter resides in San Francisco, where he has many warm friends. It is hardly necessary to add that the position of chief engineer is a most important one, and requires the ut-

Mayeran photo.

most skill, knowledge and caution, and it naturally follows that those in the service of this company must command these traits to maintain their assignments.

CAPTAIN RASMUS JEPSEN.

Captain Rasmus Jepsen, the popular commander of the steamship "Eureka," was born in Denmark in 1854. From his earliest recollection the life of a sailor had the greatest charm for him, and when only fourteen years of age he went to sea. He first shipped on a vessel sailing out of Liverpool, and during the next five years he made voyages to all parts of the world. When nineteen years of age, he came from Glasgow to San Francisco, and from this city shipped in the schooner "Ocean Pearl." After one year with that vessel he returned to San Francisco and entered the service of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and has been for the past twenty-one years one of the most trusted and esteemed employees of that Company. His first command was on the steamship "Gypsy," then the steamship "Coos Bay," and on May 8, 1895, he took charge of the steamship "Eureka." Nine years ago he passed his master's examination before the San Francisco Board of Underwriters and Inspectors. Sailing, as he has, in all waters of all climes; serving, as he has, in every capacity from seaman to commander; and possessing, as he does, those sterling qualities requisite for success, Captain Jepsen is to-day one of the ablest commanders entering this port. Though the sea is said to be a fickle mistress, she has been constant to Captain Jepsen, giving him a guiding hand in every danger. He has never met with any serious accident. Captain Jepsen and his family reside in this city where they have hosts of warm friends.

THE STEAMSHIP "PERU."

The steamship "Peru" is a Native Daughter of the Golden West, having been launched at San Francisco in 1892. Her Captain, Daniel E. Friele, has maintained command of her since her birth, and was formerly connected with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service for many years prior to his present position.

Mr. Koughan is the chief officer, and ranks high in the estimation of those he represents as well as of his co-workers.

ARTHUR A. O'NEILL, M. D.

Doctor O'Neill is a native of San Francisco, and was born in 1869. After receiving a thorough education at the Sacred Heart College, he entered the Cooper Medical College in 1888, from which he graduated with

the degree of M. D. in 1891. The same year he was appointed interne of St. Mary's Hospital, which position he held for two years, when he resigned to accept the position of surgeon in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service. In December, 1893, he was appointed surgeon of the steamship "San Blas" on the Panama route, and in January, 1894, was transferred to the steamship "Peru," plying between this city and China, which office he at present holds. Doctor Arthur A. O'Neill is very popular with the traveling public.

CAPTAIN ROBERTS.

Among the marine captains who make their headquarters in San Francisco none are more popular than Captain Roberts of the steamship "Farallon." Captain Roberts was born in the Isle of Jersey, on September 12, 1850. When fourteen years old Captain Roberts made his first voyage to Brazil, and, returning to Liverpool, he reembarked on a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. In Africa he was taken down with yellow fever, and was compelled to stay on land for three months. On recovering he sailed in a vessel bound for Marseilles, and from that port to Montevideo, and thence back to England. His next voyage was to India, Cape Town, and Australia. Nearing Australia the vessel was dismasted and was towed into Melbourne. That was in 1868, when the gold fever was raging, and Captain Roberts remained in Australia one year, engaging in mining with great success. But his old mistress, the sea, wooed him back, and in 1869 he sailed for California. From California he sailed to Alaska, Mexico, Central America, Honolulu, and other ports. In 1872 he was made mate of a large vessel, and steadily rose until, in 1875, he was commander and part owner of the "Industry." Afterwards he commanded and was part owner of the "Norwester," the "Gussie Klose," "Una," and the "General Banning," and he still owns the last-mentioned vessel. In 1884 he received the command of the steamer "Surprise." His first trip in the "Surprise" was to the coast of Mexico, where he was taken down with yellow fever. After his recovery, and on his return, running to Mendocino coast ports for a year, then taking her to Honolulu where she was sold. He then built the steamer "Emily." While Captain Roberts was commander of the "Emily," the steamer "Bawnmore" was disabled off the California coast. The "Emily" took her in tow, and, after pumping the water from her at Caspar, brought her to San Francisco, a distance of two hundred miles. Being overworked, he sent the "Emily" out in command of another captain, but she never returned, being lost at the entrance to Coos Bay.

After the loss of the "Emily" he was in command of the "Homer," running to Puget Sound ports. In 1893 he bought the steamer "Farallon," which he now commands. She is a modern passenger and freight vessel, of 500 tons burden, and plys between this port and Humboldt Bay, Coos Bay, and Yaquina Bay, connecting there with the O. C. & E. R. R. for Portland and all points in the Willamette Valley. Few commanders have seen so varied an experience as Captain Roberts. He is one of the most esteemed of our mariners, and has hosts of friends in all parts of the world. He has many important marine interests here.

E. LEWIS McNOBLE.

There is no officer in the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company more trusted and esteemed than Pilot E. Lewis McNoble, pilot of the steamship "T. C. Walker," plying between this city and Stockton. Pilot McNoble was born in Railroad Flats, Calaveras County, California, in December, 1870, and was educated in the public schools of that district. When sixteen years of age he left school and engaged in gold mining in different parts of the State until 1890, when he went to Stockton, entering the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company as night watchman. He filled that position for one year, when he was appointed wheelsman, and successfully performed the duties of that office for two years and a half. During this time he had been giving close attention to the study of navigation, and in 1894 he successfully passed the examination before the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers and was granted a license to act as pilot. In April of this year he was appointed pilot of the California Navigation and Improvement Company's steamship "Mary Garrett," and in July was transferred to the "T. C. Walker." The "T. C. Walker" is probably the most popular steamer on the Stockton-California Route, and of her officers none are better known or more popular than the subject of this sketch. He possesses that genial nature that makes for him friends of all with whom he comes in contact, and though the youngest licensed pilot on San Francisco Bay he is one of the ablest. His ship has never met with the slightest accident, and this is a greater honor than it may at first sight seem to be, since the pilot of a river steamer has really more responsibility than if he were on an ocean craft. The least error on his part may mean the total disabling of the steamer. Mr. McNoble is a member of the Masters' and Pilots' Association.

CAPTAIN CARL SAULIT.

One of the most trusted and efficient captains in the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company is Mr. Carl Saulit, captain of the steamship "Mary Garrett," plying between San Francisco and Stockton. Captain Saulit was born in Rija, Russia, in 1862, and received his education there, and at the age of sixteen adopted the sea as a profession, first sailing before the mast in the brigantine "Johanna," of Rija. He left Rija in 1880 as able seaman, and sailed to Cardiff, and from Newport sailed to Valparaiso, again returning to England. He sailed for New York, and after remaining there some time shipped to China, and from there to Portland, Oregon, and in 1886 came to San Francisco. He then entered the employment of the California Navigation and Improvement Company as deck-hand, and gradually worked his way up from wheelsman to captain by his own unaided endeavors. It was in March, 1891, that he obtained his first certificate as pilot, and in March, 1894, passed his examination before the local board of Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers for master's certificate. Captain Saulit is one of the most popular captains in the service, and fully merits the position he occupies to-day. He is married and resides in Stockton, where he has hosts of friends as well as in San Francisco.

CAPTAIN H. H. WATSON.

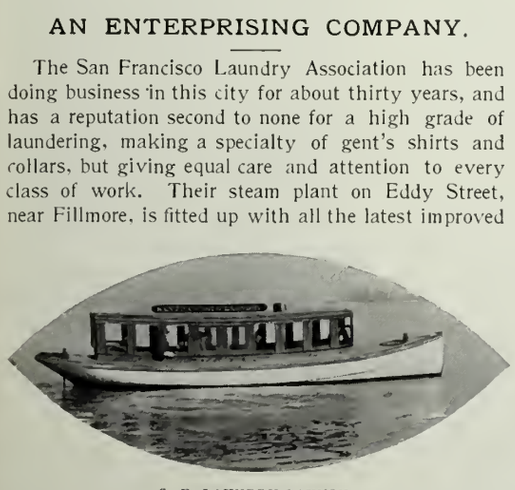
One of the pioneers of San Francisco, and one who has been very closely identified with the shipping interests from the very outset, is Captain H. H. Watson, marine surveyor, whose offices are at 303 California Street. Captain Watson has practised his present profession for thirty years, and is the ablest exponent of this important line of business on the Pacific Coast.

He was born in Boston, Mass., and at the age of thirteen years went to sea, and for years followed the life of a sailor, filling all offices from cabin boy to

commander. He commanded many large sailing ships, and in these made trips to all parts of the world. He circumnavigated the globe as master of a ship, and had returned from his second voyage seven weeks before he was twenty-one years old. Captain Watson came to California before the gold fever of 1849, and when he was nineteen years old had command of the first ship that ever went round Cape Horn with "San Francisco" on her stern. This was in 1850, and the vessel was bound for the Sandwich Islands for a cargo of whalebone, and from there set sail for New Bedford. Thirty years ago Captain Watson abandoned the life of a sea rover, settling down to the practise of marine surveying. Ever since that time he has been agent for the "Record of American and Foreign Shipping," and lately was appointed United States agent for the British Corporation for the Survey and Register of Shipping. This is a new organization, established in opposition to Lloyds, and the main offices are at Glasgow. Captain Watson also does the surveying for most of the grain ships. He is thoroughly conversant with all the details of land surveying, and assisted in running the lines of the Sacramento Valley Railway. He is an ex-Pilot Commissioner, and was a commissioner for the training-ship "Jamestown." The Captain resides with his family in Oakland. Both in that city and in San Francisco he has many important interests, and ranks among our most influential business men. Captain Watson is a descendant of a fine American family. His grandfather's brother, Elkano Watson, was in the suite of Benjamin Franklin at the Court of King George, in 1783, when the charter was signed granting the independence of the United States from Great Britain. He has in his home at Oakland his grandfather's commission, signed by John Hancock, as a Colonel of Infantry in the War of the Revolution; also, his father's commission as a Captain of Artillery, signed by J. Madison, in the War of 1812, and also has the sword which was presented to his father by the Province of New York for meritorious conduct at the battles of Trenton, Preston and Monmouth. Captain Watson is justly proud of his ancestors, and few citizens of San Francisco or Oakland are more highly respected than he.

AN ENTERPRISING COMPANY.

The San Francisco Laundry Association has been doing business in this city for about thirty years, and has a reputation second to none for a high grade of laundering, making a specialty of gent's shirts and collars, but giving equal care and attention to every class of work. Their steam plant on Eddy Street, near Fillmore, is fitted up with all the latest improved



S. F. LAUNDRY LAUNCH.

machinery, and furnishes steady employment to not less than 250 white men and women. During the present year this Company has placed a fine gasoline launch on the bay, and is prepared to collect and deliver washing to steamers, shipping, etc., charging the same prices for this as for the city service. The launch is becoming as familiar a sight on the waters of the bay as are their handsome wagons about the streets of this city.

HENRIX & FRASER.

The firm of Henrix & Fraser, sailmakers, at 46 Clay Street, was founded twelve years ago by Mr. J. K. Fraser, and in 1890 he admitted into partnership Mr. E. Henrix. They are manufacturers of sails and flags of all kinds. The excellent character of their work has placed Henrix & Fraser in a foremost position. The premises are equipped with every modern appliance, and a large number of workmen find employment. Mr. Fraser is a practical sailmaker and supervises all work, while Mr. Henrix looks after the finances and the outside business. Mr. Henrix has sailed to all parts of the globe. He followed the life of a seaman since 1858. He has many marine interests, being part owner of eight large deep-water ships which sail to all foreign countries.

CHRESTOFFERSEN & TWAY.

This flourishing firm was founded in 1883, and to-day controls a larger business than many houses that have been operating for almost half a century. They are shipsmiths and their shops are at 20 Bryant Street. Here they occupy one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the city. It was erected this spring, and is 40x100 feet in area, while the equipment includes all the most modern and improved machinery that can in any way facilitate operations or perfect the output. Electricity supplies the motive force. On an average seven skilled workmen are employed, and the trade comes from San Francisco and the Coast. The output includes anchor-tripping hooks, timber hooks, cargo hooks, heavy and light fishhooks, swivels of all kinds, steam light hangers, light and heavy forgings, patent travelers, heavy shackles, heavy claws, etc., etc. All work is of the highest order and invariably gives complete satisfaction. They include among their permanent patrons almost all the ships entering this port, and each year sees the volume of their trade expand, and the hold upon public confidence grow firmer. Messrs. Anthony Chrestoffersen and Ephraim F. Tway comprise the firm. Both are young men of business ability and experience. They are thoroughly practical, being masters of every detail of their business, and they personally supervise all work. They are well known and rank among our most progressive business men.

L. FOARD.

A leading ship-chandler of San Francisco is Mr. L. Foard, whose salesrooms are at 9 and 11 Market Street and 3 and 5 Steuart Street. For twenty years he has been in business here, and to-day controls a large portion of the marine trade of the city as well as making extensive shipments to various parts of the Coast. He buys direct from the leading home and foreign manufacturers, and the large stock carried represents the choicest products in ship-chandlery and naval supplies. Mr. Foard is one of the old residents of San Francisco. He has many interests here and is a public-spirited and progressive citizen.

TAYLOR, ADAMS & PRITCHARD.

Though but twelve years established this firm to-day occupies a leading place among the enterprises of its kind in San Francisco. They are importers of all kinds of tin, agate, enameled, copper, and sheet-iron ware, stoves and ranges. Steam fitting and plumbing is their specialty. They cater especially to marine work, and have executed contracts for many of the largest steamers entering this port. A few of the steamers they have done work on are the steamships "Columbia," "State of California," "Albatross," "Bear," the "Charleston" and "San Francisco," and the man-of-war "Alert." The work has in every instance given complete satisfaction. Their premises, located at 12 and 14 Market and 9 and 11 Sacramento Street, are modern and complete. The stock is large and select, an especially fine display being made of the M. & D. wrought-steel ranges for hotels, steamships, etc., etc., for which the firm has the Pacific Coast agency. A large number of expert workmen is employed, and promptness characterizes the execution of all contracts, and liberal and reliable methods control their operations. Messrs. E. F. Taylor, L. O. Adams, and F. L. Pritchard comprise the firm. They are business men of marked ability and wide experience and rank among our most influential citizens.

JAMES A. McMAHON.

Twelve years ago, under the style of B. McMahon & Son, this enterprise was founded, and in 1894 Mr. James A. McMahon became sole proprietor. They are contractors for railroads, grading, bridges, wharves, pile foundations, etc. The enterprise has been exceptionally successful, and to-day they do more wharf work than any other firm in this city. Some of the contracts they have executed include: Powell-street wharf, Lombard-street wharf, Lombard-street slip, Washington-street wharf, Mission-street wharf, five of the ferry slips, and they are at present rebuilding the Folsom-street wharf. They also built the Port Costa Lumber Company's wharf at Port Costa, which is 240 feet wide and 2800 feet long, being the largest wharf on the Coast. As samples of the bridge work done by Mr. McMahon, we may mention the steel span across the Consummes River, in Sacramento County, which is 220 feet in length, being the largest single steel span in the State; the Fourth-street drawbridge, being one of the two bridges west of the Mississippi that turn by steam; and the railroad bridge across the Pajaro River, at Watsonville, Cal. The Eureka, Montague Railroad, Colusa and Lake Railroad, and the Pajaro Valley Railroad, will serve as illustrations of the work done in that line. They also had the government contract for removing three sixty-ton guns from the railroad cars to their different destinations, one being placed at Lime Point Hill and the others at Fort Point. The successful execution of this contract reflects the highest credit on the firm, and illustrates the high order of engineering skill attained by Mr. McMahon. Mr. McMahon is a young man of wide experience and exceptional ability, and is one of the most expert engineers on the Coast.

THOMAS CHRISTIE.

Well known among the many devoted to marine work in our city is Mr. Thomas Christie, ship and machine blacksmith, die-forger, anchorsmith, etc., etc., whose spacious, well-equipped premises are at 14 Howard Street. Six years ago Mr. Christie founded this business, and from the outset has been successful on account of the excellence of his work, until to-day he stands among the leaders in his line, counting among his permanent customers the leading steamship lines, canning companies, bridge companies, and wharf builders. A specialty is made of *manufacturing anchors*, and in this line he stands without equal. Several expert assistants are employed, and all work is guaranteed to give the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Christie is a young man of wide experience and ability. He came to San Francisco from the East in 1888, and has ever since been engaged in his present line. He has many important interests here, and is one of our most esteemed and progressive citizens.

SWAYNE, HOYT & CO.

Travelers arriving from the Orient, or other foreign ports, are generally more or less perplexed and anxious about the methods in vogue in putting their collection of curios and knicknacks through the customs at San Francisco. There are many who do not know that Swayne, Hoyt & Co., at 426 Battery Street, San Francisco, make it their special business to attend to all matters of this kind. They attend to everything, including forwarding of goods to any address, attending personally to duties at the Custom House, and can save tourists both time and dollars. They are thoroughly reliable and should be engaged by all who may need this character of service. Those who have ever passed through the annoyance of custom house inspection can at once appreciate the value of an intermediator of this kind, and especially when they are not conversant with the "red tape" in vogue at the Port of San Francisco, where much embarrassment is caused the novice or the really foreign visitor.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNCH CO.

In this century of invention and discovery, when more wonderful things have been drawn forth from the darkness enveloping our realm of manifestation than for ages previous, and exhibited to the gaze of a mystified world, it is not to be marveled at that a higher standard of excellence is everywhere obtaining, increasing with every year as new wonders are brought forward to be examined by the lamps of human reason.

In every profession and calling this is true, and the latest invention or improvement that science has generously given is absolutely demanded by an increasingly critical public.

In the shipbuilding line is this especially so, and we may observe from day to day how large rewards are offered by corporations and governments for vessels capable of greater speed than those of their kind. Throughout the civilized world nation vies with nation in this respect, and every device that the fertile brain of genius vibrates to is eagerly grasped by builders of vessels and applied with hopes for wonderful results.

"Satellite," owned by Dr. V. P. Buckley. 35½ ft long, 6 ft. 8 in. beam, 15 H. P., speed 12 knots per hour.

Standing foremost among their competitors in the construction of launches and sailing yachts, in fact, boats of every description, from a canoe to a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot yacht, sail or power, is the San Francisco Launch Company, whose place of business is located at Stockton and North Point Streets, occupying a two-story building, which they have just erected for the business, having a dimension of 70x175 feet in area. This building is fitted up with all modern machinery and devices known to the business.

Incorporated June 1, 1896, under the laws of the State of California, having been formerly in Seattle, where they were engaged in the same line of business for a period of seven years previous to coming to San Francisco. The eminently satisfactory results obtained in their business has gained for the Company a far-reaching reputation for excellent work, many of the yachts being the fastest of their kind ever built. Among them is the "Satellite," thirty-five and one-half feet long, which has attained the remarkable speed of twelve knots per hour, constructed for Dr. V. P. Buckley. This trim, little craft is considered by authorities to be the fastest afloat on the Pacific Coast for its size. They also built the yacht "Lucero," which is a perfect specimen of the yacht-builder's art, for Charles Fair, being in length one hundred feet, and having a record of fourteen knots an hour—pretty fast traveling for a vessel of its proportions. The yacht "Minerva," also built by the above Company, has a record for speed which speaks highly for the excellent workmanship of the firm. Only twenty-three feet long, nine and three-quarter knots an hour is accredited to her. Mr. C. L. White is the fortunate owner. All of these yachts are likewise fitted with Union Gas Engines. The number of fast boats designed and built by the Company is very numerous. Scores of them could be mentioned, both in the city and on Puget Sound, and altogether this company is making a record for speed, safety, and elegance of which they may well be proud.

Mr. R. T. Engelbrecht, the young manager of the San Francisco Launch Company, is a thoroughly practical boat-builder, with a perfect knowledge of every detail of his business. He excels as a draughtsman, preparing the plans himself for all vessels built by the Company, as well as supervising the practical work, seeing that his ideas are carried out with particular minuteness.

CHAS. L. FAIR'S YACHT "LUCERO."

It should be a subject of congratulation that an enterprise of this character should be established in San Francisco, and there is no reason why it should not meet with more than ordinary prosperity. We have one of the finest harbors in the world, as well as a large percentage of well-to-do sportsmen. San Francisco Bay offers every facility for indulgence in this direction, and it is only a question of time when steam yachting, like the proposed motor bicycles, will supersede the uncertainty of the sailing craft, dependent upon the fluctuating winds of our harbor. Especially is this applicable to the delightful excursions up the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, where, with an independent power, the course and velocity of the winds cut no figure, and the yachtsman may wander at will in delightful coves and shady nooks.

UP-TO-DATE LAW POINTS.

Federal Judge Simonton, in the matter of the reorganization of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, held that it was not possible under the law to sell the road in any other way than as a whole, as the charter which had been granted by the Legislature of North Carolina authorizes the Yadkin Valley Company to build a road from Mt. Airy to Wilmington and that the franchise could not be parceled out, the franchise being the legislative authority to construct, operate, and maintain a single entire road: that, while the mortgage gave the holders of the divisional bonds a lien upon those divisions, still this lien was only upon the proceeds of the sale of the entire road proportioned according to the respective values of the divisions; that the only way of ascertaining the relative values of the divisions would be to have a master ascertain and report respective earning capacities thereof, and their relations to each other as parts of the road. He held also that the value of leased lines and branches belonged to the road as an entirety and not merely to the division with which they connected and which received the most benefit therefrom.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the conviction and sentence of a man charged with manslaughter, who, though he took no active part in the killing, had counseled with the guilty parties and stood by while the deed was committed.

The bill known as the Herron bill, recognizing as legal all wills and testaments that are handwritten or typewritten, has been made a law by the Ohio Legislature. The bill was introduced to add to the legal recognition of the typewriter as a writing instrument.

The New York Legislature has recently passed a bill known as the Mercantile Law, that makes sixty hours a week's work in stores and contains many other provisions for the benefit of those employed there. Its purpose as a hygienic precaution is indicated by the fact that the Health Board is designated as the authority to enforce the law, and the Board has announced that the provisions of the act will be strictly carried out.

The New York Court of Appeals in the Adelphi Club case considered the rights of clubs in serving liquor to their members and held that the distribution of liquors by a club to its members is not a sale of liquors. This decision, however, was made under the old law, and the provisions of the Raines bill may require a different decision if cases of other clubs, which furnish liquors to their members without paying the liquor tax, are brought to the attention of the Court.

In the case of Hogan against the Manhattan Railway, just decided by the New York courts, two interesting points in negligence cases were decided. It was held that the fact that an iron bar dropped from the elevated railway structure and injured a person passing below was in itself presumptive evidence of negligence, so that it was not necessary to show by other evidence that the workman employed by the company was careless in handling his tools. Another principle affirmed was the right of a judge, where the plaintiff in a negligence action had made out a case of presumptive negligence, and no evidence was offered by the defendant, to direct a verdict for the plaintiff and leave only the question of the amount of damages to the jury.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals in a case recently before it, where an action was brought against a railroad company to recover damages for injuries resulting from the defendant's carrying plaintiffs past their station and putting them off at the next station, by reason of which they were compelled to walk back some three miles to reach the house of a friend, held that the injuries resulting from the walk were the proximate result of the failure of the train to stop at their station, and that while they might have found shelter among the strangers surrounding them, they were not bound to do so, and that an instruction to the jury authorizing a recovery for both physical and mental suffering was proper.

The Supreme Court of Georgia held, in the recent case of Oliver *vs.* Macon Hardware Company *et al.*, that, primarily, a clerk in a mercantile establishment is not a "laborer," in the sense in which that word is used in Section 1974 of the Georgia Code, even though the proper discharge of his duties may include the performance of some amount of manual labor. If, the Court said, the contract of employment contemplated that the clerk's services were to consist mainly of work requiring mental skill or business capacity, and involving the exercise of his intellectual faculties rather than work, the doing of which properly would depend upon a mere physical power to perform ordinary manual labor, he would not be a "laborer." If, on the other hand, the work which the contract required the clerk to do was, in the main, to be the performance of such labor as that last above indicated, he would be a "laborer," but, in any given case, the question whether or not a clerk is entitled as a laborer to enforce a summary lien against the property of his employer must be determined with reference to its own particular facts and circumstances.

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THAT REMINDS ME.

Taber photo.

Father (angrily)—What do you think will become of you, wasting all your opportunities in this way? You seem to spend all your time at the music-halls!

Son (sulkily)—You said you wanted me to take up some scientific study—and I'm studying astronomy.

Mrs. Megrim—Samuel, what air you a-doin'?

Mr. Megrim—Givin' a taste of whisky to those axles. If th' stuff makes them wheels go round th' way it did my head last night I'll get to town in about five minutes.

Mame—I hope you didn't let that Mr. Huggins put his arm about you?

Mabel—Why? Is there anything the matter with his arm?

Mrs. Elmore—I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got?

Elmore—Only three, I should judge—one for each meal.

Visitor—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?

Tommy—No. She gives it to me when I ain't.

"Boy, are there any fish in this pond?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Why are you fishing in it then?"
"To find out, sir."

Proprietor—Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.

Hinks—Where did you spend your vacation?

Binks—I didn't spend it. My wife and daughter spent everything else I had, and I thought I'd better save something.

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years."
"Was he in that business when he married you?"
"Yes, indeed."
"I thought so."

Excited Traveler—Can I catch the four o'clock express for Los Angeles?

Ticket Agent (calmly)—That depends on how fast you run. It started thirteen minutes ago.

"You give very small blocks of ice for a shilling," said the lady.
"Permit me to inform you, madam," explained the iceman, "that the smallness is due to the intense cold to which we subject our ice in the process of manufacture, thereby producing contraction."

The Vicar—Did a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago?

Farm Hand—No, sir. I've been workin' on this tater patch more'n a newer, and notter thing has passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he was tramping along on foot.

Young Doctor—Here, I've had my brass plate out two weeks and not a case yet. I've been sitting here like Patience on a monument.

Friend—Never mind; you will eventually get a chance to put the monument on the patients.

Higgins—Do you never ask for a holiday?

Huggins—Never. I'm afraid the firm would find out how easy it could get along without me.

"We sold one hundred and one copies of the magazine containing Tinkleby's poem," said the assistant in the book shop.
"Indeed?"
"Yes. Mr. Tinkleby bought one hundred of them."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

There is nothing more novel and appropriate to send to Eastern friends at Christmastide than some well-selected bit of Japanese art. Make a *good* selection from a select variety at Deardorf's, No. 218 Post Street.

NEW GOLD.

POINT BONITA AT DUSK.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Ella M. Sexton.*]

Around Bonita's cliffs the wild Pacific
Frets like a fettered giant at his chain;
In helpless fury roar the baffled surges
Beating against the cruel rocks in vain.

No soft, low lap of slumbrous waters ebbing,
No sunny stretch of level beach is here;
The sheer crag lashed by angry spray uprises
From eddies dark, the boom of breakers near.

Afar, above the horizon's rim, there trembles
Against the tender blue one mellow star,
While long white films of fog come landward drifting,
A vessel tossing on the heaving bar.

Lonely the lighthouse rears its slender column
Crowned with a beacon star of vivid flame
That leaped to life when, startling in the silence,
The sunset gun for dying daylight came.

Around Bonita's cliffs the weird dusk deepens;
Like ghostly sails the fog athwart the sky
The west wind lulled, the waves are fainter calling,
The lustrous radiance of the light streams by.

Throughout the gloom white wings are swiftly flashing
As sea-gulls scream above the breakers' moans;
They seek their nests where fade into the twilight
The misty outlines of the Farallones.

My lady held her open fan
Before a pale and lovely face
That leaned above a mist of lace.
The curtain rose. The play began.

My lady held her open fan.
Beside her sat, with heavy head.
The Crœsus she had stooped to wed
The while she loved another man.

My lady held her open fan.
Her slow gaze met, in pained surprise,
A pair of dark and haunting eyes.
To neck and brow the hot blood ran.

My lady held her open fan—
Kind fan, to mercifully hide
The sudden blushes of a bride
Whose glances swept the house's span.

My lady held her open fan.
The music throbbed; the lights burned dim;
She could have died for love of him,
A captive there—behind her fan.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLUNKETT FERGUSON

Have you ever noticed that there is usually an epidemic of lovers' quarrels just before Christmas time? Singular, isn't it? Another thing—it is always the young man who begins it, while the girl uses all her arts to preserve peace, and submits to eccentricities of conduct on the part of her fiance that she would fly into fragments at were it any other time of the year. All of which forces the observer to the conclusion that it is the festive Christmas present that lies at the bottom of the mystery. Fancy yourself a young man in love, if you can stretch your imagination that far. And suppose that your pocketbook wears a lean and hungry look when the joyous season draws near—what then? Of course she expects you to do the handsome thing by her on Christmas morning—some trifling testimonial in the line of diamonds, for instance. Have you the courage to go to her and say, "My darling, I love you to distraction, but Job's turkey isn't in it with me when it comes to poverty. I'm broke, 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true; but I adore you. Will you take the will for the deed?" No, young man, you would rather face death and disaster than let the dear girl know your plight, and so you desperately do a wicked and cruel thing—you basely pick a quarrel with the idol of your heart. And she? Well, she is dismayed. She has been in a state of delicious expectancy for days, wondering what your Christmas gift would be and preparing herself for a blissful surprise. She is not to be cheated out of it by a sudden and unaccountable bit of ill temper on your part. But you persist—it is the only course left to you. Result—you pass a wretched Christmas, feel like a pickpocket, are ashamed to look at yourself in the glass when you shave, and go home via the side streets. Then, on a January day, you make it all up with her. Perfidious man! Do you not realize that unless you have money in those cavernous pockets of yours, you have no business to be in love?

He did not seem like other men;
So dignified was he,
So stern, of such superior ken,
He almost frightened me.

I watched him at his desk one day,
And, quick as you could wink,
He dipped his brush of mucilage
Down in a well of ink.

And when along the snowy page
I saw the black drops fall
And heard him swear, I knew that he
Was mortal, after all.

The theater-hat problem is solving itself, and promises to become a tradition; but another problem, quite as vexatious in its way, even though it does not interfere with one's pleasure for an entire evening, presents itself, and it concerns that portion of the public which deliberately makes a practise of coming late to a performance. Of course, there are unavoidable instances of detention, but they are rare. The man or woman who thus disturbs the audience does so with an assurance as calm as it is exasperating. Granted that it is a joy to watch the millinery and dry goods display as it progresses down the aisles and wriggles into the chairs with woman, lovely woman, inside of it. Granted, too, that the opera cloaks thus passing in review are a dream of beauty to eyes feminine. All this fails to compensate the pain, not to say anger, that one feels, vainly endeavoring to distinguish, through the rustle, the silken frou-frou and the thumpety-thump of the restless procession, what is going on behind the footlights. It is, one is well aware, considered quite plebeian and altogether commonplace to go early to the theater. We leave that sort of thing to our country cousins, who, heaven bless them, have not yet learned that in a big metropolis it is—if one may use the words in so contradictory a sense—polite to be rude. Good manners and a decent regard for the rights of others indicate the kind of provincialism known as "raw," and it is socially suicidal not to be up to date in our contempt of the rules of courtesy. And hence it comes to pass that the portion of theater-going humanity which prides itself most upon being smart goes blithely on its way o' Monday nights, making a spectacle and a nuisance of itself by thronging the aisles and banging the seats they have paid for. When will the happy day dawn (May the saints speed its coming!) when it will be considered bad form to go late to the theater?

If there be one trait above another that the average woman cordially and systematically detests in the average man it is penuriousness. Vice she may forgive; frailties she frequently overlooks, but stinginess, never. A girl once told me about an escort who took her to a local theater. He was a nice enough fellow, and came of a well-known family, therefore was she all the more amazed at his subsequent conduct. On the way home he made no allusion to such a formality as refreshment, although the poor girl would have given her new hat for an ice cream soda just then. She murmured the conventional thing about having had a pleasant evening, as he left her at the door of the paternal mansion.

"Yes," he acquiesced, dreamily, "the evening has been all right, but I really ought to have sent that three dollars the seats cost to the ranch. You see, Miss Blank, I have a little ranch up country and ——"

But he found himself addressing a star that winked down knowingly at him. His companion had fled.

A very beautiful poem entitled "Endurance" is going the rounds of the press accredited to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was written and published many years ago in a volume of poems by Elizabeth Akers Allen. Doubtless Mrs. Wilcox would readily correct the error were she aware of it.

The occupation of the trained nurse is a high and noble one, and remunerative as well to those whose adaptability and skill place them in the foremost rank of their important profession. Time has been when the position of nurse was regarded as a perfunctory one, and the nurse herself looked upon somewhat as a supernumary in the great drama of life and death. Her business was it to keep awake while others slept, to administer medicines with clock-like regularity, and no questions asked as to her knowledge of materia medica. If the patient died, the nurse was not blamed, though death might have ensued from her ignorance of what to do in a crisis. If, on the other hand, the patient recovered, thanks to her zeal and care, the doctor, not she, gained the credit. All this is changed. A skilled nurse to-day is a treasure whose value is appreciated. Unless she be thus proficient, there is no room nor demand for her in the sick chamber. Many physicians have a list of nurses upon whose efficiency they can rely in the most extreme cases, and in them find a needed and powerful force of allies with which to fight the Great Destroyer. Even the most prejudiced opponents of women's presence in the work-a-day world cannot object to the trained nurse as being "out of her sphere"—that disputed orbit which has caused so much dissension and heated argument of late. Nursing is essentially woman's province—not all women, but a large majority of them. A really good nurse, like a really good poet, is born, not made, though the nurse must learn how to use her great gift, just as the poet must learn to harness Pegasus to correct grammar, and to read and write properly before he can sing in tune the thoughts that burn within him. The trained nurse, too, must have her share of brains, and, furthermore, they must be of good quality. Her presence is an unmixed blessing, and she is a credit to herself, her sex, and modern education. May her shadow be near us to soothe our pain when final darkness overtakes us.

Actresses are given to fads, and if they can find any comfort in indulging their whims surely they should have it, to partly compensate them for lack of home comfort, for they are ever and always on the wing, and whatever they may desire to accumulate must be easily portable and not smashable. Mine own particular fancy gravitates toward china. Now what a hopeless infatuation that would be for such a will-o'-the-wisp as an actress! They also have their pet superstitions, although many absurdly untrue things have been written upon this subject, attributing to footlight stars such vagaries in the superstitious line as they never possessed. In the dressing-room of Corinne one night, just as that lively little comic opera star had made a lightning change of costume for the stage and we were about to leave the apartment, she to bound before the footlights and I to sit sedately on a chair in the wings where I could see without being seen, the petite singer stopped suddenly and clutched at the bodice of her gown. Around her neck was a superb necklace, eight ropes of pearls, a facsimile of that worn by the Princess Louise. She tossed it upward and sought in vain for a missing object. "My lucky piece!" she gasped, and dashing back snatched it from the shelf under the mirror where diamonds worth fortunes lay glittering. In a second the tiny silver disc, attached to a slender chain, was tucked out of sight. "I couldn't play without it," she said, and sped on her tiny number ones to the center. A moment later and the audience was listening in absolute stillness to as sweet an "Ave Maria" as was ever coaxed from a mandolin by woman's fingers. I wonder how much of the melody was due to that trifle which the player prizes more than her jewels? Corinne is also a firm believer in the magic of a hare's foot. Her make-up box is never without one.

Miss Victory Bateman, the clever leading lady at the Grand Opera House, has a fad for dolls, and carries a large but well-behaved family of them about with her. The first time I ever met Miss Bateman I found her playing with her dolls like a ten-year-old girl. She responded to my knock, carrying an overgrown doll in her arms, and upon entering the apartment I looked about for its live companion. Miss Bateman explained and introduced me. Each is named after some especial theatrical favorite. There is a marvel of an Indian in leather, wampum and head feathers, but perfectly harmless and civilized as to demeanor. It is evidently a young Sioux brave, but Miss Bateman called it Minnehaha, which led me to the supposition that he—or she—was a new woman Indian. Minnehaha is the largest and Gertie Heckett the smallest, as well as the oldest, in the collection. Miss Bateman, however, has a wonderful doll in the East, almost as big as herself, and too unwieldy for a traveling companion. Then there is Lottie Williams, named for the soubrette at the Grand Opera, who looks after her wardrobe and keeps her dollship thoroughly up to date; Julia Arthur, a dazzling blonde, whereas the real Julia is a brunette; Minnie Dupree, and a Chinese doll named McCarthy, after the Boston theater man. Mrs. Gretchen Henderson was hanging by her head to the bureau, not in disgrace, but for convenience' sake. Altogether they were an interesting company, though scarcely of use as under studies.

Among the women of the American stage whose names are destined to go down to fame because of their genius and earnest, honest devotion to art, none is more loveable, more winning in her sweet womanliness, than Julia Marlowe Taber. Beautiful magnetic, impulsive, warm-hearted, and endowed with a high order of intellect, Mrs. Taber is as charming away from the footlights as she is when surrounded by all the glamour of stage accessories. There are some personalities independent of environment, needing nothing to enhance their attractiveness. Their individuality is all-sufficient. It is so with Mrs. Taber. Mentally and physically she is as superior to the average actress as the moon is superior to the stars—and may she shine on and on before an appreciative public!

I have never known a woman of the stage world more free from affectation, or more modest about her attainments. Mrs. Taber's comings and goings are merely announced, never advertised in the accepted sense of that word. There is always about her the gentle dignity that is, perhaps, a woman's most enduring charm. Her beauty is of an unusual type. It combines great strength with perfect refinement. Her voice lingers in the memory. As for her profession, her devotion to it is unflagging. I think there is no actress now before the people of our country who so marvelously well interprets the women of Shakespeare. Certainly there is none to whom nature has been more kind. Her Juliet, her Beatrice, her Rosalind and Viola are exquisitely done. Chatting informally with her, one is reminded at odd moments of all four heroines of history, and in thinking of her own sparkling, sympathetic, girlish self, one is glad to have known her. The women of America should be proud of Julia Marlowe Taber.

Some of San Francisco's newsboys are women.

Selling newspapers on the street is usually woman's last resort in a business way. What must her experience have been before she descends to this precarious means of making a livelihood! How little we know about any of them, and how uninviting is the study! For the forlorn creature who sells papers on the curbstone is an object to pity, to shudder at, and to pass by as so much flotsam and jetsam on the great tide of humanity.

"Little Dorrit," who haunts Montgomery Street, is a whole chapter by herself in street history. She has several children, and is never without a yellow-covered novel in her lap. The children are big enough now to go to school, but Dorrit reads her novels as industriously as when they were babies squabbling on the sidewalk unheeded while she pored over some thrilling tale of love and hate. Dorrit was christened by a broker, whether because of her resemblance to Dickens's heroine or the lack of it, would be difficult to say.

"Fighting Mary" obviously disgraces a profession she should adorn. If her name be unprepossessing her appearance is decidedly more so. Mary earned her reputation by the injudicious exercise of her strong right arm, and escapes being remanded for vagrancy by selling papers in the vicinity of Lotta's Fountain. Her fondness for the flowing bowl, or, to be more explicit, the beer mug, causes her disappearance periodically from her accustomed haunts, when she is sent up for her usual allotment of days. There are several women venders of daily papers in this city, but those mentioned serve as types. The woman who is stationary, even if she have but a dry goods box for a stand, is several degrees removed, in commercial importance, from her peripatetic sister. But at its best it is a hard life.

THE DUETT.

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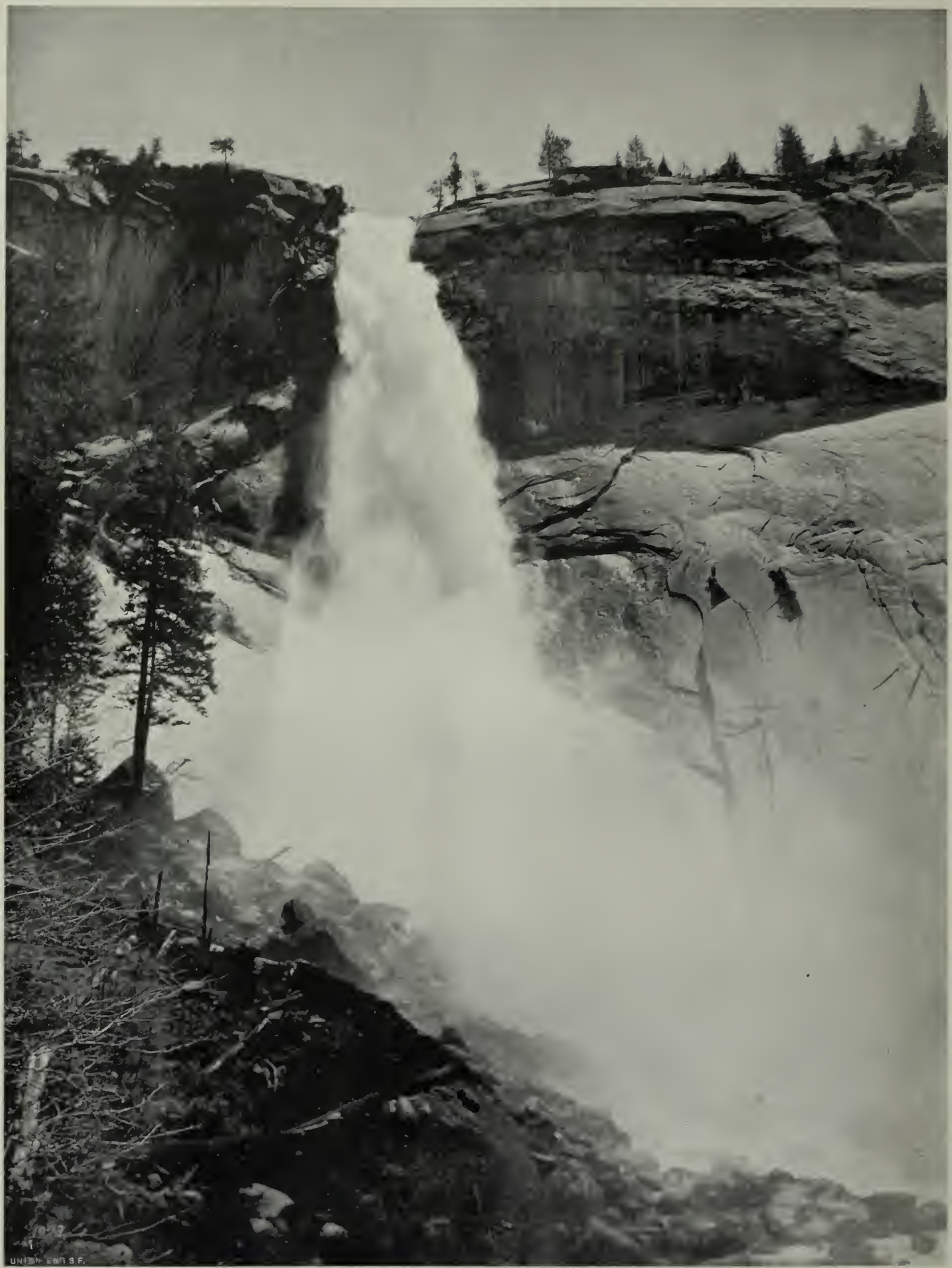

NEVADA FALLS.

YOSEMITE.

Geo. Fiske photo.

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EL CAPITAN.

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